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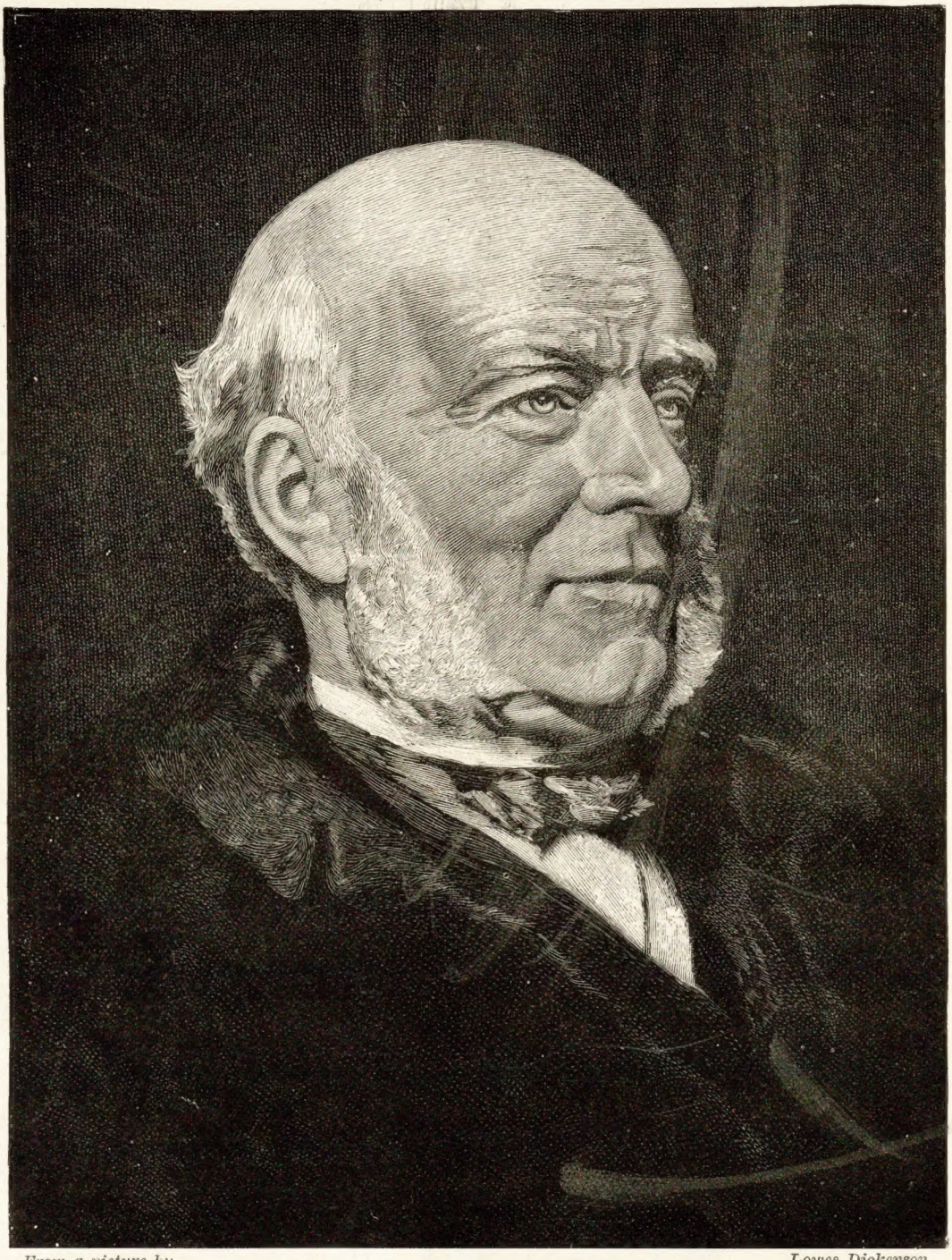
THE ESQUIMAUX PUZZLE.

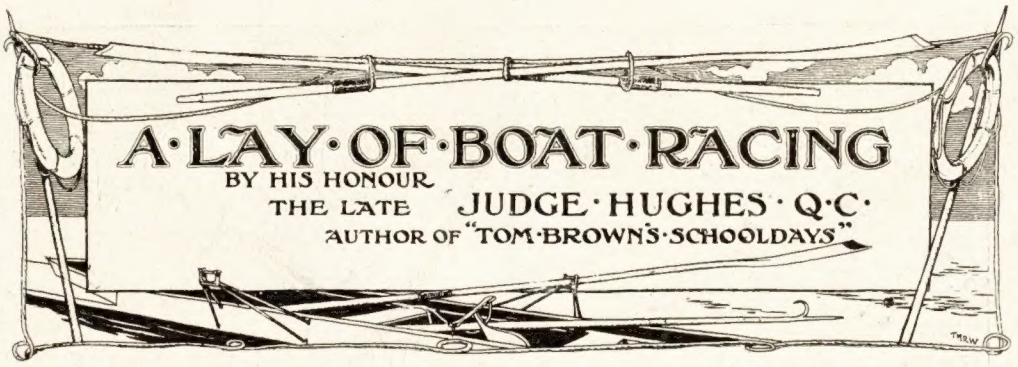
(See page 89.)



From a picture by *Lowes Dickenson.*

HIS HONOUR THE LATE JUDGE HUGHES, Q.C

Author of "Tom Brown's School Days."



[This poem was written by "Tom" Hughes when he was at Oxford "in humble imitation of T. B. Macaulay, Esq.,"—to quote his manuscript. He purposely omits the name of his brother George (. . .), who was one of the Oxford crew. The Henley Cup was won by *seven* Oxford men, against *eight* Cambridge, June 24th, 1843.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

CHEER, cheer! ye Oxford gownsmen,
Loud let your voices be!
Wave, wave your scarfs, fair ladies,
Who love brave men to see!
And you, ye men of music,*
Your liveliest measure play,
For to-day our boat has conquered—
The cup is won to-day!

Full brightly rose the morning
O'er Henley's cheerful town,
Full brightly on the river
The King of Day looked down;
Though rarely now he gladdens,
That day he shone right plain,
To witness such a contest
As he scarce shall see again.

Then blithely rose each gownsman
And sought the river-side
To see our gallant crew row down
In all their strength and pride;
Far other cheer, I trow, was there
Ere noon, for then we knew
That our captain on a sick-bed lay
And the sad news was true.†

Then out and spake our rivals
(A bitter word they spake)
"No other man his place this day
In your good boat shall take."
And long and loud we murmur'd
For then we thought foul shame,
'Gainst odds so great as seven to eight
To risk our rising fame.

But up and spake our captain,
"From you I nothing ask,
To get good wine from sour grapes
I trow's a hopeless task.
But you, my seven good men and true,
Go, race them as you may.
And a right good crew their *eight* must be
To beat *my seven* to-day."

See! see! the seven are launching!
Now all who love fair play,
Ye *Dons* and *Masters* who have row'd
Good races in your day;
Ye *Grads* whose eager faces
Line thickly either strand;
Ye ladies, whose bright eyes look down
From the noble steward's stand; ‡

Ye jolly Berkshire yeomen—
Good people one and all—
One cheer for them whose courage
No chances can appal!
Tho' it prove a hopeless contest,
As sadly now I fear,
For such good British courage
Let's give one hearty cheer.

Then spake a new-made Baccalere§
A . . . man was he,
The steersman of the racing-boat
Of University.
"'Twill be a noble struggle
As e'er a man shall see,
But the true blue flag a-head of them,
By two boats' length shall be.

---

* "Men of Music"—the band from Windsor. † Menzies, stroke of the Oxford boat, was taken ill just before the race, and could not pull. The Cambridge crew would allow no one to pull in his place. ‡ The steward—Lord Camoys. § "Baccalere"—a Bachelor of Arts, *i.e.*, who had just taken his degree.—[T. H.]

"THE BACKS THAT BEND TOGETHER, THE STEADY STROKE AND LONG,
NOW LIVELY ON THE FEATHER, NOW THROUGH THE WATER STRONG."

"The backs that bend together,
The steady stroke and long,
Now lively on the feather,
Now through the water strong;
The wind that lasts for ever,
The pluck that never dies,
Will last them through the struggle
And bear away the prize."

Hark! 'Tis the starting signal,
Whose echoes roll along,
Now, gentles, are you ready?
"OFF!" Steady, men, but strong!
See where the crowd comes rolling,
With a deep and deafening roar—
The boats, midway, right bravely
Are striving, oar to oar.

Within a darken'd chamber,
Wrapped in his tartan plaid,
Fevered in mind and body,
Our captain brave is laid.
To keep him from the river
They've ranged stout waiters four,
And they've barred the windows firmly,
And firmly locked the door.

But hark! To that still chamber
The shouts now faintly rise,
And louder yet and louder—
"They near the bridge!" he cries.
"Oh, for a moment's freedom,
To lick those waiters four!"
But stay, a step is on the stair,
A hand is on the door.

"Hurrah! The race is over,
Our boat has won the day!"
Then blithely smiled our captain,
When thus he heard them say,
And calmly on his pillow
He laid him down once more,
And, in his joy, forgot his wrath
Against those waiters four.

Upon the bridge I stood me,
On rolled the mighty throng
That bare with shouts of triumph
Our gallant crew along.
But as I turned to follow
A voice was in my ear,
I knew it—'twas the . . . man,
That new-made Baccalere.

"Now spake I not quite truly?
Through life the same you'll see—
Courage and temper win the day,
Whate'er the race may be.
And may all who snarl and squabble,
To gain advantage mean,
Get just as sound a thrashing,
To help digest their spleen."

Now fill the cup; drink, all true men,
As you dip your noses in,*
A fair field and no favour,
And may the best man win.
May boating ever flourish,
And may its annals tell
Of crews as good as ours that day,
And races rowed as well.

And while Old Thames rolls onward
His waters to the main,
May crews as good at Henley
The challenge cup still gain.
As our good oarsmen were that day,
So may they ever be,
Such races may there oft be rowed
And I be there to see.

And in the nights of winter,
When Tom's old clock is down,†
And proctors and policemen
Patrol the sleeping town.
When the porter dons his night-cap,
When the scouts no more we see,
When at Christ Church men eat suppers
And at Oriel men drink tea.

While the freshest eggs are boiling,
When the longest pipe is lit,
When jokes are cut on nothing,
And laughter counts for wit,
The happy men who saw it
Oft shall the story tell
Of the *seven* good men at Henley
Who pulled the boat so well.

Now for his name whose verses
These noble deeds do tell,
He pulleth in the racing-boat
Of *Little Oriel*.‡
He saw the race, and told the tale,
And was bored a precious time,
'Till for his saucy sister
He put it into rhyme.

---

* "Dip your noses in."—From the peculiar form of the prize cup, it is necessary to immerse one's face before one can get at the contents. † The Bell yclept "Tom" ringeth at Oxford to call men to their colleges. ‡ "Little Oriel"—The men on the bank at Oxford persist in calling our boat *Little Oriel*, although we are the heavies crew on the river.—[T. H.]

With some Notes on the Building of this Year's Boats.

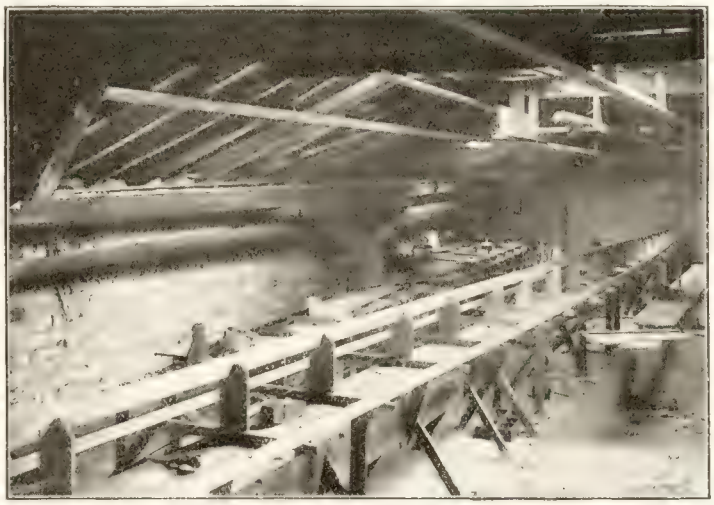
It has been truly said that there is nothing new under the sun, and this trite old adage is singularly appropriate in regard to the art of rowing. In the dawn of civilisation the ancients not only practised the art as a pastime, but its usefulness soon became apparent; for it is well known that at certain epochs of the world's history rowing has played a prominent part in the destinies of those countries which have so materially contributed to the progress of mankind. It is, however, a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the proficiency they attained in the art, the records of their successes are so scanty; but it is interesting to recall the circumstance that not only were the Phœnician letters of civilisation to Greece taken in boats propelled by oars, but that it was also by the same means that the Hellenic fleet proceeded to Troy, and further, that rowing at one time occupied the foremost place among those athletics which contributed to the glory of Athens. In the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," Dr. Gardner has shown that boat-racing was common among the Greeks; while the art of rowing was also familiar to the ancient Britons, Saxons, Danes and Norwegians; and, as time went on, the highest nobles in the land warmly patronised what eventually became to be regarded as a form of sport.

Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

MR. GEORGE SIMS.
Builder of the Oxford and Cambridge Boats.

The first authentic record of boat racing in this country was in connection with the establishment of the coat and badge, instituted in 1715, in honour of the House of Hanover, by the comedian, Thomas Doggett, "to commemorate the anniversary of King George I.'s happy accession to the throne of Great Britain" — a contest which has ever since been held annually on the Thames. From that time forward, boat racing grew in public favour, as is evidenced by the establishment of regattas and public school competitions. Nearly ninety years have elapsed since the universities issued challenges to one another, although there were college boats on the river for some time previously. The records of the Oxford and Cambridge bumping races are very incomplete, but it is generally agreed that the

first contest took place at Oxford in 1815, when Brasenose was "head of the river," and Jesus their chief opponent. These competitions did not, however, excite much attention, except among the undergraduates. Things remained in this condition until 1829, when the Cambridge University Boating Club was founded. In February of that year, at a meeting of the committee, the president, Mr. W. Snow, of St. John's, was authorised to write to an old friend and oarsman with whom he had rowed at Eton—Mr. T. Staniforth, of Christ Church—challenging the Oxonians to an eight-oared race against a representative Cambridge crew. This challenge, being at once accepted, was the *fons et origo* of a contest which was subsequently destined not only to arouse the enthusiasm of all classes of the community, but to engender a healthier moral tone, which eventually had most beneficial results on the national life. There has never been the shadow of a suspicion in regard to any improper practices being resorted to in the conduct of the race, and it is a remarkable fact that many of England's most illustrious personages during the last half-century were at one time "rowing Blues."



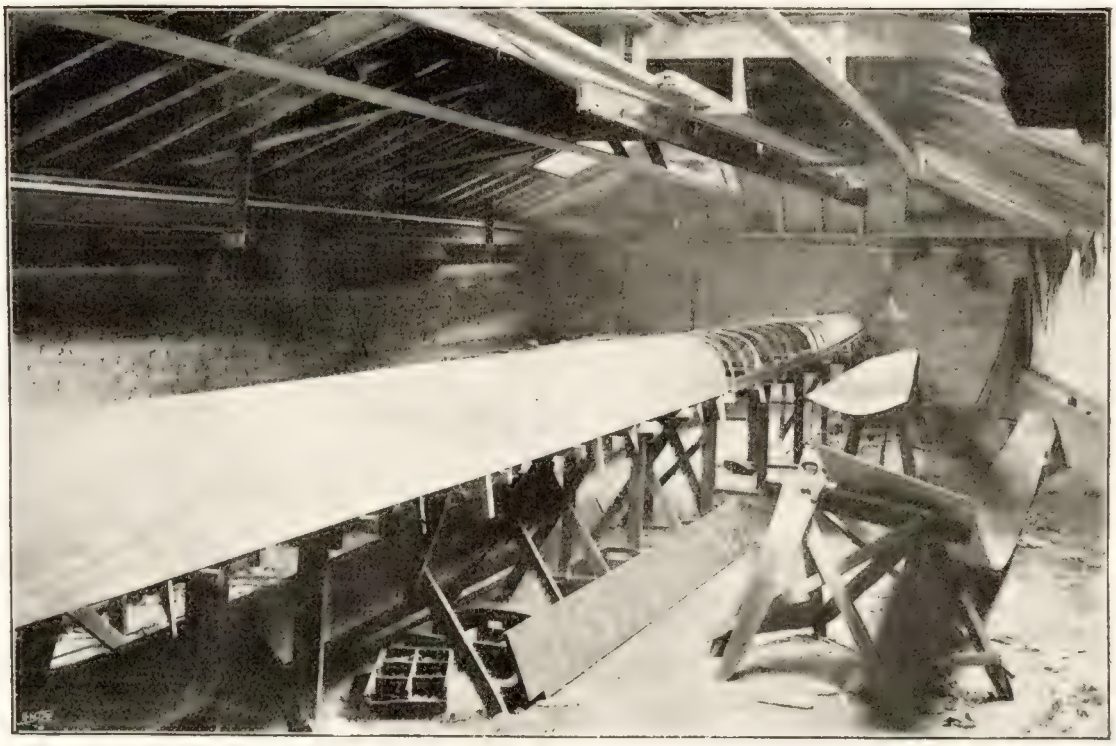
Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

OXFORD BOAT: FIRST STAGE OF BUILDING.

The first race took place from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge on the evening of Wednesday, June 10th, 1829, the distance being about two and a-quarter miles. The boats were in-rigged, wall-sided gigs—unsightly to the eye, and hard to pull. The contest seems to have attracted considerable attention, for it was estimated that over twenty thousand people were assembled on the riverside, and various amusements were organised for the delectation of the crowds prior to the race. After a foul, which necessitated a fresh start being made, Oxford won by nearly six lengths. It would be impossible in the course of one article to discuss in detail the various races which have since taken place. Suffice it to say that it was not until 1836 that the representatives of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge competed again, and that the contests took place at intervals, with varying success, until 1856, since which time they have been held annually. It may be mentioned that the earlier races were rowed from Westminster to Putney, then from Mortlake to Putney, and afterwards from Putney to Mortlake; but in 1864 the last-named course was definitely selected, and it has not since been changed. Up to the present there have been fifty-six contests, of which Oxford has won thirty-two, Cambridge twenty-three, while one — that in 1877 — resulted in a dead heat. In 1859, owing to the rough water, the Cambridge boat sank, and Oxford rowed over the remainder of the course alone.

In the early 'forties public interest in the race seemed to flag, for, although there were fairly large crowds on the bridges along the line of route, there was no enthusiasm among the general public, except sporting men — in fact, rowing for a time seemed to have gone out of fashion. But the improvements in the boats which were gradually introduced caused the tide of popular favour to again turn, and each year the "battle of the oar" was looked forward to with increasing eagerness, until it now occupies the foremost place in athletic competitions. As showing the widespread interest which, at the present day, is taken in the contest, it may be pointed out that it has been estimated that more people assemble annually on the banks of the river between Putney and Mortlake than visit Epsom Downs on the occasion of the great classic race—the Derby.

One of the most important changes in the character of the boats took place in the year 1846, when, for the first time, the old gigs were discarded, and the out-riggers, as perfected by the late Mr. H. Clasper of Newcastle, were introduced. The boats, too, at this time began to assume a better shape, although for some



Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

THE "SKIN" BEING PUT ON THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT.

time afterwards, comparing them with those at present in use, they were clumsy and heavy. The competition among the boat-builders became increasingly keen, when it was recognised that the rowlocks were out of date, and that to produce a "fast" boat it was necessary to decrease the width and depth as much as possible, in order that there should be little resistance offered to the water. At length the keel was dispensed with, and the riggers, which at first were only about 8ins. long, were gradually lengthened. The development in the science of construction now became more rapid, and the symmetry of the craft was regarded as an important factor. Modern rounded oars and sliding seats were eventually introduced.

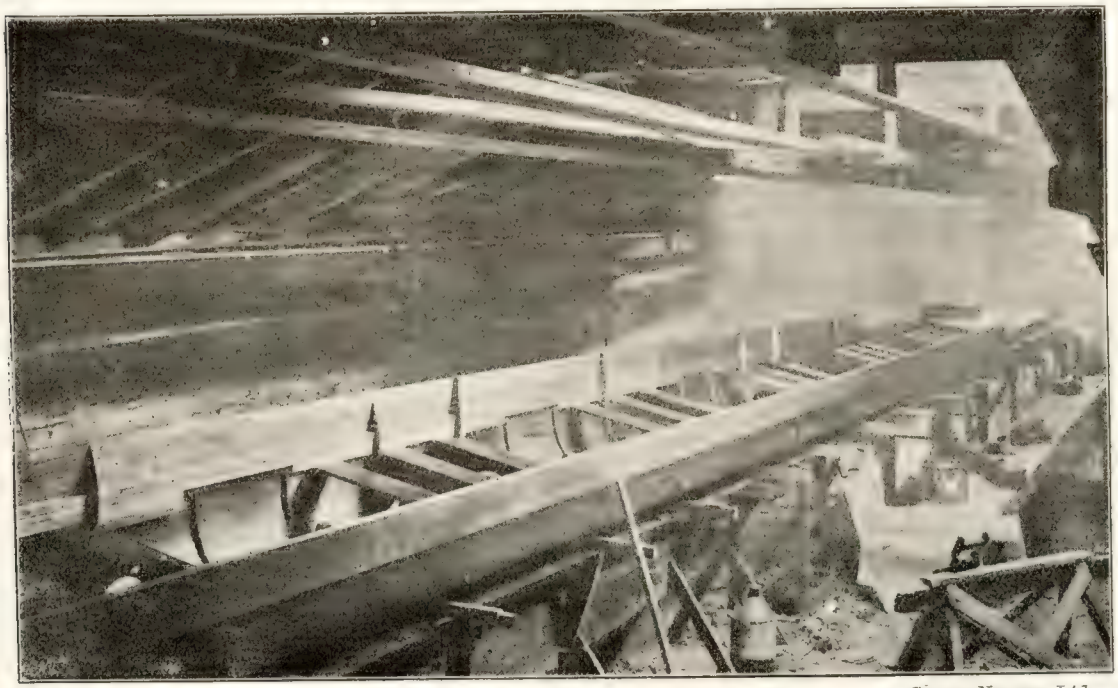
Despite the immense interest which is taken in the 'varsity race, it is remarkable how little the general public know of the manner in which the boats are constructed. This is chiefly due to the fact that there are in this country comparatively few builders of racing craft, and that, as a general rule, they decline to give the slightest information as to the way in which the work is carried out. But a short time ago I succeeded, on behalf of THE CAPTAIN, in interviewing Mr. W. Sims, a member of the firm of Messrs. G. Sims & Sons, of March's Place, Putney, who last year built the boat for the Cambridge crew. It will be remembered that in nine consecutive contests — from 1890 to 1898—the Light Blues had suffered defeat, but last year they were steered to victory, the result being that Messrs. Sims are building both boats for the present race. The length of each of these boats is 63ft., and 23ins. on the beam. The depth forward is 6½ins., and 5½ins. at the stern, it being a speciality of the firm to have the boat slightly deeper fore than aft. The beam width is carried well forward, so as to afford as much comfort as possible to the crew. Each boat costs between £50 and £60, and the method of construction is as follows :-

The side-lines are first placed parallel on the bench. These are narrow strips of pine, and they may be said to form one half of the basis of the framework, the keel-line, or, as it is sometimes called, the backbone—a similar long piece of pine—being the other half. The ribs of sycamore are cut out of "the solid," and two of them placed end to end form a semi-circle the shape of the boat. One end of each rib is fastened to the side-line, and the other to the backbone, and after several pairs have been fixed in various parts, so as to keep the framework in position, the workmen, of whom there are generally four, proceed to fill in the remaining ribs. These are arranged about a foot apart,

the total number used being 112—fifty-six on each side. This is one of the most important operations in connection with the work of construction, for great care has to be taken to keep the keel-line perfectly straight, as the slightest deviation would tend to lessen the speed. The boat in its skeleton form, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, has a remarkable appearance, and shows the great amount of work which has to be done, the large number of pieces of wood used, and the frail character of the whole of the structure.

After the foundation on which the seats rest has been fixed—there are eight seats for the oarsmen and one for the cox—the "skin" of the boat is put on. This is composed of cedar about 3-16ths of an inch in thickness, which has previously been planed. The width of each strake corresponds exactly to one side of the craft—that is, the distance between the side-line and the backbone; but, owing to the impossibility of getting one piece to go the whole length on account of the boat tapering to a point at the ends, three joints are made on each side, and the various pieces are fastened together by means of fine copper nails. In order to bend the "skin" to take the form of the curved ribs, hot water is used. The boat is carefully scraped and made smooth, and then turned over on its keel so that it may be covered fore and aft with canvas, which is afterwards varnished to resist the water.

The sliding seat next demands attention, and in this connection it may be mentioned that, although its value is now universally recognised, it was only in 1873 that it came into use. It was invented by an American oarsman in 1857, but it took him thirteen years to master the principles sufficiently to discover how much was gained mechanically or physically. The sliding seat, as is well known, works backward and forward according to the movements of the oarsman. It moves to and fro on rollers made of steel, wood, or brass, and in the case of racing craft travels over a distance of about 16ins. After these seats have been carefully adjusted and fixed, the riggers are placed in position, the side linings having previously been strengthened to support them. These riggers are made of the best steel tubing, similar to that which is used in the construction of bicycles. The average length from the centre of the sliding seat to the thowl of the rigger is 2ft. 7ins. To the keel is affixed a fin and countervale to counteract the effect of the wind at the stern. When the stretchers and straps for the feet—the necessary concomitants of the sliding seats—have been fastened, the boat is varnished, and, the rudder having been attached to the craft, the latter is then ready for the race. The boats are approximately the same, only a very slight variation being made on account of the difference in the weight of the respective crews. The total weight of each



Photograph by THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT READY FOR VARNISHING. *George Newnes, Ltd.*

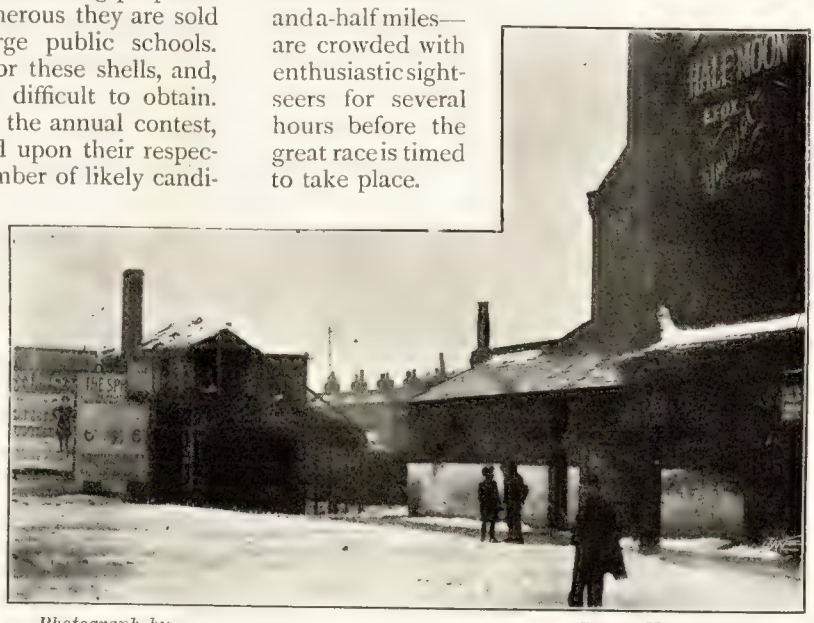
Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

FIXING THE RIBS ON THE OXFORD BOAT.

"ship" when completed is about 240lbs. The oars, the making of which is a special trade in itself, are usually obtained from "rough," or "aylin." For further particulars see page 71. The blades of each set are painted respectively light and dark blue.

As new boats are built every year, what becomes of the old ones? This is a question which is frequently asked. The boats, after each year's race, are taken back to the university towns and are used for training purposes. When they become too numerous they are sold to various colleges and large public schools. There is a good demand for these shells, and, as a consequence, they are difficult to obtain. For several months prior to the annual contest, the men are carefully trained upon their respective home waters, and a number of likely candidates are selected, and their qualifications put to a rigorous test. These men are eventually brought to the Thames to undergo their final coaching after the crews are chosen, and there is invariably an odd, or "spare" man, as he is termed, in case of illness. Their trials at first take place in the previous year's boats, and towards the close of the training the new ones are called into requisition. It does not, however, necessarily follow that the latter will be used in the race, for instances are on record showing that the new boats have been discarded for the old ones, either because of some defect in construction, or because they were not in all respects suited to the requirements of the crews.

The Oxonians take up their quarters at the London Rowing Club boat-house, while the Cantabs proceed to that belonging to the Leander Club, both of which adjoin. The representatives of each university, for several days before the great race, have "dusts up" with scratch crews of the Thames, Leander, or London, and as a record is carefully taken of each trial by experts, it follows *a natura rei*, that either the Light or Dark Blues become favourites. The practice of the crews creates considerable interest, and large numbers of people witness it from day to day. So great is the interest manifested in the final contest that special trains are run from all parts of the country; and the banks of the river, from one end of the course to the other—a distance of over four and-a-half miles—are crowded with enthusiastic sight-seers for several hours before the great race is timed to take place.



Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

THE SHED ON THE LEFT OF PHOTOGRAPH IS WHERE THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOATS WERE MADE.

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE AND DUTY.

THE shadow of war lay like a black cloud over the southern portion of the great African continent. There was both depression and elation at Johannesburg at the prospect of the war—perhaps equally divided; but among those who regarded the future with unmixed feelings of delight were two brothers, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, aged respectively twenty and eighteen. Of these, Geoff was at this time quite an old stager in the Boer country, having left his English school four years since in order to join his father, who had lived in and helped to create Johannesburg almost from the first moment of its uprising from the wonderful gold-earth upon which it stands. His children had been born at Cape Town, but Mr. Bigby had moved with his family to the goldfields, foreseeing profitable employment there. He was an engineer of some standing, and had done well in the country of his adoption, so well, indeed, that he had judged it to be the wisest and best thing he could do for both Geoff and Bernard to allow them to follow his example and make their career—if they could—in the place which had proved a profitable residence for himself.

Thus Geoff—the elder of the two brothers—had already lived in Johannesburg four years, while Bunny, having remained at Cubberly School for two years after the departure of his brother, left that educational centre for South Africa about two years since.

By a strange concatenation of circumstance it fell out that a school-fellow of theirs—another Cubberly boy—had drifted to the golden city as well as Geoff and Bunny Bigby. This was one Guy Bunsen, Geoff's opponent in the Cubberly days in many a classical encounter behind the fives courts.

Bunsen had come to Johannesburg but recently, scarcely a year before this time, and had certainly not done so for the pleasure of meeting his old friend, or enemy, there; as a matter of fact, he hated the Bigbys with all his soul. He had failed in his efforts to pass those examinations, military or other, for which he had been specially trained; after which he tried indigo-planting in India for a short while, but had reappeared at his father's house quite unexpectedly scarcely a year after his departure under mysterious circumstances—including something more than a misunderstanding with his employers—which were never fully explained. After this misfire he had "sampled," as he called it, mercantile work in the city of

London, but had soon dropped it; he had then attempted to learn farming with an enterprising farmer who advertised for pupils, but had not stayed long in his Wiltshire home, where, it is believed, his departure was a distinct relief to those who had for a time been his companions. Finally, he had come to Johannesburg "to find employment," and here—since his father wisely refused to keep him longer in idleness—he was obliged to work for a living, though he would have greatly preferred to find it without working—and was employed as a clerk in one of the banks at a salary just about sufficient to keep body and soul together.

War was not yet declared, though everyone knew that the declaration could not now be long delayed. Many of the English inhabitants of Johannesburg had already made the necessary arrangements and departed. The elder Mr. Bigby was away at Kimberley on business, but his wife and sons had received their instructions to remain, if possible, until the last moment; for Mr. Bigby was an optimist, and though he believed that war would necessarily, in the end, greatly improve the status of English residents in the Transvaal—"Uitlanders" or "Outlanders," as the Boers called them—he still hoped that so serious a step might somehow be avoided.

But the outlook grew blacker and blacker, and Geoff had little doubt that within a few days it would become necessary for him to lock up everything lock-upable here, and take his departure, together with his mother and Bunny, for the South.

"And then, hey! for a look in against the rascals!" said Bunny, joyously. "Jove, Geoff, we've something to wipe off, eh? My fingers itch to punch a few Boer heads—the beggars grow more impudent every day. I can scarcely keep my hands off them!"

"Yes, it will be fine," said Geoff, "and yet——" Geoff did not finish his sentence. The fact was that, now his departure had become so imminent, Geoff had realised that there were circumstances, or rather *a* circumstance, which would throw a shadow over the otherwise unclouded prospect of delight which the approaching war seemed to offer.

The "circumstance" in question was nothing less than a very charming girl, so charming—in spite of the fact that she was a Boer girl—that he must not altogether be blamed for his unfortunate frame of mind. This was the daughter of a rich Dutch banker—a very highly-respected burgher, and member of the Raad or Council of State. If Geoff had not been faced by the sudden necessity of leaving the town, it is possible that he would not have become aware just yet that

"MY FINGERS ITCH TO PUNCH A FEW BOER HEADS."

he was in love; but the prospect of imminent separation opened his eyes to the lamentable fact.

It was, therefore, with a somewhat heavy heart that he turned his steps one afternoon, shortly before the declaration of war, towards the house of Burgher van Krygkraft, the father of the fair Vesta van Krygkraft. He had determined, since this was the last time he would see her, or nearly the last, to say something which would at least reveal to her the state of affairs at present existing within his bosom. Vesta was alone in the drawing room. She looked pleased when he entered, which was encouraging.

"I've come to say good-bye, Vesta," said Geoff. "I'm afraid it's all up—we shall have to go—my mother and we."

"Yes," said Vesta; "I think there will be war; it is God's will."

"When it is over you will hate all things English," continued Geoff; "and that will be a great calamity."

"But why should that be?" said Vesta. "My father, as you know, is a good friend of the English; if it depended upon my father there would be no war. I shall not hate that which is English any more afterwards than now."

"I am glad of that," said Geoff faintly, "because I——" he paused, unable to finish what he wished to say, which was something to the effect that he would like Vesta to remember him rather particularly when he was away.

"And you intend to volunteer, and will fight against my people?" sighed Vesta. "It is very sad! I suppose I ought to wish you ill; but, on the contrary, I say, God keep you from all harm!"

"Thank you," said Geoff. "Of course, I shall volunteer—I should be a cad if I didn't do that; since England is fighting for us Outlanders and our rights, it is the least we can do to lend a hand."

"That is true—I am not so narrow-minded that I do not see it," said Vesta; "you are right to side with your own country. I——I shouldn't like to think you had not done so. There is Mr. Bunsen, too," continued Vesta; "I suppose he will go also, to fight for his country. My father must find a new clerk," she added laughing; "unless the bank is closed during the war."

"He may leave Johannesburg, but I bet he won't fight more than he can help," said Geoff bitterly; "it would not be like him."

In the midst of their conversation the last subject of it was suddenly shown into the room—Mr. Guy Bunsen.

Guy's manner towards Vesta greatly infuriated Geoff at all times. He chose to assume the air of having a private understanding with her, and when he was present in Vesta's company, Geoff had some difficulty in keeping his hands off his old enemy, though they had never actually quarrelled since they met, after four years, in Johannesburg. Geoff had quite forgotten that they had been deadly foes at Cubberly, and it would certainly appear that Bunsen had forgotten it also, though at the time he had vowed more than once that he would have his revenge one day, sooner or later, for the many lickings he had suffered at Geoff's hands behind the fives courts.

This afternoon, since Guy had interrupted what would probably be his last interview with Vesta, and one, too, which he had intended to make a tender and memorable one for both, Geoff was not inclined to be extra civil to the other, though up to now he had never erred on the side of incivility.

"We were talking of the war, Bunsen," said Geoff. "We shall volunteer—both Bunny and I—and my brother Hugh's coming over from Sydney to join us at Durban; you'd make a good mark for the Boer bullets, you'd better join, too!"

"Pooh! I bet you'll not get taken on," said Bunsen; "they want soldiers, not amateurs."

"There's one thing pretty certain," retorted Geoff, "and that is that *you* won't fight in any case, because you'll be too jolly careful of your skin to risk it."

"Maybe I shall be quite as ready to serve the Queen as those who talk loudest about volunteering, knowing that there's no chance of their getting taken at their word," Guy sneered.

"Oh, come, Bunsen, you usen't to be so confoundedly conspicuous for your valour at Cubberly," retorted Geoff, laughing. "You may have forgotten that we were at school together, and that I saw something of your ways there."

"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten," said Bunsen, glancing at Geoff with eyes that looked green and curious; "I have a very good memory."

"You usen't to like fighting much then," continued Geoff, who was growing angrier and more inclined to be rude as the conversation proceeded. "Now, I'll tell you what I've been thinking you'll do when war's declared, and you take the hint like a wise man and do it: sham ill and stay in Johannesburg; old Paul won't turn out a sick man. He'll keep his eye on you, though, remember that, and hang you if he suspects you of staying behind to act the spy."

Bunsen laughed unpleasantly.

"You're uncommonly funny and witty to-day, Bigby," he said, "isn't he, Vesta? Vesta and I were talking about you the other day, and we agreed that you had about as good an opinion of yourself as any chap your size and weight under the sun, didn't we, Vesta?"

"That wasn't it at all," said Vesta, flushing; "we said—at least, I said—that you had plenty of self-reliance, Geoff; but I didn't mean it as Mr. Bunsen says. I think I said I liked self-reliance—at any rate, I do."

"Thanks, Vesta," said Geoff, gratefully; "I daresay I have too good an opinion of myself, but I can't help thinking the authorities wouldn't refuse the services of two fellows like Bunny and me, who know the country and the language, and who can shoot and ride pretty well besides, just because we haven't been drilled in some regimental barrack yard."

Vesta's eye passed from the long and gawky figure of Bunsen to Geoff's well-knit and sturdy frame, lingering on the latter, and ending with a kindly look in Geoff's eyes which was ample indication to him that Bunsen's speech, intended to damage, had not injured the object of its venomous attack, so far as she was concerned. But she said nothing.

"OH, COME, BUNSEN, YOU USEN'T TO BE SO CONFOUNDEDLY CONSPICUOUS FOR YOUR VALOUR AT CUBBERLY."

CHAPTER II.

THE MOCKING BOER.

On the following day war was declared by the two Republics against Great Britain, who, with singular patience, thus allowed herself to be attacked unprepared, and her possessions invaded, rather than seem to push forward a war which she did not desire, and which—up to the last moment—she hoped to avoid.

Once all hope of peace was abandoned, Johannesburg began to empty itself quickly of the thousands of English "Outlanders" still remaining in the town. The last few trains were densely crowded with passengers. These did not enjoy the conveniences we are accustomed to in England of first, second, and third class carriages, but travelled for the most part in goods and coal trucks, and were glad enough to get away, even thus accommodated, from the ill-mannered jeers and remarks of the Boers watching their departure.

The Bigbys waited for the last possible train, having promised their father to do so in the hope of a tardy patching-up of the quarrel, and the avoidance, at the last moment, of actual hostilities.

But now the moment had come for departure, and they had locked up the house and drawn the shutters, and had come to the station with as little luggage as possible, having taken only such things as were absolutely necessary for an absence of a few months. Vesta—to Geoff's huge delight—was at the crowded station in order to see the Bigbys off, and in the jostle of the mob he contrived to possess himself of her hand, and to hold it a little while in his own.

"Do you think you will be able to let me

hear, now and then, how you are?" he whispered. "I shall long to know."

"I will do my best," she whispered back, smiling cheerfully, though her eyes looked wistful and a little dim. "If you don't hear, you will know that my letters have miscarried, for I shall write in any case."

"Oh!" exclaimed Geoff joyously, "thank you ever so much, Vesta. Now I shall go away with a lighter heart. I was miserable to think that I should neither see nor hear of you for Heaven knows how long. May I tell you a secret, Vesta?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"It is that I love you," said Geoff, making a dash.

Vesta looked up in his face, smiling very sweetly. "I think I know that already," she said. "It is very wrong to love the enemies of your country."

"At any rate, you are not angry?" whispered Geoff.

"I could hardly be that, because——" she paused, blushing and smiling.

"Because what? Tell me, Vesta."

"Because perhaps I am an equal offender myself," she replied very low.

Her hand tightened a little in the grasp of Geoff's, who was certainly at this moment the very happiest young man in all South Africa, in spite of wars and crowded trains and separations and everything else.

Bunny Bigby had been talking to a friend meanwhile, and suddenly turned from him to speak to his brother.

"I say, Geoff," he said, "d'you know what Hellings has just told me? Our friend Bunsen is laid up and has to stay behind."

Geoff, in the joy of his heart, laughed aloud.

"Why, I declare, I'm one of the minor prophets!" he exclaimed. "I told him he would do this very thing, didn't I, Vesta?"

"You *advised* him to," said Vesta. "There was no prophesying about it."

"What's his game?" laughed Bunny. "He's up to something, you may bet."

"To keep out of mischief, I should say," said Geoff, laughing also, "and to save his skin."

"Perhaps he wants to keep an eye on you, Vesta," said Bunny, with the frankness of eighteen. "He always seems to me a bit tender your way, and he wants to see you don't come to any harm when we all march into Johannesburg about Christmas time, eh?"

Vesta blushed, but said nothing. Geoff frowned—this aspect of the matter had not presented itself to him—and said that if that were the case he should recommend Bunsen to clear out of Johannesburg before the rest marched in.

Then the train drew up, and the crowding and pushing began, amid mock cheers from many Boers standing about; and eventually poor Mrs. Bigby was hoisted by her sons into a coal truck, and made as comfortable as possible upon and among the Gladstone bags and rugs they had brought with them. Geoff had had the forethought to include a couple of pillows among the rest of the *impedimenta*, so that his mother was better off than many other ladies during that most memorable and unspeakably uncomfortable journey. But discomfort was not the worst feature of their retirement towards the frontier—more than once the party were menaced with actual danger of personal injury, or even death.

The nights were bitterly cold at this time, while the days were almost unbearably hot, the sun baking down upon the open and overcrowded trucks in a manner which was extremely distressing for the travellers, who suffered greatly from want of water, the supply the Bigbys had brought with them having been exhausted in a very short while, thanks to the generosity with which they shared it with many others who had none.

At last the need for water became so acute that when the train stopped once, at a wayside station, Bunny declared that at all hazards he would take the bottles and run across a field, at the farther end of which he saw a small running stream, in order to refill them.

"Well, find out first how long we are to wait here," said Geoff. "It wouldn't do to be left behind."

There were numbers of armed Boers standing about the platform chaffing, and in some cases even threatening, the passengers. Bunny climbed out of the truck, and addressing one of them—choosing one who seemed to be taking no part in the prevailing ill-mannered conduct—asked him civilly whether he knew how long the train would stand here. Bunny spoke Dutch fluently, though perhaps not quite so perfectly as Geoff, who really spoke it like a native.

The Boer eyed him cynically for a moment.

"What is that to you, you redneck pup?" he said. "You may thank the Almighty if it ever goes on again to carry your English carcase out of reach of Boer whips."

This sally provoked roars of mirth from the fellow's companions standing around.

"Oh, never fear!" retorted Bunny boldly. "You shall soon have us back, but when we do come you'll take good care we are not within reach of your hide."

"Shut up, Bunny!" said Geoff, in English. "This isn't the time or place for getting up a row; wait until we come back, we shall have plenty of opportunities of returning such compliments with interest."

"That seems a good reason for taking care so saucy a gamecock does not get the chance of returning among us," said the Boer, continuing the conversation. "What think you of this now, my redneck chicken?" He placed a revolver close to Bunny's face, and held it there. Bunny flushed but did not flinch; Mrs. Bigby uttered a shriek. The Boers standing around laughed aloud.

"All right, mother, he wouldn't dare!" said Geoff, who looked, however, very stern, and held his own revolver ready in the side pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

"Shoot if you dare, you Boer coward," said Bunny.

"Don't shoot, Jan, though he deserves it," cried some Boer, apparently in authority. "The Commandant's train may come in at any moment."

The fellow lowered his revolver. "The youngster stands fire pretty well," he laughed. "Probably he is *slim*, and knows I didn't mean to shoot."

"You didn't dare!" said Bunny.

"Shut up, Bunny," said Geoff again, "and let well alone."

"If the Commandant's train is expected, ours will have to wait till it has gone on, since there's only a single down line," suggested someone in the truck, "so there's plenty of time to get water."

Several young fellows jumped out of the truck upon hearing this obvious and convincing remark, Geoff among the rest. They took all the receptacles that could be collected, and tramped across the field towards the stream.

"Where are those fools going to?" shouted the Boer in authority, a field cornet. "Someone jump on his horse and whip them back again."

Someone jumped on his horse as desired, and rode after the parched travellers, whose only offence was that they required water and had left the train to get it. The mounted Boer flourished a *sjambok*, or whip of raw thongs, threatening the travellers with it.

"Go back, you English fools!" he cried, "or I'll drive you there like cows; your business is to get out of the country as quickly as you can; we don't want you here."

Some ran back to the station, either alarmed at the prospect of being *sjamboked*, or frightened lest the train should move off without them. A few went as far as the stream and filled their water bottles—among these Geoff and Bunny.

"Come, bustle up, you there!" cried the Boer, cracking his whip. The lash touched an Englishman's shoulder; he swore loudly at the fellow,

HE PLACED A REVOLVER CLOSE TO BUNNY'S FACE, AND HELD IT THERE.

who retaliated by aiming a vicious cut at him. The Englishman was helpless to protect himself; he had a revolver in his pocket, but dared not use it, for, undoubtedly, if he should, he would at once be mobbed by Boers, and nothing could then save him from being overpowered and probably murdered; he knew that well enough. All he could do was to curse the man very heartily in English, vowing that if ever they should meet on the battlefield or elsewhere he would exact a terrible vengeance.

"If the blackguard touches me with that thing," said Bunny, "I'll shoot him."

"Do nothing of the sort, Bunny," said Geoff. "This is not the moment for resistance, we must go with the stream."

"I can't!" said Bunny. "If the scoundrel whipped me I should want to strangle him."

"So should I, but I wouldn't do it. I should think of mother sitting there unprotected in the coal-truck, and that would help me to restrain myself."

"Go on quicker, you redneck hounds!" cried the Boer, riding behind them and cracking his whip. The lash all but touched them. Bunny's face flushed scarlet, and Geoff saw his hand steal to the pocket of his Norfolk jacket. That was where Bunny's revolver reposed.

"Easy there, Bunny," he said; "keep cool!"

"Quicker!" cried the Boer, "run!" He cracked his whip again. This time the end of the lash twisted itself round Geoff's ankle. Geoff looked closely at the man, his face pale with suppressed rage. The Boer laughed.

"You'll know me again, I daresay," he said.

"Undoubtedly," said Geoff, "I shall remember that scar over your left eye and the shape of your nose. You'll have to look out, my friend, if we come to close quarters one day, for when we do I may remind you of this afternoon."

"What, going to volunteer against us?" laughed the Boer. "Better wait until you're a little older—they won't want boys."

Geoff took no notice of this remark. The station now reached, he handed up the water-bottles and climbed into his truck, followed by Bunny. Presently a Boer came walking down the platform, threatening here a woman there a man, as he went along, with a whip which he carried. As he passed the carriage in which the Bigby party sat, he made a grimace at Mrs. Bigby and flourished his whip in her face. Instantly, before Geoff could interfere to prevent it, Bunny's fist shot out and the Boer measured his length on the boards, falling like an ox, so sudden and so violent was the blow.

"Great Scott, Bunny, you've done it now!" said Geoff.

CHAPTER III.

GENTLEMAN JOUBERT.

THE discomfited Boer rose quickly to his feet, swearing horribly. He sprang back to the side of the truck and laid hold of Bunny, who quickly jumped out, followed by Geoff. Other Boers came rushing down the platform, shouting excitedly—all things seemed ripe for a serious quarrel.

"Keep cool, for Heaven's sake, Bunny!" said Geoff. "You've made one terrible mistake—don't make another!"

The field-cornet strode up.

"What is it?" he cried. "What has happened?"

The discomfited Boer explained that he had been suddenly struck and knocked down by "one of these *verdomte* Outlanders." He was still describing—according to his own version—the occurrence, when there were shouts that the General-Commandant's train approached.

"Keep the whole train under arrest until further notice," said the field-cornet, hurrying off to greet his superior. "We shall see to this later."

"Get back into the train, you whelps of mischief," said the Boer.

"Oh, no!" replied Geoff boldly; "if the Commandant is coming, he shall judge between us."

"Get into the train, I say, you whelp of a *rooinek!*" shouted the fellow; both Geoff and Bunny absolutely refused to move.

"If this is General Joubert, he will see that we are not brow-beaten by these bullies, mother," said Geoff, explaining his obstinacy for his mother's benefit. "It will be safer to put the matter before him, if one can, than to leave it."

General Joubert alighted from his train to speak to the field-cornet. He saw the group of men upon the platform, alongside of the Outlander train.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened there?" he asked. The field-cornet began to explain, as the two moved down the platform towards the place of disturbance.

Geoff stepped forward as he approached.

"If you are General Joubert," he said, "I should like to give my version of this matter. I speak the truth. My father is Conrad Bigby, the engineer——"

"Yes," said the General; "I know him well——"

"This lady is his wife—my mother, and the Boer there, with the brown hat, threatened many English women with the whip he holds, having received no provocation; when he threatened my mother, my brother, who is young and quick-tempered, struck at the man, as, of course, he deserved, and——"

"Yes, yes," said the old General. "I ask your pardon, madam; this is a dangerous and difficult time, and our people are not easily controlled when in presence of the English, with whom, from this day, we are unfortunately in a state of war. Get into the train, young gentlemen; you do right to protect your mother. Let them be, field-cornet, and tell these fools to behave like men, and not like beasts!"

General Joubert bowed courteously and passed down the platform.

Presently his train departed, carrying with it both the field-cornet and all those Boers who had taken a hand in the game of bullying the passengers; and right thankful were these to see them go. Geoff saw his friend of the scarred face looking out of a window as the train passed. The Boer laughed and jeered, and stretching a hand out of the window, cracked the *sjambok* that he held.

"For next time that we meet!" he shouted.

"All right, my friend; I shall remember your ugly phiz!" Geoff shouted back.

Thus ended an incident which looked at one moment as though it might finish less happily for the Englishmen concerned.

Here and there, until the frontier was reached, such episodes were repeated, and the passengers bullied and insulted to the heart's content of such Boers as happened to desire the opportunity of enjoying a fling at the "escaping" English. It was a miserable journey, and though neither Geoff and Bunny, nor their mother, were implicated in any further disturbances of the peace, all were thankful and relieved when the frontier was passed and Natal reached.

The Bigbys travelled as far as Pietermaritzburg, where they had friends, and here Mrs. Bigby remained, in order to take up her permanent quarters during the time of exile from Johannesburg.

Geoff and Bunny went on to Durban. Their brother Hugh was not due from Sydney for a week or two, at least; but they were anxious to enrol themselves in some corps of Outlanders as soon as it should please the General commanding the forces in Natal to organise such a regiment.

But to their immense surprise and disgust, they learned that there was no intention to form any such corps.

"What!" exclaimed Geoff, "not employ *us*, who know the Boers and their ways, and speak the language, and can shoot and ride as well as most? Why not?"

The gentleman interviewed shrugged his shoulders.

"I fancy the C.O.'s like to employ regular drilled troops," he said. And at that it remained.

Geoff and Bunny held a council of war.

There would surely be an opportunity to enlist before very long, for the authorities could scarcely ignore for ever such obviously useful material as was here to be had for the asking. But what was to be done in the meanwhile?

"Hang about and kick one's heels here or at Maritzburg, hoping for better times, while all sorts of fun is going on almost under our very noses," said Geoff; "or——"

"Or what?" echoed Bunny, rather dismally.

"Or go right up north, and see what the Boers are going to do?"

Bunny jumped up from his seat.

"What! act on our own hooks?" he exclaimed, joyously. "That's a splendid notion, Geoff—only should we do any good that way—be of any use, I mean, to our side?"

"We should act as kind of amateur scouts," said Geoff, smiling at his own idea, which pleased him immensely.

"It's simply the grandest notion possible!" said Bunny. "Geoff, you're a genius! I wish to goodness old Hugh were here to go up with us."

"He'll be here in less than a month. Meanwhile we needn't waste our time. When he's about due we'll come back and fetch him, and then we'll all three act together—that is, if the generals still refuse to employ us."

So the brothers went up to Maritzburg, and dutifully informed their mother of their intentions; and when Mrs. Bigby offered no opposition to their enterprise the two young men did not wait to ask anyone else, but set themselves to arrange preliminaries without further delay. It would be impossible to take luggage, therefore they must be content with the few things they could carry on their backs—a suit of yellowish-brown corduroy, a slouch hat, a good rifle and plenty of cartridges, a large, flat flask for water, a tin of condensed meat, and a blanket. This constituted the whole of the kit of each brother, and with this they set their faces northwards and started upon their enterprise—which was, to put it clearly, to hang about as near as they dared to the fore-foot of the enemy, and to report back to the British camp anything sufficiently important to be so reported.

During the first few days of the war Geoff and Bunny Bigby, being new to the work of scouting, acted very cautiously indeed. They scouted up the neck of Natal, however, until they came in touch with the advance patrols of the enemy, who did them the honour to fire a couple of shots at them. This was north of Newcastle, the inhabitants of which town had mostly already gone south, the authorities having warned them that

Newcastle could not be held, and that no attempt would be made to save it.

When those shots were fired, actually the first in the war, Geoff and Bunny felt a pardonable pride in having been the very first target for Boer bullets, which, however, came close enough to be unpleasant.

"Look here," suggested Geoff, "why not wear Boer dress? We shall get less shot at."

"Certainly," Bunny agreed. "But where's the dress?"

"We must catch—or kill—a couple of Boers," said Geoff. "That should be easy enough."

It proved the simplest matter in the world; for the very next day they stalked a pair of fellows, scouting like themselves. They saw them coming along from afar, and, by creeping like snakes through the grass, and taking advantage of every particle of cover, contrived to conceal themselves in a spot which the men were bound to pass. As they passed, each of the two Boers was suddenly borne to earth by a fairly heavy Bigby springing upon his back from behind, as a lion might upon an unsuspecting antelope.

"Here are our two cheap suits of clothes," said Geoff, as he tied his man's wrists together with his own strap. "They aren't extra clean," he added, "but the more like Boers we look the safer we shall be."

"But won't our own chaps shoot us?" said Bunny, pertinently.

And Geoff replied that there was certainly that danger, only that every Tommy would surely know a live spy was more valuable than a dead one—if only for the pleasure of getting him hung. And in case of real danger there was always the white flag. "When in danger," said Geoff, "wave your pocket-handkerchief."

"Jove! mine won't be white long at this rate," said Bunny, producing one which would have caused pain to any respectable laundress even in its present condition.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTURE OF BUNNY.

THE two scouts marched their prisoners into the English camp outside Dundee, where they were complimented by General Symons on their *coup*. The General contrived to gather some information from the fellows, whether true or false, as to the numbers and disposition of the Boer forces now invading Natal. Geoff acted as interpreter, and was obviously so expert at speaking the Boer language that General Symons suggested that he should remain in camp in the capacity of permanent interpreter.

But this, though kindly meant, and a compliment to his linguistic talents, was not at all in accordance with Geoff's temperament. He wished to fight, not to hang about "waiting to give prisoners a kind of *vivâ voce* exam!" as he afterwards expressed it. And until he could be taken on to act as trooper he preferred to act as scout. "Very well," said the General, "but don't get yourself captured, or if you do, take care to have plausible answers ready for any awkward questions they may ask you!"

"We are going to take the liberty of exchanging clothes with these two fellows," said Geoff, "and as I can talk Dutch as easily as English, I hope to escape capture."

"If you take my advice you will not do that," said the general, "for if caught and identified as English, you would probably be shot or hanged. These prisoners of yours have given useful information. I should be obliged if you could confirm the truth of it by your own observations."

When our two scouts presently left the camp, they did so with light hearts, for they now enjoyed from the General a kind of informal commission to carry out certain important work for him. They were no longer "on their own hook." They were to learn all they could and presently report upon the disposition of Joubert's forces.

And while busy upon this enterprise they met with the adventure which is the pivot upon which this history turns.

The brothers had had a hard day's work scouting on the flank of Yule's retreating column. They had obtained invaluable information this day, at no little personal risk, and at the price of great personal weariness. They had carried their news into the temporary English camp about noon, having cleverly stolen a couple of Boer horses in order to do so the quicker, and had afterwards ridden out once more, to stampede their horses presently, and creep out upon the flank of the retiring army in search of further information. When darkness fell they were still far from the English force, between them and a large commando of burghers which was too discreet to come within touch of the claws of the sullen British lion. Bunny was tired to death, and Geoff not much fresher, so that when they stumbled straight into an empty farmhouse, probably vacated but this day or yesterday by some poor colonist who suddenly found his home surrounded by contending foes, they were glad enough of the shelter, and prepared to occupy the building for the night.

There were a few remnants of food in the larder and even some kaffir beer, which they annexed to their own use, and having supped, half asleep, lay down upon two beds, when Bunny quickly

exchanged his state of half-asleep for that of total and log-like unconsciousness.

Geoff rose from his bed with a sigh.

"I suppose I ought to try and keep awake and watch," he thought, "but I'm afraid it'll be a failure."

It was a failure. Poor Geoff walked a hundred times up and down the room and out of the house and in again, but in spite of every heroic attempt to keep them open, his eyes would close; and at length he was obliged to recognise the inevitable.

"I can't help it—it's no use! I must sleep!" he said. "It's a most unprofessional and 'unscout-like' thing to do, but I'll be hanged if I can keep awake another minute!"

Geoff lay down, and in one half of the very narrow limit he had given himself for remaining awake he was snoring as loudly as Bunny.

Now, most unfortunately, a small advance party of Boers, but an hour or so later, stumbled upon this farm building just as Geoff and his brother had done. They came to search for supper and a bed. The supper they found not, for the two Englishmen had made other arrangements for the disposal of the provisions left behind by the late occupant, but the beds they found, and—what was more—a snoring *rooinek* upon each.

This was very good luck, and the Boers—half a dozen in number—took care that it should not slip through their fingers. They removed the rifles from beside their sleeping owners, and the revolvers from their pockets. Then, having thus extracted the fangs of the serpents, they awoke them with difficulty and, having locked them into a small, windowless room, occupied the beds they had vacated.

Geoff and Bunny made but a short struggle. They were too dead-weary to realise until too late that they were caught. By the time they realised this stunning circumstance they had been overpowered and were being half-carried, half-shoved into their temporary dungeon.

"Great Cæsar, Bunny!" exclaimed poor Geoff, almost weeping in his helpless misery. "What have we done? We're caught like rats in a trap!"

"Will they hang us?" said Bunny.

"Oh, no, they daren't do that; but they won't let us go. We've seen the last of the war, Bunny, my poor chappie!" ended Geoff, speaking with more than a break in his voice, "and oh, what fun we were having!" he ended.

"Cheer up! We may get out yet," said Bunny. "Let's kick the confounded door down. We were asleep when they bagged us, but now we're awake."

Bunny suited the action to the word. He kicked at the door with all his force. It rattled and showed signs of splitting.

A voice instantly came from the other side:—

"Stop that *verdomte* noise, or you'll have your kop broke," it said.

"Open the door and let us out, you mottled-faced Dutch scarecrow!"

This was a very rude speech of Bunny's, and the only possible apology for it is that he was extremely angry.

"When the door is open you get a Mauser bullet in your stomach!" said the Boer. "I am here on purpose to wait for you to come out."

"It's no good, Bunny. If you break the door open he'll shoot you at sight. Come and lie down and rest, and we'll think of some plan of escape."

So the brothers lay on the floor and talked in a whisper.

"What if one of us should escape and not the other?" said Bunny.

"If you were carried off and I escaped, I would not rest till I got you back again," Geoff replied.

"Let's stick together if we can, though," said Bunny. "I don't think it would be so easy to effect a rescue supposing one of us were carried off to Pretoria, or some other town."

"I should devote myself soul and body to getting you back," said Geoff. "Remember this if anything happens, Bunny!"

"I will; and you remember the same thing," said Bunny.

Then the two captives discussed all possible ways of giving their enemies the slip; and, having reviewed every likely eventuality, and the best course to be taken under each possible set of circumstances, they both fell asleep, hoping to gather strength for whatsoever effort or enterprise the morrow might have in store for them.

It was daylight when they were awakened and told to come out of their prison. It had been agreed between them that no attempt to escape should be made at this point, therefore they came quietly forth and acquiesced in all they were called upon to do.

There was no breakfast either for captors or captives, but Geoff saw, with a glow of pleasure, that things were apparently about to shape themselves somewhat favourably for his hopes of a speedy escape. For four of the Boers presently mounted their horses and rode away south, probably to join their own commando; while the remaining two, having fastened a rope securely about the waist of each of their prisoners, mounted also, and bade the *rooineks* run.

"All you English can run," said one of them; "you showed us that at Majuba."

Neither of the brothers made any audible reply to this, considering it wiser to remain silent until the right moment should come for speech or for action. But both ground their teeth,

GEOFF'S ANTAGONIST CAME TO EARTH WITH SCARCELY A STRUGGLE.

and perhaps made a few remarks inwardly, of a nature neither complimentary nor peaceful towards the speaker.

Fortunately for both prisoners the road presently lay over so rough a piece of ground that their captors were obliged to pull up and walk their horses. Geoff and Bunny were both completely pumped for the time being; for the Boers had taken care neither should be allowed to preserve any more breath than was absolutely necessary to support life. There was no knowing, they reflected, what the rascals might not do, if they were not dead beat!

This was, as it presently turned out, a wise precaution, for no sooner had Geoff recovered sufficient breath to justify the attempt which should be made, he knew, now or never, than he caught Bunny's eye and winked. Bunny's lips moved in response, forming the words, "One—two—three!" and at the last syllable each man suddenly sprang upwards at his gaoler, seized him round the waist, and pulled with desperate energy.

Both Boers were unprepared. Geoff's antagonist came to earth with scarcely a struggle, and Geoff's hands seized his throat in an instant, as the two men rolled on the ground, pinching it so tightly that the Boer dropped his rifle in order to relieve the pressure at his neck by gripping Geoff's hands.

This was Geoff's opportunity. Seizing the rifle, he sprang in an instant to his feet and presented it at his opponent's head. The Boer promptly begged for mercy. Keeping the rifle at his shoulder, Geoff looked about to see what had happened in Bunny's little affair during the few seconds which he had occupied in arranging his own business. To his horror, Bunny and his man had disappeared. Moreover, to make matters still worse, the horse which his own antagonist had ridden, was gone also—scared, doubtless, by the sudden storm of fighting and struggling upon his back and under his feet.

"Bunny!" shouted Geoff, with all his lung power, "where are you?"

Getting no reply, Geoff ran quickly to the top of the stony kopje upon which the struggle had taken place, and looking thence, he was in time to perceive two things: Bunny's Boer, still mounted, galloping madly over the broken ground, and still, apparently, struggling with Bunny himself, who clung with one foot thrown over the animal's back behind the saddle, and the other dangling, while his arms were firmly clenched round the body of the rider. The other horse followed but a few yards behind. So they went for a hundred paces, then the entire group was lost to view.

Geoff's first instinct had been to raise his rifle and send a shot in support of his struggling brother; but the danger of hitting the wrong man appalled him; he might shoot the horse, but that, too, was a dangerous thing to attempt, and he dare not try it. Then poor Geoff sat down upon a boulder and cried aloud in his anguish.

"Oh, Bunny, Bunny!" he groaned, "I have lost you, and it was my fault!"

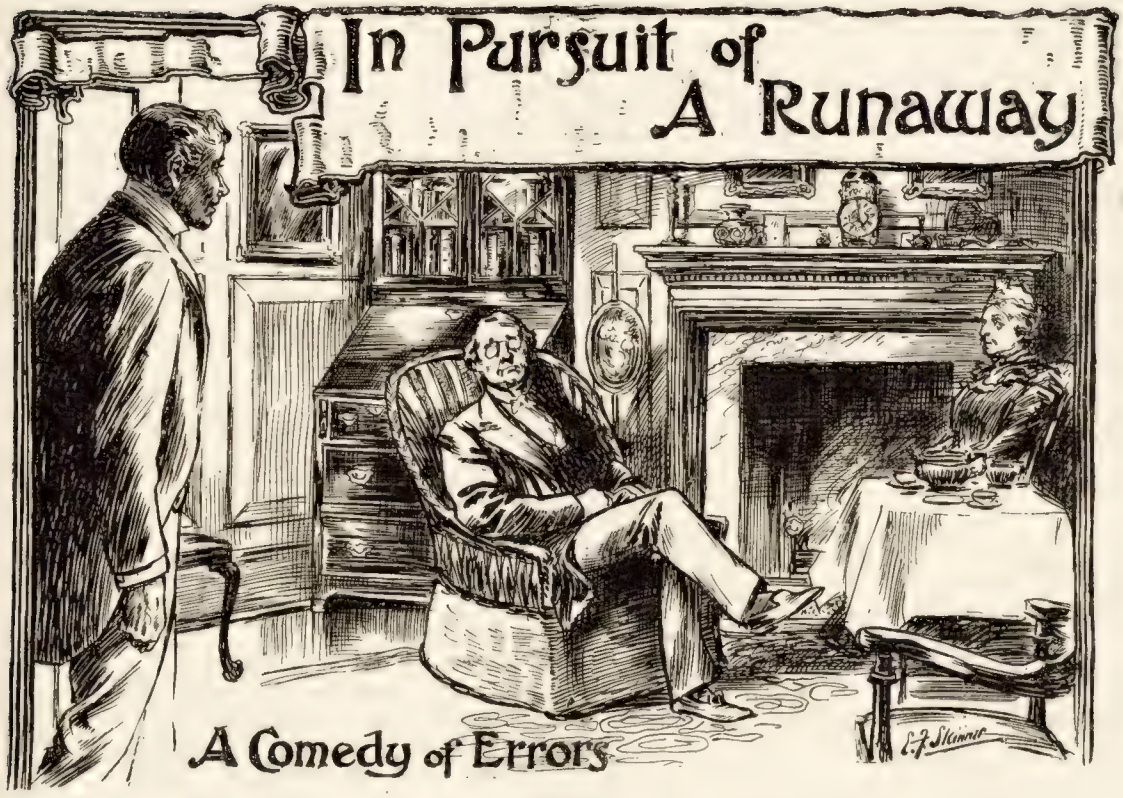
Presently he added, "I will fetch you back, Bunny; I will not rest until I have done it, not if I have to follow you to the ends of the earth!"

Fred Whishaw.

(To be continued.)

BRONCHO PETE CATCHES THE COW.

THE COW CATCHES BRONCHO.



By H. St. John Seamer. Illustrated by E. F Skinner.

DR. CANHAM, as he leant back in his easy-chair, was in a particularly pleasant frame of mind. The cup of tea, with which he was accustomed to refresh a brain wearied with a day of teaching, had performed its office well, and he felt at peace, not only with all men, but—a far harder achievement—with all boys, even those particular specimens committed to his care, and subject to his benevolent despotism. The new school-year had opened with a gratifying increase of numbers, and, so far as it had gone, he had every cause for gratulation in the conduct and intelligence of his pupils. The scholastic machine had already ceased the creaking and groaning incidental to the "commencement" of a new term after the seven weeks' rust and idleness of the summer holidays, and he was conscious that if, on the whole, the life of a schoolmaster, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, is "not a happy one," yet there are moments when it will bear comparison with the life of any other professional man under the sun, and that moreover the present was one of those rare and beatific intervals.

He was engaged in communicating these facts and sentiments to Mrs. Canham, who, from her seat by the occasional tea-table over which she was presiding, listened with an interested and sympathetic ear to her husband's recital, when a tap came at the door.

"Come in," said the Doctor genially, while his wife expressed her wonder as to what might be the cause of the interruption.

In response to the invitation the door opened, and Mr. Ussher, the house-master, entered, with a worried look upon his middle-aged and care-worn features.

"Can I speak with you one moment, Doctor?" he asked nervously, with a glance in the direction of Mrs. Canham.

"Certainly, Mr. Ussher," replied the Doctor. "What do you want?"

"Have you given Chivers leave of absence this afternoon?"

"Chivers?" echoed the Doctor. "That was the boy to whom I was compelled to administer personal chastisement yesterday, I believe. No. I have not given him leave."

"I hoped that perhaps you might have done so," continued the house-master. "He was absent from the tea-table, and apparently he has not been seen since the conclusion of afternoon school."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Doctor, rising from his seat in consternation. "Are you sure that he is nowhere about the premises? He is a new boy, and possibly may not have heard the tea-bell."

Even as he spoke he felt that his suggestion was a mere forlorn hope, and he was fully prepared for Mr. Ussher's reply.

"Pateman and the boy swept and locked up the class-rooms as usual. I have despatched two boys to search the out-buildings, and meanwhile thought it best to come and ascertain from you that he was not absent on leave."

"I do hope," interposed Mrs. Canham with motherly anxiety, "that nothing has happened to him."

"My dear Lucy," said her husband irritably, "what in the world could have happened to him?"

"I didn't know——" began Mrs. Canham, when the Doctor interrupted her.

"Then don't expose your ignorance!"

It was an automatic and crushing retort, delivered in his most professional manner. Lucy subsided. As the headmaster's wife, she was aware that he was accustomed to adopt this tone towards the sixth form—or, for the matter of that, towards any class which he chanced to be gently guiding in the paths of knowledge—but, as a rule, he left it behind him when he passed through the green baize door which separated the school proper from his private house. She felt sure that its use on the present occasion could only be due to a very grave disturbance of his mental equilibrium, and she was willing to make every allowance for it under the circumstances.

"What further steps shall I take?" inquired Mr. Ussher, by way of diversion. "In the event of our search ending in failure——"

"You anticipate failure, then?" said the Doctor, unwilling to acknowledge even to himself the tendency of the evidence before him. "What theory have you formed to account for Chivers' absence?"

Mr. Ussher smiled uncomfortably.

"He is a new boy, Doctor; he has as yet hardly had time to recover from his natural home-sickness, and I thought that perhaps after his punishment yesterday he might have taken it into his head to—er—to——. His parents live only twenty miles down the line, you know," he added, himself not anxious to draw the inevitable conclusion from his own premises.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Doctor aghast. "You surely cannot imagine for one moment that the fact that I have been compelled, with evident reluctance, to administer corporal punishment—and that well-deserved—to any boy would lead him to attempt to run away?"

Mr. Ussher shrugged his shoulders. "Boys do stranger things than that, Doctor."

"I have always said, Arthur," put in Mrs. Canham, "that you are inclined at times to be too severe."

"My dear Lucy, you are absurd. The suggested motive is altogether inadequate. There is no wrong about the boy. He was perfectly convinced of the justice of his chastisement, and, I think, heartily sorry for his offence. But we are wasting time, Mr. Ussher," he added, looking at his watch. "Summon the boys to the usual room, as though for preparation—it is already the regular hour—and I will speak to them there."

The two masters left the room, and when the boys presently assembled, they wondered much to find the Doctor at the desk, in addition to Mr. Ussher. The presence of the Doctor in unexpected places, and on unexpected occasions, was a portent of considerable significance, and now produced great searchings of heart among those of his flock whose conscience was not absolutely clear—and where is the school-boy to be found in possession of such a treasure?

It was not a rule with the Doctor to beat about the bush. As soon as every boy was seated he went to the point at once.

"Has any boy seen or heard anything of Chivers since afternoon school?" he asked, glancing keenly along the rows of faces before him.

There was no reply, but an ill-suppressed sigh of relief rose from the assembly. Each boy realised that his turn was not yet.

"I regret to say," the Doctor went on, "that he has disappeared, and there is reason to fear that the misguided boy has left the protecting shelter of these walls—in other words, that he has run away."

He paused to allow this announcement to have its full effect, and then proceeded: "I need not dilate upon the heinousness of his crime, the bitter ingratitude of this rash action. Suffice it for the present to say that every possible step will be taken to bring him back to this house, where he has always enjoyed the comforts of a home, and fatherly care and guidance."

At this point the boys who had been sent to search the premises returned, and delivered a whispered report to the effect that the runaway was nowhere to be found. The Doctor had already decided upon a plan of action, and now lost no time in carrying it out.

"There will be no preparation to-night," he announced, whereupon a smile broadened on the faces of his audience. "The younger boys will remain in charge of the matron; those in Forms V. and VI. will scour the town in pairs, returning to the school by supper-time; Mr. Ussher will take cab to the railway station forthwith; while I myself will repair to the telegraph office, and communicate the sad news to the unhappy parents of the miserable boy. You are dismissed."

The elder boys required no further bidding, but set off on their errand at once. They were overjoyed at the prospect of a visit to that forbidden land, the town at night, which their imagination had invested with all the glamour of romance. Moreover, their quest appealed to the primitive hunting instinct which lies deep down in the hearts of each one of us, ready to spring forth at the first opportunity, though we keep it chained and caged never so closely

Meanwhile Mr. Ussher had hired a cab from the stand at the corner of the road, and given the order: "The railway station, quick!"

"Right y'are," said the cabman, climbing to his perch with irritating deliberation. "No 'urry, sir. Plenty of time to catch the down train, sir."

These well-meant observations, far from calming Mr. Ussher's excitement, as they were intended to do, only served to rouse his ire.

"You insolent fellow!" he cried, "there *is* hurry. I do not desire to catch the train, but to prevent someone else from catching it."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the cabman obsequiously. "Very sorry, sir," and, whipping up his horse, drove the master rapidly through the now gathering dusk in the direction of the railway station.

The cab pulled up with a jerk. Mr. Ussher bounced out of the vehicle, flung a coin to the driver, and made a rush for the main line down platform. Here he met with an unexpected check. No one was allowed upon the platform without a ticket. A train steamed in as he reached the barrier, and he fancied he saw a boy very like the missing Chivers dash from the half concealment of a pillar into one of the foremost carriages.

"Can I go on the platform?" he asked the ticket collector.

"Ticket please, sir," stolidly returned that official, holding out his hand.

"I haven't one," he replied. "I——"

"Then I can't allow you, sir."

"But I am not going by train. I am looking for——"

The collector thrust him on one side.

"Stand away, *if* you please," said he, and busied himself with snipping bits out of the tickets of intending passengers, who were now streaming towards the platform in increasing numbers.

Mr. Ussher raged inwardly at the rebuff. He had often used the very same phrase to his boys, but never before had he realised how peculiarly irritating the words could be.

Someone at that moment pushed roughly past him, and got between him and the barrier. A raucous voice shouted: "What d'yer mean by it, guv'nor?" He looked up. It was the cabby.

"TWO BOB BE BLOWED!" SAID THE MAN, "THIS 'ERE'S WOT YER CHUCKED ME!"

"What is the matter, my good man?" inquired the master, backing away.

"Matter?" roared the irate Jehu. "I want my fare."

"Your fare? But I have already paid you. I gave you a two-shilling piece—sixpence more than your proper fare."

"Two bob be blowed!" said the man with great contempt. "This 'ere's wot yer chucked me, afore yer bolted, trying to do a bilk. I've nabbed yer now, though."

He displayed a penny in his not over clean palm. Mr. Ussher, scenting sharp practice, was firmness itself.

"Nonsense, my good man," he said. "I threw you a two-shilling piece."

"I tell yer you're a liar," observed the cabby bluntly. "I'll summon yer. 'Oo are you, anyway?"

Mr. Ussher began to have misgivings. To satisfy himself he drew a small handful of silver and copper (mostly copper) money from his trousers pocket, and began rapidly to count it. A vivid blush overspread his face. The man was right after all. In his hurry, and owing to a careless habit of keeping all denominations of money in the same pocket, he had flung the man a penny instead of a two-shilling piece. He selected two shillings, and adding a sixpence to them, offered the coins to the angry cabman.

"I am afraid that I have made a slight mistake," he confessed.

The man grinned as he accepted the half-crown. His anger vanished at once. "Right y'arc, sir," he said, spitting deliberately on the money before pocketing it. "Pleasant journey," he added politely, touching his hat, and moving off.

Mr. Ussher felt that to have got rid of the cabman thus easily amply repaid him for the extra expenditure that it had involved. He was free to make another attempt to reach the platform. Turning, therefore, to the collector, who was still engaged in his ticket-snipping, he again preferred his request.

"I am looking for a boy——" he began.

"Birmingham? Quite right. sir. Train now in," said the collector, irrelevantly.

"Looking for a boy who has——"

"Coventry? Yes, sir, no change. Kidderminster? Wrong platform. No. 3, in five minutes."

"Who has run away from school."

"Hi, Bill! hurry up with that luggage. Now, sir, what did you say you wanted?"

The question was sufficiently annoying, but Mr. Ussher, feeling that there was no help for it, sighed wearily, and began his explanation over again. He told the man how that he had, as he thought, seen the boy enter the train, and that he only wanted permission to go upon the platform to make sure. He was a master, he said, and had been commissioned to bring the cuprit back.

"All right, sir," said the collector, when he had finished. stepping aside to let him pass. "Why couldn't you say so at first?"

WITH A WARNING CRY OF "NO, YOU DON'T, SIR!" THE PORTER BROUGHT HIS WILD CAREER TO AN ABRUPT CONCLUSION.

Mr. Ussher was about to make some angry retort, but alas! what with interruptions and repetitions, not to mention his interview with the cabman, before he could do so the guard's whistle sounded. The engine gave an answering shriek, the train began to gather way, and the master found himself compelled to break into a run, if he desired to catch a glimpse of the occupants of that carriage already, with rapidly increasing speed, nearing the end of the platform. Now it so happens that railway companies, with a paternal regard for the lives and limbs of their passengers, have laid down a bye-law forbidding anyone to enter a train while in motion, and the porter who saw Mr. Ussher charging down the platform may be pardoned for fancying that he was about to infringe this salutary regulation. He dexterously collared him (he was a prominent back in the local Rugby football team) with a warning cry of "No, you don't, sir!" and brought his wild career to an abrupt and somewhat painful conclusion.

"Confound you, sir!" exclaimed the ruffled master, stooping to pick up his hat, which the collision had sent flying. The language was

hardly magisterial, but perhaps excusable under the circumstances.

"All right, sir?" inquired the grinning porter. "No harm done, I hope, sir. Sorry you missed your train. A slow follows in half-an-hour, sir."

"I did not wish to catch the train," said Mr. Ussher with all the dignity at his command, and turning away, he stalked off towards the barrier, where fresh humiliation awaited him.

The friendly ticket-collector who had allowed him upon the platform had disappeared, and his place was taken by another official, who knew not the master.

"Ticket, please, sir," he said, in the usual formula, as Mr. Ussher endeavoured to brush past him.

"I—I haven't one," stammered that gentleman, greatly disconcerted by this unforeseen request.

"Then pay up," returned the ticket-collector gruffly, pulling out a sort of pocket-book from which to give a receipt. "Where have you come from?"

"I haven't come from anywhere," replied Mr. Ussher, half-conscious of the absurdity of his answer.

"Well, if you won't tell me where you've come from I must charge you from the starting-place of the train. London's a pretty long way from here," he added, significantly.

"But I did not come from London," objected the unfortunate master. "I came from here."

"That's a likely story," observed the collector with biting irony. "What are you doing on the platform without a ticket? None of your larks here, guv'nor."

"It's true—it's perfectly true," declared Mr. Ussher in agonised tones. "The—er—the—er *gentleman* who was taking tickets five minutes ago admitted me upon the platform."

The ticket-collector smiled—a cold, sarcastic smile.

"You're a 'cute 'un," he exclaimed, his voice distinctly tinged with admiration. "You watched him off duty, did you? It won't wash, my friend. You must pay up, otherwise it's a case for the police."

"The police!" ejaculated Mr. Ussher, breaking into a cold perspiration. "There's a porter who can vouch for the truth of what I say. That's him!" he cried, oblivious of grammar in his excitement, and pointing with his umbrella to his late antagonist.

"Hi, Jim!" shouted the collector.

And Jim hied accordingly.

"This person says you know that he did not come by train. He hasn't got a ticket, you know."

But Jim was not going to be betrayed into any rash statements.

"I don't know nothink about that," he said, cautiously, and his eye twinkled, "but I can swear as 'e didn't go off by train, 'cos I stopped 'im."

"There you are. It's no use," decided the collector. "The game's up. Now what's your name and address?"

To Mr. Ussher it all seemed like some dreadful nightmare, and hope died within him. Once his identity was known the school would inevitably be involved in another scandal. Eventually, of course, it would be proved that he was in the right, but oh, the shame of it!

"My name is Ussher," he replied, slowly, as though the words were being dragged from him.

"Christian name?" remorselessly continued the collector, making a note of the surname in his pocket-book.

"Thomas."

"Address?"

"The Grammar School."

"Oh, you're a teacher, are you?" observed the collector, writing down the address.

To be so designated made Mr. Ussher writhe, but it loosened his tongue.

"I am an assistant-master to Dr. Canham," he corrected, with much dignity. "A boy has run away from the school, and I have been sent here to stop him if possible. I arrived just as the down-train was on the point of starting; and, thinking that I saw the boy enter it, ran to make sure, when I was seized by that porter there, and forcibly detained."

The ticket-collector closed his pocket-book with a snap, and stepped aside.

"Why on earth" (he didn't exactly say "on earth," but, doubtless, that was his meaning) "couldn't you say so at once," he demanded, roughly, "instead of wasting my time like this?"

It was the second time that Mr. Ussher had had the question put to him, but he was no nearer a retort than before.

He stumbled automatically through the barrier with all the sensations of a reprimanded schoolboy, and sat down on a luggage truck in the booking hall to recover himself.

It was some minutes before he could collect his thoughts. The mischief was that he could not be absolutely certain that the boy whom the train had borne away really was Chivers. It was probable, but nothing more. Supposing that the boy, knowing that he would be missed, and the express watched, had cunningly determined to wait upon the up-platform—where he might be sure no search would be made—until the hue and cry had passed, and then take the later train.

Full of this idea, Mr. Ussher rose, and, satisfy-

ing himself by a glance at the time-table that he had ample time before the next train was due, made his way round to the opposite platform.

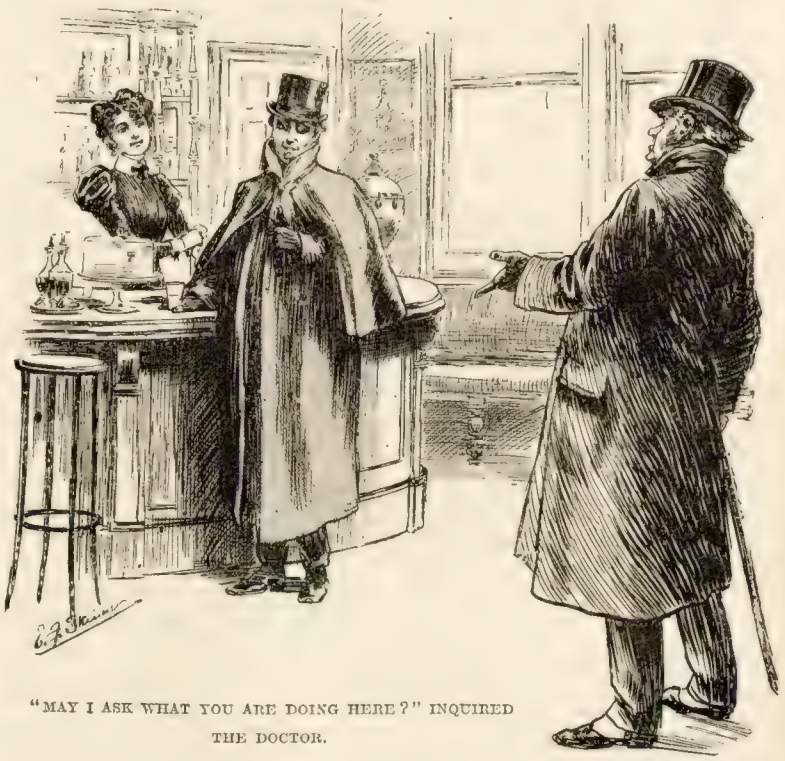
To his relief he found that there were no officials there to be faced. He examined the various waiting rooms without success, and was on the point of leaving, when he suddenly bethought him of the refreshment room. It was the very place where he might expect to find a boy sufficiently abandoned to attempt to run away from school. Moreover, a little stimulant would do himself no harm in the present shattered condition of his nerves. He retraced his steps, and passed through the swing doors into the brilliantly-lighted refreshment bar. A curly-haired damsel rose as he entered. No other person was visible.

Meanwhile Dr. Canham had despatched his telegram, and was now walking in the direction of the railway station with the object of meeting Mr. Ussher and ascertaining whether he had succeeded in discovering any traces of the wretched Chivers. On the way, now that the first excitement had passed, he became painfully aware that he had overstayed his dinner hour, a discovery which did not serve to improve his temper. He came across one or two pairs of boys aimlessly wandering about the streets, and, learning that they had seen nothing of their missing school-fellow, he promptly sent them back home.

Arriving at his destination, he was unable to find Mr. Ussher anywhere about the down-line booking hall, and came to the rash conclusion that he must have returned to the school, a conclusion strengthened by the fact that he was not to be seen upon the platform. The pangs of hunger grew more and more insistent, and he determined to stave them off temporarily by recourse to—say a bun and a glass of milk. The refreshment room on the down platform was barred to him by the same ticket collector whose acquaintance Mr. Ussher had made not many minutes before, and who was now engaged in snipping tickets for the slow train which followed the express. Accordingly he crossed to the up platform, and made his way to the refreshment bar there.

His hand was already on the door, when he perceived, through the glazed upper panels, his assistant master, apparently engaged in an interesting conversation with the curly-haired damsel behind the bar. It was too late to retreat, for Mr. Ussher looked up at the sound, and had seen him; so, crushing down his feelings, he pushed open the door and entered, his face a mask of cold displeasure.

"I was told," he said, in freezing tones, "that you had crossed to the up platform." (After all, it was only a white one.)



"MAY I ASK WHAT YOU ARE DOING HERE?" INQUIRED THE DOCTOR.

"Yes, Doctor," said Mr. Ussher, confusedly. This unexpected apparition had taken him completely aback.

"May I ask what you are doing here?" inquired the Doctor, with a comprehensive wave of his hand.

"Not finding Chivers on the other platform, I thought that perhaps he might be hiding on this, and so I was making inquiries——"

"So I see, Mr. Ussher."

This chilling interruption reduced the unfortunate Mr. Ussher to silence. An uncomfortable pause ensued.

"Come with me," said the Doctor at length.

The curly-haired damsel, who had been an amused spectator of the scene, emitted a giggle, and Mr. Ussher brokenly followed his chief without the station. For some minutes the pair strode along in silence. The master felt that appearances were against him, and the Doctor appeared disinclined to give him any encouragement towards making an explanation. The silence became intolerable. He volunteered a brief, and, it must be acknowledged, somewhat incoherent account of his adventures on the down platform, and expressed an opinion that the boy whom he had watched entering the train was really Chivers, giving as his reason the fact that that errant youth was nowhere else to be found.

The Doctor received the story without comment, but Mr. Ussher considered that it had made a proper impression upon him. At all events, he was content to ignore the circumstances attending his meeting with his assistant master—though he may have had other reasons for adopting that course.

"We can do nothing now, I fear," he remarked abruptly, as though in continuation of some train of thought. "If he has left by rail, I have already prepared his parents, and we can only await their notification of his arrival. Will you, Mr. Ussher, walk through the town and send home any boys you may meet? Of course, I can trust my boys anywhere," he hastened to add, with conscious pride, "but it is already nearing the supper hour, and, now that they can be of no further use, the sooner they are at the school the better."

By this time they had reached the square, where their ways parted. Mr. Ussher was glad of the opportunity of escaping from company so embarrassing to him under the circumstances, but he had barely left his chief's side when he was recalled by a smothered exclamation.

"What is the matter, Doctor?" he asked, anxiously.

"Matter?" cried the Doctor, his face purple with rage. "Look there, sir!"

"Where?" asked Mr. Ussher, staring vaguely in the direction indicated by his chief's umbrella.

"There—in that shop, sir."

"That shop" was a pastry-cook's. At a small table in full view of the door sat two pairs of boys devouring with much gusto various confections of greater or less degree of indigestibility, and washing them down with copious draughts of lemonade. No wonder the Doctor was filled with righteous indignation; besides, the cravings of his own inner man still remained unsatisfied.

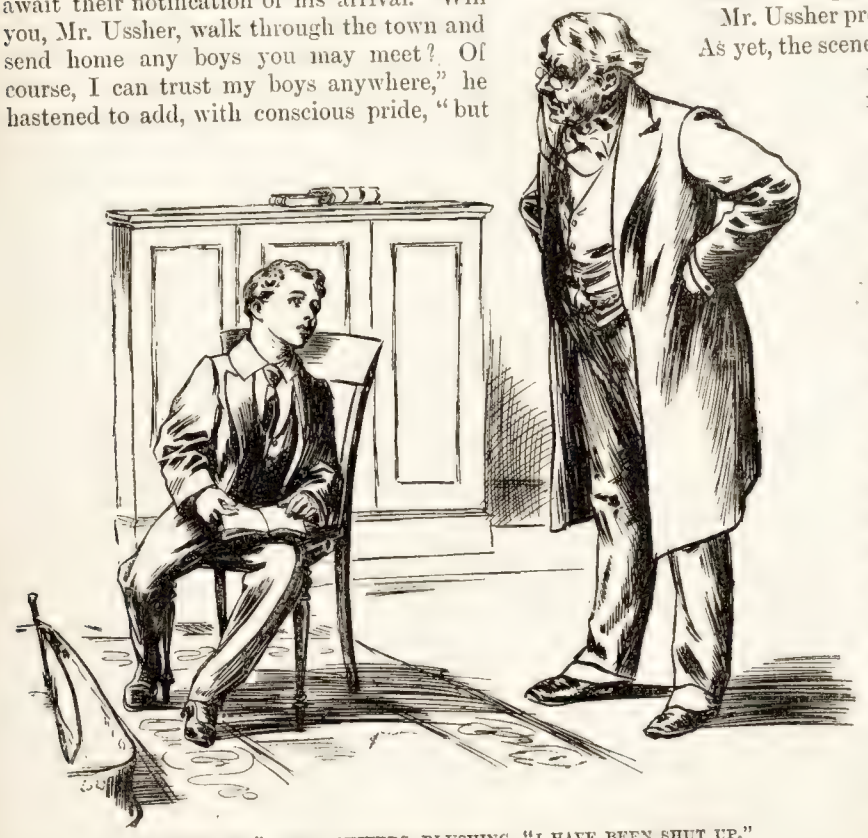
"To think," he groaned, "that I cannot permit boys to go up town without their proceeding at once to gormandize and guzzle, and give rein to their lower appetites!"

Mr. Ussher preserved a discreet silence. As yet, the scene in the refreshment room was too fresh in his memory.

"Send them to me, Mr. Ussher," the Doctor continued. "Send them to me immediately."

Mr. Ussher ran to obey the order of his chief. The banquet was rudely interrupted, and its partakers issued forth sadder, if not wiser boys.

The Doctor began to read them a lecture on the spot, but a crowd quickly collected, and after dismissing his assistant master to shepherd home the rest, he drove the four culprits ignominiously before him to the school. With his batch of prisoners he entered the boarders' room. There was Chivers calmly reading before the fire, as though nothing had happened!



"PLEASE, SIR," PIPED CHIVERS, BLUSHING, "I HAVE BEEN SHUT UP."

"Chivers!" he roared, when he had recovered his power of speech, "where have you been, sir?"

"Please, sir," piped Chivers, blushing, "I have been shut up."

"Shut up? What do you mean, boy?"

Chivers, nothing loth, proceeded to tell his story. In the course of some horseplay after school, his cap had flown in at the window of the ink-room (a sort of large cupboard, where the stationery of the school was stored, opening out of the Sixth Form Room, and lighted by a small glazed loop-hole). The impression that he conveyed to his hearers was that the cap had maliciously performed this feat of its own volition, and, although the Doctor may have held other views on the subject of the habits of the common cap, he did not press the point. Chivers, it appeared, had run round to recover his tiresome head-gear, and while he was engaged in searching for it among the piles of books and paper that encumbered the floor, the door had swung to, and been locked upon him. At first he had imagined that a practical joke had been played upon him, and had waited patiently for the joker to release him, but as time went by it gradually dawned upon him that it must have been Pateman locking up the premises for the night. He had made as much noise as he could, which was not a little, without attracting attention, since the ink-room overlooked the Doctor's private garden, and, at last, despairing of release by ordinary means, he had climbed up to the loop-hole, and, at considerable personal inconvenience and the loss of a button or two, had succeeded in squeezing himself through, only arriving where he now was too late to prevent the hue and cry which had already been raised.

The Doctor was filled with furious annoyance and impotent wrath. The boy Chivers was innocent of all offence, and merely the victim of an unfortunate series of accidents, and he felt bound to accept his explanation. It was the Fates, the Fates who had conspired to make him appear ridiculous, and he conceived a personal grievance against them, the more bitter that they were intangible, and beyond reach of his anger, and the might of his strong right arm.

However, the four boys whom he had caught at the confectioner's were none of these things, and doubtless proved admirable and efficient substitutes.

"THE CAPTAIN" CHESS CORNER.

THE prizes in the February competition are awarded as follows:—

Class I.—J. K. MACMEIKAN, Repton School, Burton-on-Trent.

Class II.—N. J. CHIGNELL, "Dundrennan," Hadley Road, New Barnet.

Class III.—(Divided) F. A. H. POWELL and H. F. BEATTIE, both of Maze Hill School, St. Leonards.

The marks the prize-winners obtained are now cancelled; many other competitors have now marks to their credit. Each competitor adds to his score until he is successful. Several solvers ask if there is any advantage to be gained by sending in as soon as possible. I can assure them that there is none at all. On receipt of a stamped post-card I shall be pleased to answer any question as to score, etc.

The British Chess Co., Stroud, Glos., wishes to make public the fact that a wall-sheet of the "Laws of Chess" will be sent gratis to any school club on application. Here is a chance for secretaries.

I wish solvers would send their answers on post-cards only; for instance, the mate in eight with king and queen could easily be arranged on a post-card, yet one competitor favoured me with fifty-five lines of foolscap, closely written!

The game for this month's competition is subjoined:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K4	P—K4	7. KtxP	KtxKKt
2. Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	8. RxKt(ch)	B—K2
3. B—Kt5	Kt—B3	9. Kt—Q5	Castles
4. Castles	KtxP	10. KtxB(ch)	K—R1
5. R—K1	Kt—Q3	11. Q—R5	P—KKt3
6. Kt—B3	KtxB	12. Q—R6	P—Q3

Question A.—By move 11 White threatened mate in two. How?

Question B.—After Black's 12th move White mates in two. How?

Two marks for each question.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. P. B.—The notice refers to solutions of problems only. As regards method of awarding prizes take this illustration: In September (say) the scores up to date of A, B, C, are 36, 35, 34. A gets the prize, and his score becomes 0. B and C start next time with 36 and 35 respectively to their credit. So that you see everybody must get a prize in time if he sticks to the comps.

THE CHESS EDITOR.

SCHOOL SPORTS: Some Hints.

By C. B. Fry.

I.

In the April, 1899, number of The Captain you will find some general advice about how to train for sports.

II.

There is no royal road paved with tips leading to success in athletics. Every boy starts with a certain build and a certain muscular equipment; he cannot alter his build, but he can develop and improve his muscles by judicious education.

III.

No one can hope to increase his muscular power unless he has and maintains a sound, healthy condition; this, by obedience to the laws of health. There is no need to state these laws; school life is such that you cannot transgress them without going violently out of your way.

IV.

A moment's thought will convince you that it is unwise and unprofitable to start developing a particular set of muscles until the muscular system as a whole is at least fairly well developed and in good general working order. But all boys who play games regularly may safely take this general condition and development of the muscular system for granted.

V.

Running is simply muscular action of a particular kind; that is to say, to run very well you must, in addition to good general muscular condition, have the running muscles well developed and very efficient.

VI.

A boy, then, who wishes to train for sports need not trouble about anything but educating the muscles which are required by the events he is going in for. Experience proves that the best education for muscles consists in a careful and very gradual training, under which the muscles do a little work every day or so, and do that little each time as well as they possibly can.

VII.

The amount of daily work should be very small at first and gradually increase, but never beyond a certain limit. It is absolutely useless in muscular education to attempt any form of cramming. If you do too much work you are simply so much to the bad.

VIII.

The kind, as distinguished from the amount, of work depends entirely upon the ultimate object. If you are going in for several events of different kinds, you naturally ought to train for each separately in so far as it differs from the rest. But since the amount of work you can do per diem with good effect is limited, you cannot devote as much time to each event as you would be able if you were going in for one event only; at least, not unless you spread your preparation over a proportionately longer time.

IX.

Now what a boy usually does is this. He decides to go in for, say, four events; he begins training for them a month before the day, and tries to do as much work per diem at each of the four as he ought if only going in for one of them; that is, he does four times too much work per diem and is thoroughly stale and over-trained at the end of a fortnight: which is absurd. If you must practise several events every day, you ought to do less work at each in proportion to the number of events; so that your daily amount of work is the same, whether you are in for one or a dozen.

X.

It is really no use training at all unless you give yourself at least a month; better, six weeks. My advice is this:—

Begin training, that is, practice for your events, six weeks before your race day.

Do not practise every day, but, more or less, every other day, *e.g.*, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On the off-days you should do some walking, or play games; but if you are in hard training and need no work, or if you are inclined to be stale, by all means rest.

Do not attempt more than two events on any one day. If your programme includes more than two you should distribute your work at each over several days.

Half, or at most three-quarters, of an hour is quite enough per diem on the running-ground. And you will not spend all that at work.

XI

For school sports, all boys may be divided into short and long-distance runners. The quarter-mile is common ground; all distances under it are short; all beyond are long. Jumpers and

hurdlers are, for training purposes, sprinters, because the only flat running they need do is sprinting.

XII.

The problems before the short-distance runner are: How to cultivate his pace to the highest pitch of which he is capable, and how at the same time to acquire enough stamina to last his distance (or, if several, the longest) at that pitch of pace all through. Inasmuch, however, as short distances are tests of pace rather than of stamina, pace may be regarded as the essential requisite.

XIII.

Pace is simply the rate at which you can repeat your stride continuously: roughly, it depends on how fast the muscles that move your legs in the required manner can do their work. The best way to increase this muscular power of rapid movement is by running short spurts of from thirty to forty yards, trying each time to go faster, as it were, than you are able.

XIV.

For the sake of stamina, you should supplement this spurt practice by occasionally running from half to three-quarters of the full distance, and, more occasionally, the full distance. If you are in for several distances you must mix up your practice work accordingly.

XV.

As it is supremely important in sprints to be steady on the mark and to start quickly, you should start to a pistol-shot (if only a percussion cap) every time you run a spurt or a trial race. And as it is supremely important to acquire the habit of not slackening before you are well past the finish, you should have a tape up at the end of your distances even in practice. It will also pay you to make second nature of a habit of concentrating your mind from the moment you toe the mark on one thing, and one thing only, viz., the tape, regarded as something to be reached and passed in the shortest possible time.

XVI.

The maximum day's work for a sprinter is four or five pace-spurts and one stamina distance. Rest a few minutes between each item.

XVII.

The long-distance runner should make stamina his first consideration, as his races are tests of this rather than of pace. But he has also to cover his distances at the highest uniform pace of which he is capable.

XVIII.

His method of training is on somewhat different lines from that of the sprinter. His work will be of three kinds: Fast work over distances varying from a quarter to a half of the full distance; slow, easy work over distances varying from the full distance to somewhat beyond it; and, perhaps, trial races over distances varying from half to the full distance. He should be careful not to do too much a day, and not to crowd days of heavy work together.

XIX.

Appended are two maps of training work. They are mere suggestions, but may help you. If you take them as they are you will most likely go wrong, but if you think out the requirements of your own case you ought to be able to make out a map to suit it that will keep you right. At first sight the work will look heavy, but on scrutiny and reflection you will not think it so. If you do in practice find it heavy, cut it down. Trust your own judgment.

XX.

Every hurdler should master the three-stride method. It is quite easy, and when once you have mastered it you will wonder how you ever attempted any other. The method consists in taking three strides after alighting over a hurdle, and clearing the next hurdle in your fourth stride, and so right down the course. You always take off from the same foot and alight on the other. The strides should be your normal sprinting strides. Take off about five feet from the hurdle, and land a similar distance beyond it. Don't say you cannot do this; you can. Train as a hurdling sprinter. Let your spurts be over three or four flights of hurdles, your fast work over about eight flights, and run twice a week the full distance. Do a certain amount of sprinting on the path.

XXI.

Long jumping consists in the combined use of pace and spring. The golden rules are: Run up at full speed; do not lengthen or shorten your natural sprinting stride on approaching the mark; take off plumb on the mark; jump very high in the air—up and out as it were. To get pace, practise sprinting; to get spring, practise high jumping; to learn to combine them, practise long jumping.

Correct your take-off by noticing how many inches (or feet) you were behind the mark, and starting your next run so much nearer the mark. Do not long-jump more than twice a week, and never take more than four jumps at each practice.

XXII.

High jumpers should do some running and plenty of walking. It is no good to practise more than three times a week. A succession of jumps

over an easy height, great attention being paid to taking off as close as possible under the lath, is almost better for practice than the competition method of putting the lath up as soon as it is cleared at a given height. Practise twice a week the former way, and once the latter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. B.—What you call the American method of starting is good for boys as well as men. But be sure and find out how it is done. You must make a hole in which to put your rearward toe; push off from this as you rise, and make a dab forward with your front foot. A dash of forty yards for the sprint, and a run of four flights for the hurdles is enough preliminary.

Toddles.—A cold sponge-down after exercise, if you like and feel benefited by it, is good for you. What is bad is to allow yourself to cool and then take a cold bath. But you should wait till your breathing is quite regular and normal. I take it your heart is sound. C. B. F.

(N.B.—A large number of Answers held over.)

Maps of Training Work for School Sports.

I.—For short-distance runner, *i.e.*, all distances under and including the quarter.

II.—For long-distance runner, *i.e.*, quarter, and races over it.

NOTES.—(I.) Days 1, 3, 4 and 6 mean: Run four days a week, arranging, as far as the case admits, to run and rest on alternate days; *e.g.*, run Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday.

(II.) Boys under seventeen years of age had better run only three days a week, omitting the 3rd and 4th days' work in alternate weeks. Those who prefer to train for eight weeks, and this is really the wiser plan, should run only three days a week, and distribute the work of the 4th days over the extra fortnight.

(III.) A runner who is not going in for the longer sprints included in I., or for the longer distances in II., should modify his work on the principle that he need never practise a distance longer than the longest he intends racing.

N.B.—(I.) The maps are meant as a guide, not as an absolute model. One table of work cannot suit all cases.

N.B.—(II.) It is taken for granted that you are fit and hard, from playing games, etc., before you start systematic practice as above. If you are not, you must spend a preliminary fortnight in getting into condition.

I.

	Week 1.	Week 2.	Week 3.	Week 4.	Week 5.	Week 6.
Day 1	* 80yds, ¾-speed 4 spurts	4 spurts 80yds., full speed	4 spurts 250yds., ¾-speed	100yds., full speed twice	2 spurts 300yds., full speed	4 spurts 100yds., full speed
Day 3	4 spurts 70yds., full speed	* 3 spurts 220yds., ¾-speed	* 4 spurts 80yds., full speed	* 3 spurts 100yds., ¾-speed	* 4 spurts 150yds., ¾-speed	2 spurts 250yds., ¾-speed
Day 4	* 4 spurts	* 4 spurts	440yds, full speed	3 spurts 50yds., full speed	100yds., full speed 100yds., trial race	* 6 spurts
Day 6	2 spurts 100yds., trial race	2 spurts 150yds., trial race	4 spurts	220yds., trial race	400yds., ¾-speed	100yds., trial race

EXPLANATIONS.

*=be sure to keep the day's work light. *A spurt*=a full-speed dash of from 30 to 40 yards. Object—cultivation of sheer pace. Screw every ounce out each time. *¾-speed*—fast, but well inside power. Object—cultivation of stride, poise, and style. *Full speed*=run as in race, but do not screw quite every ounce out of yourself. *Trial race*=run distance out as in actual race.

II.

	Week 1.	Week 2.	Week 3.	Week 4.	Week 5.	Week 6.
Day 1	* 880yds., easy	* 150yds., sprint 440yds., easy	* 1 mile, easy	440yds., fast	* 1,000yds., easy	* 880yds., easy
Day 3	300yds., sprint	600yds., fast	880yds., fast	* 1,000yds., easy	300yds., sprint	600yds., fast
Day 4	* 880yds., easy	* 400yds., easy	300yds., sprint	200yds., sprint	* 880yds., easy	* 440yds., easy
Day 6	600yds., fast	880yds., fast	1 mile, fast	1 mile, trial race	2 mile, fast	880yds., trial race

EXPLANATIONS.

*=be sure to keep the day's work light. *Easy*=medium pace. Careful not to distress yourself. Object—cultivation of stride and style. *Sprint*=run distance all out. Object—cultivation of sheer pace. *Fast*=racing-pace, without quite the extreme effort. *Trial race*=run distance out as in actual race.

CHARLIE REIGNED IN HOLYROOD.

By Edward Tebbutt.

Illustrated by Sherie.

AND bonny days they were, though of short duration. Even now, when years have fled and the Hanoverians are firmly seated on the throne of Britain, my mind wanders restlessly back to the grey old palace by the hillside, and the boy who stole to the Isle of Eriskay, to wrest the crown of England from him who holds it by no law, nor right, nor heritage. A worthy son of his fathers was this Charles Edward Stuart, whom men term the Young Pretender. Handsome, *débonnaire*, winning; a man with a woman's loving heart, and a faith passing belief. He fought for a destiny which he dreamed was his by law divine, and before his gladdened eyes shone a star of hope, which surely was ne'er wholly shrouded, save when the rock-line of Scotland faded into the shades of eventide, and again he threw in his lot with the world outside—a fugitive; a banished prince; the last of a stock whose wrongs shall be deplored by generations yet unnumbered. We, who fought with him, must fain seek our reward in the Cause and not the consummation. Yet, for my own part, I am more than repaid by the love which his service has carried into my life—the love of the sweetest, truest woman whom God e'er sent to grace the fairyland of His earth. 'Tis of this love that I would tell you, even now.

I was plain Duncan Macintyre in those days, with the sword which my father had swung at Preston, and proud in the tartan of the clan of which I was later to be hailed as chief. I joined Charlie's banner at the disheartening meeting in Glenfinnan, and after our army had swelled to an host, and we had passed the Canon Gate into dear Auld Reekie, I was chosen as captain of the Palace Guard, that I might be near to the young chevalier, who regarded me with more than a passing affection. Thus it happened that I was present in Holyrood Palace at a council which altered the whole tenor of my existence, and which brought me to the side of the girl who, even to-day, is the same bonny lassie as she who tricked the captain of Cope's advance force, and who rode through the night to Edinburgh town to carry her message to the gallant Cameron, whom all should honour as palatine of Lochiel.

I was standing near the window of a small chamber on the western wing, watching the sunlight play over the bracken and crags of Arthur's Seat; watching the mist of the morning rise lightly from valley to hill, and away to the sky above. Lord George Murray was busily writing by the littered table; Charlie and Lochiel were pacing the floor like men demented.

"They are traitors, every man of them!" cried Charlie a second time, "and, *mort de ma vie!* the day I come into my own shall be a bad one for these Lowland chieftains."

"Surely there must be one in all Midlothian who hath love for your Highness's cause?" exclaimed Lochiel, halting by my barred window, "though, by my faith, I can recall no likely name at the moment."

"There is Sir Thomas Carnegie, of Scardray, by Hawthornden Glen," said I, making bold to offer my own suggestion, as, indeed, I ofttimes did.

Lord George turned hopefully to Cameron, and Charlie slapped me gaily on the shoulder.

"Good, my Duncan!" he cried. "'Twas to Carnegie my father would ever commend me. See here, Murray, this inactivity is killing me.

I myself will ride to the laird of Scardray to implore his aid and his counsel. Gad's mercy! I'll warrant me he shall sit here by your reverend side ere many another night has flown."

"The errand is fraught with danger," said Murray, cautiously.

"S'death!" cried Charlie, laughing gaily at blue-eyed Lochiel, "was danger ever absent from a wandering monarch such as I?"

"But what force would you take?"

"Force? You forget, Murray, that it is persuasion and not force that can appeal to such men as Carnegie of Scardray. I will ask Duncan Macintyre here to bear me company, and we will ride in humble fashion to this Lowland warrior—as a suitor who comes to woo; and surely to some purpose, Lochiel, for what Stuart e'er pleaded in vain, save 'twere a Parliament whose favour he would court?"

So he advanced his request, and with such effect that the shadows had scarce grown short about the palace, when together we cantered across the Hunter's Bog 'neath Arthur's Seat, striking out into the country lanes as Duddingston Loch was rounded. The Prince was surely in his brightest and happiest mood that day, for naught could he do but sing the praises of the spring-decked country that he was so proud to call his kingdom. As we reached the singing Esk, which seems to lose itself in the silence of Hawthornden Glen, we paused for some moments to admire the arcadian beauty of the wooded hillside, though Charlie's impatience would not permit us to tarry as long as I myself might have desired. So we passed at a gallop through the undulating country beyond, and thence to Scardray Manor, where dwelt Sir Thomas Carnegie, the loyalist.

Slowly we rode up the avenue, with its canopy of rustling beech trees, and a silence fell upon us as we surveyed the sweeping park; the herds of startled deer; the weed-patched lake gleaming dark and motionless beneath the rays of the mid-day sun. Then, at length, Scardray Manor rose grey and gabled in the distance, and on the steps, awaiting our coming, stood a huge, rugged Scotchman, with a pair of loose-tongued boarhounds panting by his side. He bowed courteously as we reached the drawbridge; we, still in silence, returned his greeting. The Prince sprang from his horse and walked quickly towards him.

"Sir Thomas Carnegie," he said in his curious boy's voice, "my name is Charles Edward Stuart, and I bear a message from my father, who was honoured with your friendship." Thus did the chevalier win Sir Thomas Carnegie to his service.

Forgetful of me, as I still bestrode my saddle and held Charlie's charger to my side, the pair conversed in an undertone that none might catch the purport of their words, and mighty impatient had I grown ere Sir Thomas drew towards me with grave apology.

"Your pardon, Captain Macintyre," he said, the Prince nodding favourably to me over his shoulder the while, "I beg you to excuse my rudeness in not summoning my grooms ere this."

He struck a huge bell with the butt-end of his riding whip, and an ostler ran from the stable gate as if he would assist me to alight, though, i' faith, I was too

"SIR THOMAS CARNEGIE," HE SAID, IN HIS CURIOUS BOY'S VOICE, "MY NAME IS CHARLES EDWARD STUART."

quickly to my feet to need his services; and with Carnegie and Prince Charlie, I stepped into the hall of Scardray Manor. The morning-room, whither we were conducted, commanded a magnificent view of the well-timbered park, with the gaunt Pentland Hills lying long and low in the distance. Seated by the window, was a lady with hair white as the snow-capped summits of the northern bens—Carnegie's mother I learnt

from our presentation—and by her side, a girl of such surpassing beauty that never since have I cast eyes of admiration upon one other of her sex. Her hair fell in rippling curls upon the whiteness of her forehead; her eyes were bright and steadfast; her little prim mouth lent an air of daintiness to her whole features, which, to a rough Highlander such as I, was all the world more charming than the be-flowered, be-patched artificiality of the ladies who attended the *levées* at Holyrood Palace. Never, I wot, was victory so complete as the victory of this lassie over my heart; no, not even our victory at Prestonpans, when Cope was driven away to whence he came, and Gardner fell to the earth like the gallant soldier that he surely was.

No haughty monarch's role did Charlie play that summer afternoon. He came as a friend, said he, and would feel the more honoured by the reception of friendliness. So we sat round the curving window to chat as the merest country gentlemen might, though after a time the Prince and Carnegie wandered out into the park that they might the more privately converse. Then it was that I begged Mistress Marjorie to show me the beauties of her uncle's estate, and she, nothing loth, led the way under the tinted beech trees to where the lake shimmered green in the distance. As we descended a short, steep brae, she stooped to pluck a sprig of purple heather, and with her own dainty fingers, she pinned it to the breast of my tunic.

"The heather should be Prince Charlie's symbol," she said, "and as you and I are proud to be his servants, you may wear this sprig that you ne'er forget his cause."

"Ne'er could a Macintyre forget the cause he undertakes," cried I, "and that being so, I will wear the heather to remember her who gave it."

"Were I Prince Charlie," she said, laughingly, "I would make bold to hope that Captain Macintyre can better fight than pay a gallant compliment."

"And were I Prince Charlie," I retorted, "I would ask nothing better than permission to remember Mistress Marjorie without e'en the aid of the heather."

"But you are only Captain Macintyre, you see," said Marjorie.

"Yet would I crave the same permission," I replied.

She was silent for a moment, and I feared that my bold words had perchance offended her. Then a wave of colour flashed to her cheek, as she stooped to gather a second sprig.

"The first," she said, as she arranged them side by side, "is for the cause I love."

"And the second?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

A smile of mischief lighted her eyes and carried the dimples to her cheek.

"Were not your chest so broad," she replied, "it might have happened that the first had seemed less lonely by itself." And with this I perforce must be content. So we chatted, until the lengthening shadows told us that the hour approached when I must set out with Charlie to Holyrood Palace, and reluctantly we turned our steps towards the manor again. As we reached the drawbridge, I beheld a sight which filled me no more with amazement than dismay. For there, in the courtyard, stood a score of tethered horses, and by the gate lounged a crowd of soldiers arrayed in some barbarous uniform of the south. The fellows caught sight of me ere I could draw back again, and a shout of laughter rose as one burly trooper sprang to the salute and remained erect in mimic courtesy. The great oak door stood open, so with Marjorie by my side, I strode into the hall, where our footsteps drew Sir Thomas from the library—and with him, a coarse English officer of some considerable size; with a red moustache which curled ferociously to his ears, and a scar running across his left eyebrow, endowing him with a most peculiar squint.

"Captain Macintyre," said Carnegie gravely; "we are honoured with the visit of Colonel Clutterbuck, of the King's 3rd Light Dragoons."

The colonel saluted, and clicked his spurs.

"Your servant, captain," quoth he, "and many apologies for this intrusion. But, you see, in these days of riot and rebellion, we must e'en make shift with the manners of warfare."

I made some suitable reply, though, for my soul, I could not comprehend the situation. We had no suspicion in Edinburgh that English troops were in the district, and yet here was this complaisant colonel assuming the airs of a military armada, and backed by but a score of loud-tongued soldiers. That he was riding in advance of a considerable army was evident, or how account for his presence in a country which he knew to be hostile? And it was equally evident that I must ride to Holyrood at any cost, to acquaint Lochiel with the turn affairs had taken. As I rightly conjectured, Charlie was safe in hiding; for though Clutterbuck had no suspicion of his presence, it was quite possible that he would recognise his features, or that the Prince's appearance might betray his identity in some unlooked-for manner. Truly had Lord George Murray spoken, when he said that our errand was fraught with danger!

"I have mentioned to Colonel Clutterbuck that you only pay me a flying visit," remarked Carnegie in level tones, "and he is good enough to place no obstacle in the way of your departure."

I bowed a second time. In that case, I could

be within the palace ere the night had grown dark.

"Certainly I shall not detain you," protested Clutterbuck, who had the grace to perceive that his presence was a most unwelcome intrusion; "I must merely stipulate that a couple of my troopers attend you, to see that you ride not to Edinburgh."

"I shall be honoured in the company of your troopers," I returned, though I fear me that the sarcasm was wasted. For, after all, their escort would entail but small anxiety. Surely a Macintyre of Macintyre were a match for a couple of English troopers.

Scarcely had I spoken, however, ere a red-coated soldier came spurring across the greensward of the park, and over the iron-clamped drawbridge. He reined up in such haste that his horse's hoofs slid deep into the gravel of the pathway, and he had flung himself to his feet and up the steps into the hall, almost ere we had realised his presence.

"I carry you a message, colonel," cried he, saluting the expectant Clutterbuck. "The villagers at the park-gates tell me that the Pretender rode hither some hours since, and that he has not yet set forth again."

Then I did a thing which, even to the end of my days, I can only count as madness. I swung the colonel to one side of the hall and the trooper to the other, and I rushed from the oak-barred door, closing it with a slam behind me. I sprang to the horse outside, and would have turned its head to the drawbridge again — but in my haste I had forgotten the twenty troopers. They had witnessed the manner of their comrade's coming and the manner of my departure; and, being English and suspicious, they rushed with one accord to seize my bridle. I dashed my fist into the eyes of the nearest, and made vain endeavours to wrench my sword from its scabbard. But my exertions proved futile, for they were upon me in numbers too overwhelming. Had I but planted my horse's hoofs upon the turf beyond, not all the English army should have reached me sooner than I had reached the grey old Canon Gate. Yet, here I was, hemmed in on every side, with the drawbridge itself slowly rising.

Just in the nick of time to save my skin, the hall door opened, and Colonel Clutterbuck appeared at the head of the steps. He burst into hoarse, pot-house laughter as he realised my predicament, and bellowed to his sergeant to bring me hither.

"By my faith, Captain Macintyre," cried he, "had I but your sinews and your courage, 'twere commander of His Majesty's army I should surely be. But had I your diplomacy, too, I fear me I should have swung on a bough ere this."

"I SWUNG THE COLONEL TO ONE SIDE OF THE HALL AND THE TROOPER TO THE OTHER."

"That will you do without my diplomacy," I returned, hotly.

"Nay, sir," said he, in tone less mocking, "you are scarcely wise in your retort. You have made a bold attempt to escape, and—have failed. That you make not such another attempt, I fain must place you on your word of honour."

"You choose the only method which is likely to hold me," I said, coldly.

"Not so," he replied, with significant gesture. "I choose the one which I deem would be most pleasing to a Scottish gentleman. There are

other methods of detention which are not the less more efficacious."

I stepped into the hall again, where Carnegie grasped my hand in silence. He himself was bowed with some illness, which rendered him useless as a man of action.

"I pledge you my word of honour that I will make no other attempt," I said sharply, turning to Clutterbuck.

He bowed with an amused smile.

"There is a certain amount of courtesy usually displayed under the circumstances," he remarked, "which so far I have failed to observe."

"Then I make bold to suggest that you observe it in the future," I retorted, for my anger was hot, and his graciousness was more than I had expected or deserved. He laughed outright this time.

"I refuse to quarrel, Captain Macintyre," said he; "I fear me that I might feel that grip upon my shoulder again." He turned to his sergeant with set face. "Sergeant Grendon," he ordered, "you will file six troopers into the Manor without delay."

Carnegie and I stood by the library door in silence utter and complete. For my own part, I felt sick at heart when I realised that my rashness had perchance sacrificed Prince Charlie to this English colonel. I could only hope that his hiding place—God grant it might be secure!—would remain undiscovered until Lochiel—anxious for our return, sent forth a troop to escort us to the palace again. At any rate—and I gritted my teeth as I thought it—Charles Stuart should only be taken over the body of Macintyre of Macintyre.

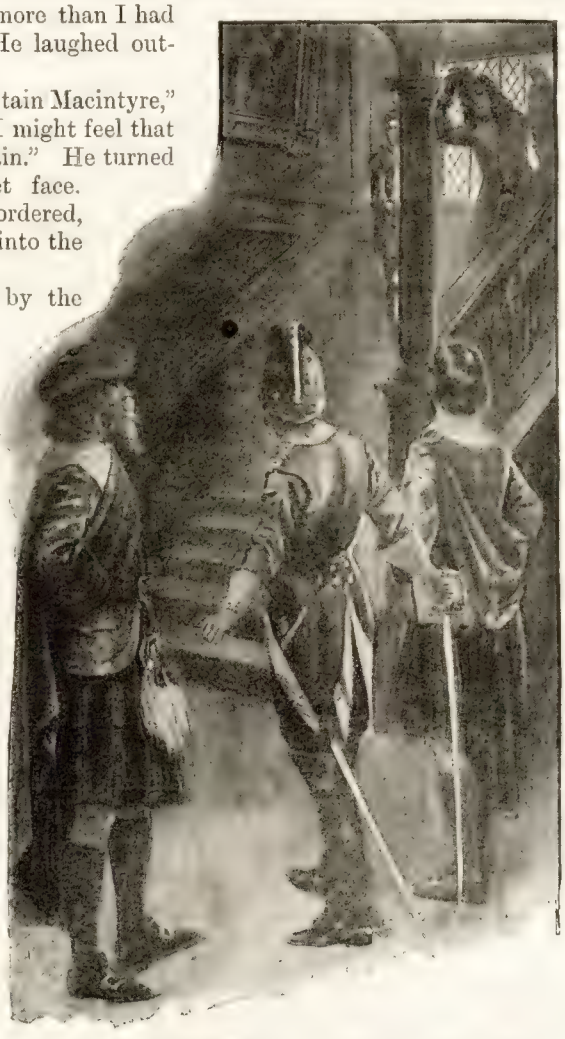
The six troopers, their burnished scabbards trailing over the stone flags of the floor, filed into the hall and stood at attention before us. Clutterbuck drew his sword and faced Carnegie.

"Sir Thomas Carnegie," he said, gravely, "you have heard the message that my sentry carries, and know yourself what truth may be therein. In the name of His Majesty, I ask you, on the honour of a Scotch nobleman, if Charles Edward Stuart be concealed in Scardray Manor?"

"Were it not more to the point to search?" said I, mainly to give Sir Thomas time to consider his reply. Colonel Clutterbuck wheeled round on me, his face paling with anger.

"By my faith!" he cried, "are you bent on making me regret that I have treated you as an officer and a gentleman?"

Then Sir Thomas Carnegie looked across at the officer from England, and in my heart, I knew that he would forswear himself, to save the boy whose father he loved. But ere he could reply, a laughing voice turned all our eyes to the staircase.



BUT ERE HE COULD REPLY, A LAUGHING VOICE TURNED OUR EYES TO THE STAIRCASE.

"Charles Edward Stuart saves you the honour of confessing, Sir Thomas, and places himself upon the leniency of Colonel Clutterbuck, of the King's Light Dragoons."

The troopers stiffened their backs; Clutterbuck's hilt flew to his forehead. For on the topmost stair stood a gallant arrayed in all the finery of his day; with shining silken hose; with powdered hair falling in a queue upon his shoulders. A merry light sprang to his eyes as the colonel raised his sword. He swung his feathered hat to the ground with courtly obeisance.

"Your Highness," said Clutterbuck in low tones, "I beg you to believe that had I been aware of your presence here, I would have marched my twenty men on Edinburgh itself, rather than on Scardray Manor. As it is, fate has thrown you into my hands, and my duty as a soldier points out the only course I may possibly pursue. I must detain

you here for this one night, and deliver you to-morrow morning into the hands of General Cope, who, even now, is marching westward from Dunbar."

"I tender you my sword, Colonel Clutterbuck," came the soft reply, "and am proud to leave it in such good keeping. I would also offer you the word of Charles Edward Stuart, that he place himself upon parole, as Sir Thomas Carnegie and Captain Macintyre have done."

I stood silent in the hall in a state of bewilderment such as I have never experienced before or since. General Cope was marching on Edinburgh six days ere he was expected—probably in haste and taking such precautions as would prevent tidings reaching Holyrood Palace. Yet, even this surprise was rendered as naught by one greater and more totally unexpected; and above it a tender, surging love which had sprung to my heart that very day, and had increased ten-fold in one brief moment. For the gallant on the staircase was Mistress Marjorie Carnegie!

* * * *

Having reached this point of my story, where danger to Prince Charlie was for the moment averted, I feel somewhat loth to proceed, for fear that I may but indifferently relate the part in which I, myself, was not actually concerned, and did not actually witness. For whilst the manor was wrapped in the darkness of the night, and whilst silence reigned supreme, save for the heavy tread of the sentinels below, Marjorie's ready wit had again conceived the only solution to the difficulty in which we were each one placed, and her courage was already putting the idea into execution. For her own part, she will tell me nothing of what occurred, and I fain must imagine how she crept to the unguarded stables below, that she might saddle her horse to ride to Holyrood Palace; how she rounded the whispering, moonlit glen in terror such as man himself need not be ashamed to confess; how the way seemed endless, and the shadows of the roadside yet blacker with grim highwaymen; how she paused, irresolute, as she faced the Hunter's Bog, preferring instead to skirt the Salisbury Crags; and how she arrived, weary and bruised, at the Palace gates, where Fergusson was captain of the guard. To this day, it is my delight to hear Fergusson tell the story of her coming. Bonnet in hand, he conducted her to Murray and Cameron, where, 'tween whispers and sobs, she spoke of Cope's advance, and the danger of Charlie—and Macintyre.

"'Fore Heaven!" roared Murray, "is Macintyre a man, that he sends a woman on an errand such as this?"

Then Marjorie's eyes flashed, and the colour mounted to her cheeks as she told how Macintyre had flung the colonel to the grey flags of the hall, and had made his dash into the midst of twenty stalwart troopers. Murray listened with the grim smile which seems to lose itself in the sternness of his eyes.

"I had sooner be Duncan Macintyre this moment," said he, "than wear the crown of twenty kingdoms."

* * *

HE BOWED LOW AS MARJORIE STEPPED FROM THE LIBRARY.

A flash of silver light was paling the horizon of the east, when the gallant Lochiel, with forty of his chosen clansmen, marched out to Scardray Manor. Despite the fact that Murray would fain have detained her, Mistress Marjorie insisted on accompanying the party, urging that she could

lead them into the park by a little-known route, and thus avoid meeting Clutterbuck's outpost-guards. So, with the dawn, the Highlanders came stealing through the trees, and had passed the drawbridge into the courtyard ere the alarm was raised. To this day, I cannot refrain from thinking that Clutterbuck was right pleased to see Cameron take possession, though he blustered mightily, and spoke with jeering tongue of "forty against twenty." His great red moustache curled more ferociously than ever; yet the humorous twinkle in his eyes plainly belied the roughness of his words.

We stood in the hall again; he and I and Cameron, with Carnegie smiling grimly by the doorway.

"His Highness should be down ere now," quoth Lochiel in pleasant tone. Even as he spoke, Charlie sauntered easily from the gallery above, handsome and *débonnaire*, in the uniform of his Guards. We raised our swords to the salute; only Clutterbuck made no sign. He stood towering and erect; his legs extended; his arms folded on his chest.

"Pfaith!" he exclaimed cynically, "Prince Charlies would seem to be as plentiful in Scardray Manor as the berries on the hedgerows outside."

"Yet not so easily plucked," retorted Charlie with a laugh. He bowed low as Marjorie stepped from the library, and she, curtseying in his direction, turned to the colonel with shyness in her eyes.

"Sir," she said in low tones, "I would beg you to forgive my deception, and to remember that it was only enacted to save Prince Charlie, who stands first in the heart of every true Scotchwoman to-day!"

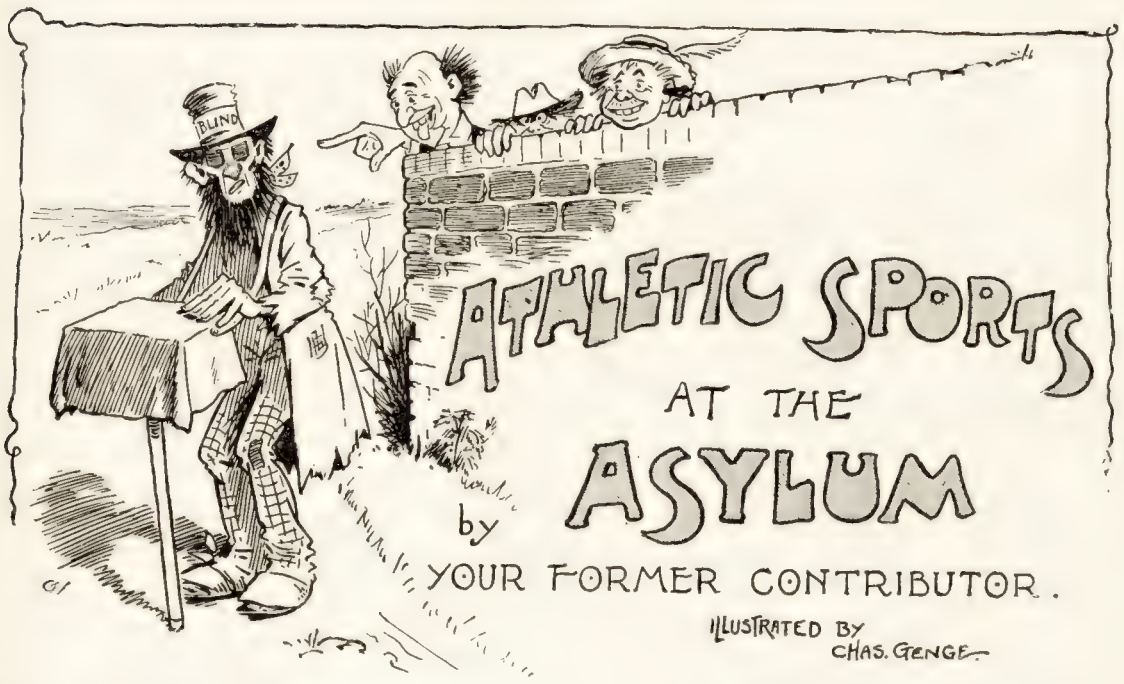
Clutterbuck stared down at her in amazement; then glanced to the staircase again. For a moment he made no reply, so great was his astonishment—and, perchance, his admiration. We, with our points to the raftered ceiling, stood around in silence. I noticed that the smile had even faded from Charlie's eyes, and that the knuckles of his hand grew white as ivory, as he gripped the balustrade by his side. The English officer drew himself to his extreme height. His face was a picture to witness.

"'Fore God!" he said softly; "if Charles Stuart have many adherents so sweet and loyal as Mistress Marjorie Carnegie, then Heaven send him to the throne of England right quickly!"

He drew his heels together with a click, and swinging his sword from its scabbard, he raised it to the peak of his helmet.

"God save the King of Scotland!" cried he.

"GOD SAVE THE KING OF SCOTLAND!"



ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE ASYLUM

by YOUR FORMER CONTRIBUTOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. GENGE.

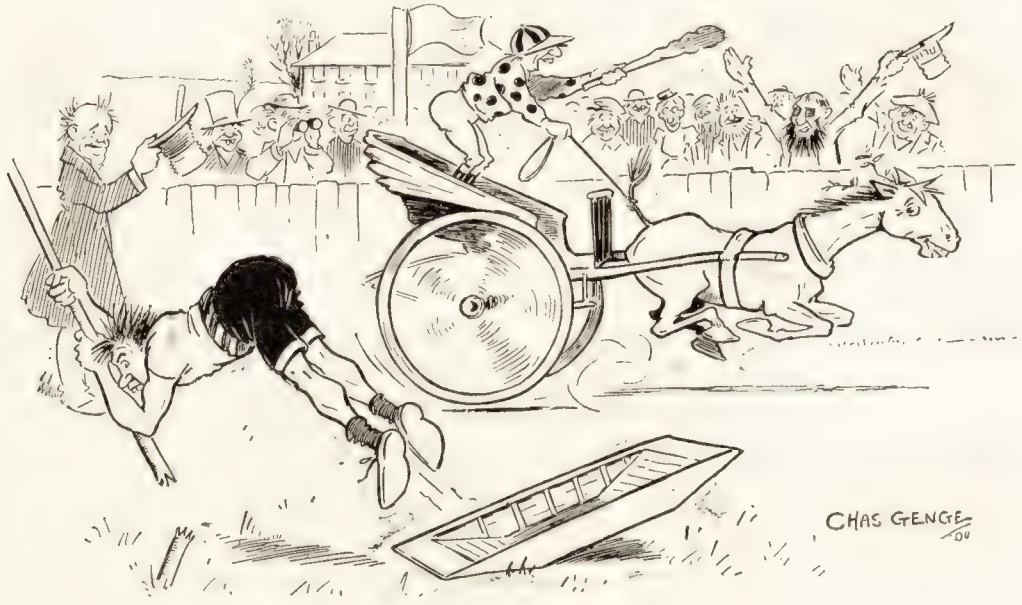
MR. EDITOR,—You published the account of our cricket match, I am glad to see, and a good thing for you that you did. The Sultan of Turkey was going to call on you if you hadn't. Since then we've been having our athletic sports, and I think—mind, I only say I *think*—you would be wise in publishing them too. Anyhow, our old man was sharpening up his brickbat this morning. And let me tell you our athletic sports are far better than any *you* ever saw. They are arranged entirely according to the weather. If it is wet we have aquatic sports, such as washing, mangling, gargling, and so forth (mangling's capital fun), and if dry we have the other kind. This time it was dry, so we had the other kind. It was some time before we could select an umpire on whom we could rely, but a blind beggar with a barrel organ coming along just in the nick of time, we elected him on the ground that he was entirely unbiassed, and could play music all the time. He demanded 10s. 6d. for his services, and we gave him that amount, with 10s. off as entrance fee and 6d. discount. We began with a *High Jump*, but the competition was so keen and the jumping so good that a number of the competitors are still in the air, and we cannot arrive at a verdict until they come down. *Distance Jumping* is a speciality of ours. We go forward by gradations, so as to give everybody a chance. We try them first at the Hundred Yards' Jump; thence we go to the Quarter Mile and then to the Half Mile Handicap, which is so-called because

WHEN THE PISTOL WAS FIRED BEHIND THEIR HEADS THEY ALL STARTED.

the previous winners are handicapped by having weights attached to their legs, by being made fast to trees, and by having their heads encased in bags of lard, etc., etc. When the pistol was fired behind their heads they all started, and it would have made you cry with laughter to see them dodging the stones and brickbats showered upon them by their friends, who likewise encouraged them by the application of sticks to their backs and sides; and what with the shrieks of the competitors, the shouts and cries of the spectators, and the music of the umpire, who was placidly playing "Rock me to sleep, mother" in the very middle of the course, the spectacle was at once soothing and exhilarating.

The Hurdle Race.—A most amusing competition. The great difficulty was to dispose of the hurdles, and we had a display of nearly every style now in vogue among athletes. Some wore them round the neck as collars, others put them on like trousers, while others again held them in their teeth, and thus armed they rushed into the crowd of spectators, scattering them right and left and causing immense havoc. Men fell down and were trampled into the ground, ladies were impaled on the hurdles, and fainted, and all was delirious joy.

The Sack Race was a failure. It took a long



THE GIG AND PUNT RACE.

After this we had an interval of ten minutes, to allow the coroner's jury to arrive at their verdict, which, as usual, was a long way off.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—This also showed capital sport. The umpire was posted with his organ in a remote part of the ground, willingly on his part, on account of his having got mixed up with the last competition, and the competitors, all well supplied with cricket balls, eagerly awaited the signal to begin. At the report of the pistol each aimed his ball with his full strength at the umpire, who notified the various hits in a very loud voice, which could be heard all over the field. During the progress of the competition, which was a very hot one, he stopped playing and began to cry, but it is difficult to make out why. The throwing was so good, and the hits so numerous, that he must have been much pleased.

time to get all the competitors into one sack, and when they were in they could not agree as to what they were to do next. The Sultan of Turkey recommended that they should all be thrown into the Bosphorus, but his suggestion was negatived, and it was agreed that they should stay as they were until our next merry meeting. The proceedings terminated with a *Gig and Punt Race.* This was a very uneven trial. The gig was a high-wheeled affair with a powerful roan horse, and the punt was a very small affair with a powerful rowing man. The horse was started by rattling a stick in a hat, and off he went at full gallop. The man in the punt wasn't in it. This seems odd. The horse won, but the gig was a good second. Next time the committee mean to put the man

in the gig and the horse in the punt, which will make a much better match. After the horse had been caught and presented with the first prize, which was a photograph album, we all left the ground singing "God save the Queen" to the tune of "We won't go Home till Morning" and returned to the asylum, where we supped lavishly and incessantly on a banquet of which I need only say that cockroaches fried in castor oil formed the *pièce de resistance*. It is now late, and, oddly enough, I am far from well.

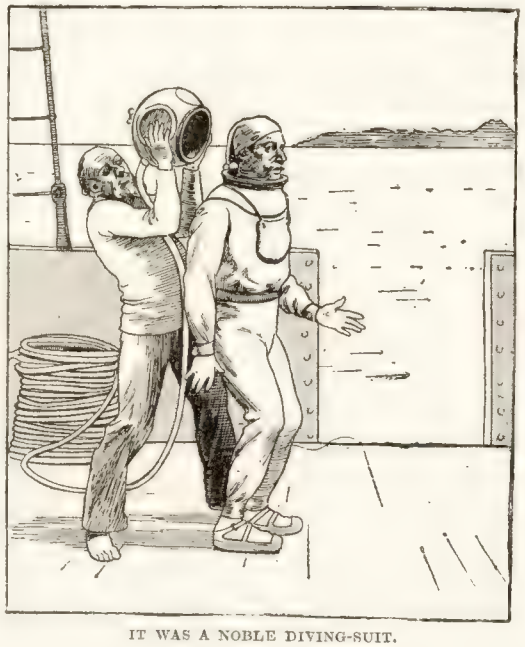
HAMILTON WILLIAMS.

UPSIDE DOWN.

BY AN AMATEUR DIVER.

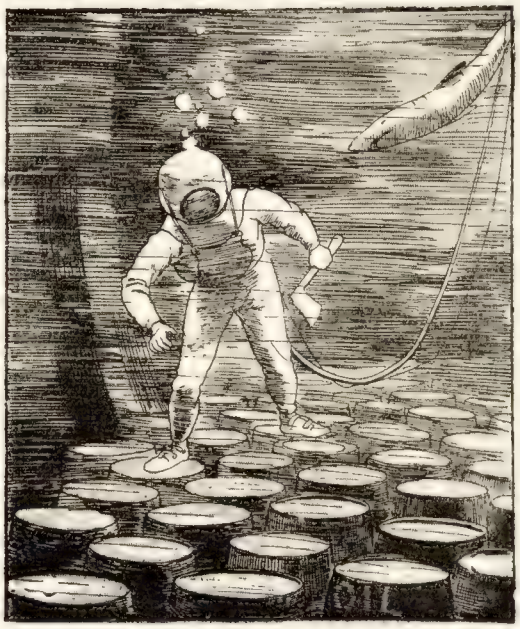
I BELIEVE, by some remarkable process of Nature, every third male person is born a diver. Anyway, Whitstable is the place where divers mostly grow, and where I caught the temptation to go a-diving myself. I should feel grateful to any obliging Anarchist who would blow up Whitstable to-morrow.

I mentioned my desire to one or two old divers, who had permitted me to make their acquaintance in consideration of a suitable succession of drinks: but met with jeers and suspicion. I believe they were afraid of opposition in the business. But Whitstable never produced a diver that could put me off. I took the royal road. I bought a diving dress for myself—how much I paid I shall not say here, for why should an unsympathetic world measure my lunacy by pounds, shillings, and pence?—especially as that would make rather a long measurement of it. Never mind what I paid. I got the dress, and I also got permission to go down and amuse myself on a sunken coasting vessel, lying off Shoeburyness.



IT WAS A NOBLE DIVING-SUIT.

It was a very noble diving-suit, and the new indiarubber squeaked musically as I moved, and smelt very refreshing. There was a shield-shaped plate, rather like a label on a decanter, hanging on my chest, that would have looked more complete with "Whiskey," or some other similar inscription, on it. There was a noble metal collar—about thirty-two, the size would have been, on the usual scale. I had also a very fetching red night-cap, while my helmet was a terror to all beholders. I don't mind confessing to a certain amount of discomfort while they were building me up in this dress—partly due to a vivid imagination. The helmet made me think of the people in the story who put hot-pots on the heads of strangers, and I seemed stifling at once. What if I were unpacked at last from this smelly integument—a corpse? But this was unmanly and undiverlike. There wasn't much comfort to be got out of the leaden shoes—try a pair for yourself and see—but when all was ready I made a shift to get overboard and down the ladder provided. It was not a great deal of the outer world that I could see through my windows, and I hung on to that ladder with something of a desperate clutch. When at last the water stretched away level around my windows, then, I confess, I hesitated for a moment. But I made the next step with a certain involuntary blink, and I was under water. All the heaviness—or most of it—had gone out of my feet, and all my movements partook of a curiously easy yet slowish character. It looked rather dark below me, and I tried to remember the specific gravity of the human



AN IMMENSE NUMBER OF BARRELS ABOUT ON END.

body in figures by way of keeping jolly. At the top of my helmet the air-escape valve bubbled genially, and I tried to think of myself as rather a fine figure of a monster among the fish, with a plume of bubbles waving over my head. You do think of trivial things on certain cheerful occasions. Remember Fagin in the dock, for instance.

It was not as long as it seemed before I was on the wreck, and down below in the nearest hold. Regular professionals had already been at work, and access to different parts of the ship had been made easy. Now, in this big hold was an immense number of barrels, stood on end and packed tightly together—barrels of oil, to judge from externals. I tried to move one, but plainly they were all jammed tightly together, and not one would shift. I took the light axe with which I had furnished myself, using it alternately as wedge and lever, and at last felt the barrel move. I had certainly loosened it, and pulled up the axe with the intention of trying to lift the barrel, when I was suddenly engulfed in an awful convulsion, as of many earthquakes in a free fight. The world was a mob of bouncing oil-barrels, which hit me everywhere as I floundered in intricate somersaults, and finally found myself staggering at the bottom of the hold, and staring at the roof whereunto all the barrels were sticking, like balloons, absolutely blocking up the hatchway above me.

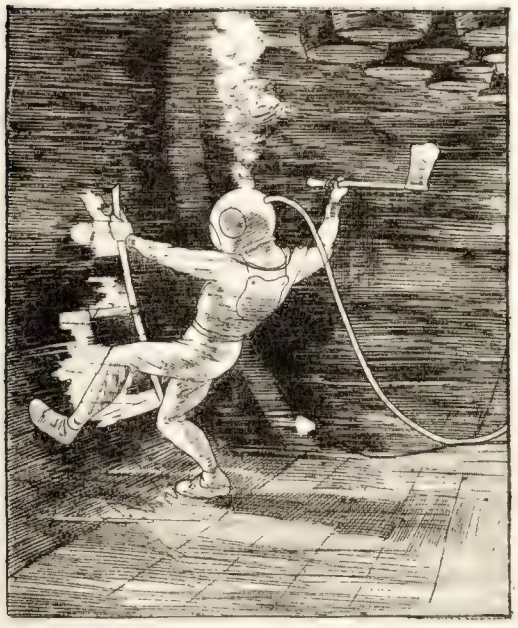
What was this? Some demoniac practical joke of friends inhabiting this awful green sea about me? Were they grinning at me from the corners of the hold? or had some vast revolution in the ways of Nature taken place in a second, and the law of gravity been reversed? It was not at all warm down there, but I perspired violently. Then a notion flashed upon me. Those barrels must have been *empty*. Jammed together, they stayed below, of course, but once the jam was loosened, they would fly at once towards the surface. Then I thought more. I had been an ass. Of course, those barrels would do as they had done, even were they full of oil. Oil floats on water, as everybody should know. They might be either full or empty, it didn't matter a bit. I had forgotten that I was moving in a different element from the air I was used to, where barrels of oil did *not* incontinently fly up into space without warning. Obviously, I had made a fool of myself, but I had some comfort in the reflection that there was nobody about to see it. Then it came upon me suddenly that I would rather have someone there after all, for I was helpless! Those horrible barrels were having another jam in the hatchway now, and my retreat was cut off entirely. Here I was like a rat in a cage, boxed in on every side: My communication-cord and my air-pipe led up between the barrels to outer safety; but what of that? I perspired again. Why did I ever make a submarine Guy Fawkes of myself, and thus go fooling about, where I had no business, at the end of a flexible gas-pipe? If I could have dated myself back an hour at that moment, I believe I should have

I HAD CERTAINLY LOOSENED IT.

changed my mind about going in for this amusement. At this, I began thinking about trivial things again—how, paraphrasing a certain definition of angling, diving might be described as matter of a pipe at one end and something rather worse than a fool at the other. I determined, if ever I got out alive, to fire off that epigram at the earliest possible moment—so here it is.

I made an effort, pulled myself together, and determined on heroic measures. My axe lay near, and, with a little groping, I found it. I would hew my way out of this difficulty through the side of the vessel. I turned on the inoffensive timbers at my side and hacked away viciously—with, I really fancy, a certain touch of that wild, stern, unholy joy that anyone feels who is smashing somebody else's property with no prospect of having to pay for it. Every boy with a catapult, who lives near an empty house, will understand the feeling I mean—especially if the empty house has a large conservatory.

The timbers were certainly stout. The work was a bit curious to the senses—the axe *feeling* to work with a deal more dash and go than the arm that directed it. At any rate, the exercise was pretty hard. Any millionaire in want of an excellent, healthy, and expensive exercise should try chopping his way through the sides of ships—it will do him a world of good, and will be as expensive as anybody could possibly desire. After a while I found that I had well started a plank, and, once through, chopping away round the hole was not so difficult. Still, when I had made a hole big enough to get through, I did not feel by any means as fresh as I had done when first that horrible copper pot was screwed down over my head.



I HACKED AWAY VICIOUSLY.

I CAME A CROPPER OVER MY COMMUNICATION CORD.

I squeezed through the hole, and at the first step I had ever made on the sea bottom, I came a savage and complicated cropper over my communication cord. I got up, but as I stepped clear of the cord, a frightful conviction seized my mind that I was a bigger fool than I had ever given myself credit for being. What in the world was the good of getting out through the side of the vessel when that communication-cord—my only means of signalling—and that air-pipe—my only means of submarine life—led up through the boat itself and among those execrated oil-barrels? Awful! Awful! I sat down helplessly on a broken rock and stared blankly through my windows. To weep would have been mere bravado, with so much salt water already about me. I tried to signal with the communication-cord, but it was caught somewhere in that congregation of oil-barrels. It seemed to me all up, except myself, who was all down, with no prospect of ever rising in the world again. Shadowy forms came and went in the water about me, and I speculated desperately in how long or how short a time these sea-creatures would be having a dinner-party, with *me* as the chief attraction. I wondered, casually, whether the indiarubber would agree with them, and hoped that it would not. Then I wondered what they would take for the indigestion, and I thought they would probably take each other—

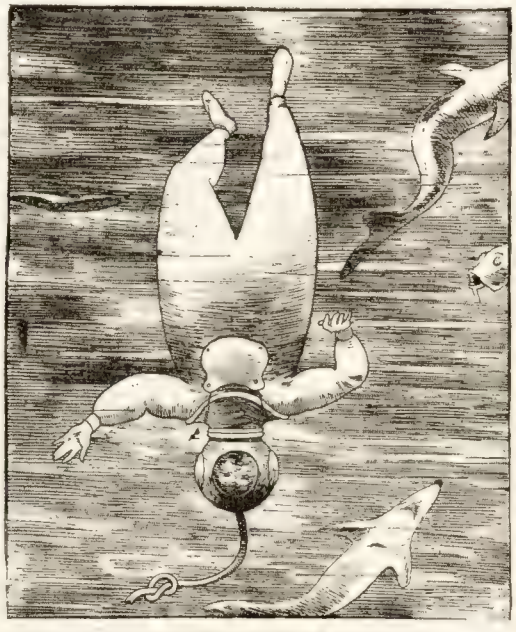
I TOOK OFF MY LEADEN SHOES.

it's their way, I believe. I was wandering on in this way, and had just feebly recollected that there was four pounds eight and something in my pockets above, which was a pity, because I might have spent it first, and that I owed my landlady fifteen-and-six, which was a good job, because it would compensate for that claret she said the cat drank, when an inspiration seized me—a great inspiration. I should probably have called out "Eureka!" as did the venerable discoverer of that principle of specific gravity that had lately (literally) taken a rise out of me, if I had thought of it, but I didn't, which was fortunate, because it is rather a chestnut after all. This was my notion—a desperate one, but still one with hope in it. I would shut off the air-escape valve on my helmet, so that the air being pumped in would inflate my indiarubber dress like a bladder. Then I would cut my air-pipe and communication-cord, stuffing the pipe and tying it as best I could, take off my leaden shoes, and rise to the surface triumphantly, like an air-cushion, or, say, an oil-barrel. Specific gravity having taken a rise—all the rise—out of me, I would proceed to take a rise out of specific gravity—a great, glorious, and effective rise to the upper world. No office-boy on promotion ever looked forward to his rise with more hope than I to mine. It was a desperate expedient certainly; but what else could I do?

I took off one leaden shoe and loosened the other, ready to kick away. I shut the escape-valve. I cut the cord with my axe on the rock I had been sitting on, and then, when the air had blown out my dress to most corpulent proportions, I took the decisive stroke. I chopped through the air-pipe. I stuffed it as well as possible, and tied it in some sort of a knot; it was *very* stiff—in a great hurry, and then—I kicked off the leaden shoe.

Never, never, never—even if I live on Jupiter after this planet is blown to shivers—shall I forget the result of my forlorn dodge. I kicked off the shoe, as I have said, and, in an instant, the whole universe of waters turned upside down and swirled away beyond my head. In sober fact *I* had turned upside down—as I might have known I should do, if only I hadn't been a bigger fool than ever.

Of course, the moment my leaden shoes went, *down* came my copper head-pot, being my heaviest part, and up went my feet. I had a pretty quick rise, certainly, but I prefer not to recall my feelings during the rush. I can quite understand now why a rise in the world makes some people giddy. All that I had before felt of amazement and horror, I now felt multiplied by fifty and squeezed into about two seconds, so that they felt like ten hours. Up through that awful water and those moving shadows I went, feeling that I was in reality held still like a man in a nightmare. When at last I stopped, I felt that it was but a matter of moments, and the air would leak away through that cut tube, and I should go down again, still head under, for the last time, to die in that



I HAD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

grisly combination of mackintosh and copper kettle; also I felt choking, stifling, when—something had me roughly by the ankle, and I was dragged, a wretched rag of misplaced ambition, into a boat. The appearance of my legs sticking out above water caused intense amusement among the boat's crew—a circumstance which probably ought to have gratified me, although it didn't.

I have little more to add, except that I shudder to this day whenever I see an acrobat standing on his head, because it is so remindful. But, if anybody is thinking of going in for diving, by way of placid enjoyment, I shall be delighted to treat with him for the sale and purchase of a most desirable diving-dress in unsoiled condition, cut in the most fashionable style, with a fascinating copper helmet and commodious collar, and a neat label for the chest. The shoes will not be included in the bargain, having been inadvertently left in a damp place.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

NOTICE.—As previously announced, we have decided to abolish the coupon system, so that readers may enter for as many competitions as they like. In future, at the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

CONDITIONS.—The highest age limit is twenty-five.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 12th.

No. 1.—**"Industry."** Three "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be awarded to the senders of the three best *prose* extracts from any author on this subject. Keep them short.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Map of Australia."** Three prizes of 10s. 6d. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best maps of Australia, including Tasmania.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—**"Twelve Greatest Living Englishmen."** Send on a postcard a list, in order of merit, of (what you consider to be) the Twelve Greatest British-born Subjects of Her Majesty the Queen. This comp. will be decided by vote, as the "Cricket Team for Australia," and "Twelve Best Stories," were. Three prizes of 10s. 6d. each will be awarded to the senders of the most correct list.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"Chess."** See "Chess Corner."

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 5.—**"Handwriting."** We want to print some examples of first-class penmanship, and so we offer THREE HANDSOME BLOTTING CASES to the senders of the three best written copies of the first verse of "A LAY OF BOAT-RACING." The winning copies will appear in THE CAPTAIN.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

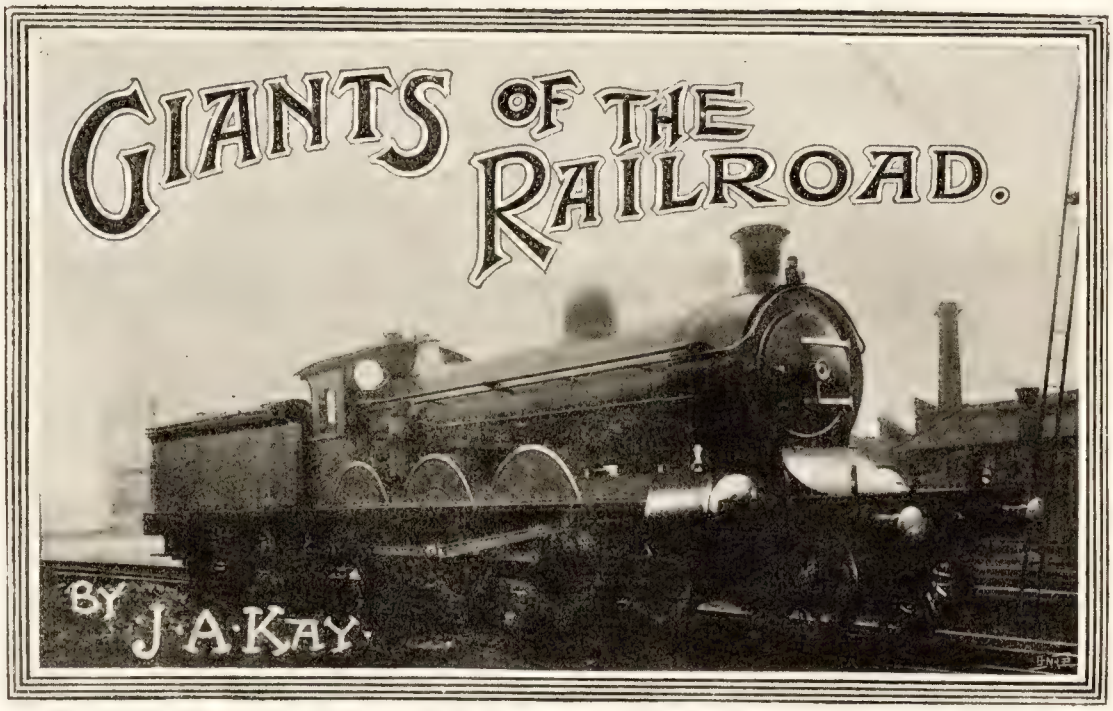
No. 6.—**"Sphinx's Puzzles."** (See back of frontispiece and p. 89.) Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best sets of solutions to these puzzles.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

Over Age.—The first volume of THE CAPTAIN will be sent to the competitor, over 25 years of age, who sends in the most correct solutions of these puzzles. Mark envelope "Over age."

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand, once and for all, that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit, 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

GIANTS OF THE RAILROAD.



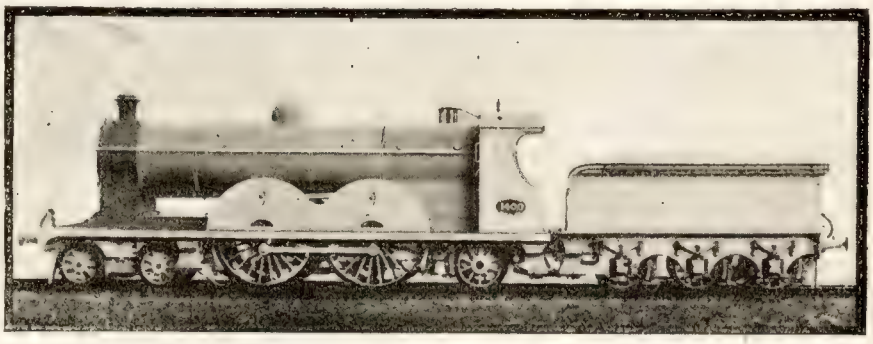
BY J. A. KAY.

THE BIGGEST ENGINE ON THE NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

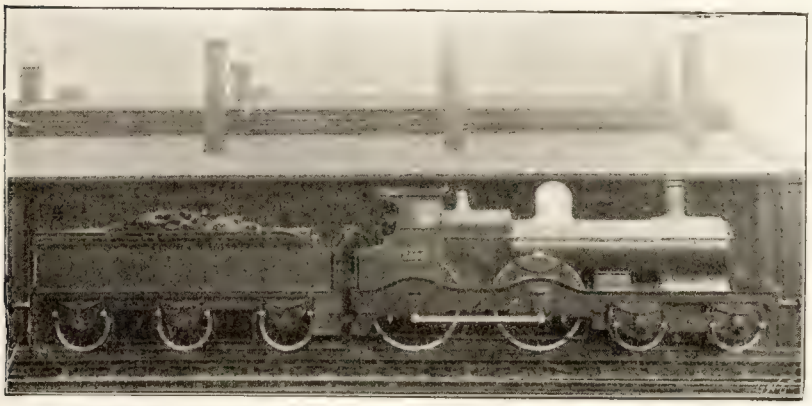
The Photographs by F. Moore.

THE engine shown in the illustration at the top of this page is one of the North Eastern Railway Company's biggest iron steeds, this and the Highland Railway being the only lines in Great Britain that at present use engines with six coupled wheels for hauling fast passenger trains. Of course, the North Western Company employ engines having no less than eight coupled wheels to work some specially heavy goods trains, but then it must be remembered that these do not run at anything like the speed attained by the huge North Eastern fliers. In the United States, however, six and even eight-wheels-coupled passenger expresses are considered nothing out of the ordinary. These fine N. E. R. giants, weighing, in working order, over a hundred tons, are the heaviest engines in the country, but in spite of their huge size they can show a very clean pair of heels, so to speak. The ten engines of this class work some of the heaviest trains in this country, and think nothing, as it were, of hauling twenty-two loaded carriages, weighing from 350 to (sometimes nearly) 400 tons for over a hundred miles without a stop, at a uniform speed of fifty-three miles an hour. All these engines have cylinders 20ins. in diameter, with a 26in. stroke, and were built at Gateshead works from the designs of Mr. Wilson Warsdall, the locomotive superintendent of the line.

If you look carefully at the pictures at the top



"NO. 1,400" AND HER SISTERS WORK SOME OF THE HEAVIEST TRAINS ON THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.



A POWERFUL COUPLED EXPRESS ENGINE ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
Note the roomy cab and brightly polished dome.

of this and the next page you will notice that both these engines are fitted with large roomy shelters for their drivers. "Cab" is the railway term for these shelters, which nowadays are built over the foot-plates of most engines to shield the drivers and firemen from storm and rain, to say nothing of the ordinary rush of passing air. In the early days of railroad travelling the men in charge of the locomotives were afforded no shelter whatever. After a time, however, it became usual to allow the men the shelter obtained by small upright "weather-boards," which, if the truth must be told, were not much of an improvement on the former method, as in those days there was a general idea prevalent that it was a mistake to make railwaymen too comfortable, lest they should become sleepy and in some way neglect their duties.

Even at the present time the average locomotive cab will not bear comparison, so far as luxury goes, with the roughest third-class accommodation, as anyone will tell you who has ever undergone the experience of a ride on a locomotive's foot-plate. But even riding on a locomotive is sometimes preferable to missing important engagements. At any rate, Judge Gye of the Hampshire County Court Circuit appears to think so.

A few months past, while changing at Havant, on his way to conduct a court at Petersfield, His Honour missed the train through its leaving from an unaccustomed platform. The next ordinary train was not timed to leave Havant for two hours, and that meant an unduly long wait for litigants and others having business at the Petersfield Court. Judge Gye therefore ordered a special train, but when it arrived it was found to consist of a locomotive only. The judge, however, took his stand by the side of the engine-driver, the "special" steamed out, and His Honour arrived at Petersfield a little grimy, but in time to open the court at the usual hour.

Our second illustration shows one of Mr. Aspinall's twenty giant engines which were built last year at the Horwich works of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. The two coupled driving wheels are just 7ft. 3ins. in diameter, which is really a very big size—quite as large, in fact, as that of many "single drivers." These huge locomotives have been specially designed with a view to working the heaviest express trains on the Lancashire and Yorkshire system; and, in fact, for many months past the Horwich works have been strained to their utmost capacity in turning out new locomotives, passenger carriages, and goods wagons, in order to cope with the all-round increase of traffic. Never before in its history, it is said, have the prospects of the once despised Lancashire and Yorkshire Company been so rosy as they are at the present time. Some idea of the populous district served by this line can be obtained by taking a large scale map of the North of England and drawing a forty-mile radius from the centre of Manchester. The total population of the various busy towns that will be found inside this circle is far in excess of the number of people living within forty miles of and including London. The giant engines of the "1,400" class on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway are used for

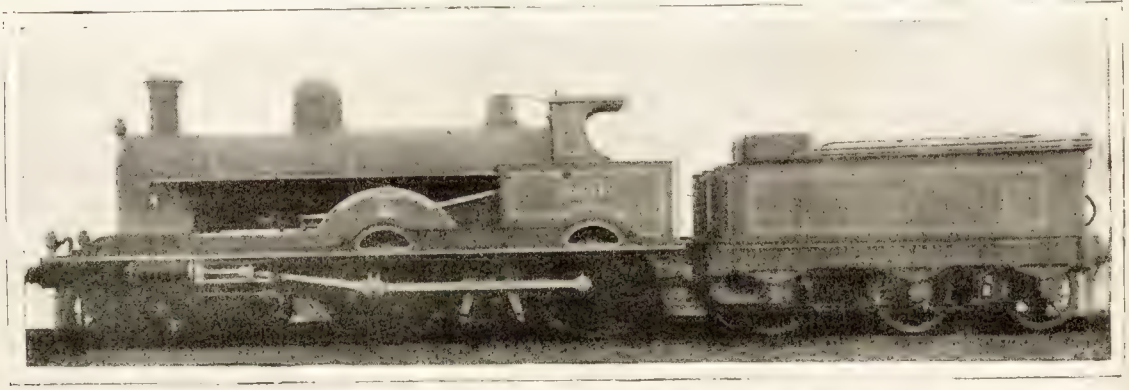
ONE OF MR. ASPINALL'S GIANT LOCOMOTIVES ON THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY TAKING WATER WHILST RUNNING AT FULL SPEED.

A BIG GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE.
In some respects this resembles an American style of engine.

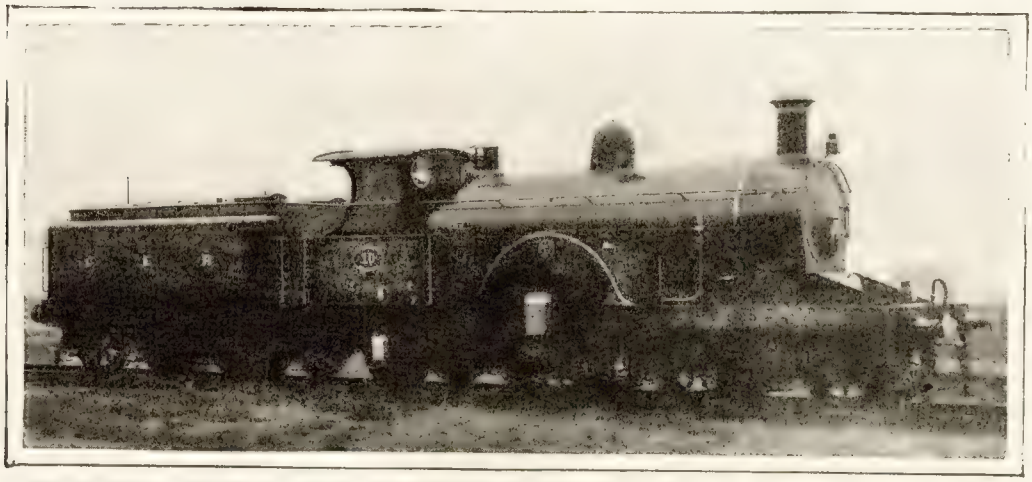
running heavy main line trains at high rates of speed, besides taking part of the enormous seaside traffic to and from the great Lancashire pleasure resorts. Another of our illustrations shows one of these magnificent engines running at full speed with an important passenger train behind her. Just at this point she is replenishing her supply of water from the troughs laid between the rails.

Since the days when broad-gauge engines of the "Lord of the Isles" class drew all the principal expresses on the Great Western Railway, Mr. Dean, the present locomotive superintendent of the line, has designed some very striking engines for different classes of railway work. The traditions of the Great Western have always been in favour of express engines propelled by a single pair of driving wheels, but during the past few years some of the heavier passenger traffic has been worked by "coupled" engines. Judging from our illustration most readers will agree that this example of Mr. Dean's "coupled" engines has a very sturdy appearance. The wheels are almost hidden from view by the framework of the engine, but its most noticeable features are probably the roomy cab (which has already been referred to) with its side windows and the raised Belpaire fire-box, which stands up considerably higher than the top of the boiler. This necessitates the driver and fireman standing on a specially raised platform in order to keep an efficient look-out.

The illustration at the top of this page is reproduced from a striking photo of one of the very few British-built engines constructed somewhat on American principles. Until Mr. Ivatt became locomotive superintendent of the Great Northern Railway some few years past, all the fast trains on this line were worked by one very characteristic type of express engine, which has been illustrated



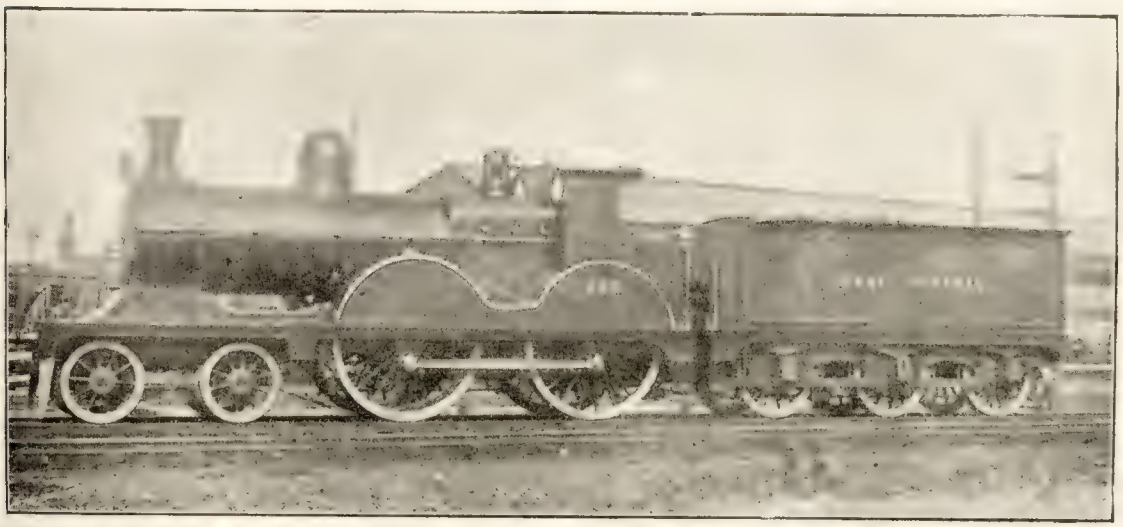
"JUBILEE," A SISTER OF THE "IRON DUKE," WHICH IS DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.
This class of engine is the finest now running on the London and North Western line.



THIS IS ONE OF THE SMART-LOOKING EXPRESSES THAT WORK HEAVY TRAINS ON THE GREAT EASTERN LINE.
This engine burns liquid oil as fuel instead of coal.

and described in previous articles. Mr. Ivatt, however, has been responsible for some very striking innovations in the locomotive history of the Great Northern Railway. The engine here illustrated is one of his largest and most recently constructed expresses, and was built at the company's locomotive works at Doncaster. In certain respects the engines of this class somewhat resemble the Lancashire and Yorkshire ten-wheelers just described ; but, whereas the latter's cylinders are placed inside the engine frames, hidden away from view under the smoke-box, the Great Northern engine's outside cylinders are patent to everyone. Moreover, the driving-wheels of these engines are only 6ft. 6ins. in diameter, against the 7ft. 3in. coupled wheels of the Lancashire and Yorkshire fliers.

The locomotive department of the London and North Western Railway has long been noted for the remarkable engines which from time to time have been built at Crewe works. Ten years ago, or so, the "Greater Britain" and her sister engines were attracting a good deal of attention in railway circles. Now, however, these engines have had to climb down from their distinguished position, so to speak, in order to make room for the latest Crewe giants—the "Iron Duke" and her sisters. Like so many North Western engines, they are built to work on the compound system, though not, in this instance, on Mr. Webb's famous three-cylinder principle. In the "Iron Duke" class of locomotives, the steam is first used to work the two "high-pressure" cylinders, and then, before it is finally allowed to escape, used over again in



YOU HAVE PROBABLY HEARD A GOOD DEAL LATELY ABOUT THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY AND ITS NEW LINE TO LONDON AND WAR NEWSPAPER SPECIALS. THIS IS THE TYPE OF ENGINE THAT WORKS MOST OF THE PRINCIPAL TRAINS.

THE MOST FAMOUS ENGINE ON THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY—THE "DUNALASTAIR."

the two "low-pressure" ones. There are, of course, quite a number of different systems on which "compound" locomotives are designed; but this is a subject that may be fully described in some future article dealing more with the working of modern locomotives.

The "Iron Duke," during her short career, has already performed some very creditable railway records—at any rate, so far as the North Western line is concerned.

For instance, in June last this engine made a record run when taking the special train conveying the members of the Institute of Royal Engineers on the occasion of their visit to Crewe works. The train weighed just 339 tons 5cwt., and the journey of 159 miles from London to Crewe was covered in three hours and ten minutes.

What, however, is most noteworthy in connection with this smart piece of work is, despite the weight of the train and the high rate of speed maintained, the small amount of coal consumed. On the down journey, 3 tons 2cwt. of coal were burned; and on the return to London from Crewe, only 2 tons 6¼cwt.

The saving of coal effected by "compound" engines is, of course, one of the chief arguments used by engineers who advocate this type of locomotive, though whether it is sufficient to repay for certain other disadvantages is a question we may well leave alone to be fought out between the partisans of "compound" and "simple" engines. But when one remembers that every pound of coal burned by every engine on the line is duly recorded in the books of the locomotive department, and that the North Western's coal bill for the latter half of 1899 alone amounted to £311,091, it will be readily seen that the saving of what may be contemptuously spoken of as a few odd pounds of coal on each engine may make a very appreciable difference to the shareholders' dividends at the end of the year.

There is not very much space left to describe the engines illustrated in the last four pictures in this article, though they are specially interesting as some very typical types of modern railroad giants.

The new "single" express engines recently designed by Mr. James Holden, the locomotive

A REMARKABLE LOCOMOTIVE, USED FOR WORKING FAST TRAINS ON THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway, to work the London-Cromer service, and other long-distance trains, are, without doubt, some of the smartest-looking engines now running in this country, with their bright livery of blue and red, and polished copper chimney-rims.

The very neat-looking tender attached to engine "No. 10" (shown in our illustration), is accounted for by the fact that petroleum tanks take the place of a locomotive's usual fuel—coal. This is only another instance of the economy practised on our great railway systems.

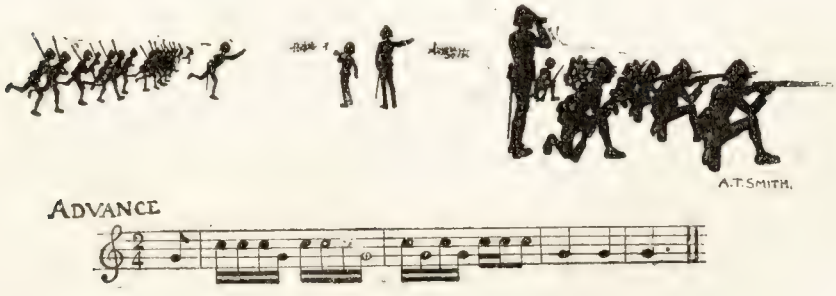
Many years past now, it was found that large amounts of valuable oil were every year allowed to escape with less costly refuse discharged from Stratford works. Attention was attracted to this state of affairs, and soon many clever brains were hard at work endeavouring to see if it could be remedied.

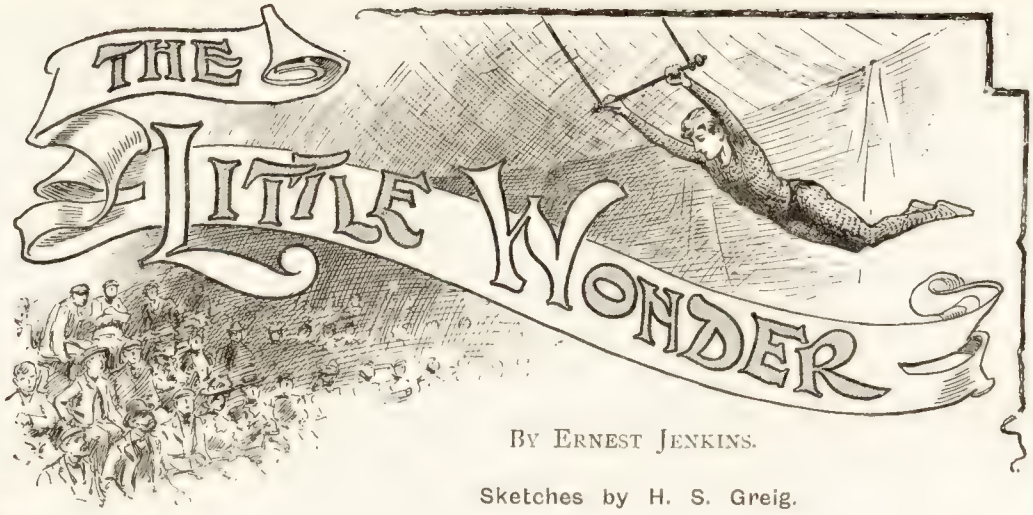
At length the difficulty was solved by the adoption of Mr. Holden's invention for burning liquid oil as fuel in locomotives. By this means the petroleum that once upon a time used to be allowed to run to waste is now used to a very good purpose.

We have heard so much lately about the Great Central Railway and its extension to London that no article would be complete without some mention of the engines that do most of the heavy express work on this line. There is, however, nothing particularly striking in their design, as is the case with some of the others already referred to; but they are specially interesting as being very fine examples of a class of locomotive that seems to find much favour with engineers on most of the large lines—namely, a four-coupled express with leading "bogie." These Great Central engines were all designed by Mr. Harry Pollitt, the locomotive superintendent of the line, and have 7ft. driving-wheels, and cylinders 18½ins. by 26ins.

A few years ago there was probably no more famous engine at work in Great Britain than the "Dunalastair" of the Caledonian Railway, which is the subject of one of our illustrations. There are now quite a large number of engines of this class at work in Scotland, though some of those more recently built are a little larger in some respects than the earlier engines. These engines work all the West Coast corridor trains from Carlisle to the North, and with trains weighing often nearly 350 tons, have no difficulty in mounting the famous Beattock summit, which is no less than 4,015ft. high.

Our last picture well portrays what the biggest South Western engine looks like. It is the outcome of the genius of Mr. Drummond, the locomotive superintendent of the line, and is particularly interesting in many respects from an engineering point of view. It has four cylinders, each 15ins. by 26ins., and two independent driving-wheels—not "coupled," as they appear at first sight. The two cylinders working the leading pair of driving-wheels are out of view in our illustration, but the two outside ones (one of which is shown in our picture) operate the rear pair of drivers. As will be noticed, the tender runs on eight wheels instead of six, as is generally the rule in this country, and the wheels are arranged in two "bogies"—so as to go round curves more easily. This huge tender carries no less than 4,300 gallons of water. What a difference compared with the ten gallons that were thought sufficient for George Stephenson's "Rocket"!





By Ernest Jenkins.

Sketches by H. S. Greig.

"COME on, let's get out of this; I've had enough." And Ronald Steel took my arm and led me, not unwillingly, from the circus tent.

"I never saw such a show!" he exclaimed with disgust, as we walked back to the school. It was, indeed, a poor display — the riding was only medium, the performing ponies were a fraud, and the clowns were even more pitiable in their attempts to be funny than the average circus clown.

"And that kid—the 'Little Wonder,' or whatever they call him. They seem to think a mighty lot of him—but he was the worst of the lot. Why, he funks the thing; he doesn't know half the tricks of trapezing. I believe I could do better myself," said Ronald.

We had been to Antonius Thompsonio's International and Universal Exhibition and Hippodrome—a title whose size was altogether too imposing for the very fifth-rate show it was intended to describe. It was one of the unwritten laws of our school that whenever a circus visited our sleepy little town the boys should be allowed to attend one of the performances, and the school's visit to Antonius Thompsonio's affair had been fixed for Thursday.

Now Steel, although a duffer at football, and something worse than a duffer at cricket, outshone us all in the gymnasium, where he was most at home on the trapeze. This, indeed, was his hobby, and his long practice had made him a clever and brilliant performer. He had seen Thompsonio's "Little Wonder" announced in big letters, and, his interest being aroused, he was impatient to know what this circus trapezist could do; and as he and I were the two senior boys of our small school, enjoying some privileges denied to the others, there was little difficulty in getting leave from the Head to visit the first performance, instead of waiting for the school's visit on the Thursday. We went, we were bored, and we came away without any desire to see it again.

I liked Ronald Steel—in fact, we all liked him. He was no ordinary youth. His method of doing things was to act first and think afterwards; and he was at once the best natured and most reckless fellow I ever knew. He was also never lacking in funds; his father was his bank, a post-card served as a cheque, and no application was dishonoured. Yet, remarkably enough, careless and good-natured as he was, he kept straight; what might seem to have been the unwise indulgence of an over-fond parent was never abused by him, and of the numerous scrapes Ronald got into not a single one had the suspicion of "shadiness."

And now let me tell of Ronald Steel's most daring escapade.

On the following Thursday, about midday, Steel and I were walking towards the town, and it happened that on our way was the field in which the circus had put up. We had passed this when we met a lad, whose reddened eyes told that he had been crying. He looked as miserable and distressful a sight as a boy could look.

"What's the matter?" Steel asked, in his frank way. The boy looked surlily and with some suspicion at us, but the cheery manner in which the question was put seemed to assure him that we had no unkind motive in speaking to him.

"She's dyin', and 'e won't let me go 'ome and see 'er," he said, huskily. And his tears began to flow again.

"Who's 'she'?" Steel asked.

"My mother," was the sad reply.

"And who's——? Why, Smith, do you see

who it is?" said Steel to me, breaking off in surprise. "It's the 'Little Wonder!'" Then, addressing the boy again, he said: "'He' is your master, I suppose?"

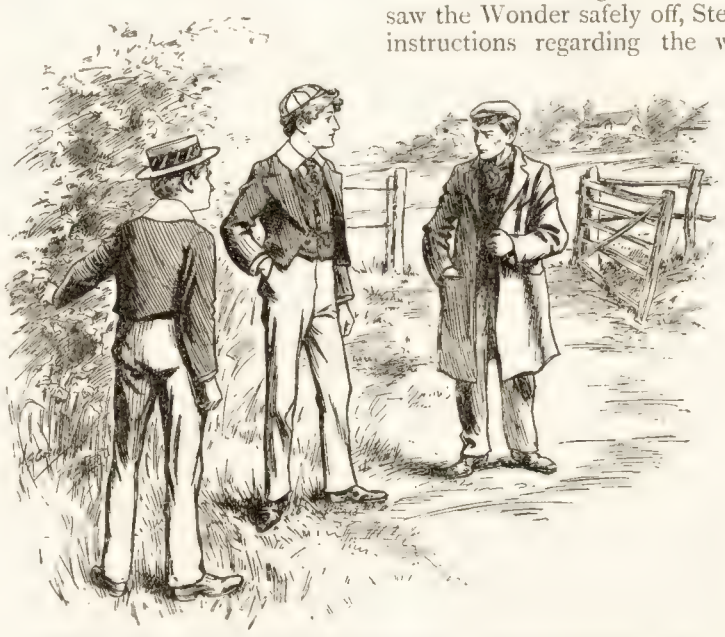
"Yes, the 'ound! If I was bigger, I'd—I'd *kill* 'im! I don't mind the knocking about so much; I've got used to that. But 'e might let me go and—and—see 'er," he said. And it was not to his shame that sobs choked his voice.

"But why don't you go? and be hanged to him! I would—the beastly cad!"

"I can't; I ain't got no money—she's in London. Besides, 'e'd 'alf kill me when I got back, and then sack me—then what would I do? I shall never see 'er agen." And he looked away sadly. He was a pathetic figure.

Steel did not speak for a moment, but stood trying to think of a way to help the boy.

As things were at present, the Wonder must either come back to the circus (which, after all, was his only means of livelihood), or else most probably starve on the London streets, for, he said, he had no friends. Neither prospect was inviting, and Steel's proposal formed an easy way out of the difficulty. One of his frequent sayings was, "The pater'll do anything for me," and relying on this assurance he made the Wonder an offer.



"HERE'S A SOV.—THAT'LL TAKE YOU TO LONDON AND LEAVE SOME OVER."

"Here's a sov.—that'll take you to London and leave some over. When you need to work again, go down to my father's place in Surrey, and he'll give you a job on the farm or else amongst the stables—that is, if you like horses. How will that do?"

For a moment the Wonder, whose wits had been well sharpened by his contact with the rough side of the world, was inclined to be suspicious. Was it a school-boy trick the young gentleman was playing him? He looked at the piece of gold in his hand — that was right enough! He thought of the horses—he loved horses; and he glanced keenly at Steel. No, there was no trickery. Then, when he felt quite sure that the offer was genuine, he was unable to express his delight. The prospect of seeing his mother before she died, and the chance of getting free from his cruel master, seemed almost too good to be possible, and whilst he was trying to find words with which to thank Steel, that youth seized him by the arm and said:—

"Come on! There's a train soon, I believe," and we hurried away.

It was a sad story of harsh and even brutal treatment which the Wonder had to tell as we walked to the station—and Steel was not slow in expressing his anger in the strongest terms.

We had not long to wait for a train, and we saw the Wonder safely off, Steel giving him full instructions regarding the way to reach his Surrey home.

"You see, Smith," said Steel, as we returned to the school, "it'll be doing the kid a good turn to get him out of the circus."

"Yes, but how will your pater like it?" I ventured to ask, doubtfully.

"You don't know my pater," he replied confidently. "It'll be easy enough to make room in the stables for the Wonder, and dad 'll do anything I ask him, especially this kind of thing. But, by Jove! that circus chap must be a blackguard!"

"He ought to be kicked," I said. "It would be a fine thing to show him up—write to the papers, or something." Excepting a few angry exclamations at the brutality of Antonius, Steel said no more until we reached the school gate. There he thumped me on the back and chuckled.

"That'll do fine!" he said grinning.

"Will it?" I asked. "A little painful to me, perhaps; but it's pleasant to know that you're satisfied. I can't say I share your opinion." I hoped that I spoke ironically.

"Look here, Smith, I've hit on a first-rate way of paying old Antonius out."

"You've hit on me—I know that. But proceed—unfold your plans."

"Listen!" said Steel, with a mock-tragic roll of the tongue. "Old Antonius seems to reckon on the Wonder as one of his best cards, and he'll be pretty mad when he has to leave that child out of the programme. And the crowd will be pretty mad too. Now, if I can show the cad that I can do a trick or two that the Wonder can't touch, he'll engage me on the spot to take his place. So I'm going to offer my services to old Antonius; and the success of my scheme all depends on whether he accepts my offer or not." Then Steel described the way in which he intended to show up the circus proprietor. "All the fellows will be there to-night—tell 'em to keep quiet and look out for some fun."

Now Steel's plan was just one of those reckless undertakings in which his soul delighted, and I saw the possibility of a painful issue, which I ventured to point out to him, hoping to dissuade him.

"Don't worry yourself, I shall be all right," was all he said.

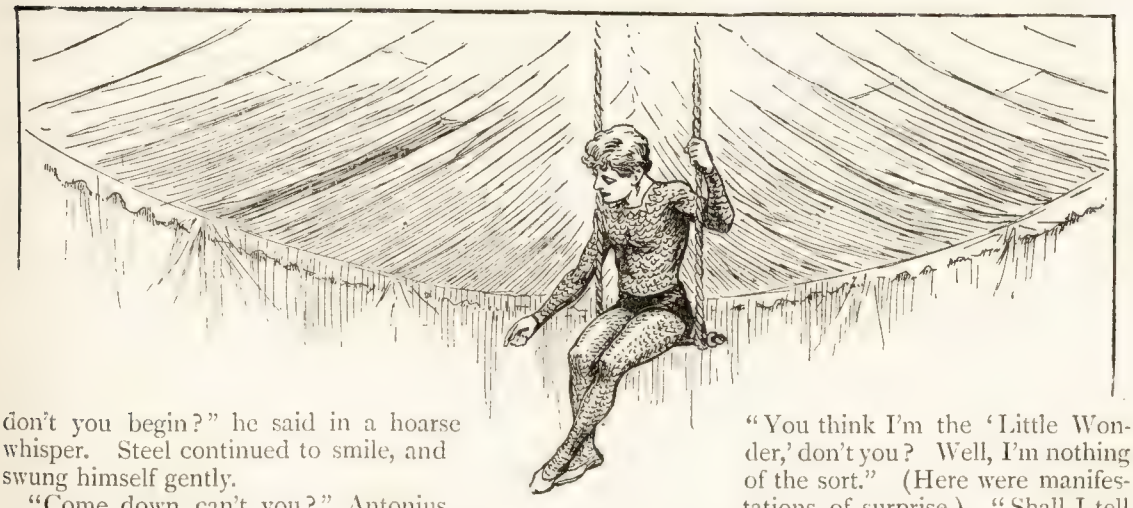
HE FOUND THE CIRCUS PROPRIETOR RED IN THE FACE AND VERY SAVAGE.

That afternoon Steel, having made himself look as much as possible like a youth anxious to earn an honest penny, went and interviewed Antonius. He found the circus proprietor red in the face and very savage, swearing at whichever of his men happened to be within sound of his voice, as he strutted up and down among the caravans

Steel told me afterwards that when he referred to the Wonder, Antonius became speechless with fury; but his manner changed when he saw in Steel's offer a possibility of filling the runaway's place; and Ronald's demonstration of what he could do on the trapeze so pleased him that he readily engaged him.

At half past seven the circus tent was crowded; the entry of the clowns opened the proceedings, and the performance, such as it was, ran smoothly, until the item the "Little Wonder" was announced in a pompous manner by Antonius himself, who acted as ringmaster. We fellows, who sat in a body near the ring, had been scarcely able to hide our excitement throughout the performance, but now we fairly wriggled with expectation. With a flourish from the cornet, the trombone, the French horn, and the big drum—which constituted the orchestra—Steel, impersonating the "Little Wonder," and attired in that youngster's spangled costume, ran into the ring and bowed in the most correct circus fashion. Steel was small for his age, and the Wonder's clothes fitted him well; in fact, there was little to show to the man in the crowd that he was not the Wonder himself. Seizing a rope, he was hauled up to the trapeze, and there he sat for a moment rubbing his hands on a handkerchief in preparation for his display. But we looked in vain for the brilliant feats which we knew he could do. He hung by his legs and swung backwards and forwards; he stood up, sat down, hung by his hands, and did other simple things, but nothing else. The audience began to groan, whereat he smiled complacently. The ringmaster's face grew red as a peony, and he strode out into the middle of the ring and looked up at Steel.

"What are you doing, you young fool? Why



don't you begin?" he said in a hoarse whisper. Steel continued to smile, and swung himself gently.

"Come down, can't you?" Antonius shouted his command, and the audience jeered and yelled.

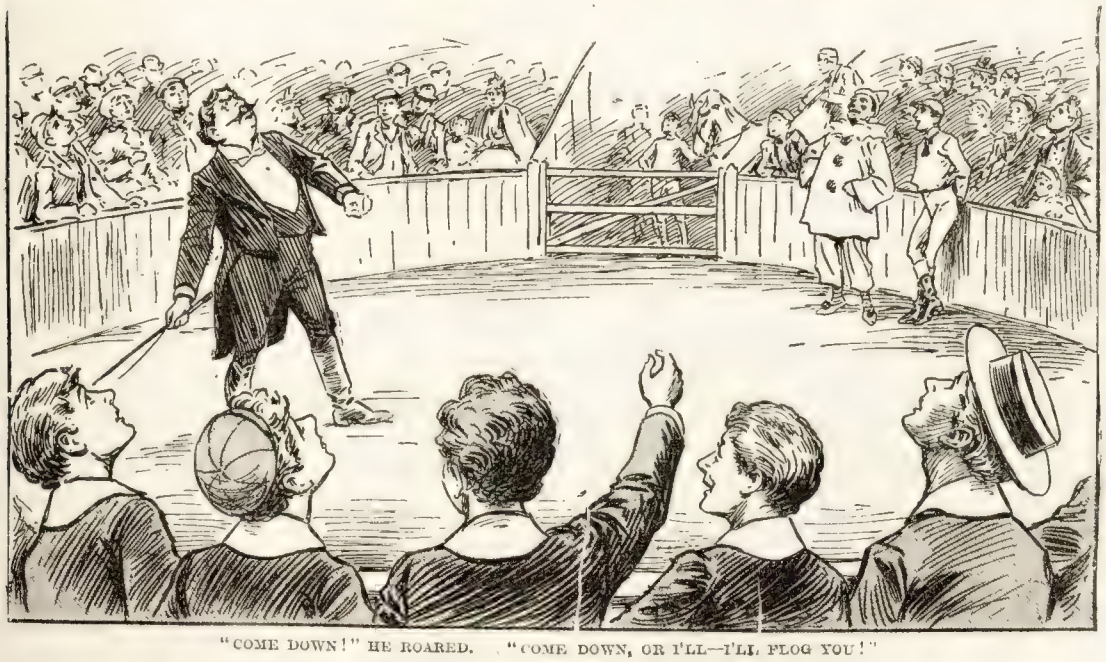
Steel gracefully kissed his finger-tips in the direction of the furious man below him. Then he stood up and motioned to the people for silence, indicating that he wished to say something. Our fellows began "Sh!"-ing so that he might get a hearing, and the crowd, whose interest was thoroughly aroused by this strange development, quieted down and waited for Steel to speak, whilst Antonius, furious and helpless to interfere (for Steel was out of reach and far above his head), looked on with amazement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Steel began—though small of stature he had a tremendous voice, which could be plainly heard all over the tent. "You think I'm the 'Little Wonder,' don't you? Well, I'm nothing of the sort." (Here were manifestations of surprise.) "Shall I tell you where the 'Little Wonder' is? He is in London—he has gone to see his mother, who is dying." Here Antonius aroused himself from his utter amazement.

"Come down!" he roared. "Come down, or I'll—I'll flog you!"

"If that gentleman who's interrupting me will kindly step up here, I shall be happy to be flogged by him," said Steel, coolly; and the crowd laughed at the idea of the stout ringmaster clambering up to where the boy sat.

"You heard what he said?" Steel asked. "He threatens to flog me. And, ladies and gentlemen," (Steel was very polite and, I suspect, had rehearsed most of his speech in order that it might have the desired effect), "I can



"COME DOWN!" HE ROARED. "COME DOWN, OR I'LL—I'LL FLOG YOU!"

assure you that the proprietor of this circus well understands the art of flogging. A week ago the 'Little Wonder' had the supreme impudence to ask that man down there to allow him to go home and see his mother, and his request was answered with a horse-whip. He was willing to risk almost anything to go, but he had no money and feared dismissal, and therefore couldn't leave without permission. So he asked again the next day. Again that person down there, who runs this show, replied with the whip."

I never in my life saw a man so enraged as was the red-faced Antonius. He stamped helplessly up and down in the sawdust, and he again bellowed to Steel to descend; but this time the people shouted him down.

"Go on, youngster!" they cried.

"This morning, however, things so happened that the 'Little Wonder' was able to take the 12.45 for London. And, ladies and gentlemen, he *doesn't intend to come back.*"

Here there was a cheer.

"I call Antonius Thompsonio a brutal cad," shouted Steel in his excitement; "and I think the people of Shaybrook ought to know it!"

The crowd, with cheers for Steel, and hisses and groans for Antonius, made a tremendous hubbub, until presently the cheers gave way to the hostile sounds, and things at last looked so threatening for the unhappy circus proprietor that he wisely retired from the ring.

Steel had not finished. He once more held up his hand for silence.

"I promised the proprietor that I would take the 'Little Wonder's' place to-night, and I must, of course, keep my promise. And I don't want to defraud you of your money's worth, so, with your permission, I will do the Wonder's turn as well as I can."

And, with a rapid movement, he had set the trapeze a-swinging, and for ten minutes or more delighted the crowd with his feats. His accurately-timed somersaults, his balancing tricks, and his exhibitions of muscular strength drew cheer after cheer; and, at his final effort, the people rose at him and cheered again.

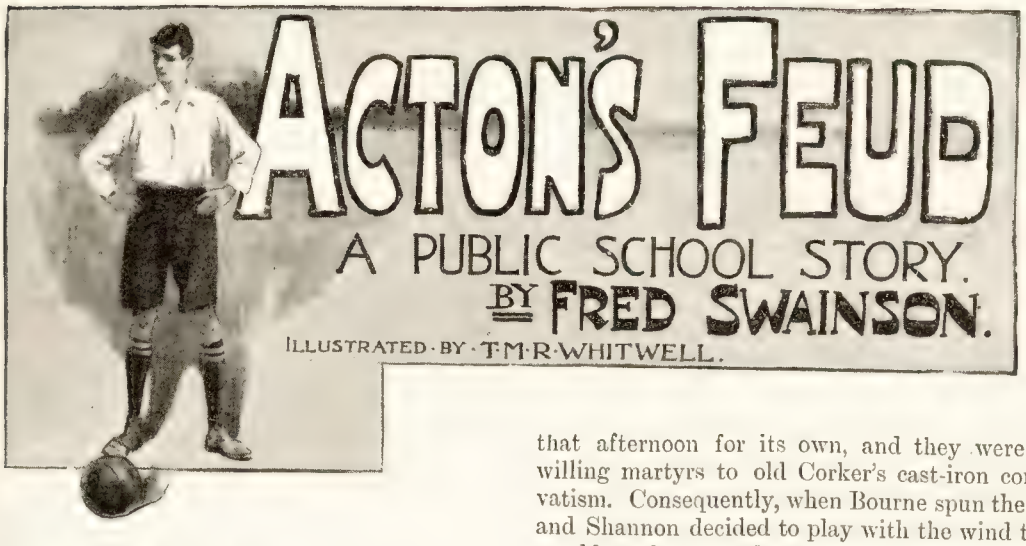
Slipping down by the rope he joined us, and, having put him into the overcoat which we held ready, we hurried him away before the spectators had time to leave their seats. And a significant thing about it was that not a single man of the circus hands attempted to interfere in the interests of their master.

As Steel said: "It paid old Antonius out," and, having succeeded in thus avenging the poor, ill-used Wonder, he was content. The half-hour's serious conversation with the Head on the rash and foolish method of his retribution, and the stiff letter from his father on the same subject, depressed him but slightly.

"It may have been rash," he said, with a grin, "but the cad deserved it, and I'm glad I did it. It'll teach him a lesson."

But, although Steel's father was angry, he did not refuse to care for the Wonder, when he turned up at the stables a week or so later. And I may add that, up to the present, Antonius Thompsonio has not again brought his circus to amuse the people of Shaybrook.

UP TO THE PRESENT ANTONIUS THOMPSONIO HAS NOT AGAIN BROUGHT HIS CIRCUS TO SHAYBROOK.



CHAPTER I.

THE FOUL.

SHANNON, the old Blue, had brought down a rattling eleven—two Internationals among them—to give the school the first of its annual "Socker" matches. We have a particular code of football of our own, which the school has played time out of mind; but, ten years ago, the Association game was introduced, despite the murmuring of some of the masters, many of the parents—all old Amorians—and of Moore, the Head, who had yielded to varied pressures, but in his heart thought "Socker" vastly inferior to the old game. Association had flourished exceedingly; so much so that the Head made it a law that, on each Thursday in the Michaelmas term, the old game, and nothing but the old game, should be played, and woe betide any unauthorised "cutters" thereof. This was almost the only rule that Corker never swerved a hair's breadth from, and bitter were the regrets when Shannon had sent word to Bourne, our captain, that he could bring down a really clinking team to put our eleven through their paces, if the match were played on Thursday. Saturday, on account of big club fixtures, was almost impossible. Corker consented to the eleven playing the upstart code for this occasion only, but for the school generally the old game was to be *de rigueur*.

So on this Thursday pretty well the whole school was out in the Acres, where the old game was in full swing; and, though I fancy the players to a man would have liked to have lined up on the touch-line in the next field and given Shannon the "whisper" he deserves, O. G. claimed them that afternoon for its own, and they were unwilling martyrs to old Corker's cast-iron conservatism. Consequently, when Bourne spun the coin and Shannon decided to play with the wind there would not be more than seventy or eighty on the touch-line. Shannon asked me to referee, so I found a whistle, and the game started.

It was a game in which there seemed to be two or three players who served as motive forces, and the rest were worked through. On one side Shannon at back, Amber the International at half, and Aspinall, the International left-winger, were head and shoulders above the others; on our side, Bourne and Acton dwarfed the rest.

Bourne played back, and Acton was his partner. Bourne I knew well, since he was in the Sixth, and I liked him immensely; but of Acton I knew only a little by repute and nothing personally. He was in the Fifth, but, except in the ordinary way of school life, he did not come much into the circle wherein the Sixth moves. He was brilliantly clever, with that sort of showy brilliance which some fellows possess: in the exams. he would walk clean through a paper, or leave it untouched—no half measures. He was in Biffen's house and quite the most important fellow in it, and no end popular with his own crowd, for they looked to him to give their house a leg up, both in the schools and in the fields, for Biffen's were the slackest house in St. Amory's. He played football with a dash and vim good to see, and I know a good few of the eleven envied him his long, lungeing rush, which parted man and ball so cleanly, and his quick, sure kick that dropped the ball unerringly to his forwards. He was not in the eleven; but that he would be in before the term was over was a "moral." He was good-looking and rather tall, and had a certain foreign air, I thought; his dark face seemed to be hard and proud, and I had heard that his temper was fiery.

Bourne had chosen him to play against Shannon's team, and as Acton bottled up the forwards on his wing Bourne felt that the school's future right back would not be far to seek.

I soon saw that the school was not quite good enough for the others: Shannon was almost impassable, and Amber, the half, generally waltzed round our forwards, and when he secured he passed the ball on to Aspinall, who doubled like a hare along the touch-line. The question then was "Could Acton stop the flying International, who spun along like Bassett himself?" And he did, generally; or, if he could not, he forced him to part with the ball, and either Baines, our half, lying back, nipped in and secured, or Bourne cleared in the nick of time. Nine times out of ten, when Acton challenged Aspinall, the International would part with the ball to his inside partner; but twice he feinted, and before either of the school backs could recover, the ball was shot into the net with a high and catapultic cross shot. Again and again, the game resolved itself into a duello between Acton and Aspinall, and Bourne, when he saw the dealings with the International and his wiles, smiled easily. He saw the school was stronger than he thought.

The interval came with the score standing at two against us. When I started the game again I found that our fellows were pulling along much better with the wind, and that some of Shannon's men were not quite so dangerous as before, for condition told. We quickly had one through, and when I found myself blowing the whistle for a second goal I began to think that the school might pull through after all. Meanwhile Acton and Aspinall were having their occasional tussles, though somewhat less often than before, and three or four times the school back was overturned pretty heartily in the encounters.

Though there was not a suspicion of unfairness or temper on Aspinall's part I fancied that Acton was getting rather nettled at his frequent upsets. He was, I considered, heavier than Aspinall, and much taller, so I was both rather waxy and astonished to find that he was infusing a little too much vigour into his tackling, and, not to put too fine a point on it, was playing a trifle roughly. Aspinall was bundled over the touch-line a good half-dozen times, with no little animus behind the charge, and ultimately Bourne noticed it. Now Bourne loathed anything approaching bad form, so he said sharply to Acton, though quietly, "Play the game, sir! Play the ball!" Acton flushed angrily, and I did not like the savage way he faced round to Bourne, who was particularly busy at that moment and did not notice it. The game went on until within about five minutes from time. Amber had been feeding Aspinall assiduously for the last ten minutes, and Acton had, despite his cleverness, more than he could really hold in the flying International. He stalled off the attack somehow, and Bourne always covered his exertions, so that it seemed as if there would be a draw after all. At last the ball was swung across, and Aspinall was off on a final venture. Acton stuck to him like a leech, but the winger tipped the ball to his partner, and as Acton moved to intercept the inside, the latter quickly and wisely poked the ball back again to Aspinall. He was off again in his own inimitable style, and I saw him smile as he re-started his run. I rather fancy Acton saw it too and accepted the smile as a sneering challenge; anyhow, he set his lips and I believe made up his mind that in any case Aspinall should not get the winning goal. How it exactly happened I cannot say, but as Aspinall was steadying himself, when at top speed, for an almost point-blank delivery, I saw Acton break his own stride, shoot out his leg, and the next moment the International was stumbling forward, whilst the ball rolled harmlessly onward into our goal-keeper's hands. I could hardly believe my own eyes, but it was a deliberate trip, if ever there was one! Aspinall tried to recover himself, failed, and came with a sickening crash against the goal-post. I blew the whistle and rushed to Aspinall; his cheek was bleeding villainously and he was deadly pale. I helped him up, and he said with his usual smile—who could mistake it for a sneer?—"Thanks, old man. Yes, I do feel a bit seedy. That back of yours is an animal though." He tried hard to keep his senses; I saw him battling against his faintness, but the pain and shock were too much for him; he fell down again in a dead faint.

We improvised a hurdle and carried him up to the school. Acton, pale to the lips, prepared to bear a hand, but Bourne unceremoniously took him by the arm and said with concentration, "No thanks, Acton. We'll excuse you—you beastly cad!" I heard Bourne's remark, though no one else saw or heard. Acton's hand closed involuntarily, and he gave Bourne a vitriolic look, but did nothing nor said anything. We took Aspinall up to Merishall's—his old house—where he was staying, and left him there still unconscious.

What astonished me was that no one save Bourne had noticed the trip, but when I came to think it over the explanation was easy. Acton had, whether from accident or of purpose, "covered" his man and blocked the view from behind. I myself had not really *seen* the trip, but it would have been plainly visible for anyone opposite on the touch-line, and luckily there was no one opposite. The goal-keeper might have seen it, but Roberts never attends to anything

I SAW ACTON SHOOT OUT HIS LEG.

but the ball—the reason he's the fine keeper that he is. Bourne had actually seen it, being practically with Acton, and I knew by his pale face and scornful eyes that he would dearly have liked to kick Acton on the spot.

I was, as you may guess, intensely pleased that no one had an idea of the foul except Bourne and myself, for I could imagine vividly where the rumour of this sort of "form" would spread to. We'd hear of it for years after.

I mentally promised that Acton should have a little of my opinion on the matter on the first opportunity.

CHAPTER II.

THE PENALTY.

I ARRANGED to see Bourne that evening, when we should have heard the doctor's report on Aspinall. In the evening Bourne strolled into my room looking a little less gloomy than I expected. "Briggs says that there is nothing broken, and that as soon as Aspinall gets over the shock he will be all right. The cut may leave a scar, but that will be about all. All the same, Carr, I think that's too heavy a price to pay for the bad temper of one of our fellows who can't stand a tumble into the mud at 'footer.' You saw the villainy, didn't you?"

"I can't say I actually saw him trip, but there's no doubt whatever that it was an abominable foul."

"None at all. I saw him, worse luck, tolerably plainly."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Practically nothing."

"I think Biffen's rather fancy he's going to lift them out of the mire."

"Can't say I envy them their champion."

"What strikes me as odd is that such a magnificent player should do such a vile trick."

"Rum, certainly. The affair will give quite a professional touch to our 'Socker' fixtures, and

the Carthusians will ask us to bar our bullies when they come down again. Oh, this *is* sweet!"

"I say, Bourne, this business must not move one inch further. You've spoken to no one?"

"Is it likely?"

"We'll not have any of our dirty linen washed *coram populo*, old chap. Frightful bad form. No one knows but you, Aspinall, and self."

"Surely Aspinall will——"

"You don't know Aspinall, old man. He'd shrivel up sooner than say a word more. Bet you he'll speak of it as an accident. Remember, he was captain of the school here once."

"Which makes it a blacker shame than ever," said Bourne wrathfully.

"I've inquired casually of the Fifth, and it seems our friend once distinguished himself in the gym. Lost his temper—as *per recipe*—and Hodgson had to knock him down before he could see that we put on the gloves here for a little healthy exercise, and the pleasure of lifting some of the public schools championships. He, however, apologised to Hodgson, but I don't think he'll do the honourable here."

"Then, the chief attraction of the beauty is its temper?"

"Or want of it."

"Who is he, anyhow?"

"Yorkshire people, I believe. Own half a town and no end of coin. Been to school in France and Germany, and consequently came here rather late. I know his head-piece is all right, and I imagine his amiability is only a little foreign blood working its way out. He will be with us in the Sixth at Christmas."

"Delightful prospect. What I want to know is—how are we to settle this business as far as he is concerned? Ought Moore to know?"

"I don't think so. Never trouble Corker more than you can help, old man. That's a tip for you when I'm gone. Besides, masters generally mishandle affairs of this sort. I rather fancy I'll put it to Aspinall when he pulls through."

"Do. One thing, though, is pretty certain. He'll never get his cap as long as I'm captain of the footer eleven. I'd rather come out of it myself."

"Of course. I see there's no help for that, but, all the same, it will make complications. What a pity he *can* play!"

"It is, for he is a back out of a thousand."

Bourne's voice had in it a ring of genuine regret, and whilst I could almost have smiled at his unaffectedly tragic tone I could see the vista which his resolution opened up. I heard the school shouting at Bourne to let the finest player out of the eleven in, and all the shouting would be across "seas of misunderstanding." I know Bourne saw the difficulties himself, and he left my study soon after with a rather anxious look on his face. Personally I determined not to think about the matter until I had seen Aspinall. From the very first I had never expected any help from Acton. There was something about the whole of his bearing in the caddish business that told me plainly that we would have to treat him, not as a fellow who had been betrayed to a vile action by a beastly temper and was bitterly sorry for it, but as a fellow who hated us for finding it out.

I saw Aspinall two days later, and as we walked towards the station I broached the matter.

"Certainly; I thought he tripped me, but he has written me and said how sorry he was for my accident, so, of course, it rests there."

"Candidly, Aspinall, have you any doubt yourself?"

"No, old fellow. I'm sorry, but I really think he tripped me. He was riled at a little hustling from Shannon's lot, and I may have upset him myself occasionally. But it is a small matter."

I looked at the bandages across his cheek, and I didn't think it small.

"But, Aspinall, even if we leave you out of the business, it isn't a small matter for us, especially for Bourne."

"Well, no; hardly for you," he admitted. "'Twas a piece of sheer bad form. It shouldn't be done at our place at all."

"If you were in Bourne's place would you bar him his place in the eleven?"

Aspinall considered a full minute.

"On the whole, I think I should—at least, for one term; but I'd most certainly let him know why he was not to have his cap—privately, of course. I should not like it to get about, and I do not fancy Acton will say much about it."

That night Bourne and I crossed over to Biffen's, and waylaid Acton in his den. I'm pretty sure there wasn't another room like his in the whole school. No end of swell pictures—foreign mostly; lovely little books, which, I believe, were foreign also; an etching of his own place up in Yorkshire; carpets, and rugs, and little statuettes—swagger through and through; a little too much so, I believe, for the rules, but Biffen evidently had not put his foot down. Acton was standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, and on seeing us he politely offered us chairs with the air of a gentleman and a something of grace, which was a trifle foreign.

I saw that Acton's polite cordiality nettled Bourne more than a little, but he solemnly took a chair, and in his blunt, downright fashion, plunged headlong into the business.

"Only came to say a word or two, Acton, about Thursday's match."

"A very good one," he remarked, with what Corker calls "detached interest." "Aspinall's accident was more than unfortunate."

"The fact is," said Bourne, bluntly, "neither Carr nor I believe it was an accident."

"No? What was it, then? Everyone else thought it was though."

"We know better. We know that you deliberately fouled him, and——"

Acton paled, and his eyes glittered viciously, though he said calmly: "That is a lie."

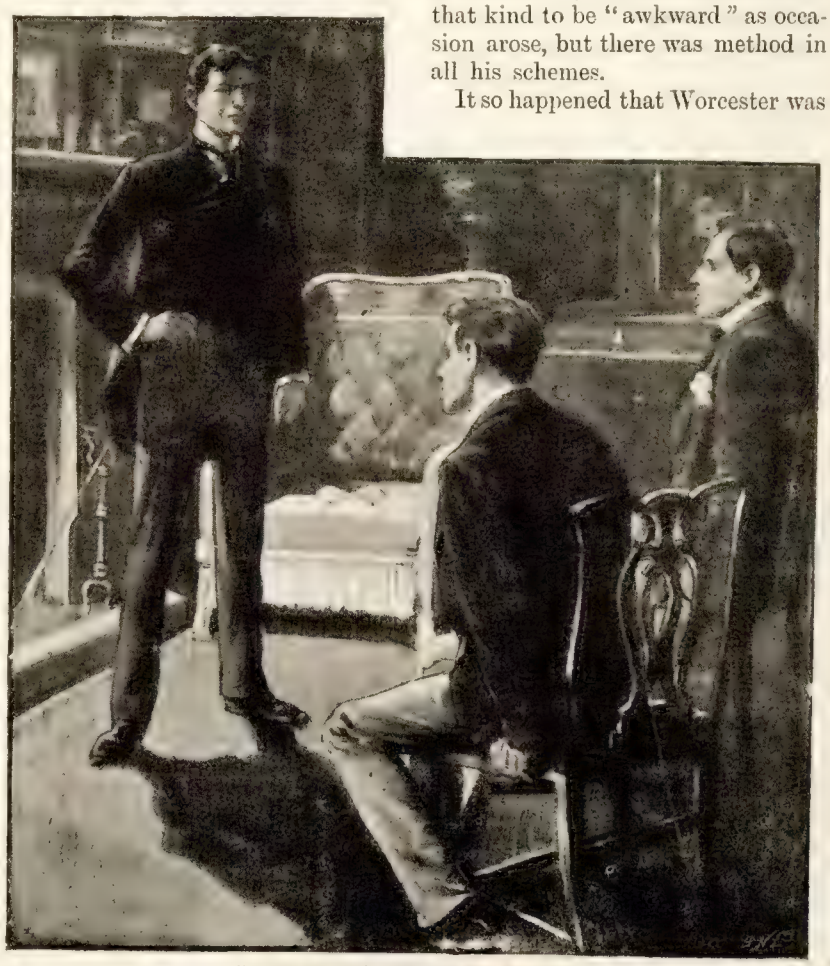
"And," continued Bourne, "though there is not a fellow even a respectable second to you at 'footer,' I shall not give you your cap as long as I am captain of the eleven. That is all I came to say."

Acton said quite calmly (why was he so uncommonly cool, I asked myself?)—though his face was red and white alternately: "Then listen carefully to what I say. I particularly wanted to have my footer cap—why, does not concern anyone but myself—and I don't fancy losing it because a couple of fellows see something that a hundred others couldn't see, for the sufficient reason that there wasn't anything to see. I shall make no row about it; and, since you can dole out the caps to your own pet chums, and no one can stop you—do it! but I think you'll regret it all the same. I'm not going to moan about it—that isn't my way; but I really think you'll regret it. That is all; though"—this with a mocking sneer—"why it requires two of you to come and insult a man in his own room I don't understand."

"I came to say that if you'd apologise to Aspinall things might straighten."

"Might straighten! Oh, thanks!" he said, his face looking beastly venomous. "I think you'd better go, really."

So we went, and I could not but feel that Bourne was right when he said on parting: "Our friend will make himself superbly disagreeable over this, take my word for it! But he won't get into the eleven, and I won't have a soul know that old Aspinall's scar is the work of a fellow in St. Amory's, either. If they have to know, he must tell them himself."



"I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO, REALLY."

CHAPTER III.

THE REGENERATION OF BIFFEN'S HOUSE.

To say that Acton was upset by our visit and our conversation and Bourne's ultimatum would be beside the mark; he was furious, and when he had cooled down somewhat, his anger settled into a long, steady stretch of hate towards us both, but especially towards Bourne. He simmered over many plans for getting "even" with him, and when he had finally mapped out a course he proceeded, as someone says, "diligently to ensue it"; for Acton was not of that kind to be "awkward" as occasion arose, but there was method in all his schemes.

It so happened that Worcester was

captain of Biffen's house, and also of Biffen's "footer" team. My own opinion was that poor old Worcester would have given a lot to be out of such a house as Biffen's, and I know he utterly despised himself for having in a moment of inexplicable weakness consented to be permanent lead to Biffen's awful crowd on the Acres. He died a thousand deaths after each (usual) annihilation. Worcester and Acton had nothing in common, and, except that they were in the same house and form, they would not probably have come to nodding terms. Worcester, of course, looked up to the magnificent "footer" player as the average player looks up to the superlative. After the first game of the season, when Acton had turned out in all his glory, Dick had thereupon offered to resign his captaincy, even pressing, with perhaps suspicious eagerness, Acton's acceptance of that barren honour. But Acton did not bite. Captains were supposed to turn out pretty well every day with their strings, and Acton was not the sort of fellow to have his hands tied in any way. So he had gently declined.

"No, old man. Wouldn't dream of ousting you. You'll get a good team out of Biffen's yet. Plenty of raw material."

"That's just it," said Worcester, naïvely, "it is so jolly raw."

"Well, cook it, old man."

"It only makes hash," said Worcester, with a forlorn smile at his own joke.

But now Acton thought that the captaincy of Biffen's might dovetail into his schemes for the upsetting of Bourne, and therefore Dick's proposal was to be reconsidered. Thus it was that Worcester got a note from Acton asking him to breakfast.

Worcester came, and his eyes visibly brightened when he spotted Acton's table, for there was more than a little style about Acton's catering, and Worcester had a weakness for the square meal. Acton's fag, Grim, was busy with the kettle, and there was as reinforcement in Dick's special honour, young Poulett, St. Amory's champion egg poacher, sustaining his big reputation in a large saucepan. Worcester sank into his chair with a sigh of satisfaction at sight of little Poulett; he was to be in clover, evidently.

"That's right, Worcester. That *is* the easiest chair. Got that last egg on the toast, Poulett? You're a treasure, and so I'll write your mamma. Tea or coffee, Dick? Coffee for Worcester, Grim, tea for me. Pass that cream to Worcester, and you've forgotten the knife for the pie. You're a credit to Sharpe's, Poulett; but remember that you've been poaching for Biffen's footer captain. That's something, anyhow. Don't grin, Poulett; it's bad form. Going? To Bourne's, eh! I can recommend you, though it would be no recommendation to him. You can cut too, Grim, and clear at 9.30. See the door catches." Grim scuttled after the renowned egg-poacher, and Worcester and Acton were left alone. When Worcester was fed, and had pushed back his chair, Acton broached the business to which the breakfast was the preliminary.

"Fact is, Worcester, I've been thinking how it is that Biffen's is the slackest house in the place."

"Oh! it's got such a plucky reputation, you know. The kids weep when they're put down for Biffen's. Give a dog a bad name——"

"But why the bad name?"

"Dunno! Perhaps it's Biffen. I think so, anyhow. At any rate, there's not been a fellow from the house in the Lord's eleven or in the footer eleven, and in the schools Biffen's crowd always close the rear. By the way, how did you come among our rout?"

"I think mater knew Biffen; that's the explanation."

"Rather rough on you."

"Don't feel anything, really, Worcester."

"Well, Biffen has got a diabolical knack of picking up all the loose ends of the school; all the impossible fellows gravitate here: why, look at our Dervishes!" (Dervish was the slang for foreigners at St. Amory's.)

"We've certainly got more than our share of colour."

"That's Biffen's all the world over," said Dick, with intense heat; "you could match any colour between an interesting orange and a real jet black among our collection. Biffen simply can't resist a nigger. He must have him. What they come to the place at all for licks me. Can't the missionaries teach 'em to spell?"

"*La haute politique*," suggested Acton.

"Of Sarawack or Timbuctoo?" said Worcester with scorn. "Bet my boots that Borneo one's governor went head-hunting in his time, and the darkest African one's knows what roasted man is."

Acton laughed, for a nigger was to Worcester as a red rag to a bull. "St. Amory's for niggers," Dick would say with intense scorn.

"Anyhow," said Acton, "I think there's no need for us to be quite so slack."

"You'll pull us up a bit?" said Dick with genuine admiration.

"Thanks. But I meant the whole house generally."

"Not much good. We're Biffen's, that never did nor never shall, etc."

"I don't know. There's sixty of us, barring your niggers; we ought to get eleven to look at

a football with a business eye out of that lot, you know."

"We ought to, but don't."

"We ought to do something in the schools too."

"We ought to, but don't, though Raven is in for the Perry Exhibition. Guess he won't pull it off though."

"We'll see about that, too," said Acton. "As for the niggers——"

"Oh, never mind them!" burst in Worcester. "Without humbug, Acton, do you really want our house to move a bit?"

"Rather!"

"Well then, consent to captain our footer eleven and we give ourselves a chance, for I can't make the fellows raise a gallop at any price, and I somehow think you can. Have a try. If you are sick of it at Christmas, I'll come in again; honour bright. It isn't too good-natured of me to ask you to pull Biffen's out of the mud, but you're the only fellow to do it if it can be done. Will you?"

"You wouldn't mind resigning?"

"By Jove, no!" said Worcester, precipitately. "Don't mention it. Not at all, old man, not at all."

"Well, I've been thinking that, if you didn't mind, I'd like to try my hand on our crowd; though, since you don't move 'em, there can't be much chance for me to do anything smart."

"That doesn't follow, for you aren't me, old man."

"Then I'll have a shot at it."

Worcester grasped Acton's hand, as the French say, "with emotion."

"But the house will have to elect me, you know; perhaps they'd fancy Raven as captain. He can play decently, and they know him."

"Well, Biffen's are a dense lot, but I'm hanged if even their stupidity would do a thing like that. They've seen you play, haven't they?"

"Thanks. Fact is, Dick, I feel a bit bored by the patronage of Taylor's and Merishall's, and Sharpe's and Corker's, and all the rest of the houses."

"Oh! Biffen's laid himself out for that, you must see."

"I don't fancy Bourne's sneers and Hodgson's high stilts."

"Haven't noticed either," said Dick.

"H'm!" said Acton, rather nettled by Dick's dry tone. "I have. As for the niggers——"

"The other houses despise us on their account. We're the Dervish Camp to the rest."

"As for the niggers, they shall do something for Biffen's too," said Acton rather thoughtfully.

"You mean in the sing-songs? Well, they'll spare the burnt cork certainly."

"Well, that's an idea too," said Acton, laughing, "but not the one I had. That will keep."

Worcester might have some curiosity to know what Acton's idea was, but he wasn't going to inquire anything about the niggers.

"It's awfully brickish of you, Worcester," said Acton, as Grim was heard trotting up the corridor, "to stand down."

"Not at all, the sacrifice is on your altar."

"Then *allons*. Here's Grim knocking, and I've to see Corker at 9.40. You'll excuse me." Grim came in and commenced to clear away, and the two sallied out.

That day, after morning school, Biffen's held a meeting, and thereat Acton was proposed captain by Worcester and seconded by Raven; and Biffen's confirmed Worcester's qualified opinion of their sense by electing him *nem. con.*

From that day Acton threw his heart and soul into the regeneration of Biffen's. There did not pass an afternoon but that he turned out for footer, and coached, encouraged, bullied, stormed, praised each individual member of the team with the strictest impartiality and Spartan justice.

The smallest fault was dragged out into the light of day, and commented on with choicefulness, and any clever concerted piece of work got its due reward. Acton would stand no half-hearted play; he wanted the last ounce out of his men. The fellows stared a bit at first at his deadly earnestness, so unlike Dick's disgusted resignation at their shortcomings; but they found the change refreshing on the whole, for they could stand a lot of bullying from a fellow like Acton, who never seemed to make a mistake, or to have an off day, and who could give stones and a beating to the best man among them. They respected his skill, and buckled to the work in hand. In about a fortnight there was a suggestion of style about the moving of some of the fellows up the field. Worcester backed up Acton with whole-hearted enthusiasm, and Raven was lost in wonder at the forward movement. This backing Acton found rather useful, for Dick and Raven were as popular as any in St. Amory's.

Some of the fellows were inclined to turn restive after about a fortnight, when the novelty of earnestness in football had worn off, but Acton's demands were as inexorable as ever. Matters came to a head (probably, as I expect, to the new captain's inward satisfaction) when his girding upset Chalmers—about the best forward of Biffen's regenerated lot. There was to be a match with some of the Fifth for the Saturday, and Acton had arranged a preliminary canter the day before to test his attack. Chalmers was the winger, but on the day he was tremendously selfish, and stuck to the ball until he was robbed or knocked off it.

Now Acton loathed the "alone I did it" type of forward, and asked Chalmers pretty acidly what his inside man was for. This riled Chalmers considerably, for he had a large private opinion about his own play, and he said pretty hotly, "Mind your own business, Acton."

Acton said very coolly, "I am going to do so. Please remember, Chalmers, this is not a one-horse show."

"Seems distinctly like it, judging by the fellow who's been doing all the talking for the last age."

"Play the game, and don't be an ass."

"I object to being called an ass," said Chalmers in a white rage.

"Well, mule, then," said Acton, cheerfully. "Anything to oblige you, Chalmers, bar your waltzing down the touch-line to perdition. You're not a Bassett nor a Bell yet, you know."

Chalmers would dearly have liked to have struck Acton, but Worcester looked so utterly disgusted at the whole business, that I fancy it was Dick's eye that suggested to Chalmers his getting into his coat and sweater. He did so, and stalked angrily off the field.

Now Chalmers really liked the game, and did not fancy being crossed out of the eleven, which Acton would almost certainly proceed to do; so that night after tea, he went to Worcester's study, and boarded Dick.

"Apologise to Acton," said Dick.

"But he called me an ass!"

"You were one," said Dick dryly. "Acton's putting in a lot of work over the slackest house that ever disgraced the old school, and this is how he's treated. Ass is a mild term."

Chalmers went to Raven.

"Apologise," said Raven.

"He called me a mule," urged Chalmers despairingly.

"So you were. I quite expected to see the kicking begin, really. Acton's sweating no end to screw us up to concert pitch, and flat mutiny is his reward. Apologise, and help us win the Fifth to-morrow."

So Chalmers moved reluctantly across to Acton's and made his apology. "Don't mention it," said Acton cheerfully. "Sorry I upset you, Chalmers, but you elected me captain, and I do want a little success in the houses, and how can we get it if the fellows don't combine? Say no more about it; I was rather afraid you weren't going to come, which is the unadorned truth."

This last delicate touch, which showed Chalmers that without the apology his captain had meant to cut him adrift, *sans* hesitation, and yet contained a pretty little compliment to his footer, embarrassed Chalmers more than a little; but Acton offered his forward tea and muffins, and five minutes afterwards Chalmers was finding out what a nice fellow Acton really could be. The next day Chalmers smoothed his ruffled feelings by piling on three goals against the Fifth, who sneaked off the Acres five goals to the bad. This was the first time for ages that Biffen's had tasted blood, and the news of the victory staggered others besides the victims. There was quite a flutter among the house captains, and Acton, by the way, had no more mutinies.

"Without haste, without rest," Biffen's captain started his second project for the elevation of his house. He had noticed what none of the other fellows would condescend to see, that two of the despised niggers of Biffen's were rather neat on the bars. He spent a quarter of an hour one evening quietly watching the two in the gym., and he went away thoughtful. Sing Ram and Mehtah thereupon each received a polite note, and "could they call about seven in Acton's study?" They came, and Acton talked to them briefly but to the point. When they sought their own quarters again they were beaming, and "Singed" Ram carried a fat book of German physical exercises under his arm.

"Am I not coming out strong?" said Acton, laughing to himself, "when I set the very niggers a-struggling for the greater glory of Biffen's—or is it Acton's? Then, there's that exhibition, which we must try to get for this double-superlative house. Raven must beat that Sixth prig Hodgson, the very bright particular star of Corker's. Would two hours' classics, on alternate nights, meet his case? He shall have 'em, bless him! He shall know what crops Horace grew on his little farm, and all the other rot which gains Perry Exhibitions. Hodgson may strong coffee and wet towel *per noctem;* but, with John Acton as coach, Raven shall upset the apple cart of Theodore Hodgson. There's Todd in for the Perry, too, I hear. Hodgson may be worth powder and shot, but I'm hanged if Raven need fear Cotton's jackal! If only half of my plans come off, still that will put Philip Bourne in a tighter corner than he's ever been in before. Therefore—*en avant!*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST CAP.

WHILE Acton was thus making such strenuous exertions to lift Biffen's out of the mire, Bourne was finding out the whole unpainted beauty of the situation—as far as it concerned himself.

The experimental footer elevens were chosen in what, I believe, is the usual manner. The old

members of the school eleven formed a committee, and chose fellows to play in the weekly matches, and if any one of them showed special talent he was, of course, retained, and by-and-bye the captain gave him his school cap, and he was henceforth a full-blown member of the eleven, with a seat on the committee like any of the old gang.

There were left of the last year's team five players — Bourne, Mivart, Vercoe, Baines, and Roberts. The final promotion of fellows into the eleven, however, rested with the captain alone, and when he considered any fellow good enough he signified the same by presenting him with the blue and silver cap of St. Amory.

The giving away of a cap had become quite a function. Whenever there was the rumour that someone was to have a cap after a match, pretty well the whole school swarmed round the pavilion, and when the new member came out in all the glory of his new blue and silver he got the cheers which his play or popularity deserved, and especially did the new member's house distinguish themselves in the shouting.

Thus Bourne had six caps at his disposal, and since "Socker" had been introduced, the last cap was always given so that when the school played the last match — the Carthusians — the eleven would be complete.

Bourne saw at once the cloud which was rising on the horizon when, at the first committee meeting to choose the eleven against "The Cognoscenti" Mivart said: "Well, Bourne, we've got your partner for to-morrow ready made. I think we may put that new chap Acton down right off."

"Rather," said Vercoe. "He can't be left out."

"Best back we've seen for an age—barring Phil, of course," said Baines.

"And the others we'll have to fight over, as usual. My choice is Hodgson for centre."

"Too lazy, Roberts. Mine is Chalmers."

"Rot! He's a winger."

And so the selection of an eleven against the Cognoscenti went on in the usual old-fashioned style.

Bourne dropped into my study afterwards and said, gloomily: "On the whole, Carr, had I not better tell the fellows that they may elect Acton for our school fixtures, but he cannot have his cap? That will take the bull by the horns from the beginning."

"By no means. The other fellows have nothing whatever to do with giving caps away; that is your business entirely. Besides, who knows: Acton may not care to play when he knows he cannot get his cap."

"I'd be agreeably surprised if he didn't. But that won't be his little game. Take my word for it, he'll turn out on every blessed occasion, play like a master of the game, and give us no end of trouble."

"Perhaps he may. Anyhow, something may turn up between now and the last match—we'll hope so, anyhow; and until the last cap is given away the fellows generally won't spot your little game."

"'Tis only putting off the evil day, Carr," said Phil discontentedly.

"A good day to put off."

Thus, when Hodgson was given the first cap, there was the general comment that he was pretty sure to annex a cap sooner or later, and might as well have it soon. Acton's turn—so said the school—would come later, though Biffen's house sneered. "Of course, Hodgson is in the Sixth. What else but a Sixth Form fellow is wanted in a footer eleven?"

Sharpe's house secured the next two caps, and Biffen's groaned aloud. "Whatever is old Phil about? One might think he was blind in his right eye and straddled in his left. We'll send him a pair of gig lamps, and then perhaps he may discover Acton—Acton, of Biffen's."

The weeks went by, and after a spirited display by Chalmers against the Emeriti, he was given his cap, and for the first time since Biffen's was a house they had a man in the eleven. But they gasped as Chalmers came out of the pavilion with his blue and silver cap on his curls. "That ass Bourne found the house at last, and then he goes and carefully spots the wrong man. Whatever *is* the matter with him? To pick Chalmers before Acton! Rot!"

Over tea that night Biffen's bubbled and choked, and the other houses began to take a lively interest in the next distribution, for this constant passing of Acton was becoming exciting. But still—and I was glad to see it—the school had faith in Phil; they counted on justice being done, as it were, in the last laps. No one mentioned a word to him about the intense curiosity and even anxiety that his odd bestowal of caps had excited amongst them, for Phil has that way with him that can shut up a fellow quicker than you can snap a knife if that fellow is travelling out of bounds.

However, when Place, of Merishall's, came out of the pavilion a full-blown member of the school eleven there was a scene. The whole body of fellows now thought that the comedy was pretty nearly becoming a tragedy, and they showed their feelings unmistakably. Place was cheered by Merishall's, but not overwhelmingly, and from the other houses there was an ominous silence

PHIL WALKED DOWN THE STEPS WITHOUT A FRIENDLY CHEER.

Place, as he trotted out, looked rather puzzled, and a bit undecided how to take his odd reception, and glanced rather helplessly round at the sea of faces all turned anxiously towards him. There would be pretty nearly seven hundred fellows round the pavilion, for there was no end of excitement.

"Keep up your pecker, Place! You're all right, anyhow!" shouted someone.

The other members came out one by one, and were cheered to the echo, and at last Phil came out with Hodgson. He was rather pale, but had his back very straight. There was a dead silence, and, for the first time since he had been captain, Phil walked down the steps without a friendly cheer. I think even now the old school behaved itself very well—the fellows were not behind the scenes, and didn't see more than was before their eyes, but there was not a single word thrown out at Phil. Acton came out with Worcester, and the pity was that he didn't deserve the cheers he got.

The week before the Carthusian match there was but one solitary player to be promoted. The position was back, and every fellow in the place knew that, bar Bourne himself, there wasn't another man that could hold a candle to Acton there. The committee doggedly, and with meaning, elected the only player there was to elect, and Acton signified that he was willing to play. Bourne, as usual, was there, and no one felt more than he the air of distrust and constraint which hung over the meeting. When Acton was unanimously elected for back Phil stolidly wrote out the list of the team and had it pinned up on the notice board. He had carefully drawn the line in red ink above the last name—Acton's—which showed that the pride of Biffen's was not in the eleven yet.

Probably Acton on the next day played as well as even he had ever played in his life, for he was almost impassable, and the crowd of fellows cheered him till they were hoarse. The minute the whistle blew, like one man the whole school swarmed round the pavilion. The question each asked himself and his chum was: "Would Acton get the last cap?" And the answer was: "Why, of course! Who else should have it?"

That afternoon to most of the fellows the eleven seemed an age getting into their sweaters and coats. When Acton appeared first, and it was seen that he was wearing the pink cap of Biffen's on his head there was more than astonishment, there was consternation. Whatever did it mean? Acton smiled good-naturedly at the school as they cheered him to the echo, and hurried unconcernedly along. The others of the eleven came out dejectedly, and filed up the hill in gloomy little groups. The whole school waited for Phil, and when he came out, pale and worried, they received him in icy silence. As he was coming down the steps one of Biffen's fags shouted shrilly, "Three cheers for Acton!"

Phil stalked through the shouting school, and as I joined him and we walked up together, he said, through his clenched teeth:—

"I wish, old man, I had never seen that brute."

That evening Bourne wrote to Worcester offering him the remaining cap.

Worcester flew across to Acton's room, and said: "Bourne has offered me the place—the last cap. He must be stark, staring mad!"

"Take it," said Acton, coolly.

"No fear," said Worcester. "We have a stupid kind of prejudice here for having the best eleven we can get, and it isn't the best if you're out of it. Bourne has always been a most impartial fellow up to this date, so this little occurrence has thrown us off the rails. Before I go to protest, though, have you any idea what is the matter?"

"He does not consider me fit for the eleven,' said Acton with a light laugh, but also with perfect truth.

"Rot!" said Dick, hurrying away.

He hunted up the other nine fellows, and said bluntly his business.

"I vote we all protest to Bourne. A round robin should meet the case."

"Good," said Mivart. "Draw one up, Dicky, dear."

Dick in time produced the following:—

"*We, the undersigned, think that the St. Amory eleven is incomplete without John Acton, of Biffen's house, and, consequently, that he ought to have the last cap; and we would beg the captain to offer it him unless there be very good reasons for not doing so. We would suggest that if John Acton isn't to have the cap he be told the reason. The undersigned do not wish in the smallest degree to prejudice the right of the captain to select members for the eleven, but think that in the present case the withholding of a cap from John Acton inexplicable.*"

"You're a ready scribe, Dick," said Chalmers. "We may all sign that, eh?"

"Yes," said Worcester. "I first, because I am undeservedly offered the cap, and the rest of you in order of membership."

No one saw any objection to signing Dick's memorandum, and forthwith, with all legal formality, the round robin was signed by the ten, and sent to Phil by Dick's fag with orders to wait for an answer.

It came within five minutes.

"*Dear Worcester,—I have no intention of offering John Acton a place in the St. Amory's football*

eleven. There are good reasons for not doing so, and I have already told Acton the reasons. Please let me know whether you accept the vacant place I had the pleasure of offering you.—Yours sincerely, Philip Bourne."

This was a thunderbolt among the fellows. Then Acton knew!

Worcester posted back to Acton, lost in amazement.

"Look at this, Acton!"

Acton carefully read Bourne's letter, and Dick, who was watching him anxiously, saw him bite his lips with rage; for Phil's icy contempt stood out in every word of the letter.

"He says you know why you are not in the eleven."

Acton knew that he would have to explain something, or else Bourne would win the day yet. So he said:—

"That is true. He told me so at the beginning of the season, but, of course, I never bargained for his keeping his word: and when you hear the reason he gave me—if this is his reason—you'll gasp."

"Well," said Dick, "although I've no right to ask you, I'd like to hear the plain, unvarnished tale, for, speaking out, Phil Bourne has always passed for a decent, level fellow. This business, somehow, doesn't seem his form at all, and it is only fair to him to say it."

"Did you see the match we had with Shannon's scratch team when the term began?"

"I did."

"Did you notice anything about my play?"

"You opened our eyes a bit, I remember."

"Did I play roughly?"

"No. Not quite that! You were not gentle; but you aren't that as a rule, though your game is fair enough."

"Not for Bourne. He doesn't like my game. I'm too rough. It's bad form, *pace* Bourne, therefore I'm barred my place in the eleven."

"Is that the explanation?"

"Yes. Honour bright! Except"—Acton paused diplomatically for a moment—"except, I don't think he likes me."

"Then Phil is a fool, and he'll find out pretty speedily that we can't stand rot of this quality. I, of course, can't take the cap."

"My dear fellow, why in the world not? If you don't, some other house will get it. Biffen's deserves two fellows in the eleven this year."

"They do, by Jove!"

"Then let us have the satisfaction of keeping out another Corker fellow."

Dick told the other fellows plainly and without any gilding, his conversation with Acton, and they pressed him to go and see Phil personally; so Dick marched heavily to Bourne's quarters.

"Sorry, Worcester, but I cannot explain anything. Not even to you. But I do hope you'll come into the eleven."

Dick said shortly, "I think I shall, for Biffen's deserves the other cap, though the right fellow isn't getting it. By the way, Bourne, you'll not be very sweet to the school generally after this. They—the fellows—to a man, are no end cut up over Acton's treatment."

"I supposed they would be. I knew it would be so."

"Look here, Phil. You always did the square thing. Let us have the reason for this," said Dick earnestly.

"Sorry, Worcester, I can't."

"Good night, then."

"Good night."

The rage and consternation of the Biffenites when they found that Bourne was immovable in his decision can be imagined. Some were inclined to take the matter up to Corker's throne, but they were a miserable minority.

"Let Corker have a finger in our own private affairs!" said Dick, with intense disgust. "What next, gentlemen? We won't be able to blow our own noses without his permission. Keep the masters out of this, whatever we do. Can't we see the thing through ourselves? I vote we try, anyhow."

Some were inclined to blame Dick for accepting the cap; but pretty generally it was agreed that, if Acton was not to have it, Dick was the next best man, but at what a distance! The honour of having two men in the eleven was no *solatium* for the wounded pride of Biffen's, when they considered their great injury. The reason, though, was, naturally, what puzzled them—and, for the matter of that, the whole school. Did Bourne expect his team to play footer as though it were a game of croquet? Were drawing-room manners to be introduced on to the Acres' clay? Were the famous eleven of St. Amory's to amble about, like a swarm of bread-and-butter misses? One wit suggested wadded coats and respirators. Acton rough, indeed! Phil Bourne must be an embodiment of his grandmother then! Most of the fags in Biffen's house sent Phil elaborate instructions for "a nice drawing-room game to take the place of 'Socker' football—nasty, rough 'Socker' footer—for one-and-six, and guaranteed to do no injury to the most delicate constitution. A child can play it!" These letters were anonymous, of course; but Biffen's house-paper was freely used. "Anyhow," said Phil, with a gentle smile to me, "the spelling is obviously Biffen's."

Acton went on his own way, serenely indifferent

to his house, which would have made a god of him on the smallest provocation. He cheerfully ignored Bourne, and he had the art of never seeing Phil when they met, in school or out, though, of course, Phil minded this not at all. When the Carthusians were played, Acton spent the afternoon reading with Raven, whose exam. was now very near; and, whilst the two were grinding out all the absurd details of Horace and his patron, "and the poet's little farm, and the other rot which gains Perry Exhibitions," the shouts and cheers of the school down at the Acres came floating up the hill to their room.

The school lost their match with the Carthusians—the match which a good St. Amorian would rather win than any two others—and it was plain that Dick, though a useful fellow, could not bottle up the forwards in the Actonian style. This defeat was the last straw to break the back of the school's patience.

It was customary, after the Carthusian match, for the footer captain to give his eleven a formal tea. Phil arranged the usual preliminaries, sick at heart, and wearily certain as to the result. Three put in an appearance—Vercoe, Baines, and Roberts—and in place of the burly forms of the rest of the St. Amory's eleven, the sylph-like figures of their fags flitted to Phil's hall of entertainment with curt little notes. Worcester and the rest "regretted they were unable to avail themselves of the captain's invitation."

The tea was not a success.

The school followed the plain lead of the eleven, and as Phil hurried along to chapel the next day no one hooked in with him, as had been done "the day before yesterday!" He was left severely alone.

In plain words, St. Amory's School consigned Phil Bourne to Coventry.

Fred'k Swanson

(To be continued.)

THE OARS FOR THE 'VARSITY RACE.

JUST as both the boats for this year's race have been made by the same firm—Messrs. Sims, of Putney—so both sets of oars (most indispensable implements of aquatic warfare!) are being supplied by the eminent oar and scull makers, Messrs. Edward Ayling & Sons, of the same riverside address. The following facts concerning the Oxford and Cambridge oars have been sent to us by the manufacturers.

Dimensions of Cambridge Oars:—

12ft. 4in. over all.
Leverage 3ft. 8½in.
Blades 5¾in. wide.

Oxford:—

12ft. 4½ins. over all.
Leverage 3ft. 9in.
Blades 5¾in. wide.

MESSRS. E. AYLING & SONS, WHO ARE MAKING THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE OARS.

The oars used are selected from about two thousand, which are got out during the previous autumn and winter, and the wood has been seasoning for three years.

This firm has made the oars since 1869. No mishap has occurred since the patent button has been in use.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE STAMPS.

PROBABLY few readers of THE CAPTAIN, even those located in our university cities, have any knowledge of an interesting series of stamps which was issued some years back by the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge In fact, very little information is available upon the subject, even to those of an inquiring turn of mind, partly on account of the limited period of existence which the stamps enjoyed, and mainly because by many they are considered to rank among "local" or "private" issues—not being admissible to a general collection of Government issues. It is not my intention to discuss here the merits or demerits of the stamps in question, although the strongest argument which could be adduced in their favour as being legitimate *postage* stamps is an able article by Professor A. S. Napier, M.A., Ph.D., on the stamps which was published some seven years ago in the well-known philatelic magazine, the *Monthly Journal*. In this article, Mr. Napier explains that "from time immemorial the very considerable correspondence which passes during the Oxford term-time between the different colleges was not forwarded by the Post Office, but by private messengers in the employment of the several colleges"—this was previous to 1874—the method of despatching the correspondence consisting n the sender initialling the letter he desired to despatch, either to another part of the city or to one of the other colleges, when it would be conveyed by one of the college messengers, and a small fee for delivery would be charged to the sender's account.

KEBLE, 1871.

In 1871, the authorities of Keble College, Oxford, decided to have recourse to a less troublesome system of payment for delivery, by issuing stamps which could be sold to the undergraduates, and affixed by them to their letters. A stamp of the accompanying design was issued, being little more than the "arms" of the college within a pointed oval, inscribed "Keble College, Oxon." This was embossed on vermilion-coloured paper, gummed and perforated, and represented a face value of one halfpenny. The stamp was affixed to the letter, and after being defaced with two pencil marks by the college messenger, the letter was delivered to the addressee. If an extra stamp was affixed, it ensured a prepaid reply.

It is not surprising to learn that the new scheme was not enthusiastically received by other of the Oxford Colleges; in fact, some four or five years passed before their labour-saving qualities were impressed upon the authorities of Hertford College, when the accompanying stamp was issued (1875).

Then came emissions from other colleges in quick succession—Merton in 1876, Lincoln in 1877, Exeter in 1882, and All Souls and St. John's in 1884.

The curious looking label issued for Balliol College was never used, owing to its appearance just as a decision was arrived at to discontinue the stamps, for reasons which will be explained presently.

The issues of stamps for the Cambridge Colleges were limited to three, Queen's College in 1883, St. John's in 1884, and Selwyn in the same year.

HERTFORD

OXFORD.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Keble	...	5	0	Exeter	...	2	0
Hertford	...	7	6	All Souls	...	2	0
Merton	...	10	0	St. John's	...	2	0
Lincoln	...	7	6	Balliol	...	15	0

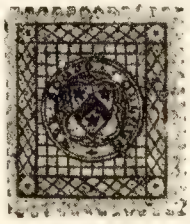
CAMBRIDGE.

	s.	d.
Queen's	4	0
St. John's	2	0
Selwyn	2	0

MERTON, 1876.

LINCOLN.

EXETER.



ALL SOULS.

ST. JOHN'S.

BALLIOL.

QUEEN'S.

ST. JOHN'S.

SELWYN.

So little appears to be known about the stamps of either of the universities, and so very few have been met with on original covers, that I am hopeful that these cursory descriptions will lead to some correspondence on the subject by those who were at the colleges at the time during which they were used. No record appears to have been kept, either of their dates of issue or of the various varieties by the colleges or the local stationer through whom they were procured.

In 1885 they were discontinued, chiefly on account of a feeling which prevailed that the stamps were an infringement of the prerogative of the Post Office; in fact, I believe I am correct in stating that communications were sent from St. Martins-le-Grand to the several colleges informing them of the decision.

The stamps should be especially interesting to 'varsity men, although some difficulty might be experienced in obtaining a complete set. No doubt some will wish to know the values of the various varieties, and for the benefit of such I quote the prices given in Mr. H. L'Estrange Ewen's latest catalogue of British stamps, and it is to Mr. Ewen I am indebted for an opportunity to illustrate the college emissions.

The values given are those of the cheapest varieties; they are also prices for unused specimens only.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

AUSTRIA.*—The currency in Austria has been changed from kreutzers and guldens, or florins, to "heller" and "krone." From January 1st, 1900, 100 heller will equal 1 krone, the equivalent of 10d. in English money. The new currency has been adopted upon the entire series of postage stamps, which, as the illustration shows, retains the old designs, with new values. (Bosnia and Hungary, I am informed, have both been supplied with new issues, with the new currency expressed.)

AUSTRIA.

BOLIVIA.—The entire series of seven stamps, comprising the 1894 issue, has been overprinted, which enigmatical inscription stands for "Estado Federale." Another seven varieties to add to Bolivia!

* Specimens for illustration and description from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

COOK ISLANDS.—A shilling stamp in the type illustrated has been current some time. A ½d. value has just been issued, which I illustrate. The illustration in the centre is probably the "oof-bird," a species which is *not* indigenous. If I am mistaken, perhaps some reader can suggest its order.

COOK ISLANDS.

COLUMBIA.* — The stamp illustrated appears to have, in company with a 10c. blue value, an interesting history. It is really a local issue for Cartagena, the two stamps being issued last November. As far as I can ascertain, these two stamps are a sequel to my recent article entitled, "War: Its Effect on Postage Stamps." Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., who sent me the specimens, write:—

> Our correspondent at Cartagena says "that owing to the revolution which broke out on October 20th, communication with the capital was cut off, so that supplies of stamps could not be got to Cartagena, hence these provisionals were made, 500 each of 5c. and 10c.; the smudgy surcharge is meant for three stars, and is a sort of official seal or guarantee."
>
> The stamps being locally printed, this surcharge is put on at the time of sale at the post office, as a sort of safeguard in case of any unauthorised leakage, no stamps being available without the surcharge. We can guarantee these authentic, as the letter in which they came to us was prepaid with two of the same stamps; we only received twenty of each.

COLUMBIA.

5c. red on buff, surcharge violet; 10c. blue on buff, surcharge violet.

FRANCE.*—*Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* says:—

> France is going to issue new stamps next year, on the occasion of the Exhibition. The set will consist of values, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30 centimes. The design will represent the figure of the Republic sitting, holding in the hand a tablet with the inscription, "*Droits de l'homme.*" A shield, surrounded by laurels, will bear the indication of the value of the stamp.
>
> We wonder if the judges of M. Dreyfus had anything to do with choosing the inscription?

HAYTI.*—I have three new colours to mention, the current 1c., 2c., and 5c. in green, lake, and blue, respectively.

MOROCCO. — Another German Colony to be added to the list described last month —Morocco. I illustrate the 10pf. value, which shows the surcharge. The 3, 5, 10, 20, 25, and 50pf. stamps have all been so treated.

MOROCCO.

PORT SAID.—An addition to French colonial issues this time. The entire set of current French stamps from 1 cent to 5 francs has been surcharged as illustrated, "Port Said."

PORT SAID.

QUEENSLAND has issued a new type for her halfpenny stamp, which I illustrate. This makes eight distinct varieties of halfpenny stamps for Queensland, past and present. —½d. green.

QUEENSLAND.

SAMOA.—Owing to change of Government (Samoa has now been ceded to Germany) the current stamps are being provisionally used with the words "Provisional Govt." overprinted. The following values have been so treated, ½d., 1d., 2d., 4d., 5d., 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. I illustrate the 1d. value. German stamps surcharged "Samoach" will be used in future.

SAMOA "PROVIS. GOVT."

ALEXANDRIA.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me a set of French stamps surcharged "Alexandrie" in various colours. These are for use at the French P.O. there.

BRITISH HONDURAS. — Some new values have been issued in the current type—high values—and hence only a passing reference must be made. 50c. green and carmine, $1 green and carmine, $2 green and ultramarine, $5 green and black.

BAVARIA.—Some new values have been issued here in the old familiar "Arms" type. They are: 2pf. grey, 30pf. green, 40pf. yellow, and 80pf. lilac.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. — Mr. Ewen has forwarded me a stamp of the accompanying design, which is certainly no improvement on the pretty design which it supersedes. I take it that the view is one of Table Bay, showing the mountain in the background. It is scarcely a fitting design for present events in South Africa—war evidently has no effect on postage stamps in Capetown.—1d. carmine.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

CEYLON.—Three new stamps: 12c. sage-green and red, 15c. in blue instead of sage-green, and a large and handsome 1 rupee 50c. stamp.

* Specimens for illustration and description from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

GERMANY.—Horrors! The design of the new German stamps is given herewith, or, rather, the design of the values up to 80pf.; those beyond this are fine and large, and exhibit a view of the General Post Office at Berlin. I cannot bring myself to view these new designs as any improvement on the simple type they supersede. The values and colours are as follows: 3pf. brown, 5pf. green, 10pf. carmine, 20pf. ultramarine, 25pf. black (centre) and orange on yellow, 30pf. black and orange on buff, 40pf. black and carmine on white, 50pf. black and lilac on buff, 80pf. black and carmine on pale red, 1 mark carmine, 2m. blue, 3m. lilac, 5m. carmine (centre) and black.

GERMANY.

HUNGARY. — Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me the new Hungarian stamps, with the new currency, "filler" and "korona," expressed. I illustrate one of each type, also the new newspaper stamp. 1f. grey-black, 2f. yellow, 3f. orange, 4f. mauve, 5f. green, 6f. purple-brown, 10f. rose, 25f. blue, 30f. red-brown, 50f. magenta, 60f. dull green, 1k. red-brown, 3k. sage-green. The value is in black on each value. Newspaper stamp, 2f. red, imperf.

HUNGARY.

HUNGARY.

HOLLAND.—The three colonies, Curaçao, Dutch Indies, and Surinam, have been provided with a set of surcharged stamps pending the arrival of the permanent new type as issued for Holland. This is dreadful! I really cannot spare space for descriptions of the various surcharges. Dutch Colonials of early issue should be worth collecting. Have you got them all?

HUNGARY
"UNPAID."

NEW ZEALAND. — What do you think of the accompanying design for new unpaid letter stamps? Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send me this to illustrate. The value is in red, and the remainder of the design in green. There are five values: ½d., 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d.

NEW ZEALAND
"UNPAID."

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—A new ½d. stamp has been issued here, but as yet I have not seen a copy. ½d. bright green. The federation of the Australasian Colonies is fast approaching completion. This *may* mean one design for all the colonies, and then there will be a rush for the retiring designs. Forewarned is forearmed.

TASMANIA.—A pictorial set of stamps is being issued, of which the 1d. and 2d. values are out, although not yet in hand for illustrating. The 1d. represents Mount Wellington, the 2d. has a view of Hobart. Colours: Red and bluish mauve.

UNITED STATES.—I hear that the authorities have really decided to issue a pictorial set of stamps to advertise the forthcoming Buffalo Exhibition. There are to be six values: 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 8c., and 10c.

I shall be obliged if stamp collectors resident in foreign parts, especially in the British Colonies, will send me early information of new issues, accompanied, whenever possible, by specimens. These will always be acknowledged. While I cannot enumerate every new issue in these columns, I am anxious that the boys should hear early news of all the important ones.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[NOTE.—*Correspondents will greatly oblige the Editor of the "Stamp Collector" by stating their queries as briefly as possible.*]

I. W. B.—Sorry I cannot comply with your request. I was never at the school you mention, but was grown down that way.

C. Benfold, residing in Victoria, Australia, "never bothered about stamp-collecting until he read my articles in THE CAPTAIN." Now he sends me quite a collection of Victorian stamps, and says he can think of nothing else but stamps. Well done, CAPTAIN! We value our strong colonial contingent.

Veda, M. S.—The small ½d. British stamp, plate 9, used, if a good copy, is worth 5s. Yes, the current ½d. and 1d. stamps will shortly be changed in colour to green and red respectively.

"Irish Ivy."—I am glad to hear from a fair Hibernian collector. "Ivy" has only been collecting since May, 1899, and has already 1,013 varieties. Capital! Yes, "Ivy," go in for Australian stamps by all means; the federation of the colonies will soon be *un fait accompli.*

C. Beck.—Which ½d. British stamp do you refer to?

B. L. J.—(1) 1d.; (2) 3d.; (3) 3d.

T. H. Durrans.—Yes, the Canadian is an error, but of no special value, as a large quantity were printed. The 1½d. Victorian is the ordinary stamp of that value.

[N.B.—*Replies by post can only be sent when a stamped envelope is enclosed. A number of answers are held over till next month.*]

THE GHOSTS OF OLD BIGSIDE.

By an "Old Rug."

On dashed the Scotch mail through the night, and the monotonous thud of the flying wheels had its due effect on my fellow-passengers from Edinburgh, who, under its influence, were soon giving audible evidence that they were sleeping the sleep of the just.

But no such boon was vouchsafed to myself, and, after courting the drowsy god for fully an hour, I took up my Bradshaw and began to study, in an aimless sort of way, the route which we were following, and the time at which we were due to arrive at the various stations.

The information given by Bradshaw was not voluminous. We had passed Crewe, and were due at Rugby at 1.54 a.m.

Rugby! What visions of the past did not that magic name conjure up? What fights behind the school-house! What glorious victories over the "louts" when the snow lay thick in the close! What battles on "Old Bigside" for the honour of being "Cock-house"! And then the great match at Lord's, when we beat Marlborough by an innings and ever so many runs! And the bringing home of the Ashburton Shield by torchlight! All these, and a host of other scenes of my youth, flashed through my mind as the train whirled on.

And as the names—aye, and the faces, too—of scores of my contemporaries came back to my mind, I fell to wondering how it could be that I had lost sight of them all so completely.

The more I thought over it all, the more the idea possessed me—not to pass the old place again without visiting it.

The idea became more and more fixed in my mind, and by the time the application of the brakes announced our approach to Rugby station, I had given up struggling against it.

"After all, what does it matter?" I said to myself. "I can indulge this stupid fancy—nobody will be the wiser—and I can take the next train on, which will land me at Euston at six o'clock instead of 3.50. Here goes!"

I rolled up my travelling-rug and jumped out as the train stopped. Telling the guard to see that my luggage was left in the cloak-room at Euston, I walked briskly down the platform and out into the road.

The night was not cold, but the moon, which was nearly full, was obscured every few minutes by heavy clouds. Still, I knew every inch of the road, and ten minutes' walk brought me into the High Street, and showed me the old school-gate, with the window of the Sixth school above it, and the flagstaff over all.

There was not a soul to be seen. The school-gates were shut, and the only sound was the sighing of the wind in the branches of the old elms bordering the close.

I walked on—past the gates, past the school-house with its ivy-covered tower, and turned up the Barby Road towards the gate of the close.

It was locked!

"Of course it would be locked at that time," I reflected.

But into the close I meant to go, and I soon swung myself over the railings and found myself on "Old Bigside."

There were the goals, as of yore; there was the pavilion, backed up by the trees on the island; there—yes, strangest of all!—there were the Three Trees.

I had heard—I forget how or when—that these famous giants, who had looked down on generation after generation of boys, had fallen at last some years ago; and yet there they were, as erect and proud as ever, their branches swaying and creaking in the wind!

I was wondering at the strangeness of this resurrection, when still stranger things happened. The moonlight, fitful enough so far, gradually became brighter and steadier, until at last, out on "Old Bigside," it was as light as day.

I remember glancing at the school clock, and that it struck three as I looked; and while I wondered how I could possibly have spent an hour and ten minutes since leaving the train, footsteps caught my ear.

Footsteps coming from the "quad"! Few at first—but ever thicker and faster, until a perfect rush ensued, and suddenly a swarm of boys turned the corner of the chapel and came racing out to "Old Bigside." I stood behind a tree as they passed, and to my astonishment I recognised faces which I had not seen for thirty years! And I stood spellbound, while all my school-fellows of those days passed me in a steady stream and mustered once more round the time-honoured ground.

Two groups went across to the old pavilion, stripped off their coats, and took up their position in the centre of the ground, and then, looking at these groups, I began to understand.

This was the great match for "Cock-house," "ours" against the school-house—which had been played for three days in vain, for neither side had scored. This was the fourth day's play, and every boy in the school was there to see the end.

There was our team—how well I remembered them all now!—with Headley, the captain of the School XX. at their head, and, it seemed to me, not over pleased, as he quickly glanced up and down the line.

"Are you ready?" shouted the school-house captain.

"No!" was the answer; and then followed: "Where's Pemberton?"

At the mention of my name my heart leapt into my mouth, but I could have no more resisted that appeal than jumped the eight foot wall into the Doctor's garden opposite.

"Here!" I shouted, and, tearing off my overcoat, ran across to my old place. A second "Are you ready?" and the ball came flying over our heads—a truly magnificent kick-off.

And so began a match of which I, who had taken part in so many in the old days, can safely say that I never saw the equal.

Whether it was the intense rivalry between the two "houses," strained to the highest pitch by the three days undecided struggle—whether it was the excitement of the rest of the school, who cheered every point in the game to the echo, or whether it was—— It does not matter what it was, but I played, and we all played as we never did before or since, and Rugby football in those days was no child's play either.

Hacking began at the very outset of the game between two deadly enemies who found themselves face to face in the first scrimmage; and I remember thinking that I knew all about their quarrel, and that I found it perfectly natural that they should "have it out" in this way. But hacking had a way of spreading in those days, and it needed hard work and much shouting on the part of both captains to reduce it to its legitimate use—the forcing of the ball through the scrimmage.

Time after time this was successfully accomplished by our forwards—time after time one of the fleet school-house half-backs secured it and was off, only to be collared and "scragged" by our own. The scrimmages swayed backwards and forwards, and we shoved and shoved, with the breath nearly squeezed out of our bodies, to get "on the ball," where the press was thickest and the hacking hardest.

At last the school-house gave way, and through the struggling mass of boys—bent almost double in a desperate attempt to hold their ground—pressed Headley, with the ball gripped tight between his feet. Amid a perfect yell of delight from our supporters in the school, he emerged

first from the press, and the school-house half-backs rushed at him.

"Follow up!" he shouted, and we dashed after him through the broken ranks of our enemies, and literally over his body, for he had been hacked over as "first on side"; but it was too late!

The enemy's half-back had got the ball, and was well away before we could secure him. Our own half-backs did their best, but he was too quick for them, and the only safety now was in our back on the island side.

Warily enough, the two neared each other, running the while for dear life, while the school held their breath, and we, weary and pumped after the hard work in the scrimmages, felt that the issue had passed from our hands. At last they were close together, and our back, watching his opportunity, gave a mighty clutch at his opponent's shoulders. Horror of horrors! He had grasped the jersey—and the jersey only—and with a wriggle the half-back, stripped to the waist, was running for the line, while our man lay sprawling on the grass, with the best part of the jersey in his hands.

A mighty cheer arose as the ball was touched down, and we sauntered back crestfallen to the line, there to wait the pleasure of the school-house captain, who was carefully making the "tee" for the fatal kick.

And fatal it was, in all conscience—for the ball, struck straight and true, rose well above our heads as we rushed forward, and sailed gracefully between the posts.

And now occurred the strangest thing of all. I found myself walking slowly across the ground to the other goal, surrounded by the friends of thirty years ago—and yet, not one of them greeted me, nor seemed to take my presence as anything but as a matter of course—neither did I myself feel that there was any reason for greetings.

It seemed to me perfectly natural that they should be there, and that I should be amongst them—as natural as that the three trees should have risen from the dead, so to speak, and be standing where they had stood beyond the memory of man. But there was little time for reflection.

"We must get a goal in the next twenty minutes," said Headley, and every one of us vowed inwardly that our captain's words should be obeyed.

And in a trice we were at it again—shoving, hacking, and all the rest of it. Twice we had to give way before the onslaught of the school-house forwards; once our half-back saved the day by a lucky drop into touch, and once our back carried the game into the enemy's quarters by a magnificent run.

But it was now close to time, and for the last two minutes the scrimmage had halted close to the three trees, swaying, but never breaking, and the sound of the hacking "on the ball" became almost monotonous to those who were not within reach of it.

Suddenly I found myself in possession of the ball, and became aware at the same instant that my shins were the centre of attraction in consequence. "Good Heavens! How should I stand it after thirty years of immunity?" I asked myself—but, the next instant I had forgotten everything, except my duty—to guard that ball with my life, and force it through, by hook or by crook. Panting, toiling, sweating faces pressed close to mine—hacks rained hard and fast on my unfortunate shins—but still I held on. Would the strain never

relax? Yes! At last the swaying mass turned a little on one side—"Now!" shouted Headley, close behind me—and one desperate effort broke the scrimmage.

I was alone—so it seemed—with the ball still in front of me, and the supreme joy of that moment I shall never forget. In vain the half-backs charged. I knocked one of them over, dribbled past the other, and, picking up the ball, ran for the goal. But, before I reached it, a huge weight fell upon me, an arm caught me round the neck, and down I went. Luckily for me, my captor rolled right over me. I freed myself, still grasping the ball, saw the goal in front of me, and, just as I was again seized from behind, gave a desperate drop-kick, and, to my unutterable delight, saw the ball fly between the posts as I fell heavily to the ground.

The match was saved!

"No side!" called a stentorian voice.

I picked myself up and looked round. The close was empty—the players had vanished, and the moon was disappearing behind a bank of clouds.

"Tickets, please, sir!—Willesden Junction, sir—you will be in in ten minutes!"

STUDY. TRADITIONALLY SAID TO BE TOM BROWNE'S.

It was all a dream. Otherwise I would not for the world have mentioned my share in it.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

HALF a length, half a length,
Half a length onward;
Right for the winning-post
Rowed Cambridge and Oxford.
"Forward!" the cox'n cried;
"Make for the Surrey side!"
Cleaving old Father Thames,
Rowed Cambridge and Oxford.

Forward, Light Blue Brigade!
Were the Dark Blues dismayed?
No, not a man of them,
Tho' cox'n thundered.
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pull, and ply;
Eager and out of breath,
Rowed Cambridge and Oxford.

Ladies to right of them,
Steamers to left of them,
Backers all round them,
Shouted and thundered;
Bawled at by snob and swell,
Boldly they rowed and well,
Pulling with bated breath.
Who'll win? Who can tell?
As each stroke is numbered.

CYCLE NOVELTIES FOR 1900.

By Walter Dexter.

Author of "The Story of the Cycle," etc.

IT is at this time of the year that the majority of our readers are undoubtedly looking forward to the days that are to come, when, having purchased their new bicycle, they may jump into the saddle and scour the high roads and the bye-roads around their own homes. The question as to the new machine which it has been decided to purchase, is of great moment. Shall it be that "classic mount" the Rover, a Rudge-Whitworth, Gamspede, or one of B.S.A. or C.C. parts? Shall it have a fixed or a free wheel? Which machine will present you the best value for your money?

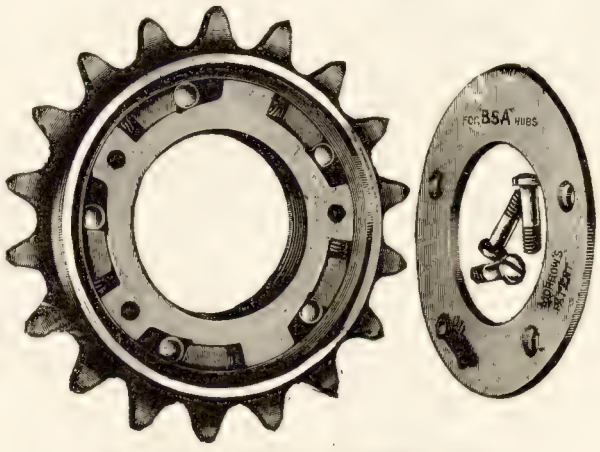


FIG. 1.—THE MORROW FREE WHEEL CLUTCH.

These are difficult questions to decide, but this short review of the season's novelties will, it is hoped, prove useful in helping the reader to arrive at a satisfactory decision in a short space of time.

The only great change that is instituted this season is one which will be, it is said, all the rage, and which, to a certain extent, will give a fresh impetus to the cycle trade. We refer to the substitution of free for fixed wheels, and many go so far as to assert that in a year free wheels will be as common as pneumatic tyres, but whether this will really be the case we will not go so far as to say, although there is every probability of this being so.

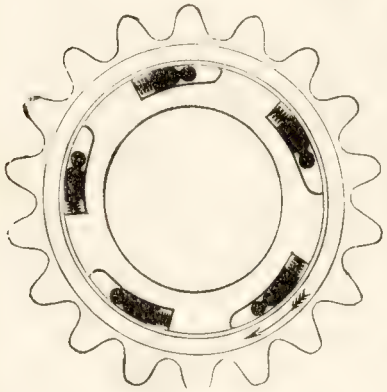


FIG. 2.

Free wheels are by no means a novelty, for the Coventry Machinists' Company, the introducers of the bicycle, as those of you who read the article in the January number of The Captain will already know, fitted a free wheel to their machine more than eighteen years ago, and at the last Stanley Show one of the original clutches was exhibited.

Of later years free wheels have been noticeable on the majority of carrier tricycles It is rather a common sight to see the riders of these carrier cycles spinning along without revolving the pedals. But all these free wheeled machines made a clicking noise when the pedals and chain were stationary but the wheels revolving, and it was not until Mr. A. P. Morrow brought out his roller friction clutch that free wheels caught on with the cyclist generally.

Below is a drawing of the Morrow Free Wheel Clutch, showing rollers, springs, and blocks. This forms the chain ring of the back hub. In fixed wheels this is all of one piece, but in the free wheel the inner ring is separate from the outer one with the teeth, and *alone* is fixed to the hub.

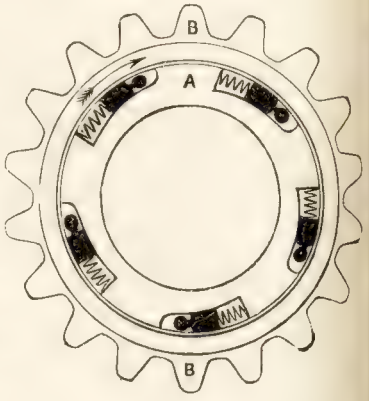


FIG. 3.

Our next illustration shows the working of the free wheel. Here is shown the chain ring stationary, whilst the inner ring is revolving; that is to say, the back wheel is revolving whilst the pedals

and chain are still. Each chamber, as will be seen, has its roller, block, and spring. The slight gap between the two rings is made more apparent for the sake of clearness. In this case the roller remains inert against the block, and there is no connection between the two rings.

But when pressure is applied to the pedals a change takes place, a change which is illustrated by Fig. 3. The roller, it must be remembered, is in actual contact with the inner face of the chain ring. When the chain ring, actuated by a pull on the chain, moves forward, the roller is carried with it up the incline plane of the chamber, and there wedges the whole of the device together, and power is thus communicated to the driving-wheel. There is a charm about the free wheel, for with it the cyclist can "coast" long distances, even where there is hardly any noticeable decline, without moving his feet round with the pedals, or even removing his feet from them, for a slight backward pressure puts the free wheel into action; the pedals stop revolving, but the wheels continue to revolve, without so much friction as if the wheel was a fixed one, and the rider's feet were upon the foot-rests.

As will have been seen, with a free-wheeled machine, back-pedalling is impossible, for as soon as the backward pressure is applied to the pedal, the free wheel clutch is set to work, and the machine moves even faster than ever. A brake, therefore, is absolutely essential, and the best of all is a back-pedalling rim brake, which is put into action by back-pedalling with a little more force than is necessary to set the free wheel into action.

Rim brakes seem to be at present the most effective, and are fitted by all manufacturers. Nevertheless, these have their disadvantages, as they are liable to pull the wheel out of the true. Some of the leading companies, the Rover to wit, are perfecting the "band" brake, worked by means of a lever at the handle-bar, the power being communicated by means of a Bowden Wire.

One of the best of the many excellent back-pedalling brakes is that made by the B.S.A. company, and is illustrated herewith. It acts on the back rim with great force, and all the mechanism is well covered. When using a free wheel and a back-pedalling brake, a front brake is also necessary in order to stop the machine quickly, *i.e.*, without using the back-pedalling brake. The old plunger brake, acting on the tyre, has now been superseded by a plunger brake acting on the rim, and worked in just the same manner. An excellent one is the Rational Rim Brake, manufactured by the Dance Cycle Co.; whilst the Chinnock, of which we give an illustration, is one which has attracted a great deal of attention, and which is extremely efficient although being the lightest on the market. The price is but 13s. 6d., and it can easily be fitted to any machine.

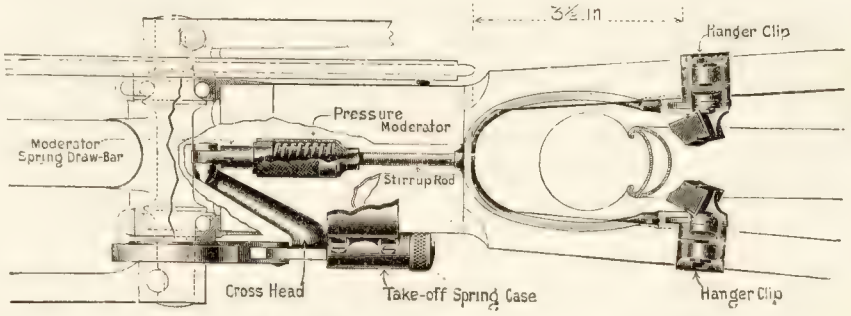


FIG. 4.—THE B.S.A. BACK-PEDALLING BRAKE.

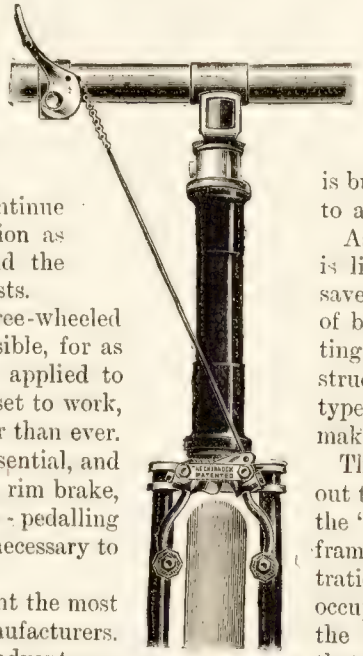


FIG. 5.—THE CHINNOCK BRAKE.

As to the machines themselves, there is little shown in the way of novelties, save the free wheel and the various kinds of brakes. All the leading firms are fitting free wheels, some of their own construction, others of the Morrow and other types, but the majority will supply any make that may be required.

The Referee cycles, known throughout the world as being the machines with the "triple head," have introduced a new frame. From the accompanying illustration it would seem as if the rider occupies a very unsupported position, but the designer, Mr. G. L. Morris, claims that the rider feels less vibration on this than on one fitted with the usual back-stays. Needless to say, the frame is a strong one, and will rival the X frame which the Raleigh people exhibited last year and again put forward this, as being a stronger and less jarring design than the usual diamond pattern.

We have mentioned above the "triple head" of

the Referee cycle. As most of you are aware, the head of a bicycle is its weakest spot, and that the triple head consists of a rod from the handle-bar to the front fork-crown, or either side of the ordinary head. This triple head is now also made in one, known as the "Invisible" triple head.

Next to the head, the front fork-crown is the weakest point. A decided novelty and improvement is the Rudge Wedge Diamond fork-crown, which this company is fitting to all their cycles, and which is shown in Fig. 7. It is an excellent idea, and should prove very serviceable as well as popular.

Juvenile machines, very suitable for the younger members of our readers, are still well to the fore, the principal being the Junior Safety of the Swift Cycle Co., and an excellent six-guinea machine, fitted with Dunlop tyres, made by the Crescent Cycle Co.

As last year, all the leading firms are supplying cheap machines for those who require them, and a list of a few of the most prominent is given at the foot of this article. Of course, at the prices mentioned, the first-class tyres, such as Dunlop, Palmer, or Fleuss, are not included, but other tyres, perhaps equally as good, are fitted instead. Of these latter, the Warwick may be recommended as really being, as the firm advertise, "a first-grade tyre at a second-grade price."

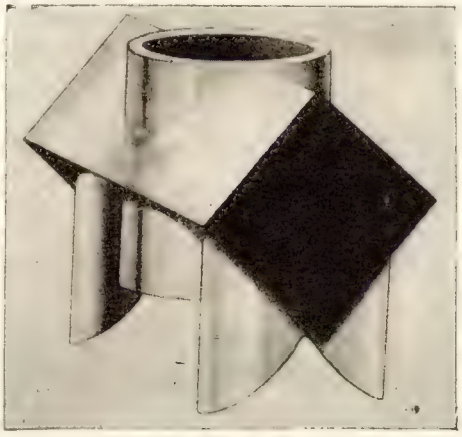


FIG. 7.—THE RUDGE WEDGE DIAMOND FORK-CROWN.

It is useless for us to enumerate at length the advantages of all the well-known cycles—they are even too well known—but we give below a list of them. There is one machine, however, made by one of the first-class makers, which is being sold at the ridiculously low price of eight guineas, and we cannot refrain from giving an illustration of it. The machines are fitted with Scott's or A.B. tyres, brake and mudguards. We refer to the Raglan Roadster, No. 20, which is quite an innovation.

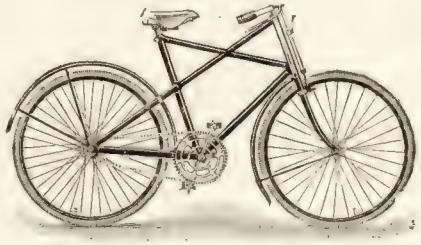


FIG. 6.—THE REFEREE DOUBLE CROSS FRAME

All cycle manufacturers now sell their cycles on the "payment by instalment" principle, one or two guineas extra being charged for the accommodation, full particulars of which can be obtained upon application to the various companies.

For the benefit of our girl readers, many of whom will read this article, we may add that all the above remarks apply to their type of machine, as well as to those of their brothers.

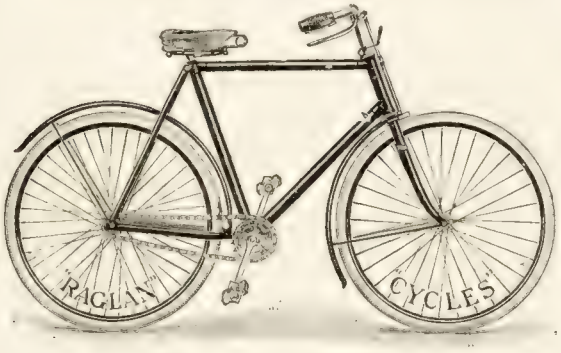


FIG. 8.—THE 1900 RAGLAN.

Reliable Machines at Cheap Rates.

Name	Manufacturer	Price (net) £	s.	d.
Meteor	Rover Cycle Co.	10	10	0
Meteor-Rover	" " "	12	12	0
Standard	Rudge-Whitworth	10	10	0
Gamspede	Gamage, Ltd.	10	10	0
Junior Safety	Swift Cycle Co.	8	0	0
Roadster No. 20 and 19	Raglan Cycle Co.	8	8	0
Special Popular	New Hudson Cycle Co.	8	10	0
Standard	" " " "	9	10	0
Honesty	John Piggott	9	0	0
Ilixum	Gamage, Ltd.	7	15	0
B.S.A.	Edward Grove, 272-4, Edgware Rd.	10	10	0

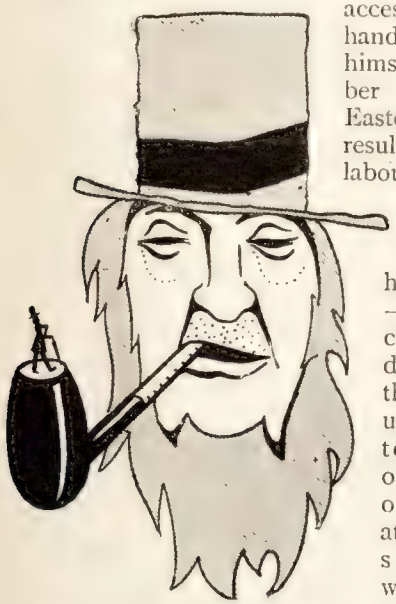
This latter is a most reliable machine, made throughout of the famous B.S.A. fittings, fitted with Dunlop tyres

EGG-ODDITIES

AND HOW BOYS CAN MAKE THEM AT HOME

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON.

MOST of you are familiar with the coloured egg duly inscribed with some Easter message which is exchanged between one friend and another at this season of the year, yet few of us have discovered that this humble adjunct to the breakfast table offers exceptional material for the ready manufacture of some quaint and curious "egg oddities." These egg curios, moreover, are easily fashioned, and will in no way tax the resources of the average boy, who with the aid of a few accessories always to hand, can provide himself with a number of presentable Easter gifts as the result of an evening's labour.



WHO SAID "BOBS"?—A FUNNY OLD MAN WHO LIVES IN AFRICA, WHERE THE DIAMONDS COME FROM.

Having provided ourselves with a dozen hard-boiled eggs—selecting them carefully with a due regard to their subsequent use—we are able to commence operations at once. Let us attack our first subject—one with whose facial curiosities we are all familiar. Select a large elongated egg and immerse in a solution of red ink and water to obtain the necessary flesh tint. When dry, proceed to pencil in the eyes, mouth, nose, etc., afterwards drawing over the lines with Indian ink. A top hat is soon fashioned from a piece of stiff paper coloured black, unless, indeed, you insist on reality in all things, when in this case a piece of old felt will lend itself admirably for this purpose. The brim might be made of a circle of cardboard suitably coloured, and with a sufficiently large opening in the centre to allow of its being firmly glued to the egg. The hair is manufactured from a piece of grey wadding fixed into position with glue. Give the edges of the wadding a few twists between the fingertips, which will impart the requisite look of nature to the scrubby growth of our subject. Draw on a card a pipe as shown, colour to suit your fancy, glue the stem upon the mouth, and one egg oddity stands to our credit.

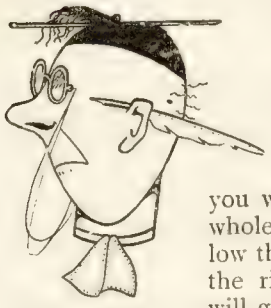
GRAVE—

"Grave" and "Gay" are soon made; these eggs must be used in their natural whiteness. The skeleton head explains itself, care being taken to ensure a judicious application of Indian ink to obtain the necessary effect. The clown's face should be carefully indicated with ink as before explained, marking here and there in red paint or ink those mystical signs with which all clowns from time immemorable have adorned their countenances. A hat is soon fashioned from white paper twisted into a cone, while the paper collar may be fashioned from

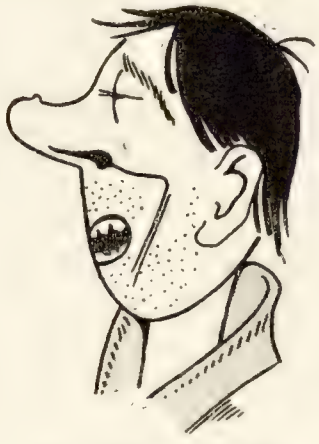
—AND GAY!

a piece of gaily-coloured stuff or paper as fancy dictates. Glue all accessories firmly to the egg.

The school-master calls for an effort on our part, as there are several objects to attach to the egg. Colour the egg with the red ink solution, duly marking in the mouth and eyes. Our illustration shows the profile only, but you will, of course, cover the whole surface of the egg. Allow the mouth to be placed on the right of the egg, as this will give the face a laughable expression. The ears must be cut from stiff paper or card and fixed on with glue, care being taken to allow the lobes and tops to project in a natural manner. His "square" is fashioned from a piece of dark cardboard, the tassel being composed of a few strands of black cotton glued into position. The spectacles may be made of wire with two strands of cotton attached. Cut from cork a nose of more or less generous proportions, and attach with glue, paint with Chinese white, colouring subsequently with red ink to match the face tint. Glue one or two horse-hairs at the back of the head where shown, and fix upon the ear a tiny quill pen made from a pigeon's feather. Obtain a strip of card and fashion into a tube; this will form neck and egg-stand in one. Hollow the sides to allow the egg to fit, and colour to match the face. A piece of white paper will soon make a tie, which completes the whole.



QUITE A FAMILIAR OBJECT.



THE YOKEL: "YEW CARN'T TAKE A ROISE OUT O' OI!"

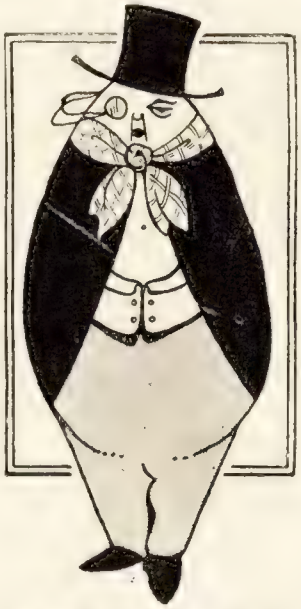
Treat the yokel in a similar manner, adding nose and ears. His neck calls for the same attention, while a piece of linen or canvas folded around his neck will do duty for a smock. Procure a piece of tow and saturate in black ink; when dry, this will form his hair. Twist the ends as before described, and the necessary uncouth appearance is arrived at.

The gentleman in khâki will no doubt find favour everywhere. A helmet may be made from light brown paper, adding a piece of khâki-coloured muslin around the helmet base. Ears should be fashioned and cut from paper and glued into position, while the neck is again made as before described. Perhaps a helpful sister will make the portion of his jacket shown—glue this lining into position. His ample moustache can be made from tow or coloured cotton wool as desired.

THE GENTLEMAN IN KHAKI ORDERED SOUTH.

THE DUNCE: "FUNNY BUT I ALWAYS FEEL TIRED."

The dunce calls for no special help—other than mental—beyond the fact that the collar is cut from white card. The bow may be made from a scrap of ribbon easily procurable from your sister's work-box.



"FEAHFULLY CHILLY WEATHAH FOR EASTER, DONCHA-KNOW."

The "feahful fellah" next seen requires careful preparation. His hat is soon made from paper; cut an eye-glass from white card and affix into position, not forgetting the strands of cotton. You can either indicate in ink the ample scarf he wears round his neck, or affix a

miniature real article. The coat should be indicated by Indian ink, marking in also the waistcoat with the same fluid. We are not taxing the resources of the average boy in asking him to make a miniature pair of trousers which, when completed, should be filled with sawdust.

Lastly, "Ye Olde Fag Egge" (*vide* "Editorial"), which can be put together on the same principle as those mentioned previously. The scant, though honourable, locks may be made from grey wadding, while the skull cap may be either fashioned from black material or indicated in Indian ink. The small piece of collar is of paper, while the old-fashioned black cravat may be fashioned from a piece of black cloth.

SOME NEW GENDER RHYMES.

By A. Williams.

Common are to every Form,
Times of trouble and of storm,
When the pupils' work is slack,
And the master's brow is black—
Boys who never know their "Rep";
Boys who always sleep in "Prep";
Boys whose hunger finds relief,
Covered by a handkerchief;
Boys who, feigning work, are wrapped in
Tales and stories in The Captain;
Boys who steal each other's nibs;
Boys despising cribs and fibs
(Model boys); and boys whose bane
Is the anguish-causing cane.

Boys who practise scales in "A"
On pianos every day,
With their instruments would we,
Locked in a dry attic see.

Feminine are maidens who,
Rightly ask their brothers to
Treat them gently, not display
Want of kindness; so we say—
If true manliness inspire us,
Pleasing them should never tire us.
Boys who practise chivalry,
Really masculine we see.

Many rifles end in "er"—
Snider, Mauser, Mannlicher—
The Uitlander has sworn that he,
By *smooth* Boers won't rifled be.

Zulus, with their assegais.
Are brave, but barbarous allies;
Though our power they'd increase,
Rather neutrals reckon these.

To their fellows give offence,
Boys whose snoring is intense;
If fractious as an ass, yet try 'em
With pills of soap (you needn't buy 'em);
Add a muscular reply,
If their snoring they deny.
Bid 'em rest—but bid 'em keep
Their mouths in order while they sleep.

Boys, remember, answers rude,
Keep *you* long in servitude.
Master's human—hence the lines,
He to you for cheek assigns.

Classic scribes by boys we find,
To the genus Beast assigned:
Euclid, Æsop, Homer, Hero-
Dotus, P. Vergilius Maro,
Ovid, Æschylus, besides
Xenophon and Euripides,
(This is awful rhyme, I know),
Julius Cæsar, Cicero,
Juvenal; and add to these
Thicksides (or Thucydides).

Chiefly masculine we view—
Sometimes played by ladies too—
Football: but the sight's a shocker,
When our sisters take to "Socker."

Boerish endings, one and all,
Fontein, spruit, dorp, burg, and kraal;
Smith (Lady) is as English known,
Smith (Harri) as a Free State town.

Many are the gifts we find,
To our fighting men consigned—
Things to smoke and things to eat,
Things to cover head and feet.
To give something all are keen,
From the pauper to the Queen:
And the lad who in Natal is,
Will rejoice to hear his Sal is
Sure of succour, should his life
Help to pay the bill of strife.
Captain readers should be willing,
For the Fund to spare a shilling.

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

By way of encouraging the artistic department I am awarding One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN this month to REUBEN COHEN, 21, Wellington Street, Stockton-on-Tees (aged seventeen), for his drawings of "Miss Barugh" and "Mr. Beauchamp." This competitor had two very smart little pictures in last month. Of other contributions, I congratulate Owen Parry on the swing and lilt of his "Song of a Song," but I advise him to cultivate *matter* as well as *manner;* K. G. Finlay sends a neat parody on Kipling, and Carrington Clarke weighs in with "The Absent-minded School-boy," of which I like the sentiment, though some of the lines tax poetic license to the utmost. I also publish some puzzles, jokelets, etc. As will be seen below, I was simply bombarded with war poems. The majority displayed a fine spirit of patriotism, but very little skill in verse-writing.

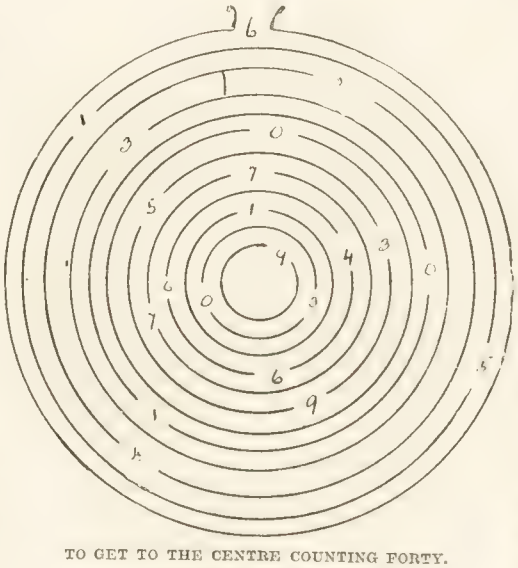
A Song of a Song.

I carolled a lay,
A tuneful lay,
A lay so sweet and pretty,
That all the birds
Who heard my words
Were moved to trill my ditty.

I sang a song,
A stirring song,
A song of Cambria's glory;
Then all the birds
Did cease their words,
The more to enjoy my story.

I chanted a hymn,
A solemn hymn,
A hymn so full of pity,
That all the birds
Deplored my words,
And one and all did quit me.

OWEN PARRY.



TO GET TO THE CENTRE COUNTING FORTY.
By Wm. G. Atwell.

Another Music-hall Verse.

(With profound apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

When you're sick of the Australians, and disgusted with the draws
That we find have been occurring oft of late,
Will you kindly spare a moment to investigate the cause
Of the test matches' most lamentable fate?
O, ye batsmen, if ye would not try to "poke" or play out time,
But would bat with freedom, energy, and dash,
You would greatly please the writer of this humble little rhyme,
And would give the public value for their cash.

Off drive! On drive! Drive clean over the ropes!
(Sixty runs being scored an hour, and the batsmen fresh and fit!)
That's the thing spectators like (it cheers them and raises their hopes),
So open your shoulders for cricket's sake, and hit! hit! hit!

K. G. FINLAY.

Find the Number.

Mr. A. wanted to marry Mr. B.'s daughter, and Mr. B. said he might if he answered him the following:—

A man had a certain number of apples. He gave half of what he had and half an apple to his brother, and when he had given those away he gave half of the remainder and half an apple to his sister. He still had some left, and of these he gave half the number he had and half an apple to his father. When he had given these away he had two apples left for himself. Now he did not *divide* any apples! What number had he at first?

T. H. DENNIS.

A Sharp Eye for Business.

Paddy (entering small grocer's shop): "Hoo mooch fer the oranges, mate?"

Shop Assistant (smartly): "Two for three ha'pence."

Paddy: "And hoo mooch fer wan?"

Shop Assistant: "A penny."

Paddy (slyly, laying down a halfpenny): "Sure then, an' Oi'll have the other wan."

A. E. OLLEY.

MR. BEAUCHAMP.

There was a school-teacher named Beauchamp,
Who'd pupils, but never could teauchamp.
When he asked "what's a noun?"
They all ran back to town,
Though oft on his knees he'd be seauchamp.

(N.B —Beauchamp=Beecham.)

The Absent-minded School-boy.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

When you've whacked your little genius, when you've taught him all you know,
When you've seen him safe through Oxford with B.A.,
Will you kindly pay attention to the boy that's rather slow,
Yet to you may be a credit some fine day?

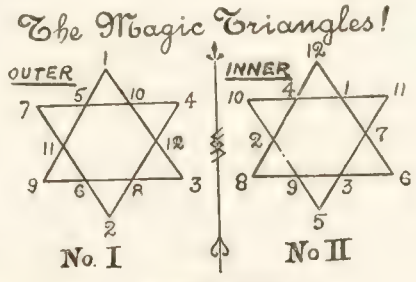
He's an absent-minded schoolboy, and his weaknesses aren't few,
But you have to take the fellow as you find him,
For although you aren't his pater, yet the job for you to do—
Is to help the boy the genius left behind him.

Cook's son, duke's son, son of a hooded don,
Son of the irate vestryman, from all you have their pay,
Each of them doing his level best for their first-born only son,
Patiently help the backward boy, I say, say, say!

There are boys I know by hundreds, far too proud to ask a man
For the help which he is always glad to proffer,
For his masters they were boys themselves, whose backs had many a tan,
And they like to look at all he has to offer.
He's an absent-minded josser, and his people know it all,
For he's anything but swotting in his school-time,
So the job for all his masters if they do not want to fall,
Is to help the boy the genius left behind him.

Froggie's job, don's job, job of a doctor bold,
Job of a board school master, a job for every day,
Work up, work up, the genii, they're your glory when you're old,
But patiently help the backward boy, I say, say, say!

CARRINGTON CLARKE.



RUSSIAN PUZZLE.

A Russian Puzzle.

Place the figures 1 to 12 in the 12 positions shown (formed by a double triangle) so that (No. 1) the figures placed in positions—

1 2 4 5	11 12 2 3
5 6 8 9	3 4 6 7
9 10 12 1	7 8 10 11

and the *outer points*, 1 3 5 7 9 11, shall total alike. This would seem impossible, but behold: By adding up the figures along each side of the triangle and also the six outer points, the total is 26 in each case.

No. 2.—The result is the same, only the six *inner points* are required to equal 26. This requires an entirely different arrangement. Not only this, but, as now arranged, all the small triangles opposite are equal.—R. HAROLD ROYLE.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Margaret Thompson.—"Our Alphabet" is lacking in fire and fancy. Don't apologise for the ribbon. I don't mind that, but I do object to *pins*.

J. W. Joseph.—You are right about your joke being a "vile" one. "Seize-on-a-bull" for "seasonable" fairly bears away the Banbury cake for bad-joke-facture.

Tommy Budd.—I should advise you to stop writing poetry. Try a little amateur trench-digging in your garden instead.

O. H.—No; not good enough. What price Worcestershire's chances for the championship this year?

MISS BARUGH.

'Tis said that an old maid named Barugh,
Has got for a pet a freak carugh;
Which, wherever she goes,
She leads by the nose,
But of rumours one can't believe harugh.

(N.B.—Barugh is pronounced Barf.)

Clifford Francis.—Why refer to yourself as "a favour-seeking reader"? "You sends your poem and you takes your chance." The poem you send this time is a mournful effort for a boy of fifteen. What business have you to be writing about "a woman so fair"? See advice to Mr. Thomas Budd.

T. C. Judson.—Again your familiar handwriting, my constant contributor! I believe you are still in Etons, and here you are talking about the "dreamy waltz"! Do "Dolphins" waltz, then?

Richard Hicks.—Three spelling mistakes.

Tom Bridgman.—You are one of the right sort, but your contribution hardly comes under the same label.

JUNIOR NEW SCHOOL, BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
Sent in by Norman Southern.

M. Glaton.—You seem to have scribbled down just what came into your head without troubling to re-write it, prune it, improve it, or round it off in a workmanlike way. That is how an essay should be treated. Anything that's worth doing is worth doing well.

K. M. F.—Your photos are too dark to reproduce.

Ernest Law.—The idea is good, but the execution is very deficient.

Henry Wilson.—I can't congratulate you on "Winner to be Sold."

Second Mate.—I have replied to you under "Old Fag."

Gwen Griffiths.—Fair; try again, and take more time over it.

G. A. McC.—Fairly well written, but a very hackneyed subject. I am constantly receiving tales about boys who were thought to be "mollycoddles," but proved themselves to be otherwise by committing some particularly heroic acts of heroism.

War Poems (no space to criticise in detail.)—**Roy Dalziel** ("Modder River"), **R. C. Tharp** ("Spion Kop"), **J. G. Dunton** ("Britain's Call to Arms"), **A. E. L.** ("The Tusky Boer"), **Percy Dicks** ("Our Defenders"), **Fred Williams** ("God Bless Our Soldier Boys"), **Queenie George** ("Fighting, Fighting"), **L. Raimes** "The Battle of Elandslaagte"), **Harold Cudmore** ("How Britons Die"), **G. J. Walker** ("The Answer of the Colonies"), **Gerald Jones** ("The Captain's Dream"), **Harold Hughes** ("The Transvaal War"), **D. C. Langley** ("At the Cape"), **B. L. Rees** ("Old Kruger"), **W. Kersley Holmes** ("Ordered to the Front"), **J. E. Robinson** ("Talana Hill"), **Harold Thomson** ("Buller Had a Little Flag"), **H. Barnshaw** ("The Publican and the War").

M. H. Lemmon, A. Browning, R. H. Southern, T. Crew, C. C. Boutwood, A. K. Reid, James G. McRae, H. F. Mohun, T. R. Edridge, "C. G. C. K.," Ivor Daniels, Joan Sterling, J. H. Forrester, E. Prahl, A. W. Davson, "M. M. S. L.," D. G. Barnsley, Marion Hackman, Guy Centaro, Henry Penny, B. H. Lawton, and "Tog" also sent contributions.

[N.B.—*Those who are not mentioned here will understand that their contributions arrived too late to be dealt with in this number.*]

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK.

THE curiosity here shown reaches us from "Boomer," Tasmania. Upon opening this young gentleman's communication a little heap of glass was *exposed* to our gaze. At first we were *positively* perplexed, but after spending a little time *fixing* the numerous pieces of glass together, our excitement began to *tone* down when "Boomer's" enclosure *developed* into a photographic *negative* in which were *portrayed* the *features* of a humorous-looking youth. Now what "Boomer" wants to know (for neither can he nor any other of the photographic *alumni* of the Friends' School, Hobart, understand it), is—why is it that the arms of his sitter can be seen through, when, to use his own words, "no motion was visible while the cap was off, and only one exposure was given," and so he thought he would *P.O.P.* us the question. From the limited *hypothesis* you put at our disposal, "Boomer," we can but conclude that your sitter has been fooling you—that is to say, when you turned your eyes off him to remove the cap he stretched his arms out, bringing them back to his side, however, before you faced him with the cap in your hand—hence they can be seen through. That, "Boomer," is the only explanation we can offer.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

WHEN the Editor of the CAPTAIN told me that his readers had sampled some of my little puzzles, and had really "asked for more," it put me "all of a twist" with pleasure. The fact is that few things give me more enjoyment than propounding posers for the amusement of boys. I do not care whether they be young or old, so long as they be boys, for they are the best puzzlists in the world. I have found that, as a general rule, boys take their puzzles in the true spirit. Overgrown people often have a tendency to regard these things in too serious a light, but boys are enthusiastic, enter into the fun of the thing, like to play the game fairly, attack a puzzle on their own original lines, do not lose heart if they are beaten, and thoroughly appreciate their victory when they are successful. This is why I like writing for boys. But do not feel flattered, because later on I may have occasion to say something on the other side.

In presenting a series of puzzels to this magazine I know I am submitting my productions to very severe criticism. But I like it. So if at any time you think I have made a duffer of myself, just write and tell me so—it might do me good; certainly it will not do any harm. But always remember that the object aimed at is not the philanthropic distribution of prizes, but the amusement, and possibly enlightenment of the reader. The prizes are just a fillip to give additional interest—the mere gilt on the gingerbread—and I will here state the method on which they will be awarded. Where a puzzle or set of puzzles lends itself to degrees of merit, the prizes will be awarded for the best solutions. Where it is impossible to discriminate they will be given to the competitors whose solutions are first examined and found correct after the time for receiving letters has expired. My decision must always be accepted as final.

In our tour through the world of puzzledom we shall go by comparatively easy stages, snapping up all sorts of unconsidered trifles by the way. I may be giving you some very easy puzzles at first, but now and then I shall drop in a hard nut for the special delectation of boys with strong intellectual teeth. They will therefore be mixed in degrees of difficulty as well, perhaps, as in degrees of merit. Let us start, then, near the North Pole, and, before advancing any further, examine a simple little puzzle familiar to every Esquimaux child.

(1) **The Esquimaux Puzzle.**—Please look at the illustration at back of frontispiece, which shows an Esquimaux child in the act of trying to solve this elementary problem: Place a number in each of the nine divisions of the square so that they will add up to 15 in as many directions as possible. Every boy ought to know how to do this. If you are sure of the way at a glance, then try your hand at the following, and send in all three answers together.

(2) **A Boat-race Poser.**—The boating fraternity at Oxenbridge was a little perplexed recently. A crew of an "eight-oar" had to be chosen out of eleven men, five of whom could row on stroke side only, four on bow side only, and the remaining two on either side. How many different selections could be made?

(3) **Overheard in an Omnibus.**—Ethel: "Was that your father, Maud?"

Maud: "No, that gentleman's mother was my mother's mother-in-law."

How was the gentleman related to Maud?

There will be three classes, and three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the best solutions, which should be addressed to "Sphinx," THE CAPTAIN Office, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., and be received not later than April 12th.

For age limits see "Competitions for April," page 47.

The Four Princes Puzzle.—(This solution was crowded out last month.) The dimensions in yards (or any other measure) of the four territories staked out by the royal surveyor may have been these:—

First Prince: 30,030; 163,800; 166,530.
Second Prince: 75,075; 65,520; 99,645.
Third Prince: 31,850; 154,440; 157,690.
Fourth Prince: 38,808; 126,750; 132,558.

If we multiply together the first two numbers in every case, and divide the product in half, we find that the area of every triangle is the same. Also, we shall find in every case that the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides, and thus prove that they are all right-angled triangles, in accordance with Euclid's forty-seventh proposition, that I referred to in the case of the "Bun Puzzle."

SEE BACK OF FRONTISPIECE FOR THE ESQUIMAUX PUZZLE.

"Many Happy Returns of the Month!" This is the greeting which meets my eye on opening my morning letter-bag, for THE CAPTAIN "turns one" with this number. And with this birthday issue THE CAPTAIN intends to settle down into a regular stride. I know what you want, and so, ever remembering that majority which bulks so largely in my mind's eye, I intend to let you have what you want. Every dog shall have its day, and every feature its trial.

I would draw your attention, firstly, to the serials which two gentlemen bearing the same Christian name have written for you. Our authors have done their work well, and this you will grant as their stories progress. MR. WHISHAW, you may be interested to hear, was at school at Uppingham under the great Thring. Afterwards he went to Russia for some years, but did not care for living abroad, and started a career in England as a singer and composer. Some of his music, especially arrangements of Russian songs, is well known and constantly performed. About six years ago he took to writing, and won such success that he has stuck to it ever since. His best-known boys' books are, perhaps, "Boris the Bearhunter," "Harold the Norseman," "A Race for Life," "The White Witch," "Clutterbuck's Treasure," "The Emperor's Englishman," and he has written some excellent novels as well.

MR. FRED WHISHAW.
Author of "The Three Scouts."

Mr. Swainson, whose portrait, as well as Mr. Whishaw's, we reproduce in these pages, bids fair to prove a formidable rival to the late Talbot Baines Reed. The character of "Acton" is most cleverly drawn, and the public school "colour" in his story is admirably well "put on."

Secondly, pray turn to "THE CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," conducted by the greatest puzzle-maker of our time, Monsieur "Sphinx"; already there's a "Chess Corner," so now there's a pair of them. Also, let all who hope to win a cup — Dewberry or otherwise — in athletic sports this spring note carefully Mr. C. B. Fry's workmanlike hints and tips.

Thirdly, don't you think it's time-saving not having to cut that coupon out? The whole field of competitions lies before you. Tread where you will, there is no "keep off the grass" age limit. In return, I hope each competitor will buy and keep his own copy of THE CAPTAIN, and take it in until his

bound volumes reach half-way across one side of his study or bedroom.

Other features there are, but these you know well. There are so many that occasionally one has to stand down for a month. Then you must exercise patience instead of writing fierce post-cards "demanding why" to an old gentleman who "bends his back and bows his head" in a constant endeavour to make as much of his space as possible

Poetry Page.—As there is a good deal of poetry in this number of various kinds!—I am holding over the usual page of poetical selections.

And now, as I receive so many kind inquiries as to my health and general well-being, allow me to inform my multitude of correspondents, brave and fair, that my year of fagging has left me not a whit less willing-to-be-fagged than when I first took this editorial chair. Another grey hair or so, another wrinkle — but these marks would have come in any event. Therefore, correspondents brave and fair, I beg to assure you that the O. F. is still good for many more volumesful of fagging, and that he wishes every other O. F. had a burden to bear as pleasant as his.

Shoulder — *humps!*
FOR-WARD!!

MR. FREDK. SWAINSON.
Author of "Acton's Feud."

I receive letters from all parts of the world. Recently, one day's post brought me communications from Montreal, Tasmania, the Cape, France, and Belgium. THE CAPTAIN seems to get about, he does. Below is a letter from a Belgian young gentleman—without any editorial correction. I can only say in reply that it is not "*comme il faut*" for a boy to write to a young lady unless he has her permission to do so.

Bruxelles, Belgique,
9 Février.

DEAR SIR,—I have received THE CAPITAINE yesterday. It amused me much. I have seen in it one letter from France, and I also write letter from Belgium. I speak no very well englisch mais a little. I will ask you one question: In the england is it comme il faut for a boy to written à une miss before he her known very well? J'aime very well THE CAPITAINE.—Agreez, Sir, I am, your friend,

UN BELGE.

Dear Old Fag,—I am a colonial reader of THE CAPTAIN. I am a refugee from Newcastle, and I am "W. H. G.'s" brother. I could not have gone in for your Colonial Competition, as all my CAPTAINS are in Newcastle, in the hands of the Boers. The Boers are still in Newcastle, and it seems as if it will be some time before they "clear out." We see all the trains of troops go past here, and we get badges in exchange for fruit and books.—Hoping to see another Colonial Competition soon, yours sincerely,

A. S. GOODBRAND.
South Coast Junction,
Natal, S.A.,
January 25th, 1900.

An Old Cliftonian sends me a list of Old Cliftonians who are taking part in the war. The list totals up to *one hundred and sixty*, or thereabouts. I wonder if any other public school can show such a record!

Dear Sir,—My father tells me that the writer of the article on rifle-shooting, "The Art of Taking Aim," in the February number of your magazine, is totally wrong about the Swiss having been beaten at Wimbledon in 1860. If you will refer to Mr. W. W. Greener's book, page 723, you will find that the Swiss got very many of the long-range as well as the short-range prizes; thus they won the Duke of Cambridge's prize at 800 and 1,000 yards; three out of five of the prizes offered for long-range shooting by the R.N.A.; three out of five prizes contested at 300 yards; Mr. Coutts's prize for 1,000 yards; Lord Vernon's prize; the Duke of Wellington's prize. They made the top score at 500 yards. This they did notwithstanding that they shot with strange rifles, their own having been seized by the French authorities, and that they had never before shot

at longer ranges than 300 metres (328 yards), and in spite of a bad system of signalling which did not let them know *how* they were shooting. Mr. Greener adds that the Swiss won the cream of the prizes.—Yours faithfully,

H. Tom Baillie Grohman.

France informs me that certain friends of his declare that many letters purporting to come from girls are really sent to me by boys. I can only assure "France" that I have not been reading hundreds of letters every month from boys and girls without learning to distinguish between the handwriting and general tenor of such compositions. The two styles are quite distinct. Still, none of us are infallible, and I may occasionally have been misled. I should add that a girl frequently chooses a masculine *nom de plume* in preference to a feminine one.

A New Reader wants me to tell him how to get rid of an uncomfortable habit he has of blushing. All I can say is, that I advise "A New Reader" to overcome his bashfulness by mixing with other people as much as possible, and he should also endeavour to get rid of the absurd idea that other people are noticing his blushes. This is a grand mistake. Probably the folk he meets don't notice the additional colour in his face at all. "A. N. R." should find out whether his digestion is in good working order, as a bad digestion sometimes causes blushing.

School Football Secretaries are hereby requested to send in their results. Mention number of matches played, won, lost, drawn; points for, points against.

B. H. Nitram is very much puzzled by "Edwin Drood." The reason for his sore worry is, that when he got into the story, and began to see something of the plot, everything suddenly ended. I should have thought "B. H. Nitram," being such a lover of Dickens, would have known that Dickens was engaged on this novel at the time of his death, and left it unfinished. I believe Wilkie Collins, using the author's notes, completed it, but "B. H. Nitram" has probably got hold of a copy of "Edwin Drood" just as Dickens wrote it, and left it off. Hence his bewilderment.

My Dearest Old Fag,—You know, although you are a dear, I think it is exceedingly unkind of you to snub your poor correspondents so, but perhaps it is rather tempting! I wish you would tell all the girls (some of them who write to you and say they are ashamed —or seem to be—of being girls!) that *I* am not ashamed of being a girl, although I would much rather be a boy! You see, girls get so very sentimental at school about their friends! Of course, there are exceptions to every rule—there are some priggish boys and some sweet, jolly girls. I must say what I think, and I really think boys are the nicest on the whole. Just one more question before I close. Are your sympathies with the Boers, or with the British? In fact, are you, as they say now, "Boer or Briton"? I am a Boer; my sympathies are with the Boers — especially the leaders, and my sympathies are also with our dear British soldiers, who are all being killed so unmercifully.—Believe me, ever yours,

"Wynne."

(In reply to the above letter I need hardly say that I am entirely British in my sympathies. —O. F.)

Winchester Football.—I am informed that from September to December Winchester plays a game of its own, neither "Soccer" nor "Rugger." From January to April it plays "Soccer," but never "Rugger." If only these big Public Schools would agree to play the same game, what a grand inter-school competition I could organise! Will some of them think it over and write either to me or Mr. Fry on the subject?

The last two lines of Mr. A. Williams' clever "Gender Rhymes" run as follows:—

Captain readers should be willing,
For the Fund to spare a shilling.

And I may add that Mr. Williams has forwarded to the Mansion House Fund all the "shillings" I sent him for his contributions. I hope my readers have done their duty by this most excellent fund.

Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition.—I beg to inform all my foreign and colonial readers that three prizes of **10s. 6d.** each will be awarded to the senders of (1) Best Account of "A Personal Adventure," *or* (2) Best Photo taken by Myself Out-of-Doors, *or* (3) Best Drawing of Scenery in my Neighbourhood. All comps. to be in by *July 20th, 1900.*

Class I.	Age limit: None.
Class II.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	Age limit: Sixteen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Held over from March.)

Toddler.—I will see if I can arrange for an article on the subject of "Country Walks," or "Walking Tours."

G. McV.—I have taken due note of your various "wails," and am much obliged to you for being so outspoken. I will see what I can do with regard to your suggestions.

Basil E. P. Greig.—Any letter addressed to him, c/o The Editor, will be forwarded.

Joan of Arc says that "Fireplaces" and "Open Windows" are not very interesting things to draw for a competition, and will I think of something else?—I will.

Hostia.—I am very glad to hear from such an earnest supporter. The religious matter you mention is hardly one that I care to deal with.

Lil.—I like your handwriting: it is very clear and even, but not too much so. The staff thank you for your good wishes.

C. Beck.—You are what they call "game as a pebble." Mr. Gooch will answer your stamp query.

A. D.—(1) Write for catalogue to Educational Supply Co., Holborn, London. (2) Take a dose of fruit salts occasionally, and don't sleep with the clothes over your head.

Ajax wants to know whether "Ismay Thorn" is a man or woman.

A Canadian Kid.—As I have not read "Stalky & Co." I cannot give you my opinion of the book. From what I have heard I gather that "Stalky & Co." are not intended to be representative types of English school-boys.

An Old Reader.—Certainly; if the boy is a bad boy give him the stick.

Fair-play (who has two brothers at the front) severely criticises our article "A Boer's Account of Majuba," and refers us to the account of that disaster which may be found in General Butler's book.

The Probable Editor.—You may certainly print extracts from "When You Leave School" articles in your private magazine. Remember to acknowledge source of quotation.

Midshipman.—Buy "How to Get Into the Navy," price 1s., published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Gwendolen and "**A Boy Reader.**"—In answer to your kind inquiries I beg to inform you that up to the time of going to press with this number there is still no Mrs. Old Fag.

R. F. Megginson.—I call myself "Old Fag" because I fag for my readers, don't I?

Geo. B. Thompson (Sydney).—(1) My dear chap, I don't forget you colonials, especially when I think of the splendid assistance your brave fellows are giving us in South Africa. Why don't you send something about Australia to the Special Page? (2) A good motto for your Boys' Brigade would be: "*Nil Desperandum*," a free translation of which is "Never say die!"

(April.)

Massa Johnson.—Dat is de most ridic'lus letter I hab receive by dis yer mail, "Massa Johnson"!

Lil.—If some Shrewsbury boy will send me a little essay on "A Shrewsbury Boy's Day," I shall be glad to use it. Tell your friend this.

Aubrey Cordes.—"Every dog shall have its day, and every feature its trial."

C. B. V.—Thanks for photo of Durham Grammar School, which I hope to use in due course.

Mag.—(1) I have read your letter with much interest, and am delighted to hear that you, although a married lady, take so much pleasure in all that The Captain contains. (2) Further "Greyhouse" tales will appear at intervals.

Sir Billy.—(1) Everything sent for the Special Pages must be absolutely original. (2) You ought to be able to get an excellent bat for the sum you mention.

Darling Bob.—Thank you for writing. Your final message I have placed in the "O. F.—Blushes, etc.," locker.

A Scotch Reader.—May you have a Merrie April, and a bright New May!

Incessant Reader, E. A. Smith.—(1) Any boy who smokes or drinks is an ass, because he thereby spoils his wind and impairs his constitution. (2) Send your stamp to Mr. Gooch. Don't forget envelope.

Geraldine.—"Charged," "pulled," etc., count as words of *one* syllable in poetry.

Herbert Vernon.—(1) I expect you will hear from him all in good time. The address is correct. (2) Not at present. (3) A slip. (4) "How to Become a Clergyman" will be the subject of a "When You Leave School" article in its turn.

Bones.—The anecdote is not original; indeed, my great-grandfather probably chuckled over it.

W. H. G. (Natal).—I print your brother's letter. I wish you both a happy and speedy return to your home at Newcastle.

Musician says she has taken in The Captain since he was one day old, and adds that her great ambition is to be a celebrated pianist. As she wishes to begin with an instruction book I advise her to write to Chappell & Co., Music Publishers, 50, New Bond Street, London, W., and ask for their list.

Elsie, who is a governess, tells me that she makes her Captain go a long way. When she and all the people in her house have read it, she despatches it to a friend "in a little village near, who posts it to another friend, living right the other side of England, who passes it on to yet another, who returns it" to Elsie. Well, now, this is all very well, but why can't each "friend" take it in, and save all these stamps in postage?

Yet One More of the Crew.—(1) The Captain is intended for the class that does not read the halfpenny trash you mention. (2) "An Old Boer" was merely a *nom de plume* used by a boy correspondent. My advice as to passage, etc., was a joke. This, I hope, will settle the squabble between your big brother and you. Make him give you a pair of gloves for being right.

Alpha.—(1) A most ungallant suggestion. Instead of grumbling, put your wits together, and see if you can't beat 'em. (2) It is a notable fact that clergymen's sons come to the front, not only as poets, but in almost every other phase of life. I think the reason is that they have to turn out

and use their brains at an age when richer men's sons are still drawing supplies from "pater."

Oldus Boyus.—We do not intend to let "Greyhouse" drop, I assure you.

B. Foster.—Personally I should not care to be attended by a lady doctor, and, as my lady friends all declare that they would not either, I fear that if lady doctors increased in number they would not grow fat on their fees. However, undoubtedly lady doctors are appreciated by certain members of their own sex, and so I will not say that they are altogether unnecessary people.

Would-be Soldier.—I think the "military tactics" competition you suggest would be rather too difficult for the majority of readers.

Nancy's great trouble is that she hasn't got any brothers, and do I know of any spare ones? I am sorry for "Nancy." I do not know of any spare brothers, or, should I not say, "brothers to spare?"

B. S. is at a Belgian girls' school, and sends me an interesting coloured postal card. Her brother, who is at school at Mons, says he is having lots of fights about the war. Bravo, brother! Stick up for the old country, and more power to your knuckles!

F. G. Leonard (Chatham).—I do not think a paper of that sort would succeed.

A Coin Collector (Wimbledon) wants to know how many readers would prefer to have "coin" instead of "stamp" articles.

L. E. B.—I like your honesty.

W. Hinds.—Mr. Fry has never rowed in the University Boat Race.

J. M. B. (Glasgow).—It was polite of you to put the young lady's skate right, and it was only natural that some conversation should follow, but I do not think you ought to renew your acquaintance with her, should you meet her again, without a proper introduction. Judging the episode entirely by your description of what took place, I do not think you need reproach yourself with having acted in an ungentlemanly manner.

Thomas Walker (Glasgow) is an early boy-bird. He gets his Captain at "half-past six a.m. on the 22nd of every month."

I Say So!—The little rhyme you are thinking of runs as follows:—

> Naughty little cuss words,
> Such as "dash!" and "blow!"
> Will lead you on to wuss words,
> And send you *down below.*

Fish sends the following lament: "Just before I started collecting stamps I had a valuable collection given to me. As I did not care an atom about stamps, I began to give them away. Recently, while studying my catalogue, I discovered to my horror that I had given away *over ten pounds' worth!*"—Poor "Fish"! How generous your friends must have thought you!

THE EGG WE WANT ALL OUR READERS TO MAKE AND SEND TO THEIR FRIENDS.

—*Vide "Egg Oddities."*

A. R. (Edinburgh) (1) wants to know how much a day two boys can do a cycling tour on. Will some reader who has had experience of this sort address a short essay to the Special Page, detailing expenses, etc.? (2) "A. R.'s" handwriting might be better, but it will do for a bank, I think. He should endeavour to improve it, however, before applying for a berth.

"Stella V." (Brighton).—All right. Tell your pretty friends to send along their portraits. But mind they *are* pretty. I am a particular old man, remember.

Howard Ross (Ottawa).—See "Editorial." I have arranged a comp. for you far-away folk.

Neptune (Blackpool).—(1) Yes, contributions for the Special Page *must* be original. (2) We send a large number of Captains to Blackpool every month so I presume we are pretty popular there. It is very kind of you to send your old Captains to the hospital.

Second Mate.—I thank you for your list of "Geographical Conundrums," and hope to be able to use a few of them some day.

F. W. K. says he liked the way Miss "Smite-Them-Hip-and-Thigh" expressed herself in a recent number of The Captain, but does not think she was quite right in her opinion. He thinks that girls begin their letters to me as they do because they are approaching the Editor of a boys' magazine on subjects that come mainly within a boy's sphere. His reason for thinking this is that if you ask a boy to do anything that can be done by a girl he replies: "I am not a girl," implying that he cannot do it so well—or, perhaps, not at all.

Anti-Krugerite.—Your selection of authors seems to be a very representative one.

A Reader (Denstone) suggests that it would be rather a good idea to publish some photographs of school chapels. I agree with him, and shall be glad to make up a page of this kind when I have sufficient photographs.

Third Former (Newcastle Grammar School) sends me a long letter, which contains evidence of the fact that he is a very attentive reader of The Captain. He encloses me one verse of a poem which he has written, and wants to know what I think of it. Well, it is a delicate task

criticising the work of poets, as they are such very touchy folk, and so all I will venture to say is that he might have chosen a more inspiring subject to moralise upon than "Another Drop of Gin." "Third Former" concludes by saying that the "metre, or whatever you call it, is very bad," and I will not be so rude as to disagree with him on that point.

Neophyte sends a poem about two boys who had a fierce dispute about their height, and were measuring themselves against a tree when a bull disturbed them. The ballad contains fifteen verses, and is accompanied by sketches. To be quite candid, I cannot congratulate "Neophyte" on his achievement.

S. L.—Wear a leather wristlet. If serious, consult a doctor.

Ma Mie.—I think you had better send some drawings and essays (quite short ones) to the Special Pages. Your bright letter did not bore me in the least.

J. S. Storr.—If you want to buy a ribbon snake or lizard, write to Messrs. Green, Naturalists, Covent Garden, W.C.

Observer informs me that his school, the Godolphin School, Hammersmith, was founded in 1703 by Sir William Godolphin, of the Godolphins, an ancient Cornish family. I shall be glad to publish a photograph of the Godolphin School, if "Observer" will send one along.

Oriental seems to be a very ardent reader, for he has to travel sixteen or twenty miles by train in order to get THE CAPTAIN, except when a friend brings it to him. He gives me the cheering information that THE CAPTAIN occupies the pre-eminent place in the Limerick bookshops, and in the houses of all his chums.

F. Swinneton.—I have not any of those papers by me, and so I do not quite see how I can help you, willing as I am to give you all the assistance in my power. Are you quite sure that running a little paper of this kind is not waste of time that you could be devoting to a more profitable occupation?

B. L. Rees.—"Naval Gunnery," by Capt. G. H. Garbett, R.N., and "Mechanism of Men-of-War," by R. C. Oldknow, R.N., are two very good books on the various cannon, projectiles, etc., used in warfare. Their price is 5s. each. but they may be obtained of Messrs. A. & F. Denny, Booksellers' Row, Strand, W.C., at a discount of 25 per cent. There is a book just published, a translation from the Russian, which, although being somewhat of a political work, devotes several chapters to the various munitions of war. It is entitled "Is War Now Impossible?" The price is 6s.

Parvus.—Refuse emphatically to have anything more to do with him. You seem to have pluck and a sense of what is right, so I know you will not be afraid to act as I advise you. If you write again, send me your home address.

Old Boy.—Your suggestions are reasonable, but it is impossible just now to alter my present programme with regard to serials, etc.

H. M.—If, before you make your speech, you preface your remarks by saying: "The following line of argument has been suggested to me by the Editor of THE CAPTAIN," I shall be happy to send you a few suggestions; but if you agree with me that in a debate of this kind each speaker's speech should come out of his own head—of course he may read up and *quote* his authorities—then, I think, I will leave you to play the game level with your opponents.

Q. M. P. K.—Send a stamped envelope.

H. A. F.—See the article on "Dumb-bell Exercises" in No. 4 (July, 1899).

R. W. G.—(1) "Signalling through Space without Wires" is the latest book on the wireless telegraphy. The author is Oliver J. Lodge, and the price is 5s. It may be obtained from the publishers: *The Electrician*, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. (2) An excellent all-round electrical firm is the General Electrical Company, Ltd., 71, 78, & 92, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

W. N.—Sorry no room for your puzzles, "W.N."

"Dorna Quixota," "Theodore," "Solitaire," J. Orchard, "J. L. P.," "Rambler" (Canada), Josie Paton, "Star of the North," Stanley Attwell, Jeannie Hart, "W. H. T.," "U.C.S. Boy," 'Einna," Ernest Law, "Flo," and "Hotspur," are thanked for kind letters, criticisms, and suggestions. Only lack of space prevents me from dealing with these in detail.

Several Answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

THE KIND OF BAT TO BUY.

A BOY should have a bat of exactly the right size and weight, and so should a man. There is no proper standard of graduated sizes at present, and so we propose to remedy this deficiency as far as possible by giving our readers all the information in our power regarding the bats they should buy. Mr. C. B. Fry has kindly promised to supervise this department.

Send us a letter containing stamped envelope, and state, in tabulated form, your (1) Height; (2) Age; (3) Weight; (4) Chest Measurement. Then we can tell you where to buy your bat, what size bat to get, and what price to give. Secretaries of school clubs should find this department very useful.

Mark letters, "Captain Bat," and address to the Editor in the usual way.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—Best Essay on "My Best Friend."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: OWEN CHITTY, Suffolk House, London Road, Dover.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: NORA K. BROWNE, 118, Christchurch Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hettie Ormiston, Arthur O. Mills, Percy W. Holton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: ACHILLES VAN SWAE, 39, Quay de la Station, Antwerp.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: BELFRAGE GILBERTSON, *Courier* Office, Bathgate, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ellen P. Claydon, Helen K. Watts, Joan Thomas.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: STEWART LENTON BLAXLEY, 40, Watkin Terrace, Northampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: AMY NEWTON, 5, Kew Bridge Terrace, Brentford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harrison Weighill, M. Duke, Nellie P. C. Alexander. Frederick Goode, Dorothy B. Morris, Richard Care.

No. II.—Chess Problem. (*Vide* "CAPTAIN Chess Corner," p. 30.)

No. III.—Best Drawing of "Tommy Atkins."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS: CLAUDE D. J'ANSON, 52, Holland Road, Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. W. Gerhard, R. N. Pocock, J. G. Morton, B. M. Anderson, D. M. Strath, H. Holliday, Winifred Attwell, H. Kershaw.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS: HAROLD UTTLEY, "Schofield," Victoria Park, Hirkstall, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MADELINE MATHER, "Oakhurst," Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Holmes, F. C. Meredith, D. M. Read, F. E. Hodge, A. J. Judd, Katherine A. Chignell, L. A. Chaplin, C. E. Hall, H. Paske, F. Baron, J. Morell, J. M. Napper, Constance E. Stone, J. W. Oldroyd, E. E. Forbes, Winifred M. Parish, J. W. Chapple, F. Livingstone, W. W. Lendon, A. T. Davis.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS: W. B. MONTGOMERIE, 2, Granby Place, Hillhead, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. P. CLOUGH, 6, Rosebank Crescent, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Stelling, J. B. Kelly, F. H. Timings, P. Grant, J. Nicholson, K. Perry, L. Smith, C. A. James, G. Ricketts, T. B. L. Westerdale, Charles Dixon, D. C. Bolton, Lilian Westerdale, Edith M. Little, B. H. Cudbird, Alice Whelpton, S. H. Stamp, C. Walford.

No. IV.—Best "War Map."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: FRANCIS E. F. CRISP, 8, Ravenscroft Park, Barnet, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. A. Watson, R. E. Caron, A. W. Cleaver, Hilda Gilling, E. M. Burrow, John Gray, A. N. Ruddock, J. F. Harris, A. C. Legard.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: FRANK H. GREW, 3, Dolman Road, Aston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Clark, C. D. Kay, M. Newman, Eleanor G. Smith, G. M. Chapman, P. J. Cooper, B. J. Crafer, F. Heyes, H. Kingscote, J. S. Potts, G. W. Hawkins, H. D. Millar, Bessie Smith, R. N. Woodall, A. O. Cosens, R. L. E. Downer, Mary Child, A. L. Snow, A. J. Jarrett, G. McVoy, S. J. Smith.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: DUNCAN CARMICHAEL, 31, Hampstead Road, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. White, Charlie G. S. Laidlaw, A. H. Smith, A. Kingscote.

No. V.—Best "Letter to the Old Fag."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 5s.: HUMPHREY PROSSER, 18, Greenfield, Cwmparc, Rhondda, S. Wales.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HETTIE ORMISTON, 145, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. T. Normall - Gordon Louis H. Smith, Kathleen de Havilland.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JAMES BROOKS, Victoria House, Grenville Street, Stockport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. Douglas, John B. Edgar, Nellie Alexander, Walter O. Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: MADGE LUSH, 18, Waldeck Road, Ealing.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. PENLEY ABRAHAM, 15, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Evan Jones, Margaret Thompson, Gabriel Bevan.

No. VI.—Best "Valentine Verse to Tommy Atkins."

Open to Everybody.

WINNER OF £1 1s.: W. GYDE, The Barracks, Warley, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: MRS. PHILLP, 83, Lancaster Gate, W.; and KATHLEEN WILSON, 7, Downe Terrace, Warrenpoint, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy N. Boulton, M. Duncan, William Taylor, G. Browne, J. Urquhart, John H. Smith, Cecil A. Wonham, H. A. Dawson.

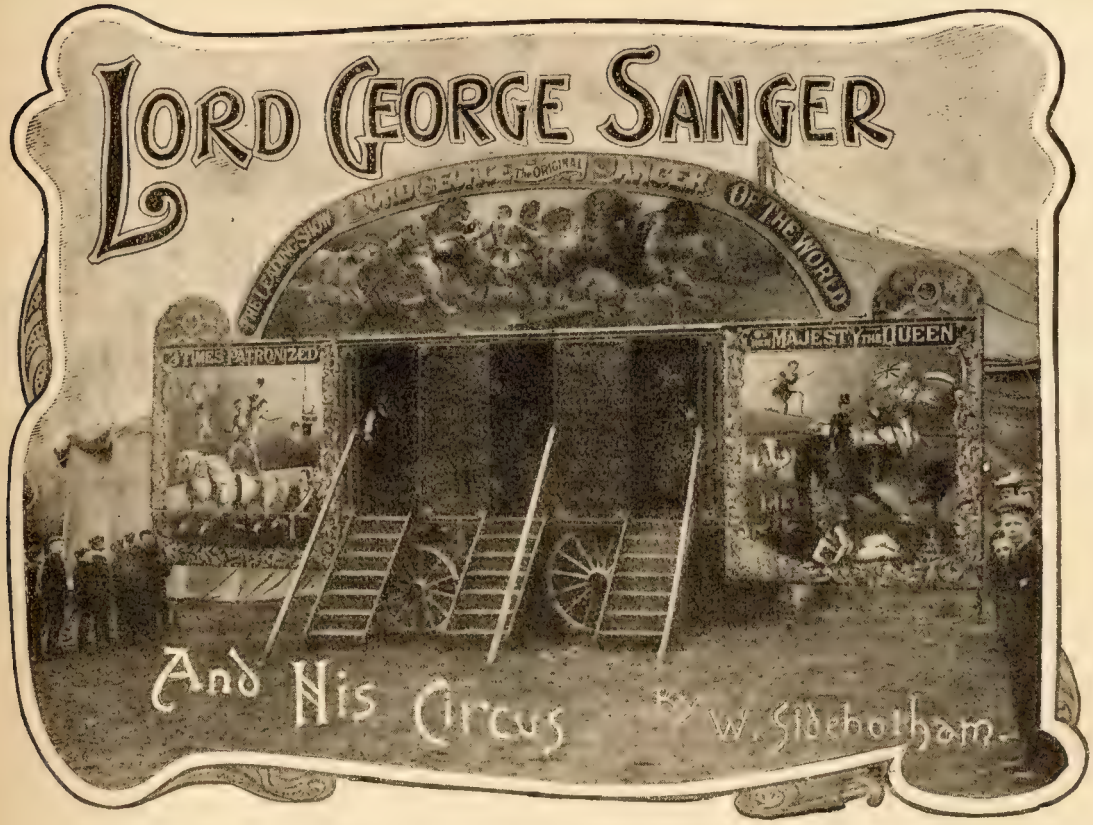
THE "BLACK'S" AND "WHITE'S" PUZZLE.

(See page 197)

By permission of *"The Book of Cricket."*

MR. FRY BATTING.

"That's gone for six, I think!"



With Illustrations from Photographs by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

LORD GEORGE SANGER has, in various capacities, been before the public for a period of over sixty years, and his name is probably more familiar to both young and old than that of any other living showman—in fact, he might rightly be described as the "Father of the Circus," as we now know it. In the course of his long and successful career he has met with many exciting adventures, and has also had the distinguished honour of performing before Royalty on several occasions.

In order to get him to relate some of his experiences, I recently visited the Crystal Palace, where for several months he had been giving performances. The time of my visit proved most opportune, for he had practically completed the necessary arrangements for his provincial tour. All the cars which form such a prominent feature in the procession through the various towns had been lavishly re-decorated, and the process of "packing"—a huge undertaking when the show has been stationed some time in one place—was well advanced. I found Lord George superintending the final arrangements, but, on stating the object of my visit, he at once courteously acceded to my request.

The father of the present famous circus proprietor (who was the youngest son of a well-to-do farmer in Wiltshire), when he was about eighteen years of age, came on a visit to the metropolis, and, while standing on London Bridge, he was seized by the press gang and sent to sea, where he remained for upwards of ten years. During that time he saw much active service, and was seriously injured on several occasions. Lord George related with evident pride that his father was close to the hero of Trafalgar when the latter received the wound which resulted in his death.

On returning home invalided the young seaman received an annual pension of £10 for the services he had rendered to the country. Shortly afterwards he met in Bristol a young lady, whom he had known intimately in his earlier years, and who at that time was a lady's maid. He eventually proposed to her and was accepted, and, despite the fact that he had neither trade nor profession, they were married. He invested his first pension in a small "show," with which he travelled throughout the country, and which, by judicious management, was gradually enlarged from time to time, until it became a very lucrative concern. It will thus

Photograph by *Geo. Newnes Ltd.*

HARNESSING THE PONIES.

be seen that Lord George has been connected with the "show" business all his life.

I asked him to give me some details of his first appearances in public, together with a brief history of his subsequent career, and he replied with a smile—probably at my innocence—"That is rather a big order. My reminiscences extend over sixty years, and some of my adventures have been so remarkable that a full account of even two or three of them would probably take up all the space of your valuable magazine. But I will give you a few details as they occur to me. The first time that I took a really prominent part in a public performance was at the great fair which was held in Hyde Park in honour of the Queen's Coronation. My father was present, in company with most of the leading showmen of that day, including the great Richardson (who, I believe, was brought up in a workhouse, but who died worth £250,000), Wombwell, Hilton, Atkins, Stirling, Gregory, Webster, and a number of others; while the bill of fare provided was as extraordinary as it was varied. There were no fewer than nine temples of the drama, and the 'curiosities' on view have seldom been equalled. Among others, there were great giants, some of them of astonishing tallness—the Misses Cockayne, American twin sisters, each of whom was over 7ft. high; Miss Scott, the two-headed lady; Dan Hartley, who was the heaviest man that we have had since the days of Daniel Lambert, and whose waist was larger than that of any dray-horse; Madame Stevens, the pig-faced lady; and a host of others of equal celebrity. With regard to Madame Stevens, this curiosity was not a woman at all, but a bear, whose face and paws were shaved several times a week! The animal was strapped in a large chair, which was placed at the back of the stage, shortly before the 'show' was opened, and was attired in a dark dress, a shawl, and white cap, over which was a bonnet. I became connected with one of the showmen, and gave a conjuring entertainment, which was well received. One of the other performers was a man who went under the name of the 'American Malabar.' He was an admirable juggler, besides which he used to 'balance' a young donkey that was strapped to a ladder; but, on the second day of the fair, the animal was stolen, and I agreed to become a substitute. The man, however, had earlier in the day taken too much to drink. When I had got to the top of the ladder I discovered that he was not in a fit condition to perform, and my nerves gave way, with the result that I and the ladder came down on to the heads of the spectators.

"After that I returned to my father, and assisted him. I then conceived the idea of having performing birds and white mice, and having successfully trained them I gave performances in public. This was the first time such an exhibition had been seen, and the amount of patronage we received was wonderful. The next addition to the 'show' which I introduced were the 'Living Pictures,' the chief item of which was Cruickshank's illustration of the 'Bottle.' I engaged a number of young men, boys, and girls from Mile End and instructed them carefully as to what they were to do. I also got them special dresses for their various

Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

HARNESSING THE HORSES FOR THE PROCESSION.

parts. This exhibition also 'caught on'; indeed, so great were the crowds which came to see it that the police informed us that it would be necessary to put an end to the 'nuisance.' I, however, 'squared' them, and continued the performance till it began to get played out. By this time I had become thoroughly *au fait* with all the inner working of a 'show.' I could see what would 'go down' with the public, and as I lacked neither initiative nor pluck, I began to be looked upon as one of the rising men in this line of business.

"There were at this time several well-known conjurers who adopted the title of Professors of the Black Art, and not to be out-done, I got a black velvet suit made with a tunic, round which I had a belt with a large fancy buckle. To this belt was fastened a bugle. My hat was a 'dream in black'; in shape it resembled a smoking cap, but it was trimmed with large ostrich feathers. Round my neck I had 'frills,' and my boots were trimmed with beads. The first performance I gave in my new character was at Stepney Fair. I was well up in 'patter,' and after describing the wonders of the Black Art, and challenging all the 'wizards' of the country—I called myself the 'Professor of the West'—I told the people that the price of admission 'on that occasion' would be only one penny. This was also for a time a gigantic success."

Photograph by *Leslie Dudman & Co.*

LORD GEORGE SANGER.

Interrupting him, I asked: "To what do you attribute your early success?"

He replied: "To judicious advertising, a good programme,

and last, but not least, low prices of admission."

"I presume that when you gave your exhibition at Stepney it was on your own account?"

"Oh, yes! I left my father before then. While at Stepney I met Miss Ellen Chapman, who was professionally known as 'Madame Pauline de Vere, the Lady of the Lions.' I had known her a great number of years, but had not seen her for a long time. She was then in the service of Wombwell, and, two or three years previously, had had the distinguished honour of performing before the Queen, and other members of the Royal Family, at Windsor. Wombwell's menagerie was at the time at Windsor Fair, and the proprietor received a command to give a performance before the Court. The menagerie was placed in the quadrangle of the castle, and a brilliant company was invited for the occasion. In addition to the Queen and her Consort, there were present the Duchess of Kent, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, members of the *élite* of the aristocracy, foreign ambassadors, etc. Her Majesty took the greatest interest in the wild beasts, asking a number of questions about them. The 'Lion Queen' desired to enter the den containing the monarchs of the forest, but Her Majesty declined at first to allow her to do so; but later, when Miss Chapman had given her performance before the gardeners and others employed at the castle, together with the masters and boys of Eton College, who had also been invited, the Queen expressed a desire to witness it. The cages containing the wild animals were placed immediately in front of the windows of the royal apartments, and Her Majesty and Court witnessed the exhibition. At the conclusion the Queen presented Miss Chapman with a gold watch and chain, and expressed pleasure at the wonderful command she had over the wild beasts. I married the 'Lion Queen' in 1850. Up to that time I had been known as the 'Great George,' but now I adopted the title of 'Lord George.' While travelling in the West of England, a few years later, I was permitted to give my conjuring entertainment before the Czar, who was then on a visit to this country, and he was much pleased, especially with the 'inexhaustible bottle,' from which I obtained about half-a-dozen different drinks."

Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

"ARCHIE," WHO RAN AWAY FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

"In the course of your travels were you ever introduced to any prominent statesmen?"

"Yes," answered Lord George, "several; and I have also performed before nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. I was introduced to the late Lord Beaconsfield, when he was coming from the German capital to this country after the signing of the Berlin Treaty. I was

Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

LORD GEORGE SANGER'S ABODE.

then performing at Viviers, in Belgium, and, as the train by which the distinguished statesman was to travel always stopped at that station, the whole of the interior was lavishly decorated in his honour. My band struck up the 'National Anthem' as the train was brought to a standstill, and Lord Beaconsfield looked out of his carriage window and made inquiries from the station master, who was standing close to me on the platform, as to the band. The station master explained that it was the circus band, and at once introduced me. 'Dizzy' then remarked that he had often heard of me, and, shaking me by the hand, said he was pleased to make my acquaintance."

Lord George, who is a charming *raconteur*, chatted in this most genial and pleasant way, giving me an account of the many incidents which had occurred in his career. On one occasion he took a building in Clare Market, and fitted it up as a penny "gaff." This building had formerly been a chapel, which had been condemned by the authorities on account of the many persons who had been buried there! After giving up the "presto, fly!" business he started a pantomime; then he had a panorama, which was blown up, severely injuring himself and his wife, and practically destroying the whole of his property.

"But how did you become a circus proprietor?" I asked.

"I began by buying a pony, which I trained to tell fortunes. After a while I obtained a horse, which was trained in a public-house yard to gallop in a circle. Then I instructed a number of boys and girls, and, having engaged several well-known equestrian artists, the first

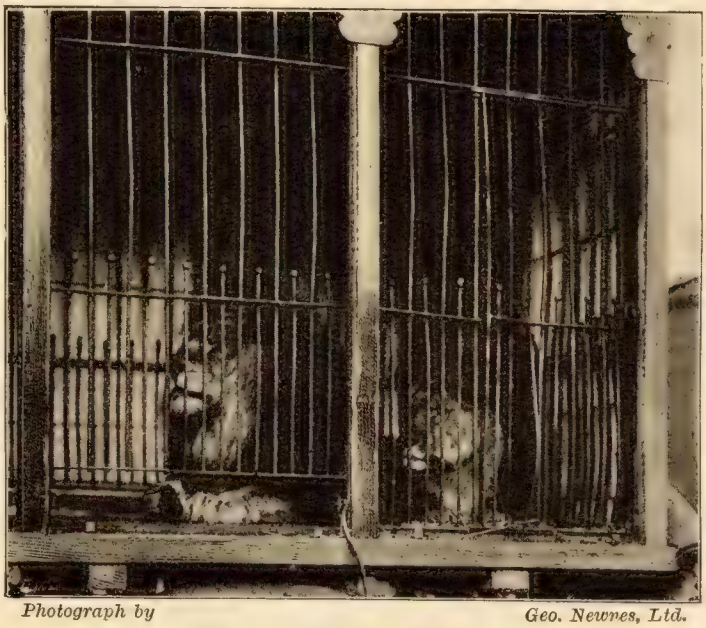
Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

THE CIRCUS FORGE.

performance was given at King's Lynn. We afterwards travelled all over the country, with successful results. In those days I used to charge one penny for admission, but the artists were not then so well paid as they are now. As time went on the business was extended, and I introduced various features, my wife and myself taking prominent parts in the performance."

"If it would not be betraying professional secrets, I should be glad if you would inform me how you train horses, as so many different ideas prevail on the subject."

"Well," remarked Lord George, "the fact is there are different methods adopted for teaching various performances. In some cases nothing but patience and kindness will suffice, while in others the animals have to be 'reminded.' For instance, to make what is known as a 'buck-jumper' is very easily accomplished. As the trainer approaches the animal he places his outstretched arm on its withers, as if afraid of getting too near to the horse, and at the same time pretends to coax it. It is always noticed that while the man is talking to the animal, his hand being against the pommel of the saddle, the horse shakes its head in a threatening way, and then kicks out violently. This is caused by the trainer pricking it with a pin, or some other sharp instrument. You can, by this process of pricking in various parts of the body, make a horse rear or kick in the most vicious manner. To get an animal to lie down is a very simple matter. You strap up one of the forelegs, and then strike the other gently below the knee with a cane, and the horse, to avoid the treatment, will gradually go down on to its knees. When this has been done a few times, and while the horse is on its knees, you pull the bridle towards you, and the animal will lie down. After a course of training, little trouble is experienced in the matter."



Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

THE LION "ALBERT" AND HIS WIFE.

Naturally, Lord George Sanger has met with numerous exciting adventures, and after he had told me some amusing stories in regard to the advertising dodges which had to be resorted to in order to make the "show" talked about, I asked him to relate the one which caused the greatest consternation.

"I have," he remarked, "had several accidents, for in a big circus, which comprises so many different performances, it is impossible, however careful you may be, to avoid incidents of this kind. In 1876 I was on the continent, and was asked by a theatrical proprietor who was intending to introduce a play in which there was to be a love scene, to allow my trained lions to take part in the performance. The idea was certainly an original one, and it was arranged that the wild beasts should appear when a forest was represented The lions, which arrived the day before the necessary arrangements were completed for the rehearsal, were lowered into one of the cellars under the stage.

The next morning I went to superintend the rehearsal, and was informed that the lions had broken loose from their dens! Nobody would go into the cellars, and I had to descend alone, with a lamp in one hand, and a stick in the other. I searched one of the cellars, and was proceeding to inspect the other when I was knocked down by one of the lions, which rushed past me. I got up, and the light being extinguished, I could see what appeared to be balls of fire in various directions. I re-lit the lamp, and swinging it about began to talk to the animals, with the result that, after a time, they went back to their dens, which I immediately made secure. Our misfortunes, however, were not yet ended, for when the lion scene was to be publicly given, another strange accident occurred. The beasts were being lifted from the cellar, when, owing to the rope not being

placed in the centre, the cage overbalanced, and the lions coming into violent contact with one of the ends, fell out into the cellar! The proprietor of the building was in a dreadful state, declaring that he was ruined, but I reassured him, and after a little delay—the curtain at the time was down—things were ready for the performance. Then came another difficulty. The lion tamer was found to be intoxicated. To make a long story short, I took his place, and carried out the performance successfully."

At this moment one of the gorgeous cars which had just been varnished for the tour in the provinces was being separated from the others in order that it might dry more quickly. One of the workmen thoughtlessly put his hand on a wheel in order to give the car a push! This, as it seemed to me, was enough to annoy anyone, but Lord George merely asked me to excuse him so that he might explain to the workman the absolute necessity of not touching the carriage where it had just been varnished. I had, however, already taken up too much of the great circus proprietor's valuable time, so I wished him "Good day," and thanked him for his courtesy.

Photograph by *Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

SERVING OUT THE CORN.

A WONDER OF THE WAR.

CORPORAL J. ANDERSON, whose regimental number is 5,916, had a terrible experience at Magersfontein—an experience which few men could undergo and survive to tell the tale. Corporal Anderson, who belonged to B Company, was advancing towards the Boer trenches along with his comrades when the terrible musketry fire burst forth from the enemy's position which laid so many gallant fellows in the dust. A Company, the position of which was, of course, at the head of the column, was in the act of opening out in extended order when the deadly fire so unexpectedly flashed from the enemy's trenches, and B Company, being next in order, of course suffered heavily at the very first discharge. In the confusion which ensued, Corporal Anderson got separated from his company, and, finding himself amongst a scattered section of the Highland Light Infantry, assumed the command. It was while advancing through the deadly hail of bullets, along with this remnant of the Highland Light Infantry, that Corporal Anderson met with the shock from the terrible consequences of which he was afterwards miraculously delivered. A lyddite shell suddenly burst on the left of his section, killing three of the men instantly, and so great was the concussion occasioned by this terrible explosive that Corporal Anderson, although escaping death, was instantly thrown to the ground insensible, and remembered no more until next day, when he recovered consciousness in the field hospital. The shock, however, sustained by the explosion had a fearful effect on the gallant fellow, and when, on regaining his senses, he tried to speak, he could not utter a word, nor could he hear the sound of the voices of those around him. Corporal Anderson had become deaf and dumb. He was, along with the rest of the wounded, conveyed to the hospital at Wynberg. Here he was seen by Sir William MacCormac, the famous physician, who examined him by means of the X rays, afterwards declaring that Corporal Anderson must have had a wonderful constitution or he could not have survived the awful shock. The most remarkable part of the story is yet to come, however. As already stated, Corporal Anderson lost his sense of speech and hearing, and orders were given that he should be invalided home. He was accordingly conveyed to Cape Town and put on board a transport. When about half the voyage had been accomplished, some rough weather was experienced, and one day Corporal Anderson was thrown violently against the side of the vessel. The result of this accident may with some truth be called miraculous. His speech and hearing instantly returned, after having been lost for over six weeks. Corporal Anderson's kilt demonstrates in an unmistakable manner the terrible ordeal through which he passed, and the hotness of the enemy's fire, for it is riddled with bullet-holes. He is now as well as ever, and fit for another "go" at the enemy if called upon.

"MY BEST FRIEND."

[Below are some extracts from this competition. Owing to exigencies of space, I have been obliged to shorten the essays considerably. The general tone of the essays sent in pleased me very much.—O. F.]

Who is my best friend, do you ask? Why, my mother to be sure, sir! for, as the old saying goes, and there was never a truer one: "A boy's best friend is his mother." The average school-boy may have some very good fellows amongst his companions, and perhaps a really awfully decent chap as his own especial chum, but what boy in his senses would think of putting even his best chum on an equality with his mater in his affections? In my humble opinion, Mr. Fag, a fellow's best friend should be someone in whom he can put the most implicit confidence; someone from whom he need have no secrets, and someone to whom he can turn for help and guidance in all times of trial and difficulty. A "best" friend, and I am here supposing him to be a boy should not be afraid to tell his chum, if he thinks that he is not going on straight, and should do his very utmost, both by his example and persuasion, to set him right again. A "best" friend can never be a flatterer, but should be someone in whom one can take a just pride, and from whose friendship one may reap a lasting benefit. He, or she, need not of necessity be popular; but, if their friendship is worth having, they are sure to be respected.

Naturally one's best friend is that one person for whom one feels the greatest affection, even amounting to reverence, and it is this feeling that makes me stick up for my mother as being "My Best Friend."

Owen Chitty.

My best friend is a manly fellow. Delighting in truthfulness—which of necessity combines with it honesty—upright, open as the day; full of that vigorous personality and strong character which naturally draws to it a mind weaker than its own; a fine sportsman; yet withal, of so sympathetic a nature that he cannot fail to attract, to strengthen, and to encourage whom he befriends.

One particular trait to be admired is his gentlemanliness.

This trait he carries with him always. His uprightness demands that he should not have one class of manners at home and a different sort in the society in which he moves; always respectful to the aged; sympathetic where sympathy is needed; jolly and free where others treat him openly, yet showing none of that repellant contempt bred by familiarity.

Percy W. Holton.

Being a girl, of course, my *best* friend is a girl, although I have some very excellent friends of the other sex, too. She is above all things *true to me.* Whatever people might say against me, she would stick to me, and fight my battles as her own; whatever she might hear, she would believe in me, and would never, if she could help it, allow me to be slightingly spoken of in her presence. My chum is *proud of me.* If I am successful in anything, I know that she is quite if not more pleased than I am. She congratulates me with true heartiness, and is never tired of telling and showing people what a truly marvellous and clever girl *her* friend is. My chum and I are *never jealous of each other.* She is very pretty, and I——well I am rather pretty, too! but we never feel that one is cutting out the other. If she is appreciated, *I* feel somehow a reflected glory, and I know that she feels quite annoyed if everyone does not admire my particular style! My chum and I *never gush* over each other. Some girls are always kissing, but neither my chum nor I care about that sort of thing. We *know* that we care for each other, and that is enough.

And now, alas! the girl who has been my best friend ever since I went—a friendless mite—to boarding school, is going to be married. Will she be to me as she has ever been? Well, time will show.

Nora K. Browne.

My best friend has been christened "Froggy" by you English boys—just as I have been one year before. We don't mind, you know, as long as the chaps are as nice as those who were at our school!

One reason that we are good friends is—that we both have a big nose (many Frenchmen have one), and they can smell very well, that's why they say in French: "*Je ne sais pas le sentir.*" I never knew a boy as kind as "Froggy." We are inseparable, never *l'un sans l'autre!* On Sundays (Belgian boys' only holiday) we go together, arm-in-arm, to the flower market, where we quarrel because each wants to pay the flower merchant and won't let the other pay.

The following are some of the qualities I think a good friend should have:—

In case his friend falls in a river, be ready to jump after him. (If he can swim: I am not an anarchist!) Always be ready to lend him money; never ask it back again. Help him in his school or other work. Never say a word which would make him sad.

In case he is a lazy boy (like myself, until I read about English boys in The Captain), make him understand that he should work. In short, (for I'm getting near to four hundred words) try to give him all the qualities he has himself, and even those which . . . he has not.

Achilles van Swae.

Antwerp.

Some English Schools

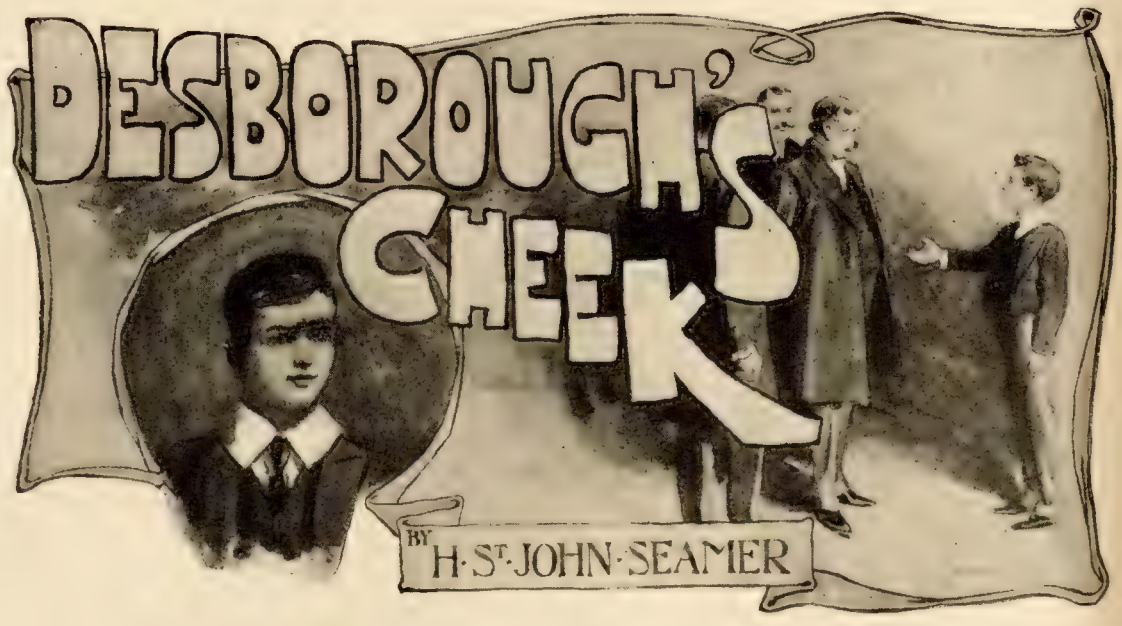
Daniel Stewart's College

School Hall, Bury St Edmunds

Kesgrave Hall, Ipswich

Denstone College

Congregational School, Caterham



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I HAVE told you what an awful cheeky beggar Desborough is. He doesn't seem to care for anything or anybody. And the funny part is that it never gets him into trouble. He says and does all manner of cheeky things, that, if we did them, would land us in the Little Room in less than no time. But he seems to be able to do what he likes—very nearly—and is never a bit the worse for it.

Why, on the very first day that he came to the school—I had been there two terms and had just got my remove into the Second—he wasn't in the least frightened or nervous, as a new boy ought to be. In the playground, when we were waiting for the bell to ring, he just tried to chum up with us elder boys, as if he had known us for years. Of course we didn't like it, and tried to snub him. But that didn't have any effect, for he wouldn't be snubbed.

So at last Deeks said, "Look here, you fellows, we must take it out of this Desborough somehow." And we all agreed that we'd have to. "I've thought of a plan," he said. "He won't try on any of his cheek after that, I know."

So he went up to Desborough, and pretended to be very friendly with him, while we all stood by, looking on.

"You're a new boy, aren't you?" said Deeks.

"Yes, rather," said Desborough. "This is my first morning here, and I think it's an awfully jolly school."

"So it is," said Deeks, "and you'll think it much jollier after you've been here a little longer."

"I think I shall," answered Desborough, as cheekily as possible. "I like the fellows, and the Doctor seems an awfully nice man."

"Oh, you know the Doctor already, do you?" said Deeks.

"Yes. My father took me to call on him about a week ago."

"Ah, you want to see him in private to know how nice he can be," said Deeks, winking at us. "By the way, have you shaken hands with the other masters yet?"

"No," replied Desborough. "What do you mean?"

"Dear me!" said Deeks. "You ought to have done that directly you came. It's a custom at this school. Every new boy is supposed to go and shake hands with the masters as soon as he comes—so as to make their acquaintance, you know."

You'd have thought that Desborough would have seen that Deeks was rotting him, wouldn't you? But he didn't.

"Thank you for telling me," he said. "I shouldn't like to look as if I didn't know what was right. Shall I go and do it now?"

"No, no!" said Deeks, hastily. "You had

better wait now until the bell rings and we go into the Big Room for prayers. Then I'll show you the masters—they'll all be standing together at the top of the room by the Doctor's desk—and you can go up to them, and shake hands all round, and tell them who you are. Of course, most of the other new boys will have done it already."

"All right," said Desborough, sucking it in beautifully. "Thank you for telling me. I should never have known otherwise."

So we kept him talking until the bell rang—it always rings late on the first day of term—and then we all went into the Big Room together.

"Sit by me," said Deeks, for on the first day the new boys' places for prayers are not assigned yet, and they sit anyhow, mixed up with the First and Second Forms. "Now's your time," he went on, when everybody was settled, and the reader was going to begin. "You must shake hands with the senior master first—that's him with the red moustache. Go on."

He gave Desborough a little push, and the silly duffer marched up to the top of the room as bold as brass, while we sat grinning and wondering what would happen to him; although we thought it rather too bad of Deeks to send him to old Wolff, who, as everybody knows, is an awful brute.

"I SAY," HE SAID AT LAST, "STAND US AN ORANGE, WILL YOU?"

However, nothing happened, as we expected and hoped it would do. He walked up to old Wolff and put out his hand. But Wolff stuck his behind his back, and said: "Eh, small boy? and what do you want?" in the quick way he always has.

Desborough said in a squeaky voice that he was Desborough, and that he had come to shake hands with the masters.

We thought then that Wolff would nearly eat him up alive, and no salt, and held our breaths. But he didn't. He only smiled, and said "Eh? Want to shake hands with the masters, eh? Very well then," and actually shook hands with him.

And then the gong sounded for prayers to begin, and Wolff said: "Stand here until prayers are over."

You can imagine how we felt, when we had intended that his cheek should have a good taking down.

But that isn't the story I was going to tell. In fact, it is almost the opposite, though it will show you what a cheeky young beggar Desborough was when he first came. He got better afterwards, and soon learnt that it didn't pay to be cheeky to us, but only to the masters, and not always to them, so that he became quite a decent sort of fellow. Besides, he generally had plenty of pocket money, and didn't mind standing tarts or ginger-beer on half-holidays or when the tuck-man came down to the school, so that I was very chummy with him, though we don't speak to one another now.

One afternoon we were playing the Old Boys at cricket, and that is always a big match. The boys have their mothers and fathers and sisters there to see it, and the Old Boys do the same. And the head master has a great tent pitched on his lawn, and gives everybody tea, and bread and butter, and jam, and buns and things.

I was lying all by myself, watching the match, because I had nothing else to do, for my people lived too far away to come and see me, as the other fellows' people did, and was rather envying them walking about with their mothers and fathers, and going into the tent and having a tuck-in—you see I couldn't go because I had no one to take in with me—when Desborough came up.

"Hullo!" I said. "What are you doing all alone?"

"And where are your people?" he answered back.

"Oh, my people haven't arrived yet," I replied, without looking at him. I didn't want him to know that they weren't coming at all.

"Neither have mine," he said, throwing himself on the grass beside me. I didn't believe him, because I thought that he said that they hadn't come yet for the same reason that I did.

We neither of us spoke for some time, but sat watching the match, and nibbling stalks of grass.

PRESENTLY HE WALKED UP TO THE SIDE OF THE CARRIAGE, AND I SAW HIM TAKE HIS HAT OFF, AND SAY SOMETHING.

"I say," he said at last, "stand us an orange, will you?"

Now I had only sixpence left out of my week's allowance, and it was a long time to Saturday. As I have already told you, he generally had lots of pocket money, and I never knew him to ask to be stood anything before. I hardly knew how to answer him, but I didn't want to stand him an orange just then.

"What?" I said; "haven't you any coin?"

"No," he said. "I expected to get a tip this afternoon, so I spent all I had yesterday."

"I don't know that I can stand you anything," I said, for I didn't believe in this tip that he expected. "In fact, I was going to ask you."

"Haven't you any money either?" he asked.

"No," I replied; "at least, I've only got sixpence left, and that has to last me until Saturday."

"Never mind," he said; "let's go halves. I'll make it all right when I get some myself."

"I don't see how I can."

"I did stand you a tart on Monday."

It was just like him to try and make me feel mean by reminding me of the favours that I had received from him, and I didn't like it. Besides, nobody is obliged to stand another fellow anything.

"I can't," I said. And then, to change the subject, I drew his attention to a carriage and pair that was driving in at the gates. The coachman and footman were in livery, and wore cockades. The gentleman looked like a soldier, and the lady sitting beside him was beautifully dressed.

"I wonder who they are," I said.

But Desborough would not be turned away from what he was talking about.

"I must get some money somehow," he said. "I wonder if the man in that carriage would give me some. He looks jolly well off."

"You'd better ask him," said I, rather nettled.

"I've half a mind to."

"I'll bet you don't."

"I'll bet you a shilling I do."

"I haven't got a shilling, but I'll bet you sixpence that you don't get anything out of him." On second thoughts I felt sure that he wouldn't mind a bit asking the man, if he were dared to it. He was cheeky enough for anything.

"Right you are," said Desborough, repeating

the terms of the bet. "I bet you an even sixpence that I go and ask that man in the carriage for a tip, and that I get one. There!"

"But you haven't any money to pay with if you lose," I said. The sixpence was as good as mine. He was bound to lose, the duffer!

"I'll pay you on Saturday, or before if I can."

"Done!" I cried. "Shake hands!"

So we shook hands on the bargain, for, of course, if we hadn't it wouldn't have been a fair bet, and he might have backed out of it. I hardly expected him to shake hands.

By this time the carriage had stopped, and he went off towards it at once. He didn't go straight up to it, but dodged round to one side, and I began to think that he was funking. But presently he walked up to the side of the carriage, and I saw him take his hat off, and say something. Then the man said something, and Desborough took his hat off again, and the lady smiled and bowed and shook hands with him, and evidently asked him to get into the carriage, for he stepped in and sat down with his back to the horses, so that he had, no doubt, performed half his bet, or would do shortly. All the same, it is one thing to get to talk to strangers and another to get tips out of them. Afterwards they all three got out and went into the tent on the lawn to have a tuck-in, and I didn't see any more of them.

When the match was over, and the people had gone away, I happened to meet Simpson *tertius*, and so I told him all about my bet with Desborough, and how I thought I had won an easy sixpence off him. While I was talking and waiting for the tea bell—we always have tea late on match afternoons—Desborough himself came up with an awful grin on his face.

"I've been looking for you," he said to me. "Hand over your sixpence."

"What for?" said I, laughing.

"Why, I've won, of course."

"Rubbish!" said I.

"Well, here's the money,' he said, showing me half-a-sovereign. "I had an awful job to get it. He thought five shillings would be enough at first."

I still couldn't believe him, and told him so. Then he got quite waxy, and appealed to Simpson. And Simpson backed him up, and the end of it was that I had to give him my sixpence.

When he had gone, Simpson said to me: "By the way, what were the people like that Desborough went up and spoke to?"

So I told him, and he burst out laughing.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Well, you must be green!" he said, and went on laughing like anything.

"What do you mean, you silly duffer?" I asked again, for it ragged me to see him laughing like that.

"Why, they were his uncle and his new aunt!" replied Simpson. "He's done you nicely brown."

"How do you know?"

"I heard him calling them uncle and aunt in the tent. And my people were talking about them, and saying that Colonel Desborough had just married the lady; so I know it is true."

And I found out for certain afterwards that it was right. It was all a frightful swindle.

So we don't speak to one another now, and I have cut Simpson *tertius* for backing Desborough up. I should have liked to have told the Doctor about it, only we aren't allowed to bet, and I should have got into trouble as well. All the same, I wished I hadn't been quite so hasty when I saw Desborough standing tarts and things to all his friends.

I WISHED I HADN'T BEEN QUITE SO HASTY WHEN I SAW DESBOROUGH STANDING TARTS AND THINGS TO ALL HIS FRIENDS.

SOME HINTS ON NET-PRACTICE.

By C. B. Fry.

With net-practice regarded as a means of obtaining as much fun and exercise as possible in a limited amount of time we are not concerned here. There is nothing to be said against that kind of net-practice; any person who has ever tried it knows that, given half-an-hour's leisure, a good wicket, two decent medium-pace bowlers, and three small boys to field, there is nothing more desirable of its sort than a rattling good knock at the nets.

We, however, are looking at net-practice rather as a means of learning the arts of batting, bowling, and fielding—the two former chiefly: in fact, we are going to the nets to improve our cricket; we may find fun and exercise at the same time, but that is a secondary consideration.

In reference to this, it is worth while noticing that there is a vast difference between a boy whose cricket, in style, character, and every respect, is unformed and unsettled, and an older player, whose methods of making the various strokes have become fixed by habit, and whose style is second nature to him. Arthur Shrewsbury might go to a net and slog about in a reckless fashion without doing his cricket any harm whatever; directly he went in again in a match he would have at his immediate command the same accurate and scientific method of play that has been his for years, and which, by the way, it took years to acquire. But, Tom Brown, *aetat* sixteen, a promising school batsman, has not this fixed and stereotyped style to rely upon, and if he goes to the nets and indulges in slogging of a reckless and careless description, he will inevitably contract faults of style which will solidify into bad habits, and will for a certainty spoil his cricket.

When you are a master of an art, such as batting, you can perhaps afford to play tricks and take liberties—at least you can do so with some degree of impunity. But while you are an apprentice hand—a tyro, as the books say—you can do nothing of the kind.

You have no doubt read or heard advice to the effect that you ought to play in practice exactly as you would in a match. With this I do not altogether agree. You ought rather, I think, to regard practice as the occasion to learn, and a match as the occasion to use what you have learnt. This does not mean that you do not also learn in matches, but rather that you should at the nets give your mind to acquiring good methods and execution, while in a match you should give your mind entirely to playing each ball as well as you can on its merits. At the nets, you should study and practice how to play: in matches, you should play without thinking much about how you are making this or that stroke. In a match, you should be able to give the whole of your attention to the bowling you are playing, trusting to having acquired good methods in your practice.

The difficulty, of course, is to acquire these good methods; and this is your task at the nets.

You must first of all realise that it is one thing to be able to play a stroke correctly and another to be able to fetch out the right stroke for each ball that is bowled you. It is not much use playing forward to perfection at a slow leg-break which is just the length you ought to play back.

Nevertheless, the first point naturally is to learn how to make the principal strokes correctly. When you are proficient at these you can turn your attention to the problem of which stroke you ought to play at this or that ball.

The chief strokes are the back stroke, the forward stroke, the drive, and the cut. The correct methods of making these I tried to describe in back numbers of The Captain in several articles on "How to Bat, and How Not to Bat." I also tried to explain what strokes you should play at various kinds of balls. All this I cannot repeat now. I advise you to look the back numbers up, for, of course, you have them.

Now, it makes a great difference whether or not you have a good coach to instruct you, and a good bowler to bowl at you. If you have, your task is easier, as the coach will criticise and correct your play; while the bowler will send down exactly the ball required for the particular stroke you are engaged upon.

If you have not, you should proceed as follows.

You ought not, in my opinion, to practice at the nets more than once a day, and that for a period not exceeding half-an-hour. You need two bowlers, no more; and you will, of course, get hold of the best available. Make up your mind to devote the first half of each practice time to learning one stroke, and one only; the second half you should play as in a game, each ball as you think fit.

But in order to carry out the first part of the

programme you must get your bowlers to send down consecutively a considerable number of balls "to order"—balls to suit the stroke you are engaged on. They will not be able to do this for certain each time; but if you can get them really to try, you will receive a good number of balls such as you require. Stick to your work, paying great attention to where you put your feet (*vide* back numbers) and to how you hold your body. Try each time to play the stroke better than the last.

By this means you will one day improve in one stroke and the next day in another, and you will very soon find out which are the balls that suit this or that stroke. If you are practising the forward stroke you will find that a certain number of the balls bowled you are easily played forward; a certain number only with difficulty. Note which is which, and use your knowledge thus acquired when you are subsequently playing on more general lines, whether at the nets or in a game. Remember, you should practice driving and hitting just as much as playing forward and back. But never fall into the common mistake of regarding the forward stroke as the only one to be learnt. It is a very valuable stroke; but its value is much diminished if it is the only one you have. You see, if the first ball you receive is one that can only be played back and you try to play it forward and get bowled, your mastery of forward play is not much use to you for the rest of the afternoon. All the same, the forward stroke is in some ways the most difficult of all to master; so you will likely enough have to spend more time on it than on any other. Remember, however, W. G.'s words to the effect that the foundation of the art of batting consists in being able to play *both* forward *and* back; and, may I add, of knowing when to do so? It is a case, not of the one or the other, but of both.

You will observe that you must at the outset start with a clear idea of what you have to learn in each case. You must discover this either by watching a good player—the easiest way—or by instruction from a good coach—the next easiest way—or from reading it up in a book—the most difficult, but in some ways the best way. Unless you know how you ought to play a stroke, you are somewhat handicapped in your efforts to acquire a mastery of it, as a moment's reflection will convince you.

With regard to bowling, boys as a rule do themselves much more harm than good at the nets. The usual thing is for six or seven boys to stand in a *queue* and each in turn rush up to the wicket and fire down any sort of ball. This is no use as bowling practice, and is very bad for the batsman.

There should never be more than three bowlers at a net at a time—two is a better number. They should bowl carefully.

In learning to bowl, the chief point is to acquire accuracy of length, and this should always be kept in view. Accuracy of length does not come as much from mere mechanical precision as from an acquired power of pitching the ball where you want to. That is what you should aim at. And it is excellent practice to bowl to a batsman who requires a particular ball sent down each time, for this gives you a definite task.

Boys certainly ought not to bowl too much at nets. On the whole, I think a quarter of an hour is long enough, and it is expedient to allow at least as long between each delivery as is the case in a maiden over in a match.

Fielding practice at nets is most difficult to arrange satisfactorily. If a batch of boys are told off to field, they certainly will not field unless there is someone to keep them up to the mark. Still, it is better to attempt something of the sort than not. I should be glad to hear of any satisfactory system. Much may be done with fielding practice in games, but that is another matter.

C. B. Fry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. P.—Score each over thus, putting a dot for each ball, unless runs are made off it, or a wicket obtained by it: $\overset{\cdot}{3}\ \overset{W}{4}$ Do not enter wides or no-balls in the over, but in the column allotted to them. Score byes and leg-byes against extras in the batting-sheet; enter the balls off which they occur in the bowling analysis in dots. Bowling averages, whether for a match or a season, are obtained by dividing the number of runs scored off a bowler by the number of wickets obtained by him.

Quex.—You must cultivate a regular run and a regular delivery and a standard ball—say a medium or fast-medium with an off-break. Make yourself complete master of this. Then introduce variations of pace and break without altering run-up or delivery. It is the slight variation unperceived that baffles a batsman, not the obvious and complete change of ball.

Alex Ranes (Way College, Adelaide) recently achieved a magnificent performance in Australian inter-school cricket. Playing on the Adelaide Oval, for Way College *v.* Christian Brothers College, Ranes scored 114 not out in first innings, and 101 not out in the second. Of course, I do not know what the Christian Brothers' bowling was like, but I presume it was up to public school form; in which case Alex. Ranes

certainly made a record. I shall always be glad to receive notification of big scores and good bowling performances from my Antipodean readers. A batsman is out l.b.w. if he interposes any part whatever of his body, except hand holding bat.

X. Y. Z.—The boy in question probably overtrained last year. Training consists in a gradual building-up, not in a systematic process of exhaustion. This year he should train slowly. He should take plenty of long, brisk walks; no exercise is safer or more bracing to the muscles. He certainly ought not to run the full distance more than once a fortnight. He should not run more than three times a week. He should run a mile one day, two miles another, on the road; occasionally he might do an easy cross-country run.

W. H. (KIRKCALDY).—Your trade does you no harm if you take regular exercise. It matters little what you wear in practice; but perhaps you ought occasionally to run just as you will in a race. You will see some hints on sprinting above. "Athletics," in the All-England Series, is a useful little book. Never mind your knees. Are you sure sprinting is your *forte* rather than longer distances?

Mij.—Messrs. Newnes, the publishers, supply a cover, I think. Get the cover and have the binding done locally.

O. H. (POWYHE).—I think girls can play cricket very well indeed when they once grasp the elementary facts and principles of the game. Have you read "King Willow," by J. C. Snaith? No room here for hints, I fear. I do not know about August 2nd yet. If there, I shall be glad to give you a short lesson. I have not seen the riddle. Write again about hints.

A. C. H. (PERTH, W.A.)—Cultivate a regular run-up and delivery, and keep the arm high. Work diligently till you can bowl accurately, with the length and direction you want. Then cultivate a power of varying your pace and break slightly, without betraying the change to the batsman. A breaking ball should be played either right back or hit; in the former case watch it from the pitch on to your bat; in the latter get as near to smothering the break at the pitch as you can.

L. A. H. (MELBOURNE).—I expect you will find an article on bowling in THE CAPTAIN in the course of the spring. Never play forward at a leg-break. Most leg-breaks are slow, so it pays in general to play them right back, or else run out and catch them on the full pitch. It is difficult to hit them as they pitch. Let the ball get well into the air before you decide on your stroke.

B. G. B.—I do not know of a club. If you cannot find one, get up a boys' club yourself. There are plenty of boys about. I am glad you are keen.

Circulation.—You are all right. Do not do too much gymnastics; but do not give them up. You should go in for walking exercise, and eat plenty of plain, wholesome food. You will outgrow your troubles. Be careful to avoid chills after exercise. I dare say you need a tonic.

C. C. V. R. S.—Write to J. J. Reid, the Pavilion, Kennington Oval, S.E. Tell him what you want, and mention my name.

W. J. (NOTTS.).—You are well-proportioned and, I expect, strong. Do not use dumb-bells weighing more than 1lb. each. You cannot do better than train as I suggested in the article you mention. You will see some more advice above.

W. H. G.—Pound dumb-bells would, I think, suit you, but you might use even half-pounders. I do not believe in heavy bells; they make one slow. Quality of muscle depends on quickness as well as sheer power.

"Buenos Ayres."—Throwing is, in my opinion, a matter of the elbow and nothing else. If the elbow is straight, or even stiff, though bent all through the action, a bowler cannot throw, no matter what he does with his wrist or shoulder. The bowler you describe is quite fair in my opinion. I agree about the rule.

Hercules.—Very good indeed, especially for your age. You write nicely.

G. F. Thackray.—The referee was within his rights. He ought, in my opinion, to have removed the linesman as well. The player should have kept his temper—at least, till the game was over.

Paddy.—Glad to hear from you. As to sprinting, begin by practising sharp, short spurts. You will find some hints above. As to your enemies in the school, you can now afford to despise them. You might tell them that, even if England is wrong, which she is not, you are bound to stick to her. As to the extra-mural foes, copy General French's nobility.

Mask.—Bat should weigh about 2lbs. 1oz.; cost from 16s. 6d. to 18s. 6d., according to shop.

G. J. G.—Rather difficult, is it not, to find a suitable hobby for some one you do not know? If I were you I should go in hard for games.

H. A. L.—I do not quite know what the exercises with the developer are. But I think you should reduce the work proportionately all through, *i.e.*, do every exercise, but only, say, ten motions thereof instead of twenty. There is no reason why you should not do the exercises any time of day, save immediately after a meal.

B. T. (SHEFFIELD).—Nothing for it but plenty of out-door exercise.

G. Robinson.—Jones is not a tall man, about 5ft. 10ins., I fancy. Height is an advantage, but not an essential. It is a great mistake to take to fast bowling unless it comes natural to you. You might use light dumb-bells (1lb. each) and follow Sandow's system. I do not believe in any special training for cricket.

E. Rees.—You are quite right. The penalty rule does not work out fairly when a certain goal has been saved by an infringement of the rules.

H. M.—Use light dumb-bells (1lb. each) Follow a regular system, Sandow's for example. The pay of professionals varies considerably. In county elevens they get £5 a match, as a rule. But they also receive a fixed salary for ground work.

C. B. F.

THE THREE SCOUTS

A STORY OF THE BOER WAR

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—IV.)

AT the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured.

CHAPTER V.

PRESENTLY Geoff roused himself with a start; in his grief to have lost his brother, he had forgotten his own prisoner. Geoff ran down the side of the kopje, but the fellow had disappeared—it was only natural that he should have done so.

But the greater calamity dominated the lesser, and Geoff, frantic with grief, set out for Ladysmith with scarcely a thought for the escape of his man, almost numbed with the magnitude of the calamity that had befallen Bunny. He scarcely knew how to break the news to his mother. How would she take it? For Mrs. Bigby adored her youngest son; the brothers were accustomed, laughingly, to call Bunny "Little Benjamin, her ruler," and the news of his capture would be a terrible blow to her. But Mrs. Bigby was a brave and good woman, and, seeing the distress of her son, she received the news with wonderful composure and fortitude, taking care not to add to Geoff's grief by any sign of anxiety on Bunny's behalf. Geoff told the whole story from beginning to end, and found his mother smiling at the end of it.

"Aren't you angry with me, mother?" he asked. "He might, one feels, have been saved, somehow; I ought to have kept a better lookout upon him."

"How could you?" Mrs. Bigby smiled. "You did your best, but your hands were occupied with your own struggle. Angry with you? A thousand times no, my son! On the contrary, I see very plainly that you could have done no more than you did, and with all my heart I thank you for saving at least one of my sons to me."

"I wish to Heaven it had been the other one I had saved!" sighed Geoff, relieved, nevertheless, by his mother's attitude, "and that I had got myself carried away instead of old Bunny! However, cheer up, mother, for I have vowed not to rest until I have got him back, and I mean to keep my word! How shall you take it if we end by both being caught and imprisoned?"

Mrs. Bigby was silent for a minute or two.

"Even if you were, I think you would be better so—safer, I mean—sitting in prison together, than to be constantly making yourselves a mark for the enemy's bullets as you have been doing up to this time in your dangerous scouting work. That is my point of view—the mother's," laughed Mrs. Bigby. "Of course, I don't expect you to see the matter in the same light; but if you were captives together, you could at least help one another to escape! Talk it over with Hugh, my son, when he comes," Mrs. Bigby ended, "and anything that you two may think best, I shall also think the best."

So Geoff went down to Durban to meet Hugh, just arriving from Sydney. As the brothers clasped hands on the quay, Geoff told Hugh of the calamity which had befallen poor Bunny. Hugh looked grave.

"They won't shoot him, will they?" he asked.

"God forbid! They wouldn't dare! They've got to think of their own prisoners in our hands; we have a good many already."

"Where'll he be, then—near where they got him, or up at Pretoria?"

"That's what I should like to find out, and what I mean you and I *shall* find out. When we know where he is, we'll go and fetch him back, if you're game."

"That'd be a silly trick, surely," said Hugh; "for instead of one prisoner, there'd be three. We'll get him back when we march into Pretoria, but not a day before. Who put that mad idea into your head?"

"But I don't see that it *is* mad. Can't you conceive any possible way of rescuing a fellow supposing you know where he's confined?"

"Well, I don't! I daresay I'm not so sanguine by nature as you are, but I don't, and there's an end. Imagine me, not speaking a word of the language, deliberately going into the enemy's country to rescue a prisoner from one of their gaols. It would be madness."

"It would be difficult, of course; but I don't think it either mad or hopeless; nor does mother. We wouldn't go as combatants, in the uniform of such-and-such regiments, but as private individuals."

"Then we'd be shot as spies, man, or crammed into a prison. *You* might pass as a Boer pedlar, or farmer, or anything you like, since you know the language; but I am hopelessly English, and should be suspected at once."

"Quite true," sighed Geoff. "It would be a horrible risk for you, and I oughtn't to have suggested your going. I feel, though, that I must go and scout about for poor Bunn; it is sort of my fault that he was taken, you see; will you forgive me if I go away for a bit and leave you? I should join your corps, whatever you may enlist in, later on."

"No, Geoff, don't be an old fool," said Hugh kindly. "The enterprise is too rash and dangerous, it couldn't be carried out with any prospect of success; you must drop the idea. We'll enlist in this Imperial Light Horse they're talking about, or, if you're bent on scouting, we'll scout; but to undertake to besiege Pretoria on our own hook, with no artillery but our wits, would be a foolish enterprise; believe me, it would. I daresay I am as anxious to help Bunny as you are."

"Well, you didn't lose him, you see; he was under my care."

"Bosh! You did all you could, you devised a capital plan of escape and carried out your share, while Bunny failed, having a stronger man and a more timid horse to deal with, probably."

Geoff sighed. "At any rate, I'm going to try," he said. "I have vowed to do this, and do it I shall. You'd better not come, I quite see that would be foolish; but help me, if you can, by thinking of the best way for me to set about it."

Hugh promised this much, but he did not look with favour upon the idea of an attempt to find and release Bunny; therefore, he did not encourage Geoff's day-dream, as he considered it, by discussing the matter. But something happened a day or two later to make him think more favourably of Geoff's project. Someone showed him a Boer newspaper—the *Staats Courant*—in which was published a list of English prisoners already captured. The disaster at Nicholson's Nek had just occurred, and besides the long list of the poor fellows forced to surrender on that unfortunate day, there was published a shorter one of "casual prisoners," and among these latter, mentioned as taken to Pretoria and there imprisoned, Hugh read with mixed feelings the name of "Bernard Bigby, non-combatant, supposed farmer, captured after resistance in a farmhouse within the Boer lines."

He was safe, then—thank God for that!

That evening, as the brothers sat and chatted with their mother, Geoff suddenly leapt out of his chair as though attacked by a spasm of pain. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, ridiculously loud, "I've got it! The thing—the dodge—*the* very plan!" continued Geoff, almost dancing round the room in his excitement. "I see as plainly as if it were all written in a book, how it can be done. Good Heavens! how is it I never thought of it before? Bunny can be fetched away without danger, and almost without difficulty."

"Nonsense, old man, you're raving," said Hugh. "I'm sorry you're on that tack again."

"No. Listen before you judge, and listen well, because I tell you candidly that I intend to work

this business through, even if you oppose it. I shall get someone else to help me if you won't!" Geoff walked up and down the room for a moment or two, too excited to speak, and perhaps too angry, for he felt that he was upon a hot scent, and did not like to be checked.

Hugh looked on in surprise, for the brothers had always been such good friends that it was something unheard of that Geoff should suggest such a thing as acting in this matter for himself, even though it were in opposition to the opinions of the rest of the family.

"Yes, old man, I know that," Hugh laughed, good-naturedly. "Now let's hear how it's to be done."

CHAPTER VI.

GEOFF'S SCHEME.

"WELL, it's like this," said Geoff, brightening up. "Mother'll tell you that I can take off a Boer farmer, as I do sometimes for fun, to the life."

"He certainly can do that," said Mrs. Bigby,

GEOFF WENT DOWN TO DURBAN TO MEET HUGH.

"You may be sure I shall advise you as I honestly think," said Hugh, presently. "But I am not going to counsel anything outrageously risky. If you've thought of a plan for rescuing Bunny, let's hear it, and mother and I will give our opinions."

Geoff paced about for a while longer.

"I am sorry I said that. At least, said it *like* that," he said, presently, "but I stick to it that I do intend to work the thing, and I hope I shall persuade you to work it with me. Of course, I'd rather have you than anyone else, you know that."

laughing. "You should see him act Oom Paul, Hugh. I assure you, one can scarcely sit in one's chair for laughing; but he's just as good in the part of a young farmer coming into market."

"That'll do, mother," laughed Geoff, "it's my innings, remember. Well, my idea is this: we get through the Boer lines first of all—that won't be difficult, though it is one of the *most* difficult parts in the enterprise, so that the rest, you'll say, must be easy enough, and so it is. You, I should explain, would figure as a trooper of irregular cavalry, or any other regiment engaged at Ladysmith, while I should be got up as a Boer. I

am armed, you are not. I am mounted, you are on foot."

"What fun for me," laughed Hugh. "Go on!"

"In a word, you are my prisoner. You are one of the fellows that came to grief at Nicholson's Nek, you see, only you lost yourself for a couple of days, and wandered into the Boer lines. Well, I have an order from the field cornet to deliver you to the cornet in charge at Pretoria prison. Now d'you see the drift?"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Hugh. "Wait a minute—you take away my breath. So that you are supposed to be escorting me, an English prisoner, to Pretoria? Yes, I understand so far. Go on!"

"Capital! Very well, then; at Pretoria, I give you over to the field cornet in charge, and you are duly shut up——"

"Great Scott! man, this is a ripping game for me, I must say!" roared Hugh. "It will be very nice for Bunny having me for a companion, but even the pleasure of Bunny's society will scarcely compensate me for the loss of my liberty."

"You won't lose it for long, old chap. With you two fellows inside and me outside, why, hang it! surely we'll contrive a way out between us."

"Well, we might, of course, and we might get knocked on the head trying it. What do you think, mother? Is there anything in Geoff's plan, besides ingenuity? I quite admit it has plenty of that."

"It is a bold and clever scheme," said Mrs. Bigby, "and worthy of my Geoff; but, of course, there would be danger in the enterprise, from beginning to end of it, and the getting out of Pretoria would be so much more perilous than the getting in—you must not forget that, Geoff."

"There's one thing I had forgotten," said Hugh. "A prisoner going in as I should could take tools with him to help himself out again——"

"Good! so you could; you are coming round to my idea, Hugh, I can see you are—mother, you must too—oh, we'd be so careful, wouldn't we, Hugh? Buck up, old man, and persuade mother to think well of the plan."

Geoff was jubilant and happy; he believed in his plan, and thought he saw Hugh coming round to it. His brother laughed.

"Steady, Geoff," he said, "you are going too fast. This is a thing that can't be decided upon either one way or the other in a hurry. It *is* a good plan, mind you; I grant that to start with, but I should like to consult one or two with older heads than our own. There's no *very* pressing hurry let's sleep over it, at any rate."

"Very well," said Geoff. "do! The longer you think over the scheme, the better you'll like it. Think of the fun we should have! And think of the useful information we might bring back to the generals about new fortifications at Pretoria, and so on."

"Oh, yes, there's all that in its favour, of course," said Hugh, smiling, "but let's chew the cud a bit."

Later on, at the Outlanders' Club, Geoff spoke of his scheme to one or two of his friends there. Opinions were about equally divided.

Arguments *pro* and *con* were still passing backwards and forwards when there entered a figure well known to many of those present. This was Mr. Nicholas Rosenthal, a millionaire from Johannesburg.

"Your plan will interest old Rosenthal," someone whispered to Geoff, "for, as you know, his son was at the front, and was carried off to Pretoria only a couple of days ago, after that infernal Nicholson's Nek business."

"What's all the discussion about?" asked Mr. Rosenthal, puffing up to the corner in which the younger men were assembled. "This infernal war, I suppose, as usual. Well, it'll kill some of us, boys, and ruin the rest. It's going to last three years, see if it don't. And my poor lad a prisoner in Pretoria, dying of nothing to do and nothing to eat."

"Bigby here has a brother a prisoner there, too, and he's talking of going there and bringing him back," said someone.

"Bringing him back! How's he going to do that? He'll get there quickly enough, if he wants to, but I wouldn't bet on his coming back, either with or without his brother."

"Tell Mr. Rosenthal your plan, Geoff," laughed his friend. "Perhaps he'd like to accompany you."

Geoff explained his scheme.

"But are you good enough Boer for a game like that?" asked Rosenthal, obviously somewhat impressed.

"I could take in old Paul himself, as far as that goes—I have done so. I went with another fellow at Christmas, and sang hymns outside his house. The old boy was greatly interested, and came and preached to us in the street, but he didn't give us a brass farthing."

"Well, but—your brother—does he agree? He has to risk a good deal, it seems to me, because he has to be locked up."

"My brother hasn't quite made up his mind," said Geoff. "He is considering the matter, but I hope I shall persuade him."

"I think I may go," said Hugh. He had been talking, luckily for Geoff and his scheme, with two men who thought well of it.

"Upon my word, I don't know but what you mightn't work it, if you set about the thing

cautiously. Now I'll tell you what I'll do, young men—I'll offer you ten thousand pounds if you'll bring back my son, Jack, alive and well, together with your brother. Come, I mean it! If the offer is of any use to you in helping you to a decision, make a note of it, for I am serious."

"Oh no, sir," said Hugh. "If we went, we should go in any case for our brother's sake, and should need no pecuniary inducement; and, once there, we should be glad to help your son out of his scrape if the opportunity offered."

"Well, do your best, and if he arrives with you, you may draw upon me for ten thousand pounds. Come, it's a sporting offer."

"It's certainly a sporting offer," laughed Geoff; "but we don't want your money, Mr. Rosenthal. We'll do our best for Jack without being paid for it."

"Well, do your best; but, remember, I can afford the money, and your service would be well worth it, for another man added to your party would greatly enhance the risks, mind you. I can't bear to think of the poor boy being imprisoned there; for this infernal war 'll last two or three years, see if it don't!" said this pessimistic old Outlander.

The result of this conversation, and of others unrecorded, was that Hugh came completely round to think well of Geoff's plan; and, once converted, worked with all his might for its realisation.

Mr. Rosenthal asked, as a personal favour, to be allowed to present Geoff with a good horse, and as Geoff had no manner of objection to this, a beautiful animal was soon placed at his disposal. The plan was that Hugh, too, should start on horseback, and should ride as far as possible, but that he must go afoot if any Boers should be about, for Boers belong to the question-asking persuasion.

So Hugh procured the khaki uniform of an English trooper, and Geoff the brown corduroys of a Boer farmer, and early on a damp November evening—having taken a cheerful farewell of their mother—they set out upon their adventurous mission. Starting their riding from Estcourt, which they reached by train, the brothers took the westerly road towards Harrismith, making a wide sweep in order to pass well outside of the flank of the Boer position, leaving Ladysmith fifteen miles at least on their right.

They crossed the Tugela in safety, though not without challenge from the enemy's outposts, and heard in the distance the big guns of the English and of the enemy replying to one another in a nightly exchange of civilities as they passed on the flank of the invested English army.

More than once during the night they were pursued by small bodies of wide-awake Boers. But they preferred to be pursued at this stage of the proceedings rather than be asked awkward questions as to why Geoff's prisoner should be mounted upon a good horse, and other similar conundrums difficult to answer in so dangerous a neighbourhood, full, as Hugh expressed it, of confounded inquisitive people, who would be sure to want to know all about a fellow, even though he should assure them that he would rather be let alone.

That first night was spent uncomfortably at a point between the Tugela and the Harrismith road, but off the high road. The horses were hobbled, and allowed to wander in search of any grass that was to be found. They had had a big feed before leaving home, and would have to rough it for a day or two, after which Geoff hoped to be able to find more comfortable nightly quarters both for himself and prisoner and for their mounts.

Had any one been by to see, he would have been surprised to observe Boer Geoff and his prisoner tossing up for first sleep, and when Geoff had won the toss, would have been still more bewildered to see the prisoner, armed with the rifle of his gaoler, mount guard, while the latter stretched himself beneath a protecting boulder and abandoned himself to helpless slumber.

Half-way through the night the prisoner awoke his captor, and, presenting him with the weapon, took his turn at sleeping. The sight would have charmed a philanthropical spectator, who would doubtless have concluded that the Millenium had begun to arrive within hail.

Nevertheless, it was fortunate that Geoff's turn had come to watch, when, soon after dawn, a small party of Boers rode swiftly along the road, going towards Ladysmith, and, seeing the two horses grazing, dismounted in order to catch and annex them, believing them to have wandered from Heaven-knew-where.

Geoff could not afford to see his splendid mount and Hugh's useful beast commandeered before his very eyes within twelve hours of the start. He therefore hailed the Boers.

"Hullo, there!" he called out; "let those horses alone!"

"Thunder!" exclaimed a Boer; "there's an owner, after all. Who are you, there, and what are you doing on the veldt?"

"I've taken a prisoner and his horse," said Geoff; "found the silly fool lost, and he surrendered to me without a blow."

"I see. Where are you taking him to, then?"

"Harrismith—they can send him on by train from there, or hang him for all I care, so long as they don't hang the horse."

"Probably he's one of the Nicholson's Nek fellows. What in thunder is the uniform he's

"HALLO, THERE!" HE CALLED OUT; "LET THOSE HORSES ALONE!"

wearing; and how does he come to have a horse?"

"Must have been a trooper in one of the colonial corps," said Geoff. "He has a horse, that's enough for me."

"You're not going to let him ride it, though, surely?" said the fellow; "you'll be a fool if you do. Make him run."

"Catch me letting him ride. I shall lead his horse and he shall run alongside. Do you take me for an idiot?"

"Come on, Piet; you'd talk all day if you were allowed!" shouted an impatient Boer who had ridden a few paces on; and Piet, to Geoff's relief, grinned and departed, leaving the brothers with one danger on the right side of their account; to the relief, also, of Hugh, who had shammed asleep throughout the conversation, deeming this the safest course, since he understood nothing of what was said.

"I suppose you would have told me in English if I had had to get up and break anybody's head?" he remarked.

Nevertheless, it was deemed wiser to lie hid for the whole of that day, and to travel in this dangerous locality only by night.

CHAPTER VII.

USEFUL SERVICE.

THE two scouts had not proceeded far from their hiding-place near the Tugela, next evening when they reached a spot where one road branches to the right towards Ladysmith, while the other, that which leads straight on, or slightly to the left, passes through the Van Reenen Pass and so on to Harrismith. Of these two, the latter should unquestionably have been the route chosen. But both brothers paused, as with one consent.

"I must say I *should* like just to get a glimpse of Ladysmith," said Hugh. "The difficulty would be the horses; we could creep in easily enough on our feet, or on our waistcoats if necessary."

"Yes," said Geoff, reflectively. "I wonder," he continued, after a minute or two, "whether I dare or whether it would be too great a risk——" he paused.

"Well, what?" laughed Hugh. "What infernal impertinence are you devising now, Geoff? asking old Joubert to hold your horse while you go and have a look at the town?"

Geoff laughed also. "Not Joubert," he said; "but really I don't see why I should not get somebody else to keep an eye on the horses—some Boer, of course, I mean—while we go on."

"My good man, where do I come in?" said Hugh. "You couldn't pretend you were taking your prisoner with you on a scouting job; you'd have to leave me with the horses at the mercy of some Boer. No thanks!"

"You wouldn't appear when I took in the horses, of course. I should go to the picket, and say I had smashed an English scout and bagged his horse, and would they kindly keep an eye on both horses while I did a bit of foot scouting? There are plenty of outposts within half a mile of us now; asleep, most of them, I'd bet! We might ride up close to the nearest we happen to come across on the way to Ladysmith, and before they saw *you*, you could slip off and wait for me while I took the horses on, and left them in charge; then I'd join you again."

"Upon my word, Geoff, it wouldn't be a bad plan if you are *absolutely* certain you can play the Boer well enough to pass You look so horribly young, and, well as you talk Dutch, you might easily be spotted."

"My Dutch is safe," said Geoff; "and, as for looking young—half their fellows are quite as young as I am—I'm twenty."

"Well, try it then; I feel worked up for a spree to-night," said Hugh. "Only, for Heaven's sake be careful!"

So the venturesome pair rode softly towards Ladysmith, now distant about seven miles, and before they had ridden many minutes they stopped, for they heard in the distance the unmistakable sounds indicative of a laager—horses stamping and occasionally neighing, and a human voice at intervals.

"There'll be an outpost somewhere just here," said Geoff. "Wait for me among these boulders, I'll come back for you within a few minutes; if I'm not back in an hour you'll know I've gone to Pretoria to join Bunny, and you'd better get back home."

"Don't play any giddy tricks, and you'll be all right," whispered Hugh; "I'll wait here."

Geoff rode cautiously on, leading Hugh's horse, and presently was challenged by a sleepy voice.

"Look here," said Geoff, "I'm scouting; I've killed a sneaking Englishman and bagged his horse. I want to get closer in, and the horses hamper me, will you keep an eye on the beasts if I leave them with yours?"

"Fill my pipe for me and I will," said the Boer. "The horses are back there on the kopje. Give these to the groom there—kick the fool if he's asleep."

Geoff offered his 'baccy pouch. "That's English," grinned the Boer, "I suppose it was the *rooinek* scout's before you knocked him on the head?"

"Yes," said Geoff, grateful for the suggestion. "I must get a Boer pouch!" he reflected.

Geoff left the horses and thanked his friend.

"There are some of our fellows mounting a gun a couple of miles on," he said, "on a hillock to the left of the road. It's a good gun, but *verdomte* heavy, they said when they passed. There was a German with them, swearing like the Evil One."

Geoff made a note of this fact. It struck him that here was something more than an excuse for paying a visit to the British camp.

He returned along the road for Hugh, giving a low whistle, their own family call, well known to both, a simple strain, something like the pipe of a golden oriole. Out came Hugh at once.

"Well," he asked, excitedly, "how has your impudence succeeded?"

"Perfectly, not a hitch! There's nothing like brass in this world, take my word for it!" Then Geoff described his adventure, including the information incidentally acquired as to the party of Boers at this moment employing themselves in mounting a gun.

"Why, man, things couldn't be better!" exclaimed Hugh. "We'll just look in and see how the German and his gunner fellows are getting on, and then hurry off to the camp and tell them about it; we'll do a good turn to our own side, after all, before starting off to fetch Bunny."

So the pair of scouts left the road, and ran and crept and ran again, and walked a hundred yards, then sprinted once more where they could, keeping as much as possible under cover, though it was dark and the place seemed clear of the enemy, excepting here and there an outlying picket, whom they took care to avoid. Once one of these good fellows took a chance shot at them, or rather at the sound they made, but as he did not see them, his bullet may have flown within a quarter of a mile of them, and may not.

"There you are, that'll be the gun kopje," said Hugh at length, as well as he could, for panting. "Better go on alone, in case you're seen by their patrol. Have a good look and count the men engaged, then come back for me here."

Geoff nodded, and crept carefully forward. For half a minute or so Hugh watched him creep and glide among the boulders and scrub. Then he disappeared.

Ten minutes passed, and Hugh began to think a full hour had gone by. Then at last Geoff came stealthily back—Hugh met him. Geoff's finger was at his lip.

"Hush!" he said, "they're only a quarter of a mile away. They are still struggling with the gun—a huge, long, heavy thing. They'll be four or five hours over the job yet. We've plenty of time to tell the General at Ladysmith, if we can get at him. There are seventy or eighty men employed."

"Jove! we ought to have them 'on toast' and the gun too," said Hugh, excitedly. "Come along, we won't waste a minute."

Without another word whispered the two brothers started at a quick run—over this hillock and up the next, and along a short, level piece and more hills, till, suddenly, they were brought up by an English voice:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," said Hugh, stepping forward.

"Steady a minute, friend, then, and say what's your business. Why, one of you's a Boer!"

"Only a sham one, mate," said Geoff. "I'm a scout—we both are. Have you anyone you could send back into camp on horseback? We've a little job on that the General may like to know of."

"I don't know, I'm sure, whether I ought to let you pass—a feller dressed in Boer's kit! How do I know you're not a darned Boer scout up to some devilry or other?"

"Well, keep me here, then, and let my brother go forward. Or, keep us both, and send one of your fellows back with a note from us."

"Well, pass, then; you seem all right. Stop! give me your rifle to show you're square."

"Take it, by all means. Now step out, Hugh; we'll be in camp in twenty minutes."

After sundry short delays, thanks to the alertness of the various sentries passed on the way to the General's quarters, the brothers at last succeeded in getting a message conveyed to the commanding officer by an *aide-de-camp*.

This latter gentleman was somewhat astonished to perceive that one of those who desired to speak to him was a Boer. But he was soon persuaded that this was but the outer shell of a Boer, and the kernel good British flesh and blood.

"But why is one of you dressed as an Englishman and the other as a Boer?" he asked.

Hugh laughed, and explained that this arrangement was convenient for their purposes.

"You see, sir," he said, "when we want to enter our own camp I can pretend the Boer is my prisoner; and if we want to collect information in theirs, I become *his* prisoner."

"Highly ingenious," laughed the officer; "but mind you don't get sent to Pretoria without your Boer fellow one of these times, when you accompany him into their quarters. You run considerable risk, both of you! However, I'll tell the General what you say. If he believes your tale he may send out a squadron of Hussars."

The General himself came out, anxious to see the men themselves before deciding whether to believe them or no. He gazed curiously at one and the other.

"Didn't someone point you out to me at Reitfontein, or after, and tell me you had done some good scouting with Yule's troops?" he said, addressing Geoff.

Geoff blushingly acknowledged that he had had the privilege of being complimented on that occasion. This had occurred just after his separation from Bunny. Then the C. O. whispered something to his *aide-de-camp*, who departed quickly.

"I will take your names, gentlemen," said the General; "and in case you have given useful information I shall be glad to remember them."

He wrote the names Hugh Bigby and Geoffrey Bigby in his pocket-book.

"You will guide the Hussars to the spot in which you say the gun is now being mounted," he said. "You are sure you can return to it without mistaking the way?"

Both brothers hastened to give the assurance, and the General, after wishing them good night, and bidding them wait where they were for the troopers, returned to his quarters.

In a wonderfully short space of time a company of infantry and a squadron of Hussars were assembled ready to make a start.

"Now, guides, off you go!" said the officer commanding. "And, look here, no nonsense about forgetting the way or anything of that sort; if I have reason to think you are up to any tricks, you shall have a bullet apiece before you're a minute older, mind that!"

"All right, Colonel Evans," said Geoff; "you ought to know me better than that—I'm Geoffrey Bigby. I didn't play you any tricks with Yule's column, did I?"

"Lord, youngster, I didn't know you! Why, what a realistic Boer you have made yourself!" laughed the colonel, now recognising an old acquaintance. "Come—*you*'ll be all right, anyhow! Lead on; we have to be so careful now, you see."

The nightly promenade proved a brilliant little affair, one in which both the Hussars and the Branshires covered themselves with glory; for the gun was presently dismounted and partially destroyed, and the seventy Boers sent flying to all points of the compass—and this with scarcely a casualty to the British troops engaged. When all was over, Colonel Evans did not forget to express his thanks, and those of the General, to the two guides to whose good offices the successful little sortie was due.

"The General will be glad to thank you for himself next time you come into camp," he said; "and I shall take care that your services are not forgotten, however long you may elect to be absent."

With which genial words the colonel and his merry men returned joyously to camp, well pleased with the result of their little night enterprise.

"I'm glad we had that one little look in!" said Hugh. "Now we must hurry up and get back our horses. What if we find our old friends at the patrol camp have stampeded, like these others, taking our beasts with them?"

"Then we should have to go on foot, or by train," laughed sanguine Geoff, "unless we could steal another pair."

But the horses were safe enough, and Geoff concocted a cock-and-bull story of how he had met a body of English troops close to Ladysmith, evidently making a sortie, and how he had hurried by another road in order to warn the gunner fellows on the kopje, but had unfortunately been just too late.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RUDE SHOCK.

When Harrismith was reached on the following evening Hugh Bigby the prisoner of the party, was on foot and affecting to be weary and foot-sore.

THE WOMEN SWARMED ROUND TO EXAMINE THE PRISONER.

The place, like most of those passed through by them during their march northwards, was almost deserted, excepting by women and children and a few old men. Geoff had to answer innumerable questions, for the women swarmed round to examine the prisoner, addressing to him uncomplimentary remarks, and laughing in his face. Some informed Hugh that if they had their way they would lynch him to the nearest street lamp, together with all the rest of the Queen's soldiers that they could lay hands on. Hugh did not understand a word they said, and smiled blandly back at them.

"What are they saying?" he asked Geoff.

"They're saying what a good-looking chap you

are, and want to know if you're a married man," laughed Geoff. "Don't you go and be persuaded to choose one and settle down here for evermore."

"Sorry I can't, I'm sure, but I'm a prisoner—tell them so," said Hugh, highly pleased with the joke, and entirely unsuspecting of the real tenor of their remarks. He nodded and smiled at the ladies, however, and said "Good morning" in Dutch, the time being evening, but this was about all the Dutch he knew. Some of the women made faces in return for his genial salutations. These, Hugh concluded, were the jealous ones.

There was no difficulty about finding a comfortable lodging, and this night was passed in luxury, after a good supper had been discussed by both men.

In the morning Hugh limped out of the town as he had limped into it, while Geoff rode alongside and led the spare horse. There were very few abroad so early to see them, and no Boer ladies to make rude remarks, destined to be considerately translated by an indulgent captor in order to spare the feelings of his captive.

"We're doing it pretty comfortably so far, eh?" said Geoff. "There doesn't seem much difficulty about the business, does there?"

"I must say you do the Boer jolly well," admitted Hugh; "but you'll have to use all your wits before you've done, or I shall be surprised. Remember, this is the Free State we're in, and they may be sharper in the Transvaal."

Half a mile from town the prisoner jumped upon his horse and rode comfortably forward with his companion — the lion and the lamb travelling together in peace and accord.

But before midday the enterprising pair met with an adventure which gave them what is colloquially known as "a jar," and caused them to make certain modifications in their mode of procedure.

Round the corner of the road along which they were peacefully riding, each smoking his pipe, there suddenly met them a troop of fifty or sixty Boers hurrying to the front, led by a field cornet.

"Halt!" exclaimed the latter officer, apparently much astonished. "What is the meaning of this? Surround them, men!"

"This is my prisoner, Mr. Field Cornet," said Geoff, somewhat surprised and dismayed, but determined not to lose his head.

"Your prisoner, and riding! What for a *verdomte* fool are you, then, to allow a prisoner to ride? Can't you understand that he will escape you that way?"

"I am stronger than he is by this much," said Geoff, tapping his Mauser barrel.

"The deuce! idiot that you are, he jumps behind a boulder and he is gone! Get off the horse, you English fellow, you've got to run. Take the beast, one of you. Now, you, who are you and where are you going with him?"

"Pieter Kuyper, of Huyte's commando, Meyer's division," said Geoff readily, having prepared all this beforehand. "I'm taking him to Pretoria; he is one of those you Free Staters so cleverly caught at Nicholson's Nek, but this one was lost on the veldt for several days."

"Stop! Why are you travelling this way and not by rail? You are wasting time, if not skulking. Don't you know that every man is wanted at the front?"

"I shall be back very soon, officer—I am not a skulker," said Geoff, assuming a convincing air of offended nobility, "but I caught him some miles from camp, and was bringing him along until I should find someone, like yourself, who could give me a railway travelling order."

"That's easily done," said the field cornet, and he wrote forthwith upon a scrap of paper the order for Pieter Kuyper to convey his prisoner to Pretoria, and to return himself, free of charge, to the front.

"See you waste no time in returning," he said, "or, by thunder! there'll be questions asked."

"You have forgotten to pay me anything for the prisoner's horse, field cornet," said Geoff, boldly; but that gentleman had by this time ridden out of hearing, though some of his Boers laughed loudly when they heard the remark.

"Apply for it when you get back," someone shouted, "you'll find it carefully kept for you in the commandant's own stables!"

Half a minute later the party had disappeared.

"There goes your horse, old man," said Geoff, looking after them, "and, thank God, they didn't take you too. I was afraid they would."

"What was it all about?" asked Hugh, and when he had had the conversation explained to him, he, too, was of the opinion that they had come well out of a great danger. "They've commandeered the beast," he said. "I suppose they've a right, according to all one reads."

"But then, the next fellow may commandeer mine," said Geoff, "and we shall have to walk. At any rate, we've a free ticket by rail," he added.

"No. I don't like the idea of going by train," said Hugh; "one get's there too quickly, before one's plans are fully made."

Prisoner and captor took turns to ride the horse, but since it would look too suspicious for the English officer to ride while his Boer guard walked alongside, Hugh mounted only at such times and in such places as were considered perfectly safe, as, for instance, when there was a clear stretch of straight road and no signs of travellers upon it for a considerable distance ahead.

But once, before evening, they were caught in the act of changing.

Hugh had been taking his turn in the saddle when half a dozen Boers hove suddenly in view, joining the main Standerton road from a side road, and coming down at a hand canter to meet them, headed, as before, by a field cornet, who had probably beaten up the men from some out-of-the-way village where they had successfully ignored, up to this time, the trumpet's blast. The cornet seemed an ill-tempered person, or maybe he was angry.

"What is this *hocus pocus?* Did I see the prisoner riding upon your horse?" he said.

"He is footsore," replied Geoff, "and I gave him a short ride in mercy—especially as the horse is his own, or was."

"Then you are a fool, my friend," said the field cornet; "and you are not to be trusted with a prisoner, nor yet with a horse—certainly not with both together. Where are you taking him to, and why not by rail?"

"We shall join the railway at Standerton. I am all right with the prisoner—if he attempts to play the fool I could shoot him in a minute."

"You will be safer walking, nevertheless. Take the horse one of you there! Now, burgher, your name and farm, and the horse shall be restored to you after the war, or, at any rate, you can claim to have it restored; though, since you say it belonged to the Englishman, I doubt if you would get satisfaction."

Geoff gave his name and address: "Pieter Kuyper, of Rosengarten Farm, Potchefstroom District."

The field cornet took it down. Then he gave Geoff a receipt for "one horse commandeered—captured from the English by Pieter Kuyper."

"Where's your own horse?" he asked.

"Shot during the fighting on October 26th," said Geoff readily. "I have been on foot ever since until Providence sent me this fool and his horse."

"Well, old man!" said Hugh, when the officer and his men had ridden away in a cloud of dust, "it seems to me those field cornet fellows are just about as cool as they make 'em. They'd commandeer the bed from under you if they thought it a nice one."

"It seems our fellows—or our guns—have been dead on the horses, and they're hard up for mounts—that's what it means," said Geoff. "We're in for a forty or fifty-mile walk, and then train from Standerton—that's *our* programme."

"There's not much hardship in that," Hugh laughed, "especially as you'll have to carry the gun, not I."

Geoff sternly bade his brother remember his place, and not presume to laugh at him.

"You are my prisoner," he explained, "and if you are impertinent to me I shall make it extremely unpleasant for you."

"I'm bigger than you, and I'd punch your head for twopence!" said the prisoner, whereupon his stern gaoler announced that he would get his companion lynched at the nearest village if he were not careful.

"They have been quite inclined to do it once or twice already, you know," he added.

Hugh did not know this, fortunately for his peace of mind; but had he been familiar with the Dutch language, as spoken in this country, he would have comprehended that the remarks of the women in all the farms and villages he had passed through—as well as at Harrismith—had been the reverse of complimentary. Geoff had never informed him of this fact, being careful, to a fault, of his prisoner's feelings.

But at this moment the said prisoner was in high good humour, and not inclined to be awed by the sternness of his captor; he insisted upon that genial Dutchman producing the sandwiches, and sitting down to share the same. As a matter of fact, Hugh was greatly relieved to find that Geoff passed so well as a Boer, for he had in his heart of hearts been somewhat sceptical of his ability to do so. Each interview with parties of the enemy helped to convince him that Geoff had been quite justified in his sanguine expectations—the project was working wonderfully.

So the two sat down and enjoyed a square meal. The loss of their horses did not very much matter at this point in the enterprise; for though in the first part of their journey the animals had been indispensable, here their loss was no more than a regrettable incident. But, unfortunately, in the midst of their meal, while they sat and discussed hopefully sundry projects for the course of action to be taken at Pretoria—after Hugh should be shut up in prison, and Geoff left outside to devise and carry out the plan for releasing both him and Bunny—a rude shock was in preparation for the conspiring brothers. For with a great clatter of hoofs, and with much swearing in Dutch, there suddenly rode up from behind them the field cornet of half an hour ago. He led Geoff's horse, and his violent language was caused by the objections of that animal to being hauled along by the bridle at the flank of the cornet's own horse.

"Ha! here you are!" cried the field cornet. "That is good, Pieter Kuyper, for my conscience has rebuked me since I left you alone with this great prisoner-fellow here."

"Why—I shall be all right with him," said Geoff, his heart sinking, nevertheless, for he feared he knew not exactly what. "I see you

have brought back my horse," he continued boldly —"you ought never to have commandeered it, my friend."

"Oh, to the deuce with you!" said the cornet, laughing disagreeably. "I have brought the horse—yes, but you must walk all the same. I have reflected that I was wrong to allow you to go alone with this prisoner to Standerton; you ought never to have taken him out of Harrismith. Why should you, when there is a railway? Do you know what it seems to me, my friend, that you are doing? You are spending as much time as possible in conveying your prisoner by road towards Pretoria in order to shirk your duty at the front."

"When I meet you in the trenches you shall see that I am no shirker," said Geoff. "But why have you come to tell me this?"

"I have not. I have come to take your English gaol-bird back to Harrismith, where he shall be sent off by rail in safety, and to bid you hasten back to the front as quickly as you can get there and report yourself to me. You can ask for Field Cornet Arendson at the Frankfort commando outside Ladysmith. When you report yourself, I shall judge whether you have come as quickly as you ought; and when I have decided that point, I shall know whether I should complain of your conduct to the commandant of your division or overlook your foolishness."

"It is I that shall complain," said Geoff, dismayed by the turn events were taking, yet resolved to resist to the last. "You are exceeding your functions, Mr. Field Cornet. This is my prisoner, and it is my duty to carry him into safety. You have no right to interfere."

"Show me your authority for absenting yourself from the commando to which you belong? Ah! I see by your face that you have none—you are acting on your own responsibility. Take care, my friend, Piet Kuyper. Shirking is a dangerous game and punishable by death. I might shoot you if I were satisfied of your guilt; but I shall give you the chance of reporting yourself within two days. If you fail to do so, you shall be shot when found."

Geoff was silent, wondering whether it would be safe to shoot this man on the spot before he could separate him from Hugh, as he clearly intended to do.

"Come, tell the *rooinek* to prepare, and be sharp," continued the cornet. "Does he speak Dutch?"

"Not a word," said Geoff. "You must tell him what you want in English."

"I know no English. If you speak the language, tell him. Come—waste no more time."

Geoff was glad to hear this, for it enabled him to speak freely to his brother; though, since he did not altogether trust the cornet, who might know English better than he pretended, he thought

"DON'T FRET! *Au revoir!*"

it prudent to speak very rapidly, in order to render his words more difficult to follow.

"This rascally Jack-in-office," he said, "is going to carry you off. Don't look so dismayed, or he may smell a rat. He says he will send you off by train from Harrismith. Shall I shoot him as he stands? Should I be justified?"

Hugh stood silent awhile, too stunned to speak. He thought hard for a moment.

"Don't shoot him," he said. "The other fellows would hear and come back. Wait about here. I sha'n't be with him long. I'm going to give him the slip. If I don't come, follow me by train."

"What's all the talk about?" said the cornet. "You seem too friendly with your prisoner, my man!"

"I was telling him he might give me a sovereign or so for treating him kindly," said Geoff; "but he refuses to pay me. Give me a receipt for him and take him, Mr. Cornet. I may as well enjoy the credit of having caught him when these things are counted up afterwards."

"You can have your receipt," said the cornet, scribbling the required paper, "and be hanged to you! Now then, you Englishman, up on saddle, there! Say it in English, curse you!" he added to Geoff, angrily.

Geoff did as requested.

"Mount, old man," he said; "and for Heaven's sake come back!"

Hugh mounted and rode off. He seemed to take no notice of Geoff, but he grinned over his shoulder as he rode away, and said:

"Don't fret. *Au revoir!*"

But as Geoff saw him disappear he gave way to a fit of deep despondency.

"I ought to have shot the blackguard," he reflected. And a little later, feeling yet more depressed, he blamed himself more vigorously. 'Fool and ass that I was," he thought, "I ought to have shot him dead. It's war time, I should have been amply justified. *Idiot* that I was!"

Then he ran back along the road in the wild hope of pursuing the field cornet on foot and dragging him from his saddle. But Boer and Briton were already out of sight.

(To be continued.)

Fred Whishaw.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

(Contributed by readers of THE CAPTAIN.)

ADAM BEDE.

ADAM BEDE is my favourite character in fiction.

His strong personality stands out from the pages—living and real type of all that is best in the workman. Adam Bede is not an ordinary character: he is a man whose like we seldom meet—a man who, living, commands respect; and, dead, is not instantly forgotten.

Strength is an instinct with Adam. His whole character is one of upright, unflinching strength. His strength of will gives him power to resist the most violent impulses of passion. He is steeled against abuse. Brooking no wrong in himself he can suffer none in others, so that he has too little understanding of weakness.

About Adam there is no hesitation—no half measures; he does everything decisively or not at all. He is a man of deeds—not of words. He is a careful workman, skilled in his craft—letting none of his faculties rust in idleness. He is eager for knowledge; full of intelligence; steady, and clever. Such is Adam, ever keen and alert; looking fearlessly out upon the world—honoured by all who know him.

But he is yet to pass through the furnace.

His strong will bears him safely through the terrible anguish of his desolation and keeps him from violence. He comes through the ordeal a changed man, with the shadow of his great sorrow upon him. He has abundantly learned the lesson that we are all very human. His strength is not lessened—it is softened and perfected, in common with his every other quality. Happiness comes to him at last, and the strong, sorely-tried man passes from our sight in peace.

ARCHIBALD NEALE.

THE CUNARD LINER R.M.S. "CAMPANIA," ON THE MERSEY.

Her passengers are here embarking from the Riverside Station, Liverpool, *en route* for New York. In good weather the *Campania*, and her twin sister the *Lucania*, have steamed a distance equal to 622 statute miles in 24hrs.

(By permission of the Cunard Steamship Company.)

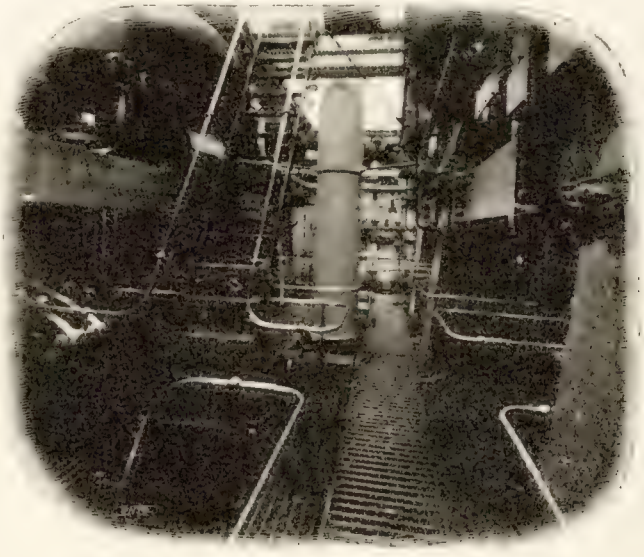
R.M.S. "NILE," OF THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

This steamer is usually employed on the mail and passenger service from Southampton to Brazil and River Plate, but has recently been under charter as a transport.

(By permission of the Royal Mail Company.)

It has been truly said that the Cunard Company occupies in mercantile history a position analogous to the earliest railway company, being the oldest ocean steamship line in the world. Thus it is only appropriate that our first illustration should be one of this famous transatlantic line's steamer, the *Campania*, and though this is not quite the biggest steamship afloat, there is now being built for the Cunard line a vessel that is going to break many—if not all—former records.

When the first steamship of the Cunard line—the *Britannia*—reached Boston, the number of passengers was thought so large—there were 63 all told—that the enthusiastic townspeople got up a special *fête* and public greeting in honour of the adventurous people who had dared the terrors of the Atlantic, in what was almost regarded in the light of some fiery dragon of the sea. Nowadays, however, the average number of people who cross the Atlantic by the various steamship lines every week is considerably over 8,000. At the head of the Cunard fleet stand at present two sister-ships—the *Campania* and

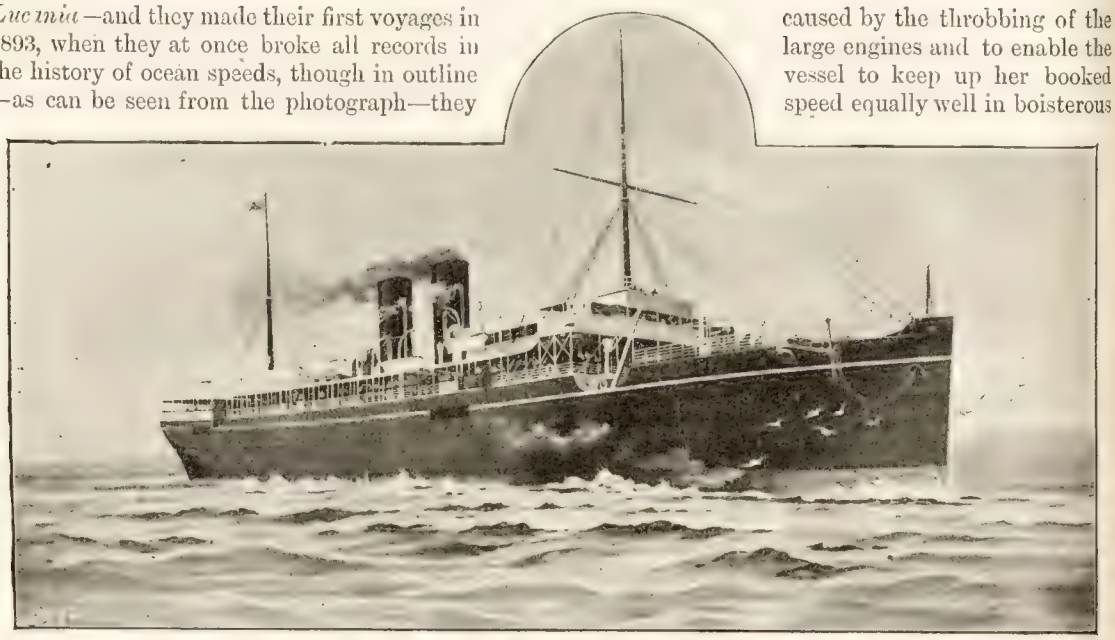


A VIEW OF THE ENGINES OF A MODERN OCEAN LEVIATHAN.

Of all the parts of a modern steamship they are the most fascinating, being, so to speak, the very heart and life-blood of the vessel.

(By permission of the Union Steamship Company.)

Lucania—and they made their first voyages in 1893, when they at once broke all records in the history of ocean speeds, though in outline—as can be seen from the photograph—they



THE FAMOUS P. AND O. LINE OWN NO LESS THAN 57 LARGE AND FAST STEAMERS, REPRESENTING A TONNAGE OF 297,692.
(By permission of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.)

are as graceful as yachts. The *Campania* and *Lucania* travel to and fro between New York and Liverpool at nearly 25 miles an hour with the regularity and punctuality of a railway train, and in good weather they have steamed a distance equal to 622 statute miles in 24 hours. The *Campania* is still further distinguished by carrying the heaviest anchors in the world. They each weigh 8½ tons, and were tested to bear a strain of 120 tons, whilst the total weight of the *Campania's* cables is 105 tons.

A FIRST-CLASS SALOON.
At one seating this splendid apartment, 60ft. by 40ft., will accommodate 172 persons.
(By permission of the Union Steamship Company.)

The name of the famous White Star liner—the *Oceanic*—is probably well-known to most readers. Without any undue exaggeration, the *Oceanic* has been described as a "Hotel Cecil" afloat, and its designers have done everything in their power to destroy vibration caused by the throbbing of the large engines and to enable the vessel to keep up her booked speed equally well in boisterous as in calm weather, so that one Wednesday witnesses her departure from one side of the Atlantic and the same day of the following week sees her arrival on the opposite side. In fact, nowadays, the aim of the White Star line—and of most others, for the matter of that—is to endeavour more and more to make their steamers keep time, corresponding with the regularity of a railway train. According to a newspaper account, published at the time of the departure of the *Oceanic* on her first voyage, one day the partners of the White Star line sat round a table on which were the plans of two steamers—one, marked "A," was the plan of a leviathan which would eclipse anything yet accomplished in the way of speed; the other, marked "B," was the plan of a ship which would cross the

READY TO START!

The R.M.S. *Kinfauns Castle* was launched on May 12th, 1899, for work on the London and South Africa Mail Service. She has accommodation for nearly 600 passengers. Her gross tonnage is 10,000, and horse-power 10,500.

(*By permission of Messrs. Donald Currie & Company.*)

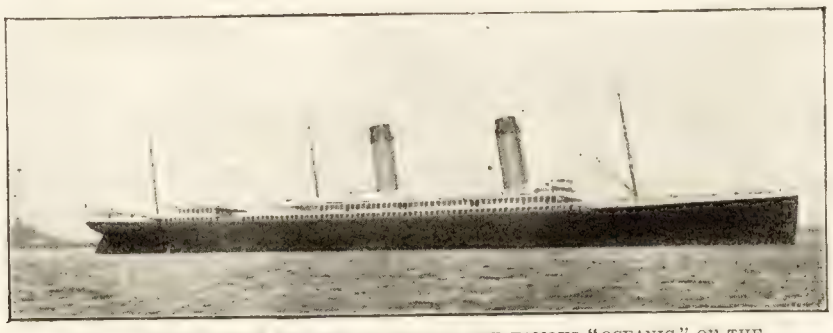
Atlantic all the year round with a punctuality not yet achieved. It was a question of speed or certainty, and the White Star line chose certainty—they adopted plan "B," and built the *Oceanic*.

We cannot all go to the Mersey or New York Harbour to see what a graceful and beautifully-proportioned vessel the *Oceanic* really is, but judging as best one can from the accompanying photograph, it will be agreed that her beautiful lines give but little hint of her truly gigantic proportions. Her rudder and stern-frame weigh 150 tons, whilst 100 tons of cable lie coiled under her foc'sle deck. She is composed of 17,000 steel plates, many weighing from 2 to 3¼ tons each, and her promenade deck is 400ft. long. The *Oceanic's* gross tonnage is 17,274, while the combined tonnage of the twenty-three vessels comprising the White Star fleet totals out at 148,359. Though, of course, I don't wish to infer that CAPTAIN readers are in any way superstitious there are one or two rather singular coincidences in connection with this great ocean greyhound. The *Mayflower* sailed with the Pilgrim Fathers from Plymouth for America on Wednesday, September 6th, 1620; the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company (White Star line) was registered September 6th, 1869; and the new *Oceanic* sailed from Liverpool for New York on Wednesday, September 6th, 1899.

THIS GIVES YOU A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT THE BOAT-DECK ON THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE" IS LIKE.

(*By permission of Messrs. Donald Currie & Company.*)

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company will, doubtless, seem more familiar to most readers when called simply the "P. and O." This famous line own no less than fifty-seven large and fast steamers, representing



THE BIGGEST BRITISH STEAMSHIP AFLOAT—THE FAMOUS "OCEANIC," OF THE WHITE STAR LINE.

Her gross measurement is 17,274 tons, and she has accommodation for 1,575 passengers and 450 crew.

(By permission of Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Company.)

journeying backwards and forwards between England and Australia. The *Omrah*—the biggest steamer on this line—is the subject of one of our illustrations, and she is also on the Admiralty list of vessels suitable as armed cruisers. It is stated, moreover, she could keep at sea without recoaling for 150 days at a cruising speed of 10 knots. Another feature of the *Omrah* is that she can describe a circle in 2½ times her length within about 60secs ;and her steering-gear is what is known as a "friction-clutch," which, when an abnormally heavy sea strikes the rudder, gives way slightly so as to lessen the shock, after which the rudder returns to the central position.

together a tonnage of 297,692, whilst the thirty steam tenders and tugs belonging to the company make up quite 3,000 tons more. On one occasion one of the P. and O. boats —the *Caledonia*—made a record by landing the mails at Bombay within 12¼ days from London *viâ* Brindisi, whilst the steamer's own journey from Plymouth to Bombay was accomplished in less than 17 days. "As good as a P. and O. boat" is the sailor's equivalent to the landsman's phrase "as good as the Bank of England."

TWIN-SCREW STEAMER "NEW ENGLAND," 11,400 TONS.

The steamers of the Dominion line ply between Liverpool and Canada and the United States, and are noted for the excellent arrangements they afford for all classes of passengers.

(By permission of the Dominion Line.)

Mention of the P. and O. naturally suggests some reference to the famous Eastern-going steamers of the Orient line, which are ever

ONE OF THE FINEST CARGO STEAMERS AFLOAT—THE "MONTEZUMA," OF THE CELEBRATED ELDER DEMPSTER LINE.

Her length is 590ft., her breadth (extreme) 59ft., her depth 33ft. 6ins , and her gross tonnage 9,500.

(By permission of Messrs. Elder Dempster & Company.)

One of the best photographs illustrating this article is that of the R.M.S. *Briton* of the Union line, though it is not in any way too flattering to the fine steamer it represents. During the past six months the names of both the Union and Castle line must have become quite familiar to most readers on account of the important part the vessels of these two famous steamship lines have played in conveying troops and

munitions of war for the campaign in South Africa. Until a few weeks past the *Briton* was the largest vessel trading to South Africa, but the Union line's new ship, the *Saxon*, is the largest steamer at present trading from Britain to a British colony. What probably most strikes you when you first catch sight of the *Briton* is her colouring, as the hull is painted white. Many experienced travellers are loud in their praises of white paint for ships that pass through tropical seas—so much less of the sun's rays do the steel hulls absorb, and so much greater, consequently, is the comfort of the passengers. On another page you will find two capital illustrations of the famous *Kinfauns Castle*, of Messrs. Donald Currie & Company's famous line of steamers. Before 1872, when the company commenced running to the Cape, the original "Castles" belonging to Sir Donald Currie were clippers which traded to India.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S SHIP IS HIS KINGDOM, OF WHICH HE IS THE ABSOLUTE MONARCH, AND ALL THE CREW AND PASSENGERS ARE HIS SUBJECTS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE INTERIOR OF THE CAPTAIN'S PRIVATE SANCTUM ON THE R.M.S. "NORMAN."

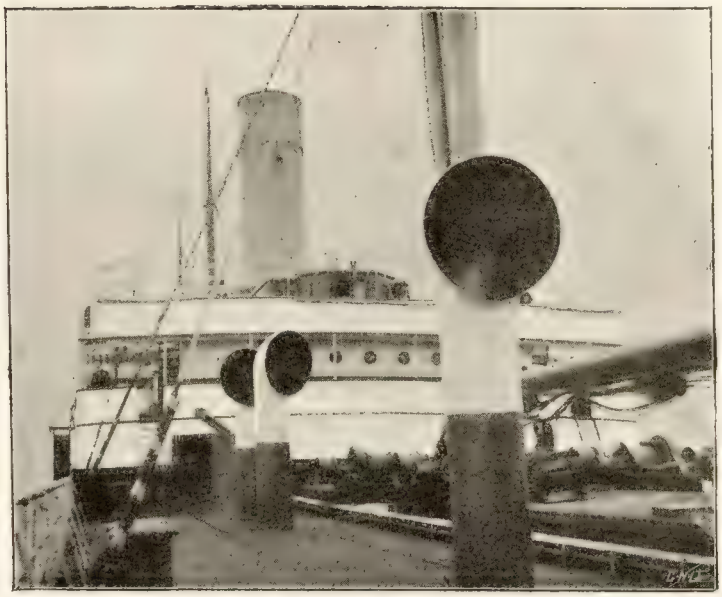
(By permission of the Union Steamship Company.)

The various lines of ocean-going steamers have each a distinctive manner of painting their smoke-stacks, and anyone acquainted with the language of steamship funnels will find it of interest during

THE R.M.S. "BRITON."

Next to their new steamer, the *Saxon*, this is the largest and finest vessel on the famous Union line which trades to the Cape, Natal, and East Africa. In 1853 the fine steamers which constituted the fleet of the Union Company included a *Briton*, but the united tonnage of the combined fleet then was only 2,327, while the modern *Briton* is herself of no less than 10,248 tons burthen.

(By permission of the Union Steamship Company.)



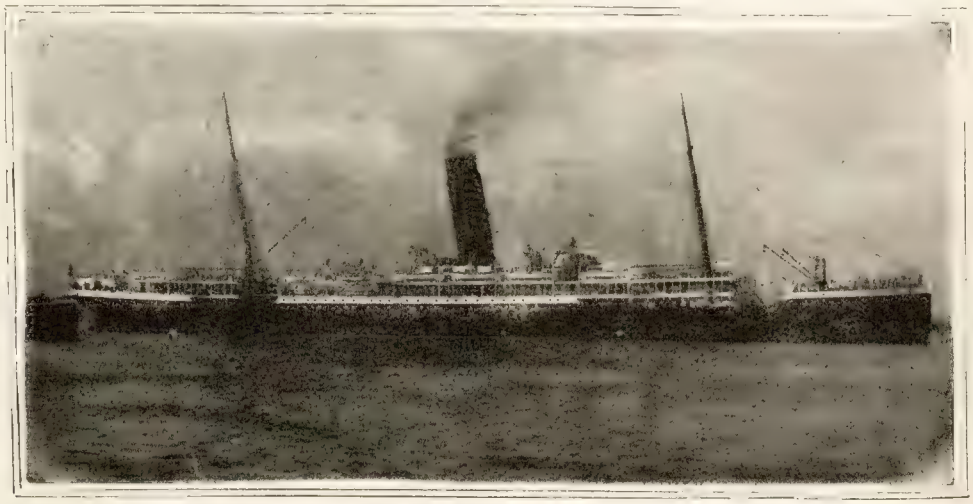
FORE-DECK OF A TYPICAL CARGO STEAMER.

This view, however, shows the *Montezuma*, which is a much bigger and smarter vessel than the general run of cargo steamers.

(*By permission of Messrs. Elder Dempster & Company.*)

a sea voyage, or whilst staying at a busy centre such as Liverpool. The funnels on the Cunard line are painted red, with a deep black band round the top, and two narrow black bands below. On the Inman line the funnels are painted black, with a white band some distance below the top. The Castle steamers have red funnels with a black band, and the White Star and Red Star lines yellow funnels with a black band, whilst the North German Lloyd, Union, Canadian Pacific, African, and New Zealand lines all favour plain yellow smoke-stacks. The Allan line steamers have their funnels painted bright red, with a broad black and then a narrow white band at the top. The funnels of the Dominion line are also painted red, but have a black band at the end and then a white one a little further down. The British India and Beaver lines both favour black funnels, which are crossed near the top by two narrow white bands. Black is a very popular colour for painting funnels on our great steamship lines, the Peninsular and Oriental, Royal Mail, Houlder, Orient, Pacific Steam, Liverpool and Australian, and General Steam Navigation companies all using it.

One hears so much about the vessels belonging to the great passenger steamship lines, that one is far too apt to forget what an important part the cargo and tramp steamers play in commerce at the present day. Mr. Rudyard Kipling once described the cargo steamer as "a shuttle of an empire's loom," and a more appropriate definition could scarcely be found. But in the space that can be spared out of a few thousand words, it would be an absurdity to attempt to describe the work carried on by cargo and ordinary tramp steamers, though perhaps some day room may be found for a special article on this branch of ocean work. All the



S.S. "OMRAH, OF THE ORIENT LINE.

This vessel was specially designed for the Australian mail and passenger service. The ship's name, *Omrah*, is the Anglo-Indian form of Arabic meaning "Emir of Emirs."

(*By permission of the Orient line.*)

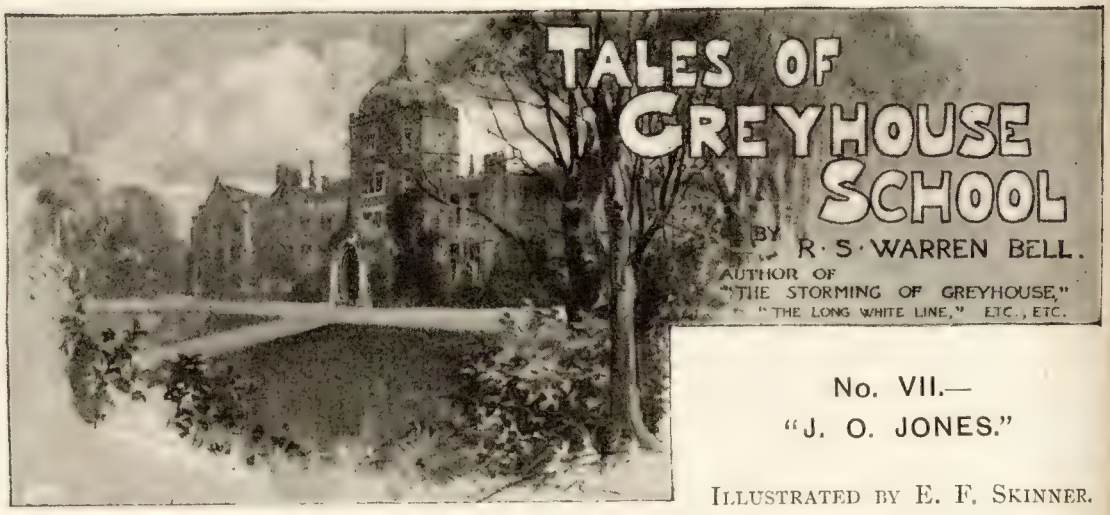
goods and merchandise that come to us from foreign climes have to be carried across the sea in vessels specially designed for the class of work in which they are employed. When one tries to remember a few of the things in constant use in this country at the present day which hail from foreign climes—such as, for example, frozen meat from New Zealand, fruit from Spain and the south of France, tea from India and China, and corn and cotton from America—one gets some idea of the variety of uses these cargo steamers are put to.

In past years life on an ocean tramp was a precarious existence indeed, but nowadays many of the steamers of our leading freight or cargo lines are running our fastest passenger ocean greyhounds very hard in the matter of speed. One of the most recent additions to this country's fleet of cargo steamers is worthy of special mention. She is one of the huge fleet of steamers belonging to Messrs. Elder Dempster & Company, to whose courtesy I am indebted for two snapshots reproduced in this article of their newest and largest vessel—the *Montezuma*—which were taken on her trial trip. One shows the vessel on the Clyde, and the other is a view of the fore-deck showing the captain's bridge. The *Montezuma* is specially designed for the London and Montreal service, and during winter months will generally be employed in carrying large cargoes of cotton between New Orleans and Europe. She can load the greatest number of bales ever taken in one vessel from America, and is fitted with twin-screw engines indicating 4,400 horse-power.

It is, perhaps, a regrettable fact that despite this country's great lead in the world's shipping industry, there are only nine steamers of over 10,000 tons register under the British flag, against nineteen similar German steamers. America owns four steamers of over 10,000 tons. They are the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, 11,629 tons each; the *Paris*, 10,669; and the *New York*, 10,674. But besides these no other nation in the world possesses a single ship of over 10,000 tons' register.

In conclusion, the vast strides made in shipbuilding since Britain became for the first time a maritime power, can be strikingly illustrated by comparing Britain's biggest steamship of today with the historic little *Mayflower*, which nearly three centuries ago braved the stormy waters of the Atlantic. So far as can be ascertained, the *Mayflower* was 180 tons burthen; the *Oceanic's* gross measurement is 17,274 tons. The former carried 100 passengers, whilst the latter has accommodation for 1,575 passengers and 450 crew.

FOWLS AND HOUSES.
Drawn by J. Donald Hughes, "Special Pages" winner this month.



No. VII.—
"J. O. JONES."

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. SKINNER.

GOOD old "J. O."—what memories I have of thee! With what pride did I point out thy huge, slouching figure to visiting sisters and cousins—how fierce my wrath when they uttered criticisms disparaging to thy appearance and attire! As for you—why, you cared not a button what folks thought of you or said of you. You went on your lonely way, without a chum, equally heedless of the praise or blame meted out to you by your schoolfellows—all you wanted was to be left to yourself. The masters gave you up as a bad job; when other fellows were imprisoned on hot afternoons for not knowing their "Rip" you strolled off into the country, a free man, rejoicing. At least, I suppose you rejoiced; your face was never an index to your heart. It was an expressionless sort of mug, that face of thine; but, if I remember rightly, you were not a bad-looking sort of chap. On the rare occasions when you were "caught smiling" you showed a set of the whitest, healthiest teeth in Greyhouse, and you had a strong, straight nose, and a solid jaw. Any facial peculiarity always procured its owner a nick-name, but you gave us no opportunity that way. You never had a nick-name. We might have called you "Herky" (brief for Hercules), or "Sammy" (familiar for Samson); but, no! you were always "J. O. Jones," and as "J. O. Jones" you are still talked about in the school. Whenever I meet an old boy of our time he talks about you. At the present day (so I am assured) the new boy is conducted (by his patronising friends, the one-term boys) and shown the place where you performed some remarkable feat of strength—that particular part of the field, for instance, where, holding the ball high above your head, well out of reach, you struggled over the line with four of the opposing team—big men all—desperately hanging on to you. If you had only been a bit quicker on your pins you'd have been an International, easy.

Opportunity must have been kind to you, for certainly you never went out of your way to display your powers. Don't you remember your wrestle with the runaway steed just outside the Gates? I dare say—it would be just like you—you have forgotten all about it. 'Twas a dog-cart and a maddened horse, and a pretty girl, and you got him by the hair, and your tussle was a sight for gods and men to behold. And you won—and she thanked you ever so nicely, and all you muttered (so history says) was "Not at all!" And she discovered your name and wrote to you, and you shoved her letter into the pocket of your shabby old coat, as if it had been a tailor's bill. Not even a blush!

But I will now end my opening address to you, and tell others, in straightforward language, of your mightiest deed. The school bard of that epoch burst into verse about it, and somebody else—who shall be nameless—wrote an account of it in the magazine; but both are lost, and so, entirely without your permission, "J. O.," I will make a new story of it.

It was before Greyhouse overflowed its banks, so to speak, in the matter of numbers, and had to build or hire extra houses for the reception of

scholars, that what I am about to speak of took place.

The ancient place at that time was an imposing, compact mass of stone, gabled and turreted, with a big round tower in its midst, surmounted by a dome and a cross—emblems of its holy origin. On the right of the tower were situated the Head's house and the dining hall; above this latter being a long dormitory containing forty beds. On the left of the tower were the other masters' sitting and bedrooms, other dormitories, class rooms, and studies. Behind was the quad. and the big schoolroom, this latter having been erected about the middle of the present century. In fact, Greyhouse suffered about that time from an epidemic of "improvements," and was much mauled about by the builder demon.

Now, the main staircase of the establishment started at the top of the tower and wound its way down to the ground floor in an absurdly narrow fashion. At the foot of it, opening on to the corridor on the left of the tower, was a huge door, decorated with iron studs and panels. It was such an old and such a peculiar door, that it took precedence over all other doors, and was, in fact, known as "The Door."

When everybody was in bed it was the duty of the school porter—old Cripps—to lock The Door, and at 6.30 in the morning to unlock it. If, for some special reason, anybody was up very late, or wished to be down particularly early, he used another staircase which was ordinarily reserved for masters and monitors, and which led into the music room, situated on the right of the tower.

It was a great sight of a morning to watch Greyhouse tumbling downstairs and through that doorway in order to reach its seat in the big schoolroom in time for early roll-call—often in a sad state of disarray, buttoning waistcoats, or braces, or collars; noosing up the tie or dabbing desperately at the scalp with the idea of making some sort of a parting in the hair. Sometimes a particularly untidy boy would be sent back to his "dorm" and counted late, but as a rule the master on duty did not allow himself to be too critical regarding the average Grey's toilet. At 7-30, sharp, the monitor on duty shut the door of the "Big" with a bang, and an inexorable expression on his face, deaf to all such pleadings as: "It wants ten seconds yet to the half-hour," or "Oh, Maggs, let me in. I say, I've been late twice this week, I shall be sent to the Head," or anything of that nature. "J. O. Jones" wasn't often late — if he was he did his lines without a murmur — but once a particularly unpopular monitor (the sort of specimen that liked getting fellows into a row) shut the door a full minute and a half before time. The angry mob of still-dressing Greys outside increased in volume, and loud was the outcry. "J. O." appeared, and, in a slow way, consulted his watch. He saw that an injustice had been done by the monitor, who had unwisely put his foot against the door. "J. O." cleared the way and tilted at the door, and the legend is that the monitor inside flew

FOUR OF THE OPPOSING TEAM DESPERATELY HANGING ON TO YOU.

twelve yards through space, yelling for "Help!" Anyhow, he never shut the door again before it was time so to do. But, mind you, "J. O." was not in the habit of defying the authority of master or monitor. The big man "noo 'is place," as Cripps would say.

Well, it had been one of the hottest days that ever I do remember—a regular toasting, broiling, just-sit-still-and-swig-lemon-squash kind of day towards the end of the summer term. Greyhouse was reduced to an unpleasant state of languid stickiness by the time the sun went down. "Prep." was got through somehow, and Greyhouse wended its weary way into chapel, emerging fifeeen minutes later feeling quite too done up to have any energy left for humbugging about or ragging. The air was most close and oppressive—not a breath of breeze came to the relief of panting mortals. Greyhouse went off and lolled on its bed until somebody in authority roused it off and made it undress. Then it lay with one sheet over it, courting slumber, every now and again getting up to drink tepid water out of a tooth-mug.

"J. O.," being only in the Fifth, went to bed at the same time as the rest. The weather, however, never affected him. He lay down, and went off like a top.

Soon after eleven the school was hushed—most of the fellows had dropped off to sleep. Cripps, after locking The Door, retired to his own sleeping den, and solaced himself with a big jug of ale that he had persuaded out of the cook.

By this time all Greyhouse was asleep, and asleep Greyhouse remained for half an hour, but no longer; for of a sudden there came a crack of thunder that caused half the fellows to sit up with a start and peer round at each other in amazement. *S-s-s-s-s-s!* A long, jagged flame of forked lightning illuminated the gloom, and then, with hardly a pause, the thunder boomed out again with an explosion as loud as that of a hundred "Long Toms." Once again the blinding sheet of angry electricity, and again the roar of Heaven's artillery, and then a flood of rain such as had not fallen all that year. With it came a gale of wind, howling and shrieking like a mad thing round the old turrets, so that, what with the rattle overhead and the jagged flashes, and the furious sweep of gale and rain driving against the windows together, it was a thunderstorm with a very vengeance.

The more timid of the boys put their heads under the clothes, or listened, open-eyed and open-mouthed, to the wild music of the raging elements. The stouter hearted composed themselves for slumber again. But worse terrors were in store for them. There came a flash of lightning ten times more vivid than anything preceding it, and then a roar as of a thousand howitzers exploding simultaneously. Following sharp on this came an altogether different sound—more human, more earth-like—a sound of falling timber, and stone, and mortar. The dome over the central tower had been struck by a thunderbolt.

Out of his bed, like a stone from a catapult, shot every boy in the long dormitory—out of his bed and down the room, and out into the corridor—for some of the masonry had crashed on to the roof of "the Long," and the noise made the scared inmates imagine that the old school was crumbling up. They raced out, jamming and jostling against each other in a wild dash for The Door, down the corridor to the staircase, and down the staircase like a flock of frightened sheep.

And here lay the danger. Those in front were forced down by those above, and at length the foremost of all reached The Door. But The Door was fast locked.

Shouts for "Cripps" issued from the foot of the staircase, a place which was now becoming unpleasantly packed. For inmates of other dormitories, hearing the quick patter of bare feet outside, joined the passing throng. On every side pale-faced, half-awake boys were asking questions which nobody troubled to answer. It was a selfish, headlong stampede; each for himself; *sauve qui peut!*

Monitors and masters, half-dressed, were mingled with the crowd, and doing all in their power to stem the flood of fugitives. But they were brushed past and shaken off. There is nothing so terrible in its irresistible strength as a frightened, unreasoning crowd. It will not pause to think, but it runs in one direction, bearing all before it.

These night-shirted beings, by sheer force of custom, were making for one goal—The Door. Safety, they imagined, lay beyond it, and by dint of daily habit they found themselves pushing along and then down towards the familiar means of exit.

Still from below came strenuous calls for "Cripps," and the very necessary key on the porter's bunch. Moans and sobs pitiful to hear swelled the babel. The pack down by The Door was enormous, and was increasing in density every moment. It was a turbulent, fighting mass, those below striving to get up the stairs again, and those above striving to get down to The Door. And the weight and advantage was with those who were above. Matters were approaching a crisis. The captain of the school consulted hastily with the most clear-headed of the masters near at hand.

THEY RUSHED OUT, JAMMING AND JOSTLING AGAINST EACH OTHER IN A WILD DASH FOR THE DOOR.

"This means murder, sir. What are we to do?"

"Well, we must stop any more going down. Look here, get all the big fellows you can, form a line at the top of the staircase, and stop the rush. Then you must begin to pull the fellows up by main force. We'll help you all we can."

So now the masters and the seniors began to act on a definite plan, and the rush down was arrested. It was hard work doing that, and harder work still pulling them up.

Hovering round, endeavouring to lend a hand, but really getting very much in the way, was Mr. Kitt, the music-master—an under-sized little gentleman with mild eyes and soft biceps.

This being no time to stand on ceremony, Mr. Kitt was abruptly requested to "keep out of the way" by one of his colleagues, a brawny, rowing "blue" from Oxford. Somewhat hurt, Mr. Kitt complied with this request. And then an idea struck the little music-master.

Where, all this time, was that monarch of muscle—J. O. Jones?

"J. O." slept in dorm. 8. Mr. Kitt made his way thither as quickly as possible, and managed to get there all right in spite of the fact that he was knocked down and trampled on twice in the course of his journey.

There, in his bed, lay "J. O.," slumbering as peacefully as a little baby.

"Jones—get up!"

Mr. Kitt shook the drowsy giant, and at length "J. O." sat up and blinked at his disturber.

"Get up, sir?"

"Yes, slip on something and follow me. You're wanted badly."

In a dazed way "J. O." pulled on his light grey flannel bags—the usual everyday attire at Greyhouse during the summer—and followed Mr. Kitt.

They soon reached the staircase, and something of the truth came home to the bewildered senses of "J. O." when the captain of the school grasped him roughly by the shoulder.

"You're the very man, Jones. Just stand here and begin chucking the fellows back and we'll pass them into the passage. You needn't mind about hurting them. It's life and death. We *must* clear a way down to The Door."

Only dimly understanding that something very bad was happening, but realising that some hard work was wanted from him, "J. O." promptly began picking the fellows off the stairs and hurling them to the group of monitors and masters above him.

One-two-three-four-five-six! Before a frightened small boy quite knew what was happening he felt himself clutched in a grip of iron and whirled through the air, then grabbed by half-a-dozen pairs of hands, and shoved into the corridor.

Seven-eight-nine-ten-eleven-twelve!

"J. O." was warming to his work. By this time he had stripped his sleeves up and tightened his belt. Certainly he looked more like a butcher than a school-boy, but that didn't matter.

Twenty!

"J. O." drew a deep breath, and continued his work of rescue with an energy worthy of the highest praise. He didn't much mind where he got hold of his victim, so long as he got hold of him somehow. Every now and then, in his panic, a fellow would strike out to resist "J. O.'s" nurse-like attentions, and one even drew blood from "J. O.'s" nose, but "J. O." merely mopped the injured organ on the sleeve of his night-shirt, and went on with his work looking more like a butcher than ever.

In spite, however, of "J. O.'s" efforts, and those of the masters and monitors behind him, the fellows at the foot of the staircase were in a horrible predicament. They were jammed and squeezed together like sardines; some had fainted and would have fallen had they not been supported by the close-pressing bodies of their companions.

The captain approached "J. O."

"We must get that door open somehow, Jones. Think we can burst it?"

"Where's the key?" blurted out "J. O."

"Cripps can't be found—*he* has it. We must do something or the chaps below will be suffocated. Look here—you see these two ledges—they run parallel all the way down. Couldn't you hoist yourself over the heads of the chaps and get your shoulder against the top of the door? You'll have to get one foot on one ledge and one on the other."

"I'll try," said "J. O."; "got anything I can use as a wedge?"

Mr. Kitt heard the question and scurried off like a rabbit. He returned quickly with his bedroom poker and tongs.

"These may do," said "J. O.," and commenced his descent, getting along by means of the ledges, and at times finding a resting place for his feet on the shoulders of the mob beneath him.

At the foot of the staircase the air was so thick and hot that he could hardly breathe. But the sobs and groans of the poor boys beneath him gave him new vigour.

The Door was very strong, but it was very old. He pushed the top of it with all his might, and at length got Mr. Kitt's poker through. Then he squeezed the tongs through.

Then he forced both to the right, and they bent like wands. "This won't do," muttered "J. O.," and paused for breath. Next he put his great shoulder against The Door, and pushed for dear life.

At last—at last—he got his brawny left arm through. Then he got his elbow against the corner and doubled it—and The Door gave a little. The corner of it was buried in his flesh, but he hardly noticed that.

Now he let poker and tongs drop outwardly, and pressed with his elbow until he could squeeze his other arm through.

The old lock was creaking in torment, but it still held out.

"J. O." then used both arms, and put his whole weight against the top of the door. He shoved and strained, panting and sweating with his exertions, but the door grimly resisted him. He was growing weaker. He looked down and shuddered at the sight of that helpless mass of white-clad beings. Their safety depended on his exertions.

"Now or never," he thought, "'cos I'm about done. Here goes!"

Those above were listening—listening with straining ears. They couldn't get down far enough to see.

CERTAINLY HE LOOKED MORE LIKE A BUTCHER THAN A SCHOOLBOY, BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER.

And while they were listening they heard a great rending and cracking of timber, and then a thunder-like crash, and a thud.

The boys above melted away downstairs. There was room now. Masters and monitors followed. When they reached the foot of the staircase they found The Door laying prone along the corridor, and "J. O.," bleeding from head and arms, picking up inanimate forms.

Then followed a brisk half-hour's hospital work—the head master, his wife, and all the servants lending a hand.

When it was over the Head went over to "J. O."

"Jones, all our thanks are due to you. You saved many lives. In the name of everybody I thank you very much indeed."

"Not at all, sir," muttered "J. O."

That was "J. O.'s" mightiest deed. When we came to survey the scene by the early morning light we found that "J. O." had burst The Door *off its lock and hinges!*

And great was the wonder thereat. It was, as I have said, celebrated in verse and prose, but "J. O." didn't even take the trouble to read these efforts.

The Head and everybody clubbed together and gave him a fifty-guinea watch. "J. O."

put it in his box, alongside his "footer" boots, as he preferred his old silver turnip to this gorgeous timepiece.

Cripps, by the way, we never saw again. It appears that he went off to the pantry to get some more beer and fell asleep there. A fellow servant had found him there at daylight and told him what had happened, and Cripps left the school quite quietly and without waiting to say "good-bye" to anybody. Nobody regretted his departure. Some of the chaps who were crushed at the foot of the staircase had a long time in hospital, but they all pulled round in the end.

And you should have seen what an ovation "J. O." got on Prize Day.

But he seemed very much bored by it all. That was just like J. O. Jones.

R. S. Warren Bell

OUR DEBATING SOCIETY.

THAT a school debating society affords the very best training for a Parliamentary career I have not the slightest doubt. I was present last session at a debate in the House of Commons, when the Irish members were having a field-day, and I was reminded irresistibly of my old school society.

How well I remember the subjects of those debates. There were the usual stock ones which have been in existence from time immemorial, and which will be discussed so long as debating societies last.

"That, in the opinion of this House, capital punishment is not desirable." "That it is desirable that the House of Lords should be either ended or mended." "That corporal punishment is not desirable."

I remember that word "desirable" was always by some unwritten law dragged into the words of a motion. I attempted once to frame a subject without the word, but was immediately frowned down by the secretary. Something or other is, will, ought, must, or must not be "desirable." I once attempted to introduce a debate—"that, in the opinion of this House, the use of the word 'desirable' in all the society's notices is not desirable."

But the motion was immediately quashed by the president as tending to frivolity. I can remember how warmly we discussed the deceased wife's sister question, how we argued and harangued and sweated over the rights and wrongs of an eight hours' day for workmen. But perhaps the best debate of all was one we had on the desirability or otherwise of marrying for money. Oh, the holy wrath and horror of our poet at the thought that such a motion could be brought forward! How bravely most of us stood up for the love marriage at all costs! How uncompromising we were!

Some of my most lasting friendships were made in that debating society, and often when we meet we remind one another of our stirring feats of oratory.

All of us now are in the thick of the battle of life. Some of us have gone up, some down. Many of us have had to decide in a practical manner some of those very questions we used to discuss with so much ardour in our school debating society.

A. E. M. F.

By permission of "*Army and Navy.*"

BLUEJACKETS AND MARINES OF H.M.S. "TARTAR."

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

By A. E. Manning Foster.

No. X.—HOW TO JOIN THE NAVY.

Every Englishman, perhaps I should say every Briton, has the making of a sailor in him. It is in the blood—gloriously transmitted from the days of the old Norse Vikings, of whom every boy loves to read. The strength of our "bright, tight little island" lies in its Navy. But it is not only the supremacy of the seas and our safety at home that the British warships ensure for us. Our empire, our colonies, could not exist in safety without them.

Our gunboats have a reputation of turning up at unexpected places at unexpected times. They are here, there, and everywhere. A missionary, British or foreign, is murdered in some far-off South Sea island—a few weeks or months afterward, as the case may be, a British gunboat casually turns up, and a little prize firing is engaged in at the expense of some savage chief. Or it is reported in Singapore that a gang of pirates are interfering with trade on some narrow sea in the East Indies—a cruiser is despatched, and if she is fortunate a few score of Malays learn to appreciate the value of quick-firing guns.

And now, in time of war, the Navy keeps watch and ward over our interests in places where least expected.

The British Navy at the present time is in a high state of efficiency. We have more cruisers than any other three nations put together, while we are far ahead in torpedo boat destroyers. France has indeed a huge fleet of torpedo boats, but the destroyer has taken the place of older and slower craft, and in the matter of destroyers Britain has set the example to the world. With this much by way of preface, I must pass to the consideration of how those who desire may become units in this grand profession.

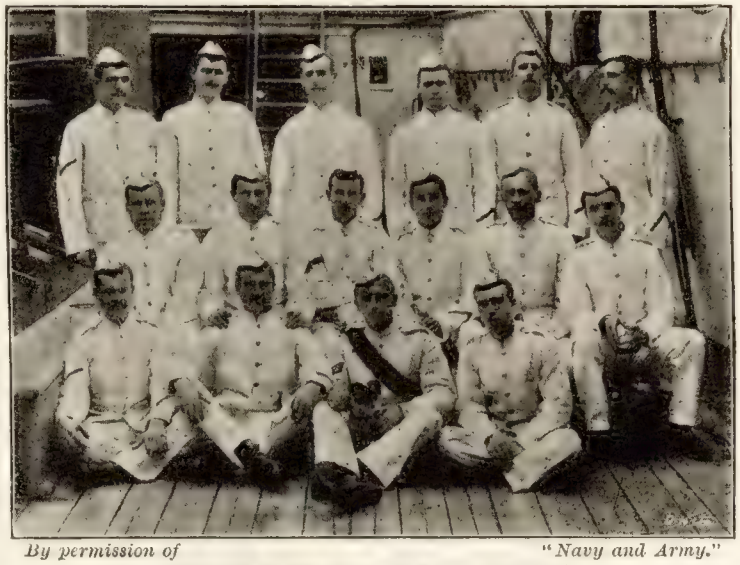
First as to qualifications. No boy should think of joining the Navy unless he has good health, a good constitution, plenty of pluck and courage, and some knowledge of the kind of life he will have to lead. With regard to the first, as soon as this profession has been finally decided upon, a candidate should be thoroughly examined by a doctor. Any physical defect, disease of the throat, liver, or kidneys, any malformation, and, indeed, any marked weakness of constitution will form a fatal bar to admission. Then as to pluck and courage, a boy shows his mettle very early, and will soon give proof of the kind of life for which he is fitted. If he be athletic, pugilistic, of a roving, adventurous nature, he will not be far wrong in having a shot for the Navy. And last, but by no means least, before finally settling upon the profession, the boy should know something of the life by reading about the Navy; by reading the books of Captain Marryat, Clarke Russell, and other well-known writers who know what they are writing about when they touch naval matters. I should not advise him to learn about a naval life from sentimental ballads, or from the various halfpenny dreadfuls that are circulated in such profusion nowadays, with glaring pictures of Jack Giddboy, the brave midshipman, holding at bay

our terrific-looking Indian chiefs, or something of the kind.

Qualifications being satisfactory, the next thing is to consider the advantages of the profession. These are several :—

(1) The cost of entering is not very great.
(2) The occupation is most healthy.
(3) Promotion, though slow, is sure.
(4) Opportunities occur for seeing the world.
(5) Pension for old age is assured.

The first step to be taken in order to enter as a naval cadet is to receive a nomination. This may be obtained from the First Lord of the Admiralty, a flag officer, a commodore in chief command of a station, and a captain who has been six months appointed. After obtaining a nomination, an examination has to be passed, consisting of a test examination and a competitive examination. They are held three times a year, in March, July, and December, at London and Portsmouth, and are conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. The limits of age are fourteen to fifteen and a-half, and the examination fee is £1. To have a chance of success a boy must have had a good general education, such as he would receive at any public school. A knowledge of drawing is necessary.



By permission of "*Navy and Army.*"

MARINES ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "TARTAR."

The examination consists of : (1) *Arithmetic*, up to simple interest ; (2) *Algebra*, up to quadrate equations ; (3) *Euclid*, Books I. to III. ; (4) *English*, including composition ; (5) *Latin* and *French*, translation and grammar ; (6) *English History ;* (7) *Geography ;* (8) *Drawing*, freehand and geometrical. And one of the following : *Mathematics*, including Elementary Trigonometry ; *Algebra* and *Euclid*, as named above, and first part of Book VI., with easy riders ; *German ; Mechanics* or *Chemistry.*

Two trials are allowed for this examination, but in the case of a second trial a second nomination must be obtained.

The competition for the Navy is very severe. There are about 40,000 applicants every year for about 5,000 vacancies. Only the best, mentally and physically, are accepted.

Privileged Cadetships.

A few cadetships are given to the sons of officers of both Services who have been killed in action.

Applications concerning these should be made to the Military Secretary, Horse Guards, S.W. ; or to the Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W., for sons of former officers in the Army and Navy respectively.

A few cadetships are also given to the sons of Colonial and Indian Army officers, and application should be made to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Downing Street, S.W., and the Military Secretary, India Office, Pall Mall, S.W.

Candidates have, however, to enter for the first part, consisting of the first seven subjects, of the examination, and must obtain at least 40 per cent. marks in them.

The Training.

The successful candidate then proceeds to the *Britannia* training-ship at Dartmouth, where he remains for two years, and receives training in the theory and practice of his profession. He must also pass a satisfactory examination on the subjects of instruction at the end of each term. If he fails to obtain the minimum number of marks, or if he is twice reported to the Admiralty for bad conduct, he will be ordered to be removed.

A cadet receives no pay during his two year's probation, and fees amounting to £75 per year, besides allowance for washing and extras, must be paid. The *Britannia* will soon be a thing of the past, and boys will qualify for the Navy at the Royal Britannia Naval College at Dartmouth.

On the completion of his training, a cadet will be appointed to a ship as a midshipman, and the steps up the ladder are as follows :—

Midshipman, receiving £32 per annum.

By permission of *'Navy and Army.'*

SHIP'S COMPANY OF H.M.S. "TARTAR."

Sub-Lieutenant, receiving £91 per annum.

Lieutenant (with an allowance for navigating duties of £45), receiving £182 to £256 per annum, with extras.

Commander, receiving £365 per annum, with extras.

Captain, receiving £410 to £602 per annum.

From captain, the higher ranks to which, by hard work, good fortune, and influence, he may attain, are rear-admiral, vice-admiral, and admiral.

It will thus be seen that, not only during his training, but at any rate right up to the time when he has received the commission of lieutenant, an officer in the Navy requires some allowance besides his pay. Parents should bear this fact in mind when deciding upon the profession for their sons.

The cost of a cadet's outfit is £50.

Of course, promotion is slow in the Navy, especially in the upper grades. Influence comes in here as in every profession. To reach the rank of "commander" is comparatively easy, but after that promotion is very hard to get, and many men find themselves shelved upon half-pay at this period. Pensions vary according to years of service and rank attained.

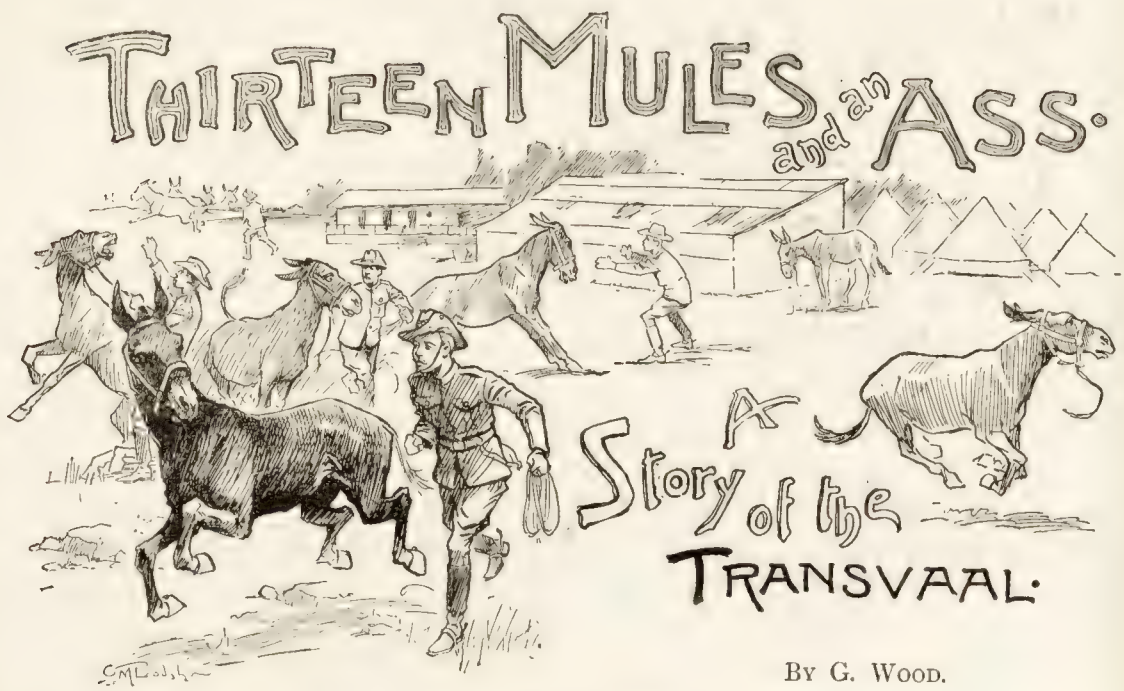
An officer, being a captain, commander, or lieutenant, who retires between the ages of forty and sixty years receives a pension from £200 to £600 per annum. There are also good service pensions of £100 a year given to deserving officers in addition to their pay.

Youths may enter the Navy as naval cadets; as engineer students, for service afloat as engineer officers; as students in naval construction for joining the Royal Corps of Naval Constructors; as accountant officer, and through the Marines.

Space has only allowed me to touch upon the first-named branch of the Service, but in my next article I hope to touch upon the Engineer, Construction, and Marine Branches of the Royal Navy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Agriculture.—See THE CAPTAIN for September, 1899. **Anxious.**—Consult our advertisement pages. **Doubtful.**—Strongly advise you to buy Volumes I. and II. of THE CAPTAIN. You will find all you want in them. **R. S. R.**—I gave full particulars in my article in the March number of THE CAPTAIN. Order it from your newsagent or send direct to the publishers. **A. R. H.**—I strongly advise the West India Regiment. **H. R.**—Unless your father is exclusively employed with a regularly enrolled regiment he would be regarded as a private gentleman, and no difference would be made. **Jamie and Others.**—Many thanks for your kind expressions. It is probable that my articles will be published in book form, but not just yet. **"Semper Fidelis."**—I will keep your letter by me. For your second question see the March number of THE CAPTAIN. **S. W. B.**—Write to the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. **E. N.**—A course of training at Kensington would be excellent. In the meantime, if your son can obtain practical knowledge in some workshop it will be good for him. **Architect.**—Write to the secretary of the Institute, Conduit Street, W., for a printed form, which, when filled up, must be accompanied by a fee of two guineas. **Anxious Father.**—I am very glad to have been able to assist you. Always pleased to hear from you. I should not worry about the fact you mention. Your son is still very young, and time will probably remedy it. **E. N.**—The initial training for all branches of engineering is the same. See THE CAPTAIN, May, 1899. **R. W.**—An introduction from one or more of the directors is absolutely necessary. **F. W.**—It would be very good indeed if you could go to the Hollesley Bay Colonial College for a year or two previous to going out to one of our colonies. **Paterfamilias.**—It would be wise when paying a premium to insist on a stipulation for the return of a portion of it in the event of the death or bankruptcy of the master. **Railway.**—Some of the great railway companies, such as the Great Western and London and North Western, take apprentices, the total premium in the former case being £75 spread over three years, and in the latter case £60 in one payment. In some cases the whole or part of the premium is returned in wages. The premium insures the firm against loss if the youth does not work well.



By G. Wood.

Sketches by Dodshon.

IT was *àpropos* of the stampeding mules that he told us this story. For his veracity I can vouch as for my own, but I cannot hope to give his exact words, and I must necessarily omit from ignorance some local colouring and some minor details. After going down from Cambridge he had been abroad, I knew, but it was not until his return that we heard definitely where he had been, or what he had been doing. He told us of his wanderings in the Cape; of the many and various jobs to which he had turned his hand, of long hours endured under a broiling sun, while he had sat on a paraffin tin, with a loaded revolver on his knees, watching the convicts at work. This had been at Kimberley, and many were the stories he had of the celebrities there—Barney Barnato, Rhodes, and others. Then came experiences in the Bechuanaland Mounted Police, when he had lived almost entirely out in the open—the veldt—under canvas, had been bushed, and had come on one occasion very near dying of thirst, lost in the bush, with one companion.

"We were," he said, "up country when what I'm telling you happened. There had been some difficulty about the transport of our guns—we had a couple of little screw guns mounted for field use—and the horses used to drag them about were always going wrong and getting crocked in some way or other, so the authorities decided to turn them into a mule battery. There was great excitement in camp the night the mules came up—thirteen of them. There are mule farms, you know, and they just drive out the first lot that comes handy and send them straight off, unbroken generally, with an old one as leader; of our lot, twelve were absolutely unbroken, but the other one, the leader, probably came out of Noah's Ark. I never saw such a decrepit old beast, all mangy and moth-eaten, and without a kick left in him. I was out of camp when they came up, but I heard all about them from the others. The first thing they'd done was to stampede on their own, and break away into the bush; it took nearly all our men till dark to drive them in again.

"The next day, as luck had it, I was private on stable duty—oh, yes, I used my own name out there; nearly all the men in our company were gentlemen, and several were 'varsity men whom I'd known in the old time. A man named Jinks—Lieutenant Jinks— was orderly officer, and what it pretty well came to that day was, that Jinks and I and the mules were the only living things left in camp. Jinks hadn't seen the mules come up the night before, and didn't seem to have heard anything about them.

I'd got through all the ordinary work, and was beginning to thank my stars that Jinks had forgotten the mules, when he suddenly remembered, and asked if they had been watered. I knew what awful brutes they were, so I said I was certain they had been. This didn't satisfy Jinks, however, and he told me to get them out and water them again to make sure. I knew I couldn't do it alone and I told him so, and told him also how it had taken the whole company to get them into stables. I don't believe he'd ever seen a mule before; anyhow he slanged me, and told me pretty sharp to bring 'em out. He went off and stood by the watering tanks, quite cool and comfortable, while I sneaked off to the mules' stables, fairly sweating, and thinking of the words that would be spoken when the men came in and found they'd got to go into the bush after the brutes again. They seemed full of spirits, those mules; I had a look at the first, and tried to get to him, but the brute just laid back his ears and let fly at me with all four legs at once. I've never seen finer high-kicking. The second one went for me with open mouth, so I left him alone. But, the deuce of it was, that each was as bad or worse than the other, until I got to the thirteenth, the decrepit old beast that had led them up. Anyway, I thought I might as well make a start, so I sort of whistled this one out of his stall, and it came more like a lamb than a self-respecting mule. The beast drank like blazes—and no wonder, after their march up and ballyragging around the night before. Jinks was triumphant: 'Hasn't been watered for a week,' he said; 'hurry up with the rest.' I took the old 'un back again and tried to bring out another; but I can tell you I was pretty thankful to get all of myself out of his stall again, let alone the mule. I felt bunkered, and I could hear Jinks cursing in the distance because I was so slow. Then a happy thought struck me; I wiped old thirteenth's mouth with my forage cap, and took him out again. Jinks didn't seem to notice anything, and the mule could still do a pretty good drink. And so, to cut it short, I took that old mule out thirteen times, wiping his mouth each time, re-arranging his hoary locks, and throwing a cloth over him after a bit, just to hide the ravages of the moths. After the third time he couldn't hold any more drink; about the sixth the sight of water seemed to sicken him a bit, and at the tenth I believe he'd have kicked, if he'd had a kick in him. When Jinks saw that the mules didn't seem to want water, he hurried through the rest as quick as he could, more for form's sake than anything.

THE SECOND ONE WENT FOR ME WITH OPEN MOUTH.

"At officers' mess that night I heard that some of 'em had been asking after the mules, and that young Jinks had bucked a bit about the ease with which he'd had 'em watered. Some of the seniors had seemed to think it odd, and had betted Jinks that he'd been had on somehow.

"The next day Jinks was on duty again, but I wasn't. H—— was on duty in my place. They had a glorious time. H—— had really tried to water the mules, and after most of them had broken loose and got into the bush, and both H—— and Jinks had been badly kicked, Jinks lost his temper altogether and slanged poor old H—— up hill and down dale for not being able to water them.

"Jinks got awfully rotted in officers' mess that night, and they sent for me to settle the question of the bet. It was no good holding up, so I told 'em how I'd managed, and they sat and roared and roared, all except Jinks, who had to pay up. After that he was always trying to get his knife into me; but it didn't matter, as I didn't stay long, and he was such a thundering ass, you could always score off him somehow."

HOW PRIVATES SMART AND SHARP FRIGHTENED THE BOERS.

(1) Privates Smart and Sharp were left in sole charge of the small camp of the Royal Engineers. Towards evening a Kaffir came in with the alarming news that a strong detachment of the enemy intended to make a night attack and capture the stores!

(2) Fortunately, however, Sharp was a soldier of resource; and later in the evening he and his chum might have been seen cutting out paper figures of soldiers, which they afterwards hung up in the tents, and, after arranging the electric light with which they were provided, patiently awaited the approach of their foe.

(3) About midnight the Boers stealthily crept up. Then, just as they were going to pounce on what they thought was an easy prey, Sharp switched on the light, and the enemy, seeing the shadows of so many men, turned tail and fled, while the rapid fire from our heroes' magazines gave additional impetus to their flight.

NEW STYLE

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS.

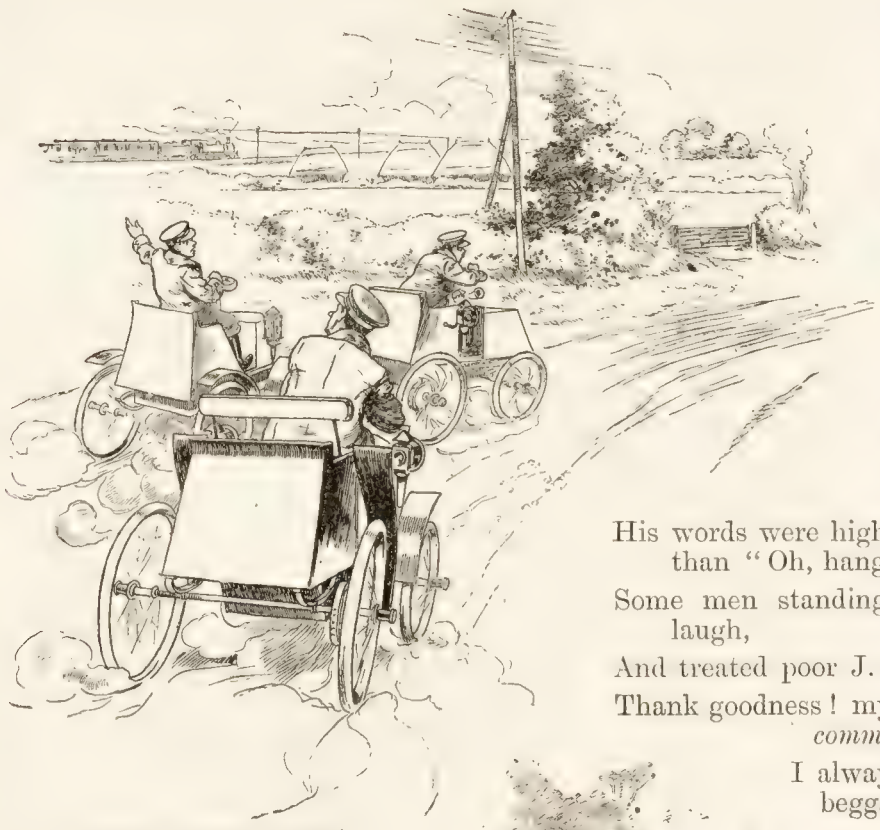
WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADES OF BROWNING.

I SPRANG to my motor, and Joris, and D.,
I moted, D. moted, we moted all three:
And omnibus drivers, rude men, as we passed,
Cried "Stink-pots," while constables shouted "Too fast!"
But bless you, we all were as deaf as a post,
An affliction that comes—on occasions—to most.

We spake not a word, for we hadn't the breath;
Our speed was too great, and collision meant death:
But our nuts were adjusted, our tyres blown tight,
Our tanks reeked with petrol—now fairly alight—
The cylinders buzzed at a fabulous pace,
To tell you the figures I haven't the face.

'Twas twelve as we started at Hyde Park, and when
We bounded through Brentford, the clock showed twelve-ten:
At Colnbrook the folk left their houses in droves,
Said we smelt like ten thousands of Rippingile's stoves,
And other smart things; and I can't tell you how
We shattered the nerves of good people at Slough.

Now it chanced that there passed an express for the West—
We saw it; D. shouted: "Now lads, here's a test!"
We opened the throttles and leaped down the road,
Raising dust like a whirlwind, though many woa-woa'd;
The train fell behind us, a man fell before,
We rolled him, poor fellow, as flat as a floor.

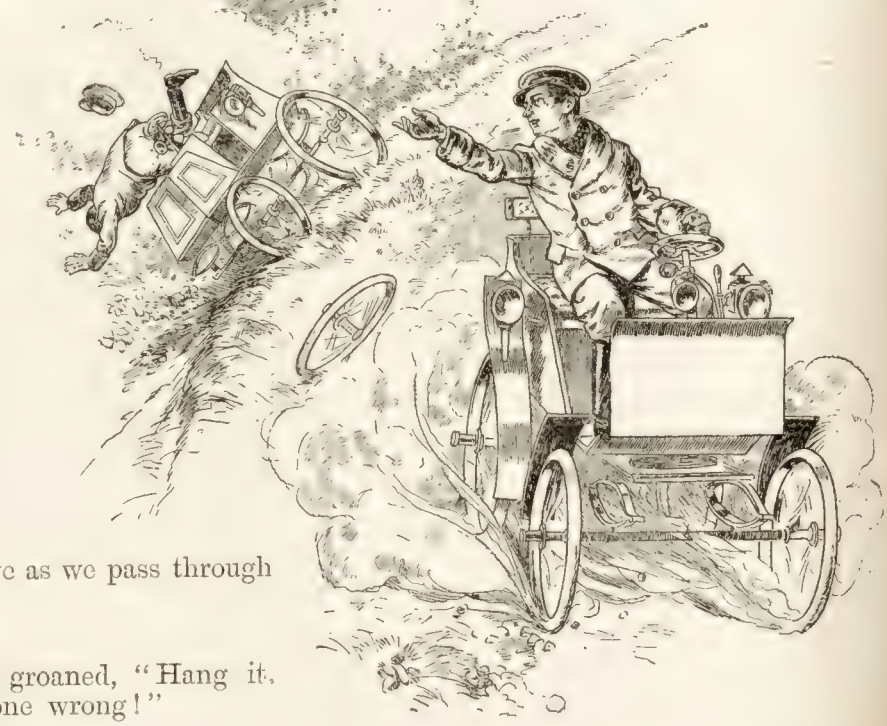


"NOW LADS, HERE'S A TEST!"

To relate what next follows my memory fails,
But I *think* we upset a red cart with the mails:
And then right in front of us Reading we see,
With its factory chimneys as plain as could be:
"Seeds and biscuits!" cried Joris, "we'd better slow down,
To about twenty-five as we pass through the town!"

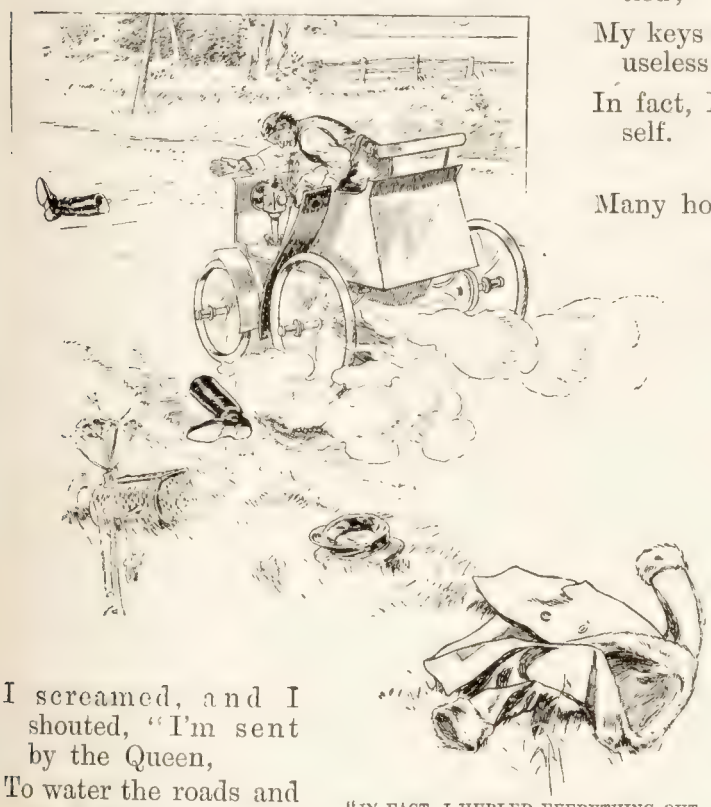
At Tilehurst Dick groaned, "Hang it, something's gone wrong!"
I said, "I can't stop, very sorry, so long."
This reads a bit selfish, but then there's the law,
When you mote with big tidings, of *chacun pour soi*.
He soon lost a wheel I can't really say which,
And the other three landed the car in the ditch.

At Goring J's tyres went off with a bang,
His words were high-flavoured, far worse than "Oh, hang!"
Some men standing by gave a pitiless laugh,
And treated poor J. to a torrent of chaff.
Thank goodness! my steed was still quite *comme il faut*,
I always have thought it a beggar to go.



LANDED THE CAR IN THE DITCH.

It may be that something went wrong with my brain,
My conduct, at least, looks a little insane:



"IN FACT, I HURLED EVERYTHING OUT BUT MYSELF."

I screamed, and I shouted, "I'm sent by the Queen,
To water the roads and to keep them quite clean;
She follows behind me, *en route* for the North:
If you stop me you'll feel the extent of her wrath."

Then I cast loose my cap, and my coat trimmed with fur,
They both are the pride of the model *chauffeur;*
I moulted my boots, threw them over the side,
With a basket of luncheon not even untied;
My keys and my watch, and my purse—useless pelf—
In fact, I hurled everything out but myself.

Many horsemen now gather and ride on my track,
Like hunger-pressed wolves hunting food in a pack:
But Oxford's in front and they're falling behind,
So to slacken to please them I'm no way inclined;
To stop would mean capture, and capture means gaol,
For adopting the pace of the Limited Mail.

The speed grew terrific, red-hot grew the wheels,
The gearing emitted most terrible squeals:
Through Cowley I flashed, and was soon in the "High,"
Where the undergrads. yelled, "That *is* scorching, my eye!"
I shouted the tidings—the last words I spoke,
For I gave a great shudder, fell forward, and—woke.

A. WILLIAMS.

[I have read this poem carefully, but have been unable to discover *what* good news they brought: can any reader throw light on the subject?—THE O. F.]

A CHAT ON PERFORATIONS.

In Volume I., page 641, I gave an illustration of a perforation gauge, which I am glad to find has proved itself really useful to many readers. The directions given for using the gauge appear to have been explicit, as few queries have been raised relative to the measurement of what may be termed simple, or, technically, machine perforations. By the way, many thousands, if not millions, of our current halfpenny and one penny postage labels are used every day, and probably only one in a hundred of those applying them to their letters know how the perforations are produced!

"PERF. 16."

"PERF. 14."

In almost every country the first postage stamps were issued without any perforations, *i.e.*, *imperforate* (not *unperforated*, please!). The early 1d. black, 1d. red, and 2d. blue British stamps were so issued, and not until the authorities became aware of the great loss of time involved in severing the specimens with a pair of scissors was any inclination shown by them to introduce a new method of separation. In fact, had they been desirous of doing so, very little ground was present to work upon.

Mr. Henry Archer, an Irishman, invented in 1847 a method of perforating by a machine which applied a series of small "cuts" round the edges of each stamp. This new invention was submitted to the Lords of the Treasury, who authorised a trial of the machine to be made; finding, however, that the points soon wore down when the edges of the perforators were brought into contact with the table upon which the sheets of stamps rested. This perforation was known as "Archer's Roulette."

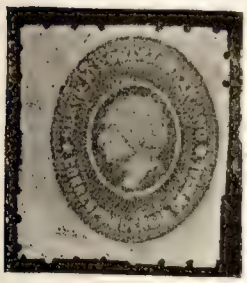
Later on, Mr. Archer improved on his invention, by a machine which carried a series of needles, capable of adjustment, and placed so that in a length of two centimetres (see note on page 641) there were sixteen distinct holes or perforations. This machine was purchased with the patent rights by the Government, and was used for perforating the early 1d. and 2d. stamps; the perforation being known as "perf. 16."

Some time later, the needles in the perforating machines, which had been manufactured to order from Mr. Archer's original, were readjusted, so as to allow fourteen needles only to occupy the space of two centimetres, hence the term "perf. 14"—this perforation being used at the present time, as will be seen if a current English stamp of any value be examined, and the number of holes in a space of two centimetres counted. These will be found to number fourteen exactly.

As a rule this perforation, "14," is in general use; but other perforations can be found, such as "perf. 12," on certain stamps of St. Vincent,

Barbados, St. Lucia, and other British Colonies; while on the early stamps of France there is a very large perforation known as "*Susse*," which gauges seven holes only in the space of two centimetres; this is "perf. 7." All these are *machine* perforations, in measuring which it is usual to measure the horizontal (top or bottom) edges of the stamp first, and, subsequently, the vertical edges, or the sides. Thus we may have a *compound perforation—i.e.*, the top measuring twelve and a-half and the sides fourteen; this is known as "perf. 12½ by 14."

Other processes of perforation have been used in various countries, and I append a short description of those which young collectors are likely to meet with.



PIN PERFORATION.

Pin perforation is illustrated by the Mexican stamp, in which the needles are very wide apart; and, instead of punching out the holes, as in machine perforation, they merely prick them, like a pin. The variety is illustrated if a plain piece of paper be passed underneath the needle of a sewing machine without the thread-shuttle inserted.

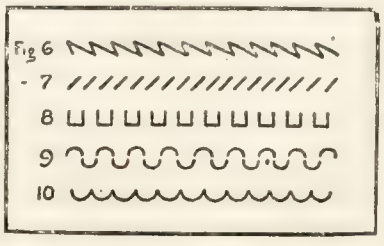
Roulette is illustrated by the Oldenburg stamp. This method of separation is still in use in Chile.

ROULETTE.

ARC ROULETTE.

Arc roulette is a close perforation, caused by the use of a semi-circular instrument, which, when passed between the stamps, leaves a mark; so that, when two stamps so treated are separated, one side shows a row of small scallops, the other the corresponding arches, or hollows, from which the scallops have been torn. (*See the Brunswick stamp.*)

The small square illustration (Figs. 6-10), shows five scarcer varieties of perforation, which it must be sufficient to mention only. Fig. 6 is termed "*saw roulette*," the cuts resembling the teeth of a saw. Fig. 7, "*oblique roulette*." Fig. 8, "*roulette in half-squares*" (see the early issues of Denmark). Fig. 9, "*serpentine roulette*" (as found on the early Finland stamps). Fig. 10, "*susse perforation*" (as already alluded to).

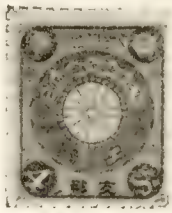


VARIETIES OF PERFORATION.

These remarks, necessarily condensed, will, I trust, prove useful to young collectors, to whom, frequently, perforations are a *bête noire!*

NEW ISSUES.

JAPANESE CHINA. — The entire series of stamps which I chronicled recently have been surcharged at the base with two small characters (see illustration) signifying "China." The stamps so surcharged are for use in the Japanese post offices in China.

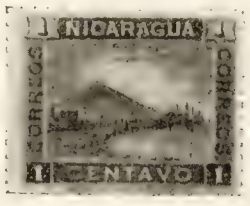


JAPANESE CHINA.

MAURITIUS. — The accompanying illustration depicts a stamp which has been issued in Mauritius to commemorate Labourdonnais. Apparently this gentleman, whose portrait figures in the centre, did more to injure British interests in Asiatic waters than anyone, but becoming Governor of Mauritius when it was under French rule, Pierre de Labourdonnais introduced the sugar-cane into the island and thus immortalised his name. The colour is a washy blue, presumably ultramarine.

MAURITIUS.

NICARAGUA.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me a series of new stamps, the annual crop—the design of the new stamps as illustrated being rather pretty. The values extend from 1c. to 5pesos, and there are the full complement of unpaid letter and official stamps.



NICARAGUA.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA. —Here is a pretty new ½d. stamp, showing a view of the post office at Adelaide. ½d. green.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

SWEDEN.

SWEDEN.—A new 1 krona stamp is to hand from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., which I illustrate. 1 krona, carmine and black.

TASMANIA. — Having read about the splendid new Tasmanian stamps, you will be wanting to see the designs. Here are two of them.

TASMANIA.

THE JUNIOR LONDON PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

Under this title, a new society has been started in London for young stamp collectors and beginners. The secretary is Mr. J. B. Melville, 16, Lydon Road, Clapham, S.W.

The circular announcing this new society states that among the methods for introducing new members will be free lectures on "Stamp Collecting: An Introduction to the Hobby," illustrated by lantern views. The tickets for these lectures will be sent to the schools in various districts, and the head master will be asked to present them to all the stamp collectors in his school.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. Murnaghan writes to know if I will start a club for readers of "The Stamp Collector." What do other readers say?

$C_3H_6(NO_2)_3O$, or Lyddite.—You deserve to be blown up with your *nom de plume*. I insert it as a warning to others. You will find the names of several exchange clubs in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN.

"Lancashire Lad" is a lucky lad. A friend, selling a lot of his father's old stamps, offered him several at a uniform price of ½d. each. Among them was a 30c. United States 1869 issue. The value of this stamp is 10s.

Newfoundland.—(1) "The Imperial," published by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., 391, Strand, W.C., price 19s., in 2 vols. Mention THE CAPTAIN. (2) The mounts I use are those manufactured by Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., whose advertisement appears elsewhere. (3) I cannot fix the value of a "pigeongram" stamp on original.

A. A. Pit is another of the Colonial contingent who receives THE CAPTAIN. This correspondent sends me the new Cape stamp, which is illustrated elsewhere.

W. P. Maynard.—The stamp you send me is Alwar (or Ulwar), perfectly genuine, and a native state in India. Its value is 1d. Glad THE CAPTAIN penetrates to the Island of Montserrat.

G. H. Varley.—Thanks for the German stamp.

R. A. Eddy.—The supposed "error" in the 1c. Columbian United States stamp is well known. As every copy is so lettered, it can scarcely be termed an error. The complete set, with the dollar values, is worth about £3.

W. L. Brodie and **L. L.**—Many thanks for your kind communications.

R. Ll. Hartley.—(1) For the best stamp album for British and British Colonial stamps alone, see answer as given to "Newfoundland." (2) From the same source. (3) Printed titles for a blank album can be obtained from most dealers. (4) The value of a ½c. Canada jubilee stamp, used, is 1s. (5) Ceylon, 6d. brown, first issue, used, is worth 15s. (6) The difference between ultramarine and blue is explained by comparing a 1c. Columbus United States stamp with a 4c. value of the same issue. The former is blue, the latter ultramarine.

E. A. (HULL.)—Have marked your stamps.

Pesquisidor.—(1) The letters "T.S." form part of the paper-maker's name, and are not the water-mark. Value 2d. (2) Certainly C.C. or C.A. makes a difference. You need a catalogue. Get Messrs. Bright & Sons' "A.B.C."—this gives you water-marks; also the "Universal," as advertised (Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.). (3) Djibouti, 1894, 25c. and 50c., used, are worth 5d. and 6d. respectively. (4) Yes. Austria has a new issue—see elsewhere. (5) The 2d. violet S. Australia stamp is also a new issue. (6) Certainly—see catalogue.

Cloudesdale.—French morocco.

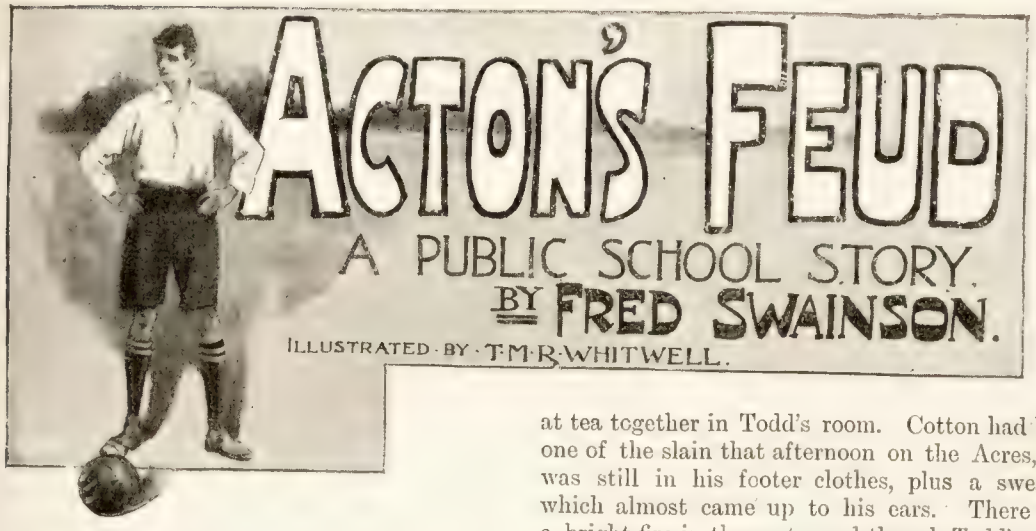
Ivanhoe.—(1) The "Postal Service" stamps of India are not used for postage. I therefore cannot speak of the value of an unused set. (2) Your second query is not in my department, but I will answer it. The smallest size camera of the make you mention is £2 18s. 6d.

A. L. Fereday.—Many thanks for your letter. The philatelic market does not admit of periodical fluctuations, and you will find the latest catalogue gives 4s. 6d. All the same, I believe you are correct.

C. R. Start writes me, pointing out that the current German stamps have not, as I suggested, been surcharged "Samoach." The report arose from a little joke played by the Berlin Philatelic Society on the occasion of a recent meeting. One hundred of the current 3pf. stamps were issued to the members, surcharged in this manner, of course as a joke.

T. C. Judson.—The complete set of Greek "Olympian" stamps is worth about 20s. unused, slightly less used.

E. O. T.—Ceylon 6c. on 15c. is worth 2d.



ACTON'S FEUD

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED SWAINSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—IV.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the "footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit), is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is denied his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it.

CHAPTER V.

COTTON AND HIS JACKAL.

As I said before, the victory of the despised Biffenites over the Fifth Form eleven—a moderate one, it is true—caused quite a little breeze of surprise to circulate around the other houses, which had by process of time come to regard that slack house as hopeless in the fields or in the schools. Over all the tea-tables that afternoon the news was commented on with full details; how Chalmers had gained in deadliness just as much as he had lost in selfishness, and how Raven and Worcester had worked like horses, and mown down the opposition—"Fifth Form opposition!" said the fags, with a lift of the eyebrows—like grass, and as for Biffen's new captain, well, if there was one player who could hold a candle to him it must be Phil Bourne, and he only.

In the Rev. E. Taylor's house, Cotton senior, who answered to the name of "Jim" among his familiars, and was "Bully Cotton" to his enemies—every Amorian below the Fifth, and a good sprinkling elsewhere—and Augustus Vernon Robert Todd, who was "Gus" to everyone, sat at tea together in Todd's room. Cotton had been one of the slain that afternoon on the Acres, and was still in his footer clothes, plus a sweater, which almost came up to his ears. There was a bright fire in the grate, and though Todd's room was not decorative compared with most of the other fellows' dens, yet it was cheerful enough. Cotton had come back from the match hungry and a trifle bruised from a smart upset, only to find his own fire out, and preparations for tea invisible. Having uttered dire threats against his absent, erring fag, he moved into his friend's room, and the two clubbed together their resources, and the result was a square meal, towards which Cotton contributed something like 19/20, A.V.R. Todd's share being limited to the kettle, the water, and the fire. When Cotton had satisfied his footer appetite, he turned down his stocking and proceeded vigorously to anoint with embrocation his damaged leg, the pungent scent of the liniment being almost ornamental in its strength.

"How did you get that, Jim?" said Gus, surveying the brawny limb with interest.

"Acton brought me down like a house, my boy."

"Fair?"

"Oh, yes; but you've got to go down if he catches you in his swing."

"You fellows must have played beautifully to let Biffen's mob maul you to that extent."

"Gus, my boy, instead of frowsing up here all the afternoon with your books, you should have been on the touch-line watching those Biffenites at their new tricks. Your opinion then would have a little avoirdupois. As it is, you Perry Exhibit, it is worth exactly nothing."

"You're deucedly classical to-night, Jim."

"Oh, I'm sick of this forsaken match and all the compliments we've had over it. I'm going now to have a tub, and then we'll get that Latin paper through, and, thirdly, I'll have the chessmen out."

"Sorry, I can't, Jim," said Todd discontentedly. "There is that beastly Perry Scholarship—I must really do something for that!"

"Thomas Rot, Esq.!" said Cotton. "Haven't you been a-cramming and a-guzzling for that all this afternoon? You've a duty towards your chums, Toddy, so I tell you."

"That's all very well, Jim, for you, who are going to break some crammer's heart, and then crawl into the Army through the Militia, but my pater wants me to do something in the Perry, I tell you."

"Chess!" said Cotton, disregarding Todd's bleat, and then, with a sly smile, he added, "Shilling a game, Gus, and you know you always pull off the odd one."

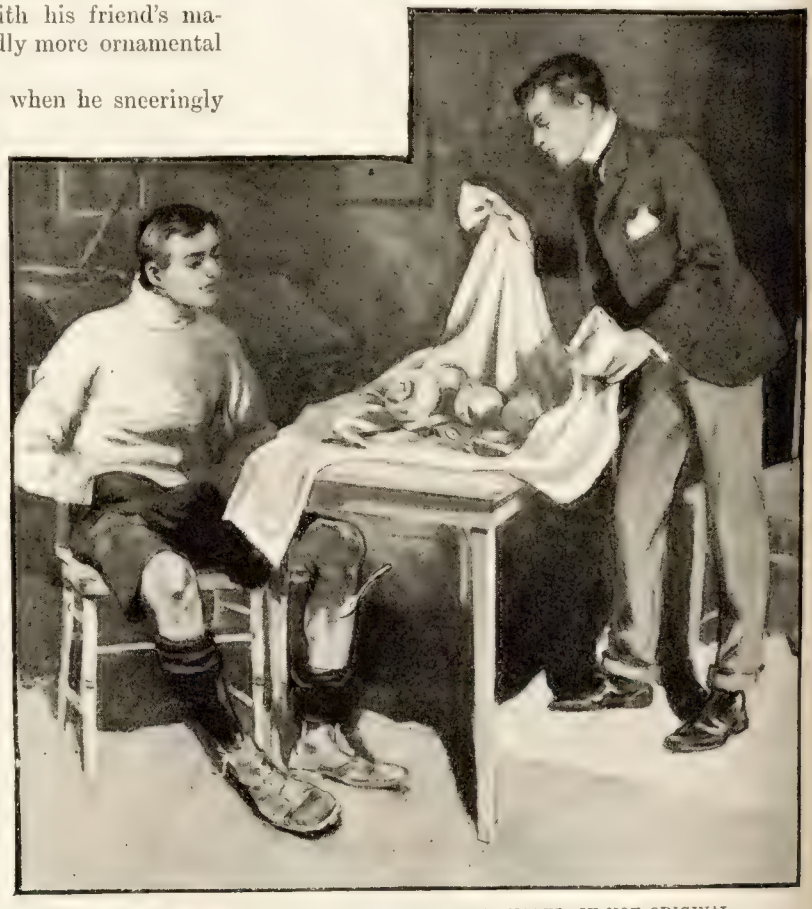
"All right," said Todd, swallowing the bait with forlorn eagerness, "I'll have the board set out if you must come in."

"Oh, I must!" said Cotton, with a half-sneer at Todd's anxiety to pick up such a small sum. "Clear the table and we'll make a snug evening of it."

Todd's method of clearing a table was novel, if not original. He carried it bodily into Cotton's room, and then returned with his friend's mahogany, which was undoubtedly more ornamental than his own.

Acton was absolutely right when he sneeringly called Gus "Cotton's jackal." Todd was exactly of the material which makes a good jackal, though he never became quite Jim Cotton's toady. He was a sharp, selfish individual, good-looking in an aimless kind of way, with a slack, feeble mouth, and a wandering, indecisive glance. He had a quick, shallow cleverness, which could get up pretty easily enough of inexact knowledge to pass muster in the schools. Old Corker knew his capabilities to a hair, and would now and then, when Gus offered up some hazy, specious guess-work, blister him with a little biting sarcasm. Todd feared the Doctor as he feared no one else. Todd's chief private moan was that he never had any money. His father was a rich man, but had some ideas which were rather rough on his weak-kneed son. He tipped poor Gus as though he were some thrifty hairdresser's son, and Todd had to try to ruffle it with young Amorians on as many shillings as they had crowns. Not a lad who ever had naturally any large amount of self-respect, the little he had soon went, and he became, while still a fag, a hewer of wood and drawer of water to his better-tipped cronies. His destiny finished when, on his entry into the Fifth, Jim Cotton claimed him, and subsidised him as his man.

At the beginning of the term his father had told him that if he could make a good show in the Perry Exhibition there need not be any more grumbling about his tip. Gus came back to St. Amory's hysterically anxious to cut out all competitors for the Perry, but the shackles of his old serfdom were still about him. When he showed signs of being restive to the old claims, and recommended Cotton to do his own classics and mathematics, Cotton coolly and calmly demanded repayment of sundry loans contracted of old. Todd had not the pluck to face a term of



TODD'S METHOD OF CLEARING A TABLE WAS NOVEL, IF NOT ORIGINAL.

plain living and high thinking by paying his former patron all he owed him and exhausting all his present tip by so doing, but flabbily, though discontentedly, caved in, and became Cotton's jackal as before.

Cotton was by no means as bad as his endearing name might make you think. He was a tall, heavy fellow, with a large, determined-looking face. He was wonderfully stupid in the schools, but was quite clever enough to know it. He had some good qualities. He was straight enough in all extra-school affairs, did not lie, nor fear any one; kept his word, and expected you to keep yours.

"You can't beat Hodgson of the Sixth, Gus, so what is the good of sweating all the term? Hodgson's got the deuce of a pull over you to start with."

"I'm not frightened of Hodgson if you wouldn't bother, Jim."

"Can't do without you, old cock. You're just the fellow to lift my Latin and those filthy mathematics high enough out of the mud to keep the beaks from worrying me to death. I tried Philips for a week, but he did such weird screeds in the 'unseens' that Merishall smelt a rat, and was most particular attentive to me, but your leverage is just about my fighting weight."

Gus had sniffed discontentedly at this dubious compliment; but Cotton had smiled stolidly, and continued to use Gus as his classical and mathematical hack. Besides, there was something about Gus's easy-going lackadaisical temperament which exactly suited Cotton, and he felt for his grumbling jackal a friendliness apart from Gus's usefulness to him.

This afternoon had been a fair sample of Todd's usual half-holiday. Feeling no heart for any serious work for the Perry, he had spent it in reading half a worthless novel, and skimming through a magazine, and feeling muddled and discontented in consequence. He had the uneasy feeling that he was an arrant ass in thus fooling time away, but had not sufficient self-denial to seize upon a quiet afternoon for a little genuine work.

Cotton soon returned from his bath, and the two cronies spent about an hour in getting up the least modicum of their classics which would satisfy Merishall; and then they played chess, by which Gus was one florin richer. A third game was in progress, but Todd managed to tip over the board when he was "going to mate in five moves." Cotton thereupon said he had had enough, but Gus avariciously tried to reconstruct the positions. He failed dismally, and Cotton laughed sweetly. Now Cotton's laugh would almost make his chum's hair curl, so he retorted pretty sweetly himself, "I say, Jim. I can't get out of my head that awful hammering you fellows got this afternoon. Think Biffen's lot likely to shape well in the House matches?"

"There's no telling, old man. But if they get moderate luck they'll be waltzing about in the final."

"That's absolute blazing idiocy!" said Todd, knocking over more chessmen in his astonishment.

"All right, Gus. To talk absolute blazing idiocy is my usual habit, of course. They may carry off the final even, but that, perhaps, is a tall order."

Todd nursed his astonishment for a full five minutes, whistling occasionally, as at some very fantastic idea. At last he said more seriously: "Aren't you now, Jim, really pulling my leg?"

"No, honour bright! Biffen's are really eye-openers."

Gus said with infinite slyness: "Look here, I'll bet you evens Biffen's *don't* pull off the final."

"Oh, that is rot, Gus, to talk about betting, for you can't pay if you lose."

Gus had not too much sensitiveness in his character, but this unmeant insult stung him.

"You've no right to say that. I've paid all I've ever betted with you."

Cotton considered heavily in his own mind for a moment. "That is almost true, but——"

"Well what do you mean——" began Todd, in a paddy.

"All right," said Cotton; "shut up, confound you! I'll take you."

"Three quid Biffen's are not cock house at 'footer.'"

"Done," said Cotton, unwillingly pulling out his note-book, "and straight, Todd, I shall expect you to pay if you lose."

"Oh, shut up, Cotton, you cad! I shall pay if I lose, man. What do you want to keep on insulting me like that for?"

"Steady, Gus. You'll have Taylor up if you howl like that. I meant nothing."

"Nothing!" said Gus in a fury, seeking for something particularly sweet to say to his patron. "I jolly well hope, then, that if our house should meet 'em in the rounds you will do your little best to put a stopper on their career. Don't, for the sake of pulling off your bet, present 'em with a few goals. You '*keep*' for our house, you know."

"Oh, dash it all, Todd," said Cotton, in a white rage, "you are a bounder! Think I'd sell my side?" he demanded furiously.

"Ah!" said Gus, delighted at having got through Cotton's skin. "You don't stomach insults any more than I do. Then why do you ladle them out so jolly freely to me?"

"That was a particularly low one," said Cotton angrily; "and anyway, you avaricious beggar, you've got thundering good terms, for it is hardly likely that Biffen's can really be cock-house. There's Corker's house, with Bourne and Hodgson and a few more good men. You're a sight more likely to see my three sovs. than I am yours."

"I hope so," said Gus, with some relief at the anticipation of this pleasant prospect.

Then the anger of the two simmered down, each having given and received some very choice compliments, and as these little breezes were usual between the two, ten minutes afterwards they were amiably entertaining each other. Cotton was putting up a pair of dumb-bells three hundred times, and his crony was counting and criticising his form. The Perry Exhibition did not enter Todd's head, but his bet—"such a gilt-edged one," he chuckled—was never once out of it. And Todd's bet had some momentous consequences for him, too.

CHAPTER VI.

THANKS TO ACTON.

After the Carthusian match there was but one topic, or to be strictly accurate, perhaps, two topics of interest in the school—who would be cock-house at footer and who would get the Perry Exhibition.

The rest of the houses knew that Biffen's house was not now the unconsidered article it was once; that it wasn't the door-mat upon which anyone might wipe his feet before proceeding into the inner circles of the housers' competition, and there was more than a little curiosity to see how far the "resurrected" house would mount.

But not a single soul dreamt that it would reach the final. The whole school gasped for a fortnight on end as Biffen's annihilated Dover's, Hargen's, Sharpe's, and Merishall's *seriatim*, and at last faced Corker's house in the final. This was a resurrected house with a vengeance! Corker's had had a bye in the first round and had

ACTON JUST REACHED IT WITH HIS HEAD, AND DEFLECTED IT HIGH AND DRY OUT OF ROBERTS' REACH INTO THE NET.

been drawn against rather rickety houses since, but they were generally fancied to pull off the final as usual, for Bourne was captain, and they had Hodgson and Roberts of the eleven as well. The wonderful progress of Biffen's had thrown an awful lot of excitement into the game.

The match was fixed for the last Saturday in the term, and the result of the Perry Exhibition was to be announced on the evening of the same day, so the last Saturday was going to be the memorable day of the Michaelmas stretch.

If you want a full account of the match you had better write to the editor of *The Amorian*. He will send you the magazine with a page or so of description and account, but all I'm going to say is that Bourne and Acton played as they had never played before—I think I've said that before about Acton, but he really was superlative in the housers' final—and that five minutes from time the score was "one all." Then Acton showed the school a stroke of genius. He brought Raven out from centre-forward, where he was quite unable to cope with Bourne, whispered him to go "back" with Worcester, and before anyone could realise what was happening he was playing forward himself. He was a "lambent" flame along the ground if you like. In a second Biffen's were swarming round Roberts in goal, Acton passed out to Chalmers, who was ready for the pass, and in a twinkling the ball was in the net. From the row you might have imagined the school had gone mad.

The ball was kicked off again. Almost immediately Acton secured near the centre. He dribbled through the ruck of his opponents until he saw Bourne upon him. With a smile of triumph upon his lips he gently rolled the leather to Chalmers, who was hungrily waiting for the pass out on the touch-line. Chalmers waltzed beautifully for the short run almost to the corner flag. He steadied himself for one instant after his run, and then lifted the ball magnificently into the goal mouth. As the leather was skimming past, Acton just reached it with his head and deflected it high and dry out of Roberts' reach into the net. It was the supreme effort of his splendid game.

Biffen's had won by three goals to one!

They carried Acton off the field in ecstasy, and nearly scared Dame Biffen out of her wits by the "whisper" of "cock-house." Well, it certainly was unusual.

After tea the whole of St. Amory's crowded into the Speech Room to hear the result of the Perry Exhibition. There would not be a fellow away I should fancy, bar the cripples in the hospital, for there was no end of excitement. Was this to be another Biffen's triumph? Was Raven of the Fifth to beat Hodgson, the chosen of the Sixth, for the Perry? It was not to be expected that he would, but when the whisper circled round that Acton had "coached" him in classics it was agreed that perhaps there would be another feather in Acton's cap.

The masters were there on the platform in serried ranks, the whole fifty of them, from Corker to Pfenning who "does" the music.

Corker, as usual, went straight to the mark, whilst the entire mass of fellows kept a death-like silence. "The result of the examination for the Perry Exhibition is as follows:—

1st. Arthur Raven, 672 marks.
2nd. Theodore Hodgson, 591 marks.
3rd. Augustus Vernon Robert Todd, 114 marks."

Then out broke the usual uproar, "shivering the silence," as someone says, "into clamour." We all cheered for Raven, who scored a popular and unexpected victory, for why should a Fifth Form fellow beat one of the Sixth? Biffen's crowd kept up the cheering until Corker rose again.

"I can heartily congratulate Raven on his success, for his classical knowledge was distinctly good. Hodgson I can also congratulate, for his papers too were good. As for Augustus Vernon Robert Todd"—we all yelled with laughter as Dr. Moore scrambled in hot haste through Todd's awful list of names, but were again quiet when he dropped his eye-glasses from his eagle's beak, a sure sign he was going to "savage" somebody—"as for *his* performance in this examination, I can only regard it as a very bad practical joke, or as his *ballon d'essai* for some kindergarten scholarship."

Raven got up from his seat near the door. He was pale to the lips, but his voice was clear and unhesitating. "If you please, sir, may I say a word?"

"Eh, what?" said Corker. "Say a word? Oh, certainly."

"I am very glad indeed to hear that I have won the Perry Exhibition. I know in my own mind that I could never have beaten my friend Hodgson if I had not had Acton's help. I owe the winning of the Exhibition entirely to him, for he has read the whole of the classics with me and helped me in every way in his power. I cannot thank him enough for all he has done, but at least I owe him this open acknowledgment."

Corker looked no end pleased, and turned round and beamed on Biffen, whose good-natured easy face shone with pleasure and delight.

"Biffen," said good old Corker, audibly, "your house is fortunate in having Acton, and St. Amory such a good amateur coach in classics. Cock house, too, bless me!"

And can you wonder that Biffen's, frenzied with

delight, carried Raven and Acton shoulder high through the gas-lit streets?

Whilst the Biffenites were thus shouting their way home, one unhappy youth hurried to his room feeling as though the moon had fallen out of heaven and crushed him—Todd. After that night when he had made the bet with Cotton, he had neither worked for the Perry nor yet left it alone, but loafed about with Cotton as usual, and piffled with the work for the Exhibition. As a last-lap spurt, he had, in the last week or so, desperately stuffed himself with cunning tips leading twistingly to nowhere. Never had anyone faced a serious examination with such a rag-bag of tips as Todd, and the examination had found him out with a vengence. As he slunk along to his quarters, Corker's words were buzzing in his ears unendingly. "As for Augustus Vernon Robert Todd"—"*ballon d'essai*"—"Kindergarten!" Oh! it was a sickener, and how the fellows had laughed!

As for his bet with Cotton about cock-house, why he had, when he saw those goals put on at the last moment, felt a cold shiver run down his back. He had crawled off the Acres a sick and sorry and miserable wretch. Cotton had, being rather riled at his chum's temper for the last month, hinted, in unmistakable terms, that the debt was to be paid on return after holidays. Todd contemplated the ravishing prospect of the future with unmixed feelings. Between the upper and nether millstones of the lost Exhibition and the lost bet he had been crushed, annihilated!

When he had shut the study door, in sheer despair of spirit, he laid his head on the table and—— Well, did he blub? All I know is, the Rev. E. Taylor knocked at the door once, twice, thrice, and Todd heard him not. The house master came in and surveyed the bowed form of poor Gus with a good-natured smile, tempered with some scorn. He took the liberty of loudly poking Gus's decaying fire, whereat the young gentleman sprang up instanter.

"I knocked, Todd, but I suppose you were thinking too deeply to hear me."

"Sorry, sir," said Gus, hurriedly getting the master a chair, "and, as a matter of fact, I was thinking."

"Yes!"

"What an awful ass I've been, sir."

"I don't know quite about the ass, but you've certainly not been an epitome of all that's wise this term. It was on that very subject that I came here to have a word with you before we go for the holidays."

Gus looked blankly into the grate.

"This exhibition of yours, Todd, in the examination is just the answer you might expect to the problem you've set yourself. 'How can I get something of value by doing nothing for it?' I must say . . . etc." Taylor spoke very much to the point to Todd for about half-an-hour, taking the ribs out of Gus's conceit one by one, until he felt very much like a damp, damaged gamp, and about as helpless. One by one he took him through the catalogue of the aimless, stupid, footling performances in the term, and Gus blankly wondered how the dickens Taylor knew quite so much of his doings. He felt that the house master was not a bad imitation of Corker on a flaying expedition. I must say that Taylor's performance was a considerable trifle above the average "beak's wigging," but the sting of his discourse was in the tail. "Now, Todd, would you like me to ask Dr. Moore to transfer you to some other house, where your very intimate friends will not absorb so much of your time?"

Todd blushed purple at this very broad hint.

"I'd rather stay where I am; I am not quite an incapable, sir."

"No; I don't think you are—not quite. Dr. Moore, however, is somewhat out of patience with you, and proposes drastic measures."

"Home?" inquired Todd, with gloomy conviction.

"Yes," said the house master. "Dr. Moore has written your father. But you are coming back next term, when you will have the chance of showing that that awful performance in the Exhibition is not your true form. I hope you'll take it."

Todd said bitterly, "I will, sir."

"I am glad of that," said Taylor, "and I believe you will. Good-night, Todd."

"Good-night, sir."

Todd packed up his portmanteaux that night as gloomily and as savagely as though his shirts were his deadly enemies. But there was a square, determined thrust-out of his weak chin which boded ill for Jim Cotton's classics and mathematics in the future.

CHAPTER VII.

BIFFEN'S CONCERT.

It was the inalienable right of the juniors of the cock-house to give a concert the last night of the term, and to have free and undisputed possession of the concert room. Corker made it a rule that the captain of the school should be there to see there were no riots, which, as the fags were off home on the morrow, was more than possible. So when I got a polite note from Grim about half an hour after the results of the Perry Exhibition had

been announced, telling me that Corker had given the customary consent, I strolled about looking up a cohort of monitors to help me in maintaining the "sacred cause of order and decency." I knew of old those junior concerts. "Pandemonium" was nearer the word.

Biffen's juniors, red-hot from their exertions and hoarse from their shouting in the speech room, held a meeting in their own private quarters to deliberate as to their concert.

"All right, Brown; I'll talk with you afterwards. Sorry your Roman nose is out of joint, but nobody proposed you, you know, so shut up. Gentlemen——"

"Hear, hear!"

"Biffen's are cock-house at last" (deafening cheers), "and we must make our concert a stunner. It must go with a bang from start to finish. It must lick every other fag's concert that ever was, and 'be the bright harbinger

THE HOUSE MASTER CAME IN AND SURVEYED THE BOWED FORM OF POOR GUS WITH A GOOD-NATURED SMILE, TEMPERED WITH SOME SCORN.

"I vote Father Grim to the chair," said Wilson.

"Thanks, my son," said Grim, with alacrity. "Somebody second that, and let's get to business."

Somebody obligingly seconded, and Grim enthroned himself with dignity in the chair, and said cheerfully, "Carried *nem. con.* That's the way to commence biz. Now, you fellows, I thank you for this unexpected honour, which has quite taken me by surprise. I shall always——"

"Shut up, Grim," said Brown. "You know jolly well you asked Wilson to propose you."

of ——' What is the rest of the quote, Wilson?"

"'Of future joys,' you ass."

"'Of future joys,' you asses."

"I'll punch your head, Grim, you said you remembered it."

"All serene, old man, never mind the cackle."

"What about our concert?" asked Brown.

"It's going to be great. Does anyone happen to have a programme of that awful performance of Corker's house last year?"

"Rather!" said half-a-dozen of Biffen's ornaments. "Did you think we'd burn a curiosity like that?"

"Cut out and get yours, Rogers, my pet."

"My pet" bolted and came back with the year-old programme of the Corker's fags.

"Pass the abomination this way, Rogers. Gentlemen," said Grim, with intense scorn, "those unspeakable Corker asses started off with a prologue."

"We must go one better—eh, you fellows?" said Rogers.

"Rather!" they all shrieked.

"I vote," said young Cherry, "that we lead off with an epilogue. That will leave 'em standing"

"Hear, hear!" said Fruity.

"Who'll second that?" said Grim.

"I will," said Rogers, cheerfully.

"Then do it, you ass," said the chairman.

"I second," said Rogers, hurriedly, "and you needn't be so beastly strict, Grim."

"Gentlemen, the proposal before the meeting is that we lead off with an epilogue. Item number one on the programme to be 'An Epilogue.' Those in favour signify. Carried unanimously."

"I say, Grim, what is an epilogue, anyhow?" said a voice.

"Oh, I say," said the chairman, "pass that young ignoramus this way. Lamb, do you mean to say you don't know what an epilogue is?"

"No, I don't."

"This is sickening," said Grim, with disgust. "A fellow in Biffen's not know what an epilogue is! Tell him, Fruity," he added, with pathetic vexation.

"He asked you," said Cherry, hurriedly.

"I'm the chairman," said Grim, in a wax, but with great relief. "Explain away, Fruity!"

"Oh, every first-class concert starts with one," he said, vaguely.

"See now, Lamb?"

Lamb professed himself satisfied, but he did not appear absolutely blinded by the light either.

"Anyhow," said Wilson, "Fruity will see to that. I propose he does."

"I second it," said Lamb, viciously, whereupon Cherry kicked the seconder on the shins, for he did not exactly thirst for that honour. "I'm an ass," he said to himself; "but, anyhow, I'll look up what the blessed word does mean, and try to do it."

"I see," said Grim, "they've got a poem on 'Cock House' for number two. That seems all right, eh?"

"Oh, yes; it's always done."

"Well, we'll have one too, eh? Who's got to do the poetry, though? Somebody propose somebody"—thereupon every fag proposed his chiefest enemy, and the battles raged along the line. "And you call yourselves gentlemen!" said Grim in disgust—he had been overlooked for the time being.

"I propose Sharpe," said Wilson, dusting himself. "He does no end swell construes from 'Ovid.'"

"I second that," said Rogers. "He has long hair. Poets always have. Milton had."

"That bit is *side*," said the chairman judicially. "Those who are in favour of Sharpe doing the poetry hold—— Carried *nem. con.*"

"*Nem. con.* is side, too, Grim," said Rogers.

"Shut up, you mule! Sharpe, you'll have to do the poem."

"I say, you fellows, it will be horse work," said Sharpe disconsolately. "There isn't a rhyme to Biffen's."

"Oh! isn't there? What about 'spiffing'?" Sharpe choked.

"Griffin."

"Tiffin."

Lamb squeaked out "stiff 'un," and someone gently led him out — even Biffen's fags caved in at that.

"Sharpe, you're booked for number two, old man. Gentlemen, I direct your attention to number three—Corker's did Indian clubs and the gold-fish dodge."

"Oh, well," said Wilson, "we're not going to copy Corker's, anyhow. Let's do dumb-bells and something else."

"I propose that Wilson does the something else," said Cherry good-naturedly.

Wilson said he was ready to do something to Cherry any time that was convenient. Rogers suggested that they ask the niggers to do something on the bars, and Sharpe seconded it, so the dervishes were written to and promised a scragging if they didn't turn themselves inside out for the glory of Biffen's concert.

"I say, you fellows," said Grim, "it's to be a concert, you know, and except for Fruity's epilogue there isn't any music down yet." Cherry groaned to think he'd been let in for a song.

"What about Thurston?" asked half-a-dozen of the fags.

"Right, oh! Now 'Dicky Bird,' hop up to the front, and trot out your list."

Thurston wasn't shy, and rather fancied his bleat, so he said "Oh! I don't mind at all."

"We thought you wouldn't," said the chairman, winking.

"What do you say to 'Alice, where art thou'?"

"We don't fancy your shouting five minutes for her at all. Next please."

"'Only to see her face again,' then?"

"Whose?" said Sharpe, irreverently.

"Why, the girl's the fellow is singing about,' said Thurston, hotly.

"Oh! you'll see her the day after to-morrow, Dicky Bird, so don't you fret about that now. Do you know 'My first cigar'?"

"Do you mean the one that sent you to hospital, Grimmy?"

"No I don't. None of your cheek. I'm chairman. I mean the one Corney Grain used to sing."

"Yes."

"Well, you sing that and you'll make the fellows die with laughing. And mind you illustrate it with plenty of life-like pantomime, do you hear?"

"Carried, *nem. con.*," shouted all the fags with enthusiasm.

"Hear, hear, Grimmy!"

"So that's settled for you, and if you get an encore, Dicky Bird, you can trot 'Alice' out if you like."

"Which of the fellows have we to invite out of the eleven to help us?"

"Acton," was the universal yell.

"We'll see him, then, to-night."

"Three cheers for Acton," said someone, and the roof echoed.

"Well, we're getting on, and I say, you chaps, I have an idea."

"Hear, hear!" said Cherry, acidly, "Grimmy *has* an idea."

"A grand idea, Fruity. Your epilogue isn't in it."

"What is it, Grim?"

"We'll have a boxing competition open to St. Amory's juniors only. Rogers should pull that off, eh?"

"Rather," said they all. "One more feather in Biffen's cap."

"But, Grimmy," said Rogers, "I don't last, you know."

"Ah!" said the chairman, brilliantly, "we'll only have one two-minutes' round each draw. It will go by points. You're safe as a house, my pet, really."

"Who'll be judge about points? I propose you, Grim," said Rogers, with intent.

"Thanks, old cock, but I really couldn't do the honourable if you were 'rocky' in the last rounds. We'll ask Carr to see us through that part. You'll be all right, I tell you."

"Who's to accompany on the P and O?"

"Oh, Brown must see to that!"

"I propose Brown key-thumper."

"I second that."

"Carried," said the chair, smartly.

"I say," said Grim, "I propose myself stage manager. I'm the only fellow who knows a ha'porth about it."

"A ha'porth is an awful lot; besides, a chairman can't propose himself," said Cherry, revengefully.

"I second the chairman's proposal," said Wilson, backing up his chum.

"Carried *nem. con.*"

"No I'm hanged if it was!" said Cherry. "You're a fraud, Grimmy."

"All right now, you chaps, the meeting is over. Wilson and I will go up to Acton, and see what he'll do for us, and then we'll rough out a swagger programme."

The two worthies, Grim and Wilson, sallied out, and, after seeing Acton, began to get out their programme. Here it is:—

BIFFEN'S JUNIORS' CONCERT.

Cock House, December, 1898.

(1) Epilogue.
B. A. M. CHERRY.

(2) Poem on the subject of Cock House.
B. SHARPE.

(3) Bar Act.

(4) First Round Junior Boxing Competition.
PRINCE RUNJIT MEHTAH and RAM SINGH.

(5) SONG. "My First Cigar."
R. E. THURSTON.

(6) PIANOFORTE SOLO—
"Oh! listen to the band."
O. BROWN.

(7) Second Round Boxing.

(8) SONG. "Jim."
J. ACTON, ESQ.

(9) Third and Concluding Rounds Boxing.

(10) SONG. "Well, suppose you did?"
R. E. THURSTON.

God Save the Queen.

ACCOMPANIST - - - - O. E. BROWN.
Trinity College (by Examination.)

STAGE MANAGER - - - W. E. GRIM.

N.B.—The Manager begs to state that there will be no Latin or classical allusions throughout the evening. No waits. No charge for programmes. No antediluvian jokes.

This was printed on paper blushing pink—Biffen's colours—and Grim and Wilson, when they got the advance proof last thing on Saturday night, almost embraced in their jubilation. There was such a swagger look about the "N.B."

Meanwhile B. A. M. Cherry had consulted his dictionary, and therein found that an "epilogue" was defined as "a concluding speech in an oration or play." He broke into a cold sweat of horror. That was an epilogue, then! Where could he find one? What would be the good of one if he did find it? And supposing he had one and could recite it, it was at the wrong end of the programme—the programme which had already been printed in such hot haste? It was too late to tell Grim

who would have instantly summoned all the strength of Biffen's to scrag him. The wretched Cherry shuddered at his awful plight.

Nothing could he do or dare he do. In desperation he determined to fall ill on the concert night. B. A. M. Cherry hadn't the heroic soul, and when Grim asked him cheerfully how the epilogue was going on, he said "spiffing" in the tone of a martyr at the stake.

On the Monday Grim scuttled about all day—now on the stage, listening to Thurston going over his songs with Brown, now getting entries for his boxing competition, now encouraging Sharpe who was in the throes of composition, and now criticizing the Dervishes with much force. Acton put in an appearance in the concert room, and gave Brown the accompaniment to "Jim"; and, after hearing him play it through, went and read his novel the rest of his spare time.

At 7.30 the juniors of St. Amory's began to stroll in, Biffen's lot collaring the front seats as per custom. The programmes were distributed to each one as he came in, and created no end of sensation, and W. E. Grim was allowed to have come out very strong in the programme line. St. Amory's fags did not spot anything wrong about item one, but the older fellows chuckled a little and said "the manager was a funny ass." This opinion was instantly conveyed to Grim by one of his cronies and made that young gentleman think himself no end of a sly dog.

Punctually to the minute Grim rang his bell, and, darting into the dressing-room, said: "Now, Cherry, come along with your epilogue. They're all waiting. Where is that ass?"

"Cherry has not turned up yet, Grim."

"What?" he said in horror.

"Not turned up yet!"

"I'll go and fetch the beggar at once."

Grim darted out of the room, tore along the street, and was hammering at Cherry's door within the minute.

"Fruity, hurry up, they're all waiting."

"I'm not well, Grim."

"What?"

"I'm not well—I'm in bed."

"You miserable beast!" shouted Grim. "I'll massacre you. You'll make us the laughing stock of the whole school. Get up, man. Be a man."

"I'm ill," moaned Cherry from within.

"You miserable beast! You'll be dead to-morrow." He shook the door violently, but Cherry was not quite the utter fool Grim took him for, for he had locked the door. Grim stood outside on the corridor for some seconds, petrified with rage and digust, and then flew like a madman back to the concert room. He cannoned up against someone leisurely strolling up to the dressing room, and was darting on again *sans* apology. A hand gently closed upon his collar and pulled him back.

"Hallo, young shaver! Little boys used to apologise when they—— Why, it's Grim! What in the name——"

Grim, almost blubbing with anger and shame, poured out his tale, and Acton listened with an amused smile. "Sheer funk, Grim. Well, go on, and tell 'em their Cherry has rotted, but that I'll come and tell 'em a little tale instead."

Grim would have embraced Acton if he'd been a little taller, but he gurgled, "Acton, you *are* a brick," and darted on to the stage.

He was received with deafening cheers, and shrieks of "No waits!" "Manager!" "Don't hurry, Grim!" "We'll send out for supper!" "We want Cherry!" "Go off," etc.

When Grim could get a word in he panted, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say B. A. M. Cherry is indisposed and cannot favour you with the epilogue."

"Funked it!" roared all the delighted juniors.

"He says he is unwell," said Grim, anger getting the better of him, "but he'll be a jolly sight worse in the morning."

There was a hurricane of thunderous cheers at this sally, but Grim managed to shout above the laughing, "I have great pleasure in announcing that John Acton, Esq., will take Fruity's—I mean Cherry's—place and tell you a little tale; even Corker fags will understand it," added Grim, viciously.

Acton came on and received his hearty welcome with easy good nature. He plunged right into his contribution: "A London cabby's account of his different fares"—from the double-superfine gilt-edged individual to the fat old dowager who *will* have the parrot inside with her. Acton gave it perfectly. Grim, who had his ears glued to the exit door, vowed he could almost hear the swell drop his eyeglass.

Sharpe stepped on to the stage amid the polite attentions of his natural enemies. "Be a man, Sharpe." "Don't cry." "You'll see mamma, soon." "Speak up." "He did it all alone, remember." "No help." "Oh, dear no!"

> When on the bosom of the sleeping pool,
> That's shaded o'er by trees in greenest dress.
> Upon its breast of snow its gem of gold
> The water lily swims——

The juniors howled with dismay at this commencement, and Corker juniors instantly began to keep time to Sharpe's delivery in the organ grinder's fashion. But Sharpe toiled remorselessly on. He compared Biffen's house to a water lily growing in a muddy pond and again as a Phœnix risen from the ashes, and he gave us, with

circumstantial details, every round of the footer housers, their two eleven caps, and the Perry Exhibition, and darkly hinted at Acton's exclusion from the eleven.

He wound up his awful farrago in one glorious burst of solemn fury :—

> And even Fate girds on her sword, and her right arm she stiffens,
> As thunders to the icy pole the glorious name of Biffen's.

When Sharpe finally made his bow, according to the invariable custom, every junior except a Biffenite imitated with rare fidelity the mixed sensations of channel passengers after a stormy passage.

No mistake about it, Biffen's had a fag who could sing. Thurston's "My First Cigar" only lacked one thing—it should have lasted a little longer to suit the audience.

> She called it an Intimidad,
> It had spots of a yellowish hue,
> She said the best brands always had,
> And I firmly believed it was true.

A good number of the fellows knew "The Soldiers in the Park," and Brown hammered it out in a good old breezy style.

As he was racing home, and the jolly chorus was crashing out of the piano, one fag started "Oh, listen to the band!"

Instantly the whole school, juniors and seniors

"THREE CHEERS FOR ACTON!"

Sharpe, cheered to the echo by the Biffenites on the front row, went proudly off.

The Dervishes were received with enthusiasm, and went through their performance to the shouts of "Well wriggled Java!" "Why don't you oil?" "Do it again — orang-outang!" They amiably smiled acknowledgments as they backed away.

Then I myself stepped on to the stage, prepared to judge the two-minutes' rounds. Grim had whipped up sixteen fags, each willing to do battle for the honour of his house. The rounds proceeded to the accompaniment of ear-splitting encouragement, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that not a solitary one of the defeated heroes thought he had really been beaten on points.

as well, joined in the chorus, keeping time with their feet.

> Oh, listen to the band!
> Who doesn't love to hark
> To the shout of "Here they come!"
> And the banging of the drum—
> Oh, listen to the soldiers in the park.

When the dust had settled, everyone acknowledged that Biffen's concert was going with a bang. I am not going to bore you with a longer account of Biffen's concert. Thurston sang "Alice, where art thou?" the fellows telling him between the verses that "She wasn't going to come," "Spoony songs barred," etc., and Rogers carried off the fags' boxing competition with a big rush in the final round, and Biffen's crew howled with delight.

Finally the bell rang for Acton's song. Brown rattled through the preliminary bars, and the song commenced. The singer held himself slightly forward, in a rather stiff and awkward fashion, and his eyes were staring intently into vacancy. There was not the shadow of a shade of any expression in his face. A feeling of pity for Acton was the universal sensation when the first words fell from his lips. Acton had not the ghost of a singing voice, and the school shuddered at the awful exhibition. There was an icy silence, but Acton croaked remorselessly on. This is the song :—

Jim and I as children played together,
Best of chums for many years were we ;
I had no luck—was, alas ! a Jonah ;
Jim, my chum, was lucky as could be.
Oh, lucky Jim ! How I envied him !

Years rolled by, and death took Jim away, boys,
Left his widow, and she married me ;
Now we're married oft I think of Jim, boys,
Sleeping in that churchyard by the sea.
Oh, lucky Jim ! How I envy him !

As the words followed on there was a suggestion of oddity in that awful voice singing a comic song, and there were a few suppressed laughs at the idea. As the song progressed, the utter dreary weariness of the voice, and the rather funny words, compelled the fellows to laugh in uncontrollable bursts, but still Acton never turned a hair. When he arrived at the churchyard lines there was one universal howl of delight. Brown stopped dead at the end of the second last line, and Acton stopped dead too. Instantly all the fellows became as mute as fish. The singer straightened himself up, looked round the room with a mocking smile while one might count a dozen, and then winked to Brown, who recommenced softly on the piano. Then Acton *sang* slowly and deliberately — sang with a voice as clear and as tunable as a silver bell :—

Oh, lucky Jim ! How I envy him !

His croak was a pretence—he had hoaxed us all ! Before we recovered from our stupefaction he had vanished. The school clamoured for his return, but though they cheered for three minutes on end Acton did not reappear, and Brown struck up "God save the Queen !" Biffen's concert was at an end !

Grim held a five minutes' meeting among the Biffenites before bed.

"There's never been a fellow like Acton in St. Amory's. He goes away at nine to-morrow. The Great Midland are going to stop their express to pick up St. Amory fellows, and Acton goes up to his place by that. I vote we all go in a body to the station and cheer him off. We keep it dark, of course." This *staccato* oration was agreed to with acclamation, and Biffenites went to bed happy.

On the morrow Acton strolled into the station and espied the Biffenites, who were scattered up and down the platform with careful carelessness. The train came in, and at once the juniors crowded *en masse* round the carriage in which Acton had secured a corner seat, and stood talking to Grim, who was in fine feather.

At that very moment Phil. Bourne and young Jack Bourne bustled into the station. An idea struck Rogers, and he said to all his chums, "Here's Bourne, you fellows ; let him know we see him."

The fags were delighted, and when Bourne entered the carriage next Acton's there was a long-drawn-out hoot for his especial benefit.

"Another," said Rogers, whereat more soulful groans.

"The last," said Rogers, and Bourne took his seat to a chorus of hisses and tortured howls. He smiled a little and opened his paper, while the people in the carriage looked curiously at him.

The guard's whistle went and Acton sprang in. "Good bye."

As the train moved, Grim said, "Three cheers for Acton !"

"Hip, hip, hurrah ! Hip, hip, hurrah !"

"A groan for Bourne !" Acton smiled good naturedly to his henchmen. As he glided past he said to himself softly, "And yet I have not quite hoed all my row out either. Bourne. Wait, my friend, wait !"

Fred^k Swanson

(To be continued.)

WHAT WE THINK OF BOYS.

By Two Girls.

I.

Boys are brutes! *This*, dear people, *is not a rash conclusion*, unconsidered, but the outcome of years of thought and practical knowledge on the subject. It is not often a girl is seen teasing or tormenting some pet, or other innocent creature which has strayed across her path, and yet a boy is seldom happier than when indulging in some such "sport." (?)

But, to be just (*girls* are always just), much of this needless cruelty, such as bird-nesting, is the result of want of thought, more than of feeling, and when boys do think (which, alas! is seldom), they *are* occasionally very considerate and gentle.

BOYS ARE BRUTES! *This*, DEAR PEOPLE, *is not a rash conclusion.*

Another of a girl's superiorities to a boy is her quickness of perception. The average girl would see in ten minutes what the average boy would take half-an-hour at least to penetrate, and then *his* discoveries would amount to very little *or nothing at all*, whilst *her's* would probably be a concise detailment of the whole thing.

So our natural conclusion is, that boys, as a rule, are dense. Of course, *they* cannot always help themselves, poor creatures, Providence not having endowed them with the finer nature which is a girl's birthright; and, I may add, it is the possession of this finer nature which makes a boy decide that a girl is (to use the slang term here employed) a "funk," or, in plainer language "a coward."

A boy has the advantage of a girl in physical strength, and consequently is able to indulge in more "sport" than a girl. He is very cheerful, and in most cases generous; can often be relied upon to help one out of a scrape, and on the whole is of such kind that we girls (however much we may look down on him at times, and in spite of all his drawbacks), *would*, in the long run, find it hard to do without, and probably have longer fits of the "dumps," and "nerves" (in which that teasing brother proves such an efficient physician), than we have at present.

Jennie Clasper.

II.

Boys are horribly selfish about their games. A girl may have got hold of a ripping book, and just have got comfortably settled down to read, when up comes a brother and says, "Oh, do come and play with us." "I can't; I want to read, you might let me alone." Then, after a good bit of coaxing, the boy says, "Very well, then, don't!" and the girl gives in. If one of us said that to a boy, he would take her at her word, and go off, or say, "No, I don't intend to," but, somehow, we girls give in because they tell us not to. We are queer at times!

If girls are obstinate, boys take a jolly good share of laziness. Boys in general consider themselves lords of creation, and don't think anything of letting girls do work that they ought to do for themselves.

Boys' taste is another of their peculiarities. One Christmas, when I was about fourteen, the boys gave me a cardboard doll's house. How's that for good taste for a present to a fourteen-year-old girl? I thanked them for it, and in a few days sent it across to one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Of course, this all applies strictly to *boys*, not very big boys who are almost men.

After all, it is really so nice having brothers to play with, and go out with. The world would be very stale to live in if there were only females in it, and I suppose boys really feel the same about us girls.

Florrie McCallum.

By G. H. Boden.

"NO," said the owl, thoughtfully. "I can't explain it, but there it is. We've tried barns and barns, but we always come back here to nest in the end. There seems to be something about a fowl-yard that sticks its claws into you and won't let go when once you have lived in it. I can't sit easy without some fowls to reflect on. There's nothing really great about a fowl either; they don't hold tight enough to things. They haven't the humour of a duck, except by fits and starts; they don't take a real pride in mud, like a pig, and even when they sit out in the sun you can see with both eyes shut that they wish it was winter. They are inquisitive, too, but it doesn't grip them in the way it grips a jay—let alone a man—and they won't thieve for the honour of the thing, like a jackdaw. You might think by the clatter they make that they would be dead on fighting, but it never lasts with most of them. They get tired half-way, just like a grown-up cat playing with a man.

"THEY WON'T THIEVE FOR THE HONOUR OF THE THING, LIKE A JACKDAW."

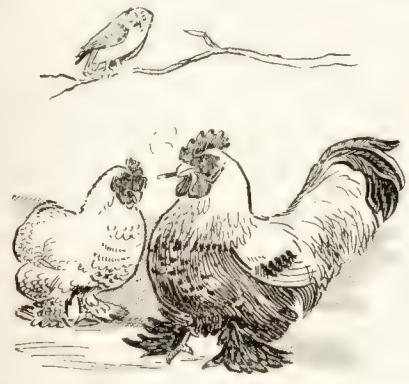
"No, they haven't any strong scent, that's a fact; but for genuine all-roundness you can't beat them. It isn't safe to say there's anything a hen won't do, if it happens to get into her head—even swimming. They don't spread themselves out to be philosophical in an ordinary way, but I've seen an old cock stand on one leg and think of the wickedness of things till his comb turned blue. Yes, the fowl is the most all-round animal I ever reflected on. There's always something to be learned from a fowl, and you may be sure that what a fowl teaches you is going to apply somewhere else and clear the sky no end.

"Now, there's that new hen they've put in the cage opposite. It just shows you how careless you can be in keeping the roost dry. If those other hens had half a mouse's tail of common sense they would see that she's likely to turn out a pecker when she has settled down, but not they—they're all going to take feathers out of her to start with, and they'll get it back pretty hot presently. That hen's counting every peck she gets, and doubling them to pay back when she has got the measurement of the pen. I've seen dogs who could learn something out of that. But dogs won't come here to learn. They *will* go hanging on the perches of men Strange how a dog will forage for a man! I can't see anything in them, compared with fowls, anyway. There's a man that nests up in the red brick barn yonder—he can't think of anything at all to do; so he just comes down here, and puffs smoke out of his mouth to show off before the fowls. Last week he came with a stick, and made little holes in the ground to put green stuff in; it was growing all right before in another place, only they like to see them in straight rows. Well, there's a hen in that lot that goes mad when she sees a straight row; and, of course, she went

and made a hole in the pen, and scratched all the straight rows up. He might have known. She has done it before. But he only patches up the pen, and starts again. Just as if you could keep a fowl in a pen if it wanted to get out. He shouldn't make straight rows — the hen wouldn't mind then.

"But they're all just as unreasonable. There's one of them that comes and takes away the fowls' eggs every day. She has been doing it for years, and she doesn't realise yet that taking the eggs away won't stop the fowls from laying. Besides, what is a fowl for, except chickens? You could get other things to eat the corn just as well.

"No, you can't learn anything from men. Give me fowls! I like to see them in a reflective mood, when they look up here, and wonder what I'm doing without the 'f,' and then they go and sit with their heads on one side, and try to make believe



"THEY EVEN TRY THE MAN'S SMOKE-PUFFING THINGS WHEN HE LEAVES THEM ABOUT."

they're owls too, just to see what it feels like. I never knew such creatures for wanting to know what things feel like. I've seen one put her beak in a rat-trap—and leave it there. They even try the man's smoke-puffing things, when he leaves them about, but they taste vulgar, from what the fowls say.

"Of course, I'm not saying that all fowls have the same gifts. There wouldn't be much gained by reflecting on them if they had. Fact is, that's one of the things I reflect on most—the difference between fowls and fowls. There are some fowls good at laying eggs, and others good at breaking them. Some are peckers, and others are not. It's nothing to do with size, pecking isn't. Either you are born feeling you can peck, or you aren't. And it's just the same with getting out of those pens. Some fowls are born to get out of pens.

"There's a white hen there that gets out of a pen as easily as a cat turns corners. She can't help herself. She's cute, too. To see her when the man is about you might think that she hadn't a notion of getting out of a pen. She just sticks her neck through the wire and flurries round like a blackbird, but the moment the man goes she walks through the slit by the door. And yet that hen is a fool. When she's once out she gets caught in half a frog's jump. And there's another speckledy hen that can't remember the way out for days together, but when she does get out she doesn't go in again until she wants to.

"WHAT IS A FOWL FOR, EXCEPT CHICKENS?"

"It almost quite awakes you to see the man thinking he can catch that speckledy hen. He runs up and down on his own straight rows, for all the world like a cat playing with leaves on a windy day, and then he goes straight into a tree, and says loud things, and knocks all the fruit off. Then he starts scratching dirt at the hen, and it hits the trees, and goes in his eyes. So he sits down and thinks; and then he goes to get corn, and fills the pen with it, and opens the door for the speckledy hen, and, of course,

"OF COURSE, ALL THE OTHER FOWLS GET OUT. THAT'S JUST A MAN ALL OVER."

all the other fowls get out. That's just a man all over. He never seems to think of things like ordinary animals."

By Murdo Munro.

Illustrated by George Soper.

I WAS eighteen when I left school, and I may as well mention at once that I was not a bright and shining light at that institution, but I humbly entered the office of a distant relative of mine who had just gone into trade—tinned fruit and vegetables.

I had in this office one fellow clerk, a sort of overgrown office boy, called Thomas. This young gentleman soon imparted to me, with an air of some importance, the fact that his uncle was the "heavy lead" at a certain popular theatre in the East End.

Let me hasten to explain to the uninitiated that the "heavy lead" is usually the villain of the piece, the *real* murderer, you know—the one who steals the heroine's child in the second act.

The stage was Thomas' one topic of conversation, and I was not surprised when one day he announced his intention of resigning his situation and "walking on" at the Sensation Theatre as a "wedding guest" or a "happy villager" in the drama in which his uncle was then pursuing an unusually diabolical career. *Horror's of Crime; or, The Thirst for Blood*, was something like the double title of this piece, and those who hoped for much from that title were in no wise disappointed.

It had dawned upon me that the sale of Peter's Potted Peas was not sufficient to warrant the retention of clerks for any length of time, and so I was not surprised to be told, a week after Thomas' departure, that there was no longer need for my services.

My six weeks' experience in an office where I did nothing was not much help to me in securing another situation, and there followed weeks of anxiety and of the fruitless answering of advertisements, until one day I remembered Thomas, and wondered if he were still doing "thinking parts" at the Sensation.

"He might get me a similar engagement. Why not? It would be a living, and many great actors had begun so." And with this some of my old aspirations revived.

That night I went to the pit of the Sensation. As I entered the theatre the first act was in progress, and I was relieved and pleased to see Thomas as a sentinel stalking up and down the stage, apparently blissfully unconscious of the

THE VILLAIN AND THE INJURED HEROINE.

shrieks of the injured heroine and the hissed threats of the villain, who were "having it out" under his very nose.

After the commencement of the second act I went round to the stage door, and, as Thomas' name was the same as that of his "heavy" uncle, I was permitted to pass through.

After having tumbled down a flight of dark stairs, I found myself on the stage and "behind the scenes"—that place of mystery I had so often yearned to explore. They were shifting a scene as I arrived, much to the discomfort of the "leading lady," who was regaling herself with half a pork pie and some liquid refreshment out of a pewter pot (a few minutes previously I had seen her in a pale pink satin tea gown grovelling on the carpet moaning: "My chee-ild, my chee-ild! Cruel one, where is my child?")

After a series of hair-breadth escapes, I succeeded in finding Thomas (now a policeman) standing in the wings. He was delighted to see me, until I stated my object, when he became gravely patronising.

"You see," he said, judicially, "you *novices*, you expect to walk on to the stage at once, without having gone 'through the mill.'" (This was *his* third week I discovered). "But I'll see what can be done. I have a part in the piece we are rehearsing, and I expect they will want another 'extra gentleman' in my place. There's my cue—wait!" And he stalked on to the moonlit scene to harass the heroine (now in rags and dying of hunger, despite the pork pie), and returned in a few moments.

"Come and see the boss," he said. And the boss I saw, who, after asking a few questions and making me sing a scale, engaged me for small parts at the large salary of twenty-five shillings a week.

I was an actor! The piece was then in rehearsal, and it was a thrilling military drama. I made my first appearance as one of four gibbering *French* cooks on board a *British* man of war. We sang a quartette to the assembled company, and the refrain to this choice musical morsel was "Cookie, keep de kettle on de boil," and to it I played an imaginary accompaniment upon a banjo without any strings.

In the next act I was discovered as a civilian gentleman, conversing at a window with the colonel of a Highland regiment. The colonel points out his only son—a little boy—and remarks that he hopes to see him lead a regiment some day. Whereupon I had to slap the colonel affectionately on the back and say, "Yes, as bravely as his *father* did before him"—the gentle slap to take place on the word *father*.

I was not a success in this act on the first performance. I had been assured repeatedly that if I did not speak up more than I did at rehearsals I should not be heard. Now, I was determined to be heard; so when I got the cue for my one line, I shrieked it out angrily at the top of my voice, and on the word "before," *not* "father," I dealt the colonel—a mild, asthmatic old gentleman—a sounding smack between the shoulders, sending him coughing and spluttering

into the centre of the stage. You can imagine that the effect of this rendering of the line was not that originally designed by the author, and the manager afterwards made remarks — remarks which you would not understand even if I were to write them down, but the word "amachewer" recurred in them with what I thought was vindictive persistency.

I remained at this theatre and in this play for two months, after which I went on a three months' tour with the same company at an increased salary, a larger part, and as understudy to the "juvenile lead," the hero of the piece. But was I playing the noble hero at the end of the tour? No; truth compels me to relate that after some weeks I was playing the part of a tipsy old Irish woman who sold fish—fried.

I had a quick memory, and offered to take this part one night when sudden indisposition rendered the original exponent unable to proceed, and caused her to leave the company. She had been, in fact, too thorough and conscientious an *artiste*. She *felt* her part too much.

To certain audiences the mirth-promoting power of *food*, especially when maltreated, is extraordinary, and only equalled by the spectacle of hopeless intoxication; *but both combined*——!

I was considered amusing in this part, and there were roars of laughter every time I appeared—*with fish*.

It would take too long to enumerate the varied experiences of those three months. The makeshifts, the hunting at all hours for lodgings in strange towns, the feuds and internal strifes and jealousies in the company itself. All these were strange and new to me at first, and soon ceased to be amusing—though always interesting, and sometimes educational. The face of every member of that company is stamped upon my memory. A good-natured lot of Bohemians—kind and generous to each other in spite of their squabbles!

One thing which befel me at this time I must relate. Once we went to a small town in the Midlands which I knew well, for near it was the home of two of my school-fellows, and I had spent many jolly days there with them. The holidays were on, but I never for a moment expected my friends to patronise the theatre when a "shocker" such as ours was being performed. Judge, then, of my horror, on looking through a hole (I should say, one of the holes) in the curtain, at seeing not only the two fellows in a dingy box, but, oh! cruellest blow of all, their sister also. Yes, she to whom I had confessed my aspirations and hopes of fame, and to whom I had imparted my idea as to how the Prince of Denmark's famous lines should be delivered, and now—now—she was to see me interpret the doubtful humours of an inebriated old Irish fish woman, and *fried* fish at that! Wild thoughts of being seized with a serious

SHE WAS TO SEE ME INTERPRET THE DOUBTFUL HUMOURS OF AN INEBRIATED OLD IRISH FISH WOMAN.

illness, or dropping down in a fit, flashed across my mind; but, alas! I was not a good enough actor for that. No, I must go on, and on I went.

Never was Bridget Macmurphy in such a hopelessly sad state as she was that night. I did not dare look up at that box, but trusted to my make-up and costume to conceal my identity, remembering with relief that my own name was not on the programme. When the curtain fell on the first act I rushed to my peep-hole and looked again. *The box was empty.*

I was not surprised, for the first act included the bombardment of Alexandria, also several battles on land and sea, and this, combined with the vagaries of Bridget, would quite explain their flight. Had they recognised me? I don't know. I have often met them since but have never asked. What do *you* think about it?

This tour finished in London, and for three weeks I was a constant visitor at theatrical agencies and stage doors, until to my joy (and surprise) I was engaged to play a principal part in a farcical comedy, which was to tour the smaller seaside towns. I have a strong suspicion that I was chosen for this part on account of the superiority of my wardrobe; but, putting this disagreeable reflection aside, I was relieved, for my scanty savings were almost at an end, and, after paying my fare to Herne Bay, where we opened, I should have very few shillings left.

We all duly met at Charing Cross Station. The manager (in a frock coat and straw hat)—after much altercation with various members of the company who could not, and some who *would* not, pay their fares—got us all aboard, and off we went. I made friends with a disconsolate-looking youth, who, I discovered, had paid a premium of £5 for the privilege of playing servants and general "utility" parts. This young man, whose name on the bills was Rudolph Montgomerie, but who asked me to call him Alf, secured a room in the house where I lodged in Herne Bay.

FIVE THREEPENNY PIECES!

After a few inefficient rehearsals, we opened, and played for a week to what appeared to be fairly large audiences, considering the size of the place.

On the Thursday of this week, my friend Alf and I discovered that we had come to within one shilling of the end of our combined resources, so I determined to ask our manager to advance me part of my salary.

"Never do it, my boy, never do it on principle," he said. So I returned crestfallen. We managed, by extreme economy, to exist upon two pots of compressed chicken and tongue (fourpence-halfpenny per pot) with bread until Saturday, when, with a light and hopeful heart, I went to the theatre to receive my salary.

"Good morning," said the manager very sadly, in answer to my cheerful salutation. "You know," he said, "we have done shocking bad biz. here. Great disappointment. You are no good in your part," he went on. "Nothing like it, my boy—no go, no dash." And he heaved a great sigh and shook his head.

I murmured my regrets, and wished he would pay me, and let me go.

"I must tell you," he resumed, "I can't pay *full* salaries this week if the tour is to go on. We have taken practically no money, and had to fill the house with 'paper.'"

"Oh, all right," I said. "Give me what you can."

"That's the style," said he. "If we are to get on we must all stick together. *Esprit de corps*, my boy; *esprit de corps*." And he placed in my hand—*five threepenny pieces!* I looked at them and was struck dumb.

Five threepenny pieces! I remember wondering vaguely, as I stumbled out of the office, why there were *five* and why they were threepenny pieces.

I went into a confectioner's and recklessly spent two of those coins, for I was very hungry. On leaving the shop I met Mr. Rudolph Montgomerie; he had a very white face and a dejected mien. I saw at once he had been to treasury, and it needed no great calculation on my part

to conclude that, as he was pretty far down on the salary list, there was no piece of money in the British coinage sufficiently small to meet his case. We "blewed" the remaining ninepence there and then, and went to our landlady and made a clean breast of the state of our affairs to her. That lady was not surprised. With a glance at my watch-chain she merely remarked that Whitstable was within walking distance, and there was, she believed, a pawnbroker's there. Acting on this delicate suggestion, we at once set out to walk to Whitstable. It was not a very long walk, and we consoled ourselves with the assurance that we should return by rail, after having had a good square meal.

Alas! on arriving at our destination we were informed by an amiable policeman that there was no "uncle" in Whitstable. We tried some jewellers, but they declined to oblige us in the manner we wished.

Back we trudged to Herne Bay.

Our landlady then assured us that there was a pawnbroker in Canterbury, and again we set out on our quest. This time she was right, and we returned by rail minus our jewellery, but with sufficient money to discharge our just debts.

Broadstairs was the next place on our list, and when I first heard we were to visit this town I recollected vaguely that I had lately had it mentioned to me, but in what connection or by whom I could not for the moment recall.

On Monday morning we met the rest of the company in various stages of indignation, and journeyed to Broadstairs, whither our manager was to have preceded us. On assembling at the hall, we were told that no manager had arrived there—and, in fact, he never did arrive there—and we were "left lamenting." Notwithstanding this blow we played here for two nights; but, as on the second night we played "to the gas," we disbanded on the Wednesday morning, and in a few hours Alf, and I, and the principal comedian were the only three members remaining in Broadstairs. We remained because we had not the wherewithal to pay our fares, and even our wardrobes, excepting what we wore, had gone the way of our jewellery.

I had one remaining possession—a banjo—seeing which the "low comedy" gentleman suggested that we should blacken our faces and give entertainments on the sands, in order to raise sufficient money for our journey to London.

This proposition we carried out. I knew several songs, which were by way of being comic, whilst Alf had an astounding *repertoire* of the most doleful and dirge-like ditties it has ever been my lot to hear. The titles of some of them will give an idea of the depressing nature of their sentiments: "Don't put my Father's Picture up for Sale." "Ring the Bell gently, there's Crape on the Door," was another; and last, and most harrowing of all, was a ballad of some length, entitled, "Don't Pawn our dear dead Mother's old Jet Brooch." The comedian for his contribution did a step dance on a little kind of baking-board, and these items comprised our entertainment. When we had finished this sorry performance, I went round the scanty crowd; collecting the rewards of our labours in a little china mug, with "For Annie" on it in damaged forget-me-nots, and which we had borrowed from among the ornaments on our landlady's mantelpiece. I had read in the newspapers of large sums being earned by seaside musicians, but on counting the results of this, our first attempt, I came to the conclusion that this line of business was very much over-rated. However, I was not surprised when I thought of my sad attempts at humour, and of Alf's dismal lamenting concerning the fate of his deceased relative's personal effects.

We gave several performances that day, but except that we were able to buy some food we were not much better off. I was very tired, and with difficulty got back to our lodgings and went to bed.

Next morning Alf and the comedian set out to walk to Margate, a feat quite beyond me as I was feeling then, and so those two pass out of this history; my banjo, I may mention, passing out along with them.

I don't intend to describe the following few days—in fact, I remember very little about them—but on Sunday morning I found myself wandering along the terrace facing the sea, and wondering which house I should go to first to beg—yes, to *beg* for food.

How could I? Have you ever been hungry? I think one should always go a few days without food themselves before they judge the actions of a starving man.

I stood and read the name on a small brass plate at one door—Dr. J. M. D——.

"D——" I repeated; "D——, of course."

It flashed upon me where I had heard of Broadstairs lately. Rob D—— had been my pal at school, and in a letter only a few months before he had told me of his brother Jack buying a practice in Broadstairs. Jack would know me; he played three-quarters for the old boys. I was soon up those steps and ringing the bell.

"Yes, Dr. D—— was in," said the maid, and invited me to enter.

I endeavoured to do so, but with only partial success; for, when Dr. D—— was summoned hastily, he found me prone across his threshold, where I had fallen insensible.

"DON'T PAWN OUR DEAR DEAD MOTHER'S OLD JET BROOCH!"

Three weeks later (for I really must make these jumps if I am to get half the events of that year into a reasonable space) I was back in London, and interviewing the courteous actor-manager of a well-known provincial Shakespearian company. To my delight he engaged me to play small parts in his extensive *repertoire*.

One great joke "on me," must conclude this bit of autobiography.

It was at Norwich, and we were playing *Hamlet*. I had been promoted to play the "Ghost," but besides that part, I was taking temporarily that of the "First Priest," as we were a man short at that time. The latter character has some solemn and weighty lines to "boom" forth at the scene of Ophelia's burial, and as I had not had time to get a thorough grasp of those lines, I carried the "prompt book" (disguised as a "missal") reverently on to the scene and consulted it when necessary. I was nervous about the part, as one always is about lines they have had to speak on short notice, and continued this reprehensible deception at subsequent performances, until the following accident abruptly ended my career in that part.

The funeral procession wound slowly on to the stage and surrounded the grave, I taking my stand at the head. A weird effigy of rag and straw, representing "Ophelia," was solemnly consigned to its long home, and I opened my "Liturgy" for a final glance at my first line. What was this? It was not *Hamlet* I held in hand, it was *Othello* I had taken in my haste. The shock drove every word of my part out of my head. In vain I tried to recall even the first line. I had heard of such situations being saved by judicious interpolations (otherwise "gagging"), but I couldn't recall even the gist of the lines and in a moment my cue would be given—yes, there it was——

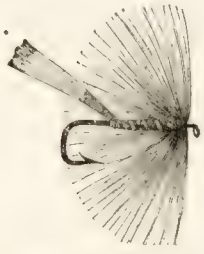
"Must there no more be done?" said "Laertes" in broken-hearted tones, and gazing earnestly at me where I stood. There was a moment's horrible silence as they awaited the momentous answer; then closing the book I raised my head and in a cheerfully conversational tone addressed the honoured brother of "Ophelia":—

"No," I said blandly, but firmly, "No more," adding, "at present," as an afterthought, as I turned away and swept off the stage, leaving the thunderstruck funeral party (including Their Majesties of Denmark) priestless, to conclude the obsequies and scramble through the famous scene as best they might.

How to Catch Trout

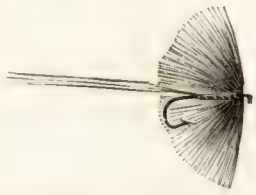
By George A. B. Dewar. *Author of the "Book of the Dry-Fly," etc.*

Angling for trout is one of the most healthy, innocent, and also one of the most exciting holiday occupations for boys that can be devised. I take it that most of the readers of this article know that ever delightful book, "Tom Brown's School-days."



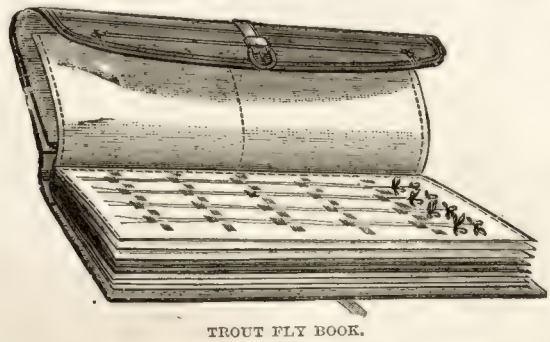
PENNELL'S BROWN TROUT LAKE FLY.

Scarcely any of Tom Brown's adventures have a greater spice of interest and romance—the romance of the open air—about them than the angling ones. For my part, though I am, perhaps, a little bit prejudiced, I never turn to those books without having a look at the angling expeditions of that straight, robust fellow Brown; and I only wish they were a little longer and more frequent.



PENNELL'S STREAM TROUT FLY.

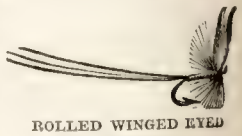
There is another book, written much more recently, in which we follow with intense interest the school-boy on his angling expeditions—the book of one of the greatest leaders in Parliament to-day—I refer to Sir Edward Grey's "Fly Fishing." Sir Edward has given us his experiences of his first days at that fine English school, Winchester, and told us how he planned and carried out in the face of difficulties his trout-fishing arrangements there. For a long while he failed utterly to catch fish in the clear chalk stream, but by intense enthusiasm and much application succeeded ultimately in getting one sizable trout. After that, though not all at once, he landed seventy-six trout.



TROUT FLY BOOK.

There are four principal methods of catching a trout—namely, wet-fly fishing, dry-fly fishing, spinning with an artificial minnow, and worm fishing in low, clean waters with the Stewart tackle.

Fly fishing is by common consent the most exciting and worthy form of angling, and I would strongly advise all you boys who desire to be anglers, and who have the chance, to learn to cast an artificial fly at the earliest possible opportunity. Do not be discouraged by those who tell you that fly fishing, either with dry or wet fly, is too scientific, or that the tackle required is too costly. If you begin at an early age, and are keen, you will soon learn to cast a fly

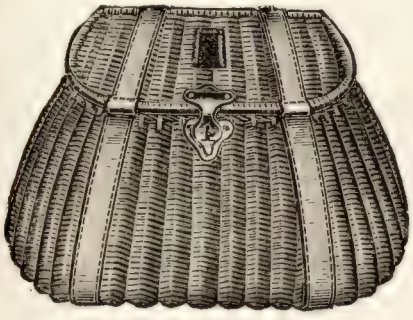


ROLLED WINGED EYED TROUT FLY.

DOUBLE SPLIT WINGED EYED TROUT FLY.

Illustrations kindly supplied by Messrs. C. Farland & Co., Ltd., 191, Strand, London, W.C.

properly; and as for the question of the cost of tackle, I assure you I have often seen anglers with the cheapest rod, the shabbiest landing net, and the smallest stock of flies achieve much greater things



STAINED WICKER BASKETS.

than men who have spent many pounds on a great assortment of useless encumbrances purchased at expensive tackle-makers.

The rod for fly fishing for trout, which can also be used for worm fishing, is the chief item. Probably, on the whole, the best rods for trout fishing which are at present made are split cane ones; but as even fairly good split canes cost a good deal of money, the young angler will, perhaps, be well advised to confine his ambitions to a green heart. The rod for streams of an ordinary size should not be more than 10ft. 6ins. in length, and even a rod of 10ft. is by no means inconveniently short for small waters. A good green heart rod can usually be obtained from a London or a local maker for about one third or one fourth the price paid for a split cane, and I have known green hearts, which cost from 18s. to 25s., last well for many years without getting warped or broken. If

WATERPROOF "FREKE" FISHING BAGS.

possible, the rod should have a spare top joint, and the angler will do well if he studies how to neatly repair breakages; let him always, at any rate, when he has only one top, carry about a little fine twine and cobbler's wax for repairs in case an accident should occur.

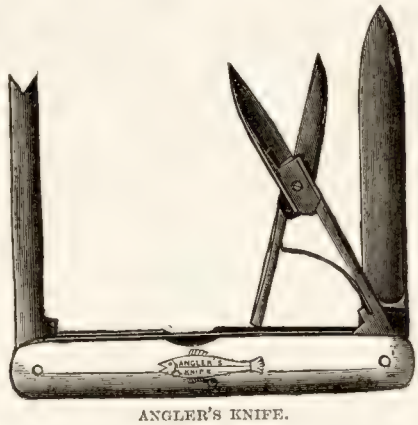
Landing nets are implements which some anglers with plenty of money pay as much for as the poorer angler gives for his rod. As a matter of fact, a decent plain landing net, with a bamboo handle, can be bought for 3s. or 4s. I had one, for which I gave 4s., that lasted many years and landed many hundreds of trout. For the check winch the young angler will have to give from 3s. 6d. to 5s., and, say, 4s. for a waterproof trout line of 25yds. or 30yds. in length. In addition, he will require (1) a small, plain, tin box for his flies (which should be with gut for wet-fly fishing, and with eyed hooks not with gut if for dry-fly fishing); (2) a small stock of flies—say about two dozen to begin with; (3) a few gut casts, and (4) a simple bag or creel for holding his fish—when caught—and his tackle.

THE "PORTMAN" FISHING BAG.

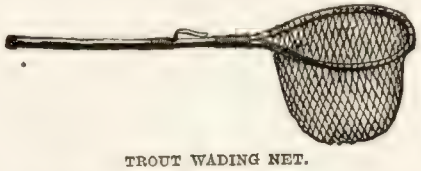
An outlay of £2 at the very outside should certainly see him through the first season, and afterwards his expenses will be limited to new flies and gut casts. I should add that the same winch or reel, gut casts, as well as rod, and of course landing net, will do either for fly fishing or for worm fishing. For spinning the artificial minnow, an extra top, considerably stouter than the fly top of the green heart, will be required, which will mean an extra outlay of 2s. or 2s. 6d.; but minnow spinning for trout is comparatively a method rarely practised, and I do not propose to describe it in this brief article.

Wet-fly fishing is the usual method in rather sharp streams, when the water is not exceedingly clear and the trout not very shy or wary. On Scotch waters, both river and lake, or Welsh waters, in Devonshire and Cornwall, and in many streams in the North of England and elsewhere, it

is the usual way of fly fishing. In this article it will be obvious that I can describe the different methods only in the merest outline; to give a full account and full directions I should want at least one whole number of THE CAPTAIN. Very briefly, then, let me try to give a hint or two as to the method of procedure in wet-fly fishing. Three flies at the most should be attached to the gut cast (the tackle-maker from whom the flies are purchased will show how to attach them), and it will be the object of the angler to cast his line so that the flies will fall as lightly as possible upon the water. In strong streams it is not necessary to impart by gentle movements of the wrist much movement to the flies when the line has fallen in the water and is speeding down stream from the bank opposite the angler to the bank on which he is fishing; whilst if the angler is casting his flies, not down, but up stream, he



ANGLER'S KNIFE.

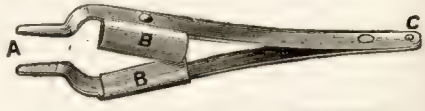


TROUT WADING NET.

will be careful to impart no movement whatever to them. The boy who has the making of the true angler in him will desist from coming nearer the edge of the water than he can help, whether he is fishing with the dry or wet fly, because fish will never rise if they see the angler—in vain is the net spread in the sight of the bird.

The method is termed wet-fly fishing because the angler lets his flies sink, and the trout commonly takes them, or rather one of them under water. The angler steadily fishes all the likely-looking spots, working up or down stream, according to whether or no he prefers to fish up or down. When he sees a dimple which he believes to be a fish taking one of his flies or feels a little tug under water, he "strikes," *i.e.*, makes a sharp but not too violent upward movement of his forearm, to drive the hook well home into the trout's mouth. Then begins the fun of "playing" the trout. To try to jerk a trout of 1lb., or of even ½lb. out of the river over one's shoulder would result in a smashed rod top or a lost gut cast, and accordingly the angler has now to reel up his line and now to pay it out, according to whether or no the trout is giving in or holding out. When the fish is exhausted, he gives up struggling and flaps about, lying helplessly on his side, and then the landing net comes into use.

In dry-fly fishing the angler does not fish likely-looking places, but he waits till he actually sees a trout rise at some natural fly on the water, and then he tries to cast his own artificial one about a foot or so above that trout and let it float down over him. If the trout rises, it is necessary to "strike," so as to drive the hook home, and then the fish has to be played in just the same way as in wet-fly fishing. In dry-fly fishing it is absolutely necessary that the angler should hide himself from the fish, and, as a rule, he will do well to cast from a kneeling position. Even the fish will often see the rod, and be off in a moment. It is only by long practice and observation that the angler will learn how to hide himself and his rod from the trout in clear, bright waters. This hiding is one of the most interesting and also one of the most difficult things which the angler has to master in dry-fly fishing. In dry-fly fishing only one artificial fly is used, and nowadays it is commonly touched with a little paraffin oil, which the angler carries about in a small bottle. This makes it float on the top of the water, instead of sinking, as the flies do when used in the other way. It is necessary, also, to shake the moisture out of the fly by two or three backward and forward movements of the line in the air before each cast to the trout is made. Dry-fly fishing is a tremendously exciting



EYED FLY GUT CUTTER AND TWEEZERS.

A Tweezers or Plyers. B Cutters. C Hole for string to attach to button.

pursuit, because you can see so much of the game—when you see a good trout come up and open his mouth to seize your artificial fly, it is a great moment. In wet-fly fishing you rarely see this take place. I strongly recommend young anglers not to be discouraged by anything they may hear or read as to the great difficulties of dry-fly fishing. If they stick to it they will ultimately succeed, and then be richly rewarded.

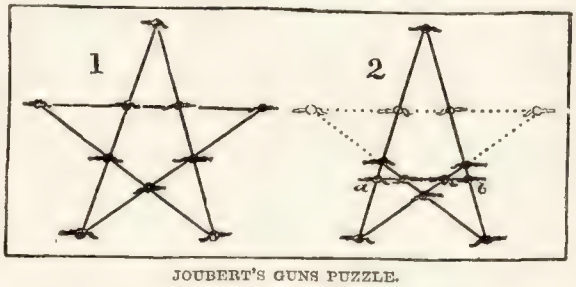
I will conclude with this wise saying of a great angler: "*Quiet, steady, intelligent effort is needed to become a master of rod and line, to be able to do with them the best that can be done.*"

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

Joubert's Guns (SOLUTION).—The instructions of General Joubert were very clear—place ten guns in five straight entrenchments so that there shall be four guns in every entrenchment, and so that as many guns as possible shall be free from attack except by crossing an entrenchment. There are several ways in which this may be done so as to protect one gun from outside attack, but only one way in which we may protect two guns. The correct arrangement is as shown in Diagram 2, which also indicates the best way of altering the original plan, given in Diagram 1. By digging the small trench from *a* to *b*, and bringing four guns down to this new trench the least possible labour is entailed. Of course, the guns are very crowded, but then, as I remarked, Joubert's ideas of fortification are peculiar.

The Three "Swan" Fountain Pens for the best correct solutions have been awarded as follows:—CLASS I., John F. Lowry, 14, Northumberland Place, Westbourne Grove, W. CLASS II., Henry G. Jefferd, 17, Rochford Road, Basingstoke. CLASS III., Alick Forrest, Arden, London Road, Kilmarnock. Hundreds of competitors only succeeded in protecting one gun, and out of some thirty who sent the correct *arrangement* only a few showed the best way of *altering* the original plan. There will be no "honourable mention" this month, but in future I shall try to give such mention when the total number of correct solvers does not exceed twenty-five. Any competitor who shall succeed in obtaining six of these "honourable mentions" will be entitled to a prize of a beautiful book on making his application for it. A good many competitors disqualified themselves this month by failing to comply with the conditions printed on page 569 of our March issue.



JOUBERT'S GUNS PUZZLE.

This Month's Puzzle.—Please look at the illustration at the back of frontispiece. The TWELVE SCHOOLBOYS (1), for some reason, want to make a selection of half their number, and the boys in Eton jackets (whom we will call "Blacks") wish to get as many of the six chosen on their side as they can; while the boys in cricketing flannels (whom we will call "Whites") want the same for their side. It is proposed to select a number and then count round and round in one direction, as in the old puzzle of "Christians and Turks," and when the number falls on a boy he steps out and the counting begins again from the point where it left off, until the six are chosen.

Now, what is the smallest number you would select (1 is, of course, not allowed) in order to count out as many "whites" as possible, and in which direction would you count? You may start at any boy you like. Let us suppose you select the number 8 and go in the direction of a clock hand, starting at the "black" who is standing with his hands behind him. The first boy to be counted out (the 8th) will be the "white" standing nearest at the bottom of the picture, the next will be the "white" who is second from the top, but the four others will be all "blacks." Try the same number in the opposite direction, and you will again get two "whites" and four "blacks." What is the best you can do for the "whites?" Remember, directly your number falls on a boy he drops out of the ring.

(2) **The Seven Money-Boxes.**—A boy has seven money-boxes. Starting on the 1st January last, he has placed a penny in the first box every day, a penny in the second box every second day, a penny in the third box every third day, and so on, placing a penny in the seventh box every seventh day. When it first happens that he has to place a penny in every one of the seven boxes on the same day, he proposes to draw out the money. On what date will that happen, and what will be the amount of his savings?

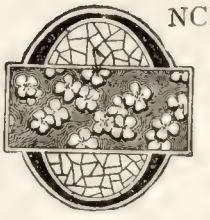
(3) **The Cornish Fishermen.**—Five Cornish fishermen found a hogshead of sherry washed up on the sea shore. It contained the full measure of fifty-four gallons, but in opening it they allowed nine gallons to be wasted. The remainder was divided equally amongst them, but, though each received one-fifth share, nine gallons of wine remained in the hogshead. How did this happen?

There will be three classes, and three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the best solutions this month. Address to "Sphinx," THE CAPTAIN Office, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C. Letters to be received not later than May 12th. For age limits see "Competitions for May," p. 187.

HOW SHORTHAND WRITERS "TRIP."

By Oliver McEwan.

Author of "The Humours of Shorthand," "Verbatim Reporting," etc

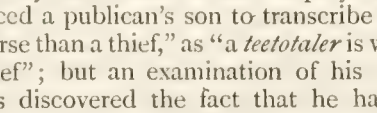


NCE upon a time newspaper readers often made merry over the laughter-provoking mistakes which not infrequently crept into the reports of great men's speeches; but now, owing to editorial vigilance, the more amusing errors never reach the compositor; while the few that do usually appear in obscure country periodicals of which the big world knows nothing. I purpose, therefore, discovering, as it were, from behind the scenes, some amusing stenographic errors; and will also endeavour to give this article a didactic turn by showing how the errors occurred, and how they might have been avoided.

Stenographic "trips" are mostly caused by carelessness or slovenliness in forming the characters. For instance, "f" and "p" are distinguished from each other thus:

Now it would naturally be supposed that shorthand writers would invariably observe this difference, but, as a matter of fact, they do not; and this leads to all sorts of absurd mistakes. A certain novelist, while dictating a story to his amanuensis, gave her this sentence: "The girl, wearied with her exertions, threw herself upon her *pillow*." The shorthand amanuensis slightly curved her "p" in *pillow*, making it look like "f," and rendered it *fellow* in her transcription. There was some reason for that novelist's madness when he came to read the manuscript.

It may have been a natural prejudice which induced a publican's son to transcribe "a *tattler* is worse than a thief," as "a *teetotaler* is worse than a thief"; but an examination of his shorthand notes discovered the fact that he had written the first "t" in *tattler* half length, and so made it look like the "tt" in *teetotaler*, thus:



These two shorthand writers had evidently given heed to the erroneous idea so commonly prevalent, that neat writing and fast writing are antagonistic; that if high speed is to be attained, less and less regard must be paid to the mathematical accuracy of the characters. That this idea is the reverse of true has been abundantly proved; for all those shorthand writers who have achieved distinction were first of all remarkable for an extraordinary neatness in writing. To be able to write at a phenomenally high speed, and yet be able to read shorthand as easily as common print, the shorthand writer must first learn to write neatly, *and keep on doing so.*

Another prolific cause of errors is a smattering, instead of a perfect knowledge, of the general rules for forming outlines. A shorthand amanuensis who had dictated to her this misquotation: "Cast bread on the waters, and it will return after many days," wrote it

instead of

She vastly improved upon her employer's misquotation by rendering it thus: "Cats buried in the water return after many days." Evidently this shorthand writer knew nothing of the "st" loop as used in *cast;* of the hook for "n," as in *return;* of the "waw" sign used before "tr" in *water;* nor did she remember, when taking down the notes, that the circle "s," placed at the end of an outline, is invariably read last.

I have heard of teachers who instruct their pupils that it matters little how they write—orthodoxly or otherwise—so long as they can read their notes. If such teachers do exist, they show a lamentable ignorance of what makes the easy and correct reading of phonography possible, and I am less surprised at the large number of so-called shorthand writers who find it utterly impossible to read their notes. The truly expert shorthand writer has but one outline for each word—the correct one. For though it is true that some words might be represented by more than one character, only one of these, as a rule, is correct, and that alone is to be depended on.

A cheese-paring manufacturer, who would never pay more than a pound a week for a shorthand clerk's services, found to his cost

that such economy does not pay. One day he sent off an estimate for *forty thousand lamps*. To his surprise and chagrin the valuable contract was given to a rival who had quoted a higher price. Fuming at this too evident favouritism, he demanded an explanation from the city surveyor, who handed him back his estimate for *four* thousand lamps. Then he examined his shorthand clerk's "notes," and found that he had written *forty* so as to look like *four*—thus :

Four, *forty* as written

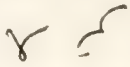
should have been

As a general rule it is better to use figures, as 40 (= 40,000.

Poor and *pure* are thus distinguished :

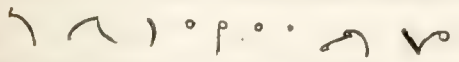
poor (according to rule), but *pure*

(exception). But owing to a reporter's ignorance of this, a statesman was made to say of a political opponent, that he was "a *poor*-minded man," instead of a *pure*-minded man.

Again, in the *dictation* of a novel the heroine "ate the *parsley slowly*." The shorthand amanuensis, however, wrote the italicised words thus instead of 

with the result that in her transcript the heroine "ate the *parasols wholly*."

The same shorthand amanuensis transcribed



"Her life was as sad as a heifer bull's"; whereas, what the novelist said was: "Her laugh was as sweet as a silver bell."

Life and *laugh* have exactly the same outline if left unvocalised. Therefore, one or other should be "distinguished" by a vowel, *laugh* (as above) preferably, seeing that it is not so frequently occurring as *life*.

The lives of merchants are frequently made miserable by the incompetency of their shorthand clerks, and there is often a consequent loss of time, temper, and, sadder still from the merchant's point of view, of money as well. A well-known stockbroker dictated a letter, in which he asked a wealthy client to meet him on the following day. By writing *can* in such a way that it was easily read as *cannot*, the letter was made to say the very reverse of what was intended. Next day the stockbroker waited in vain for the wealthy client, who did not appear. Inquiry elicited the fact that the client had received the following curt note: "Dear Sir,—I *cannot* see you to-morrow at three as you desire."

Incensed at such treatment, the wealthy client employed another broker, and would listen to no explanation.

One might go on indefinitely quoting absurd mistakes made by incompetent shorthand writers, but I have said enough to show that if shorthand is misread the fault lies with those who write it rather than with the art itself. The secret of success is this: write neatly, know and apply the rules for outlines, for contractions, and for phrases, and master all the expedients provided for the distinction of similar words. Then, mistakes such as I have pointed out will be next to impossible.

"THE CAPTAIN" CHESS CORNER.

RESULT OF CHESS COMPETITION (MARCH).

The prizes (three Fountain Pens) are awarded as follows :—

CLASS I.—A. E. A. SEARLE, 109, Stockport Road, Hyde.

CLASS II.—H. BURTON, Button Park, Pontefract.

Honourable mention: A. J. HEAD, 256, Marylebone Road, N.W.; C. B. JOYNER, Lake View, Pitville, Cheltenham; L. THOMAS, 39, Haven Green, Ealing, W.

CLASS III.—W. W. BURKETT, 11, Comerford Road, Brockley, S.E.

Inter-School Chess Tournament.—Owing to difficulties having arisen as regards the working of this, the tournament must be postponed for a period.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. H. Beazley.—(1) Queen against two knights only draws under certain conditions. (2) Two knights cannot checkmate in the centre of the board.

N. B. Dick and **G. F. Nightingale.**—Entries received. See above.

NOTICE.—During the summer months there will be no Chess Competitions in THE CAPTAIN. *They will recommence in October.*

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine (January) contains some straightforward and wholesome criticisms on the school "Rugga Feet-ball" team.

Alma Mater (an illustrated Australasian University newspaper) is notable for the number of poems it gives space to—comic poems and serious poems, and French sonnets, and translations from "Horace." These lighten what is otherwise a rather dull periodical.

Arvonian (December) comes from the Carnarvon County School—a young ladies' seminary. The magazine should begin with "Notes"—all school magazines should. The "Oxford Letter" is lively; the short tale, called "A Holiday," is silly; but the get-up is neat. Will the editress tell me what the Welsh motto on the cover means?

The Blundellian (December) records the death of Dr. Stark (O.B.) at Ladysmith:—

> Towards sundown on Nov. 18, a shell from "Long Tom" on Umbalwane flashed through the "Royal Hotel" and struck Dr. Stark, who was standing in the doorway. He died an hour later. Like many of the townspeople, he retired during the day to the caves dug in the river bank to avoid the shells, and had only just returned to the hotel when he was hit.

Bracondale School Magazine (December) seems to have just the right amount of everything. The poetry is very passable.

Breconian contains (among other things) two pages of short, practical "Letters to the Editor" on such varied subjects as the changing-room, the "organ in chapel" (whose "noises and groans" are strongly objected to), the chapel services, the sort of hat to wear on Sundays, the shed for bikes, the cadet corps, and the colour of the football cards. Good!

Brighton College Magazine (December). The staff poet complains of the quality of "verse" that sometimes decorates (or fails to decorate) the pages of the "Dily Chronikil." He cannot understand why anyone should go out of his way—

> To use the gutter dialect,
> And think that "strite" 's as good as "straight,"
> To write "darn," "rarnd," "surpawst," "eggspect"
> (When will this sewer-flood abate?)

—and I must say I am with him there.

The Carthusian (February) prints a letter from P. M. Walters (the famous "Soccer" back, I presume) urging old Carthusians and other public school men to join the "Devil's Own," *i.e.*, Inns of Court Volunteer Corps. I hope O.C.'s and others are answering to this call. By the way, gallant Baden-Powell is an O.C.

Chelmsfordian (December) records the fact that every boy in the school purchased a copy of its last issue. This seems good business.

The Collegian (Methodist College, Newfoundland) publishes a twenty-four page descriptive article by the editor. Why he should fill the magazine with such poor stuff as this I fail to understand.

The Cottesmorian, Vol. I. No. 1. A new venture! Neat cover, neatly printed, interesting school notes. *Verdict:* "Good." A highly excellent idea is printing in tabular form the names, heights, ages, and weights of all the boys in the school. The youngest weighs 3st. 10¾lbs.

Elean (December) prints an eight-page extract from the Dean of Ely's lecture on the "Ideal Woman of the Poets." I wonder how the chaps in the Fourth liked it!

Floreamus! (University College, Sheffield) has nine pages of tradesmen's advertisements.

Georgian (St. George's College, Woburn Park, Weybridge) contains an article on the war by the French master. This is interesting reading just now. He says:—

> No reasonable man can doubt that the Boers have broken their word by hatching a plot officially repudiated by President Krüger in his letter to the Queen. . . . The snare meant for England entangled the Boer President; in his kindness, he had reckoned without his guest: diamond cut

diamond. The Colonial Secretary had a right to turn his abilities to the best account and to ward off a deathly stroke; had he rushed into the snare with irresistible impulse, England's supremacy in South Africa would have come to an end.

Grovian (February).—On the whole, very well done.

Haileyburian (March) prints the "shop" balance-sheet, which shows, for one year, a nett profit of £200. This is healthy. £2,320 was taken over the counter during the year. The "Haileybury Fashion Letter" is a good idea.

Harrogate College Magazine prints *nineteen* letters to "Mr. Editor." Among the signatories I note "Pimple," "Sunflower," "Health Salts," "Oom Paul," "Sambo," "Mrs. Stickinthemud," "Kruger," "Slosher," "Cod Liver Oil," "Spotted Jack," "Tic-Tack," and other queerly-named correspondents. Sly dog, Mr. Editor!

Jubilee Echoes is the organ of the Ottawa Normal School. Mr. F. E. Bawden sends me the fiftieth half-yearly number, and a very good number I find it. This magazine boasts two editors, six sub-editors, and a sporting editor—what ho!

Kelvinside Academy Magazine is run (a pencilled note informs me) entirely by members of the Sixth Form. I am sorry to see that the Kelvinside Sixth Form cannot run a journal without the aid of tailors' advertisements.

Llandovery School Journal.—A line that I have rarely seen in any paper catches my eye: "*The Editor desires to acknowledge the great assistance he has received from the sub-editors.*"

Llanelly County School Magazine.—The number before me is the first issued, I gather from the editorial exordium, but there is no "No. 1" on the cover. Your notes are witty and concise, Mr. Editor—go on and prosper.

Marling School Magazine.—I don't like the get-up of this mag. Why so many blank spaces? Smarten up your "Notes," and ask your printer to take a little more trouble. The cover is very fair, but that's all I can say for you.

Mercers' School Magazine, Vol. I., No. 1. Not a bad new baby, but you must brighten it up, Mr. Editor. Get the school wag to write you some witty paragraphs. I shall always be glad to see the mag., even if I can't always review it.

Novocastrian (December). Begin with "School Notes," and put your poetry in anywhere.

Ousel.—Why not have a cover?

Plymothian.—Keep your "Oxford Letter" down a bit.

Quernmorian contains a very poor pen-and-ink sketch of the captain of the school. The artist is more successful in his football pictures.

Reptonian.—In get-up and printing this is an excellent model for other editors to take a tip or two from.

The Review (Grocers' Company School) contains seven pages of advertisements.

Rockhampton Grammar School Chronicle (first number issued) is, for a first number, a very creditable production. The "List of School Captains" since the school opened is an excellent idea. We observe, Mr. Editor, that you quote a line from THE CAPTAIN in your opening remarks, but that you do not acknowledge source of quotation.

Sandbachian.—A good little mag., but why no cover? Get a *Reptonian*, and model yours on that.

Sedberghian (February) prints a list of *sixty* old boys "at the front." Among those killed are Lieutenant R. J. T. Digby-Jones, V.C., and Lieutenant F. G. Tait (Black Watch), the champion golf player. Readers of THE CAPTAIN who have followed the war in the newspapers will remember how gallantly Lieutenant Digby-Jones fought when the Boers made their second attempt to take the camp by storm. It was during the attack on Wagon Hill that Digby-Jones met his death. Here is an account of it:—

> The subaltern in charge of the working party of sappers was Lieutenant Digby-Jones, a youth of twenty-two, who had already won fame by the destruction of the howitzer on Surprise Hill. When the enemy first appeared on the crest of Wagon Hill, Lieutenant Digby-Jones engaged the storming party from the sangar on the West front. Driven from that position, he had been conspicuous throughout the engagement for acts of heroism that attracted the notice of Colonel Hamilton, who had decided to recommend him for the Victoria Cross. Collecting a mixed company of sappers, rifles, and Highlanders, he led them against the new position held by the enemy. As they dashed up the narrow path the Boers, never imagining that men could display such reckless courage, called upon them to throw up their hands. Bullet and bayonet convinced them of their error, and the position was ours.
>
> But fate was holding the shears over the thread of this heroic life. An hour or two afterwards, when we had, at great sacrifice, reconquered the western limit of the hill, Lieutenant Digby-Jones was in the gun emplacement with Major Miller-Wallnutt, and one or two men. The enemy had been driven back, yet maintained a searching fire, and, having received strong reinforcements, was preparing for another advance. Suddenly three or four great dark shadows were cast over the parapet, in which there were no loop-holes. Von Wyk, leader of the Harrismith commando, Field Cornet de Villiers, and another brave Boer, were making their last desperate charge. Major Miller-Wallnutt shot his man and fell himself from a bullet aimed at the back of his head. A corporal of the sappers slew de Villiers, whose bandolier was almost filled with explosive bullets. Lieutenant Digby-Jones, running out of the emplacement, shot the Commandant Von Wyk before he himself ended a short yet heroic career with a Mauser bullet through the throat.

I am glad to hear that the Victoria Cross is to be sent to Lieutenant Digby-Jones' parents.

Sidcup College Magazine.—Very well edited.

The Trident (Trent College).—Tell your printer to use "bourgeois leaded" type. Your calendar is a good idea well carried out.

Truro College Magazine.—The "editorial" is clever, but isn't it a wee bit over the heads of school-boys? Photo of "Rugger" team is good.

Vigornian.—"Notes" will do. "Through the North Island" is far too long. Why don't you editors cultivate a sense of *proportion?*

Williamsonian.—Don't you ever put Vol. and No. on your mag.?

Wilsonian.—You'll do.

Wulfrunian.—For your cover use paper three shades lighter. *Make* your printer see to this. By the way, why not call your mag. "The Wulf"?

Wyggestonian.—"School Notes" first of all, please. I like your cover.

Other magazines received:—

Alperton Hall Magazine, The Bedan, Bramptonian, The Carliol, Cliftonian, Danensis, Elstonian, Glasgow Academy, Chronicle, Hamiltonian (Australia), Herefordian, Heversham School Chronicle, Hurst Johnian, Hymerian, Johnian, Jottings, Lancing College Magazine (2), Leys Fortnightly (4), Lorettonian, Malvernian (2), Merchant Taylors' Review, "N.E.C.S.," Olavian, Peterite, Portmuthian, Rye Grammar School Record, Scribbler (2), Taylorian, Wellingtonian.

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

THIS month's winner of One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is J. DONALD HUGHES, Downfield Lodge, Clifton, who sends the drawing entitled "Fowls and Houses." Some clever little poems and other contributions will be found below—notably those by J. W. Joseph and R. Bruce Chambers. The prize drawing will be found on page 135.

Who Killed Paul Kruger?

Who killed Paul Kruger?
"I," said Tom Atkins,
"With my little maxims,
I killed Paul Kruger."

Who saw him die?
"I," said old Steyn;
"For my vision is fine;
I saw him die."

Who'll make his shroud?
"I," said Lord Kitchener;
"I'll put a stitch in 'er;
I'll make his shroud."

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said "our Bobs,"
"But without any sobs,
I'll be the parson."

Who'll be the clerk?
"I," then said French;
"If it's not in a trench,
I'll be the clerk."

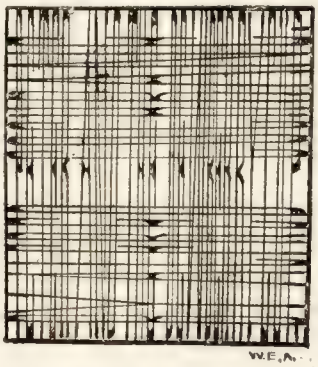
Who'll sing a psalm?
"I,"—Baden Powell
Said, "I know how to howl,
I'll sing a psalm."

Who'll carry him to the grave!
"I," said Cecil Rhodes;
"For I'm used to big loads;
I'll carry him to the grave."

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," then said Plumer;
"If I'm in a good humour,
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said John Bull:
"I forgive him in full,
I'll toll the bell."

J. W. JOSEPH.



Put your eye on a level with the page, first longways, then sideways, and you'll find the name (and author's name) of a story that has appeared in THE CAPTAIN.

Drawn by Wm. E. Atwell.

Boo-hoo!

Small boy (on being refused the top brick off the chimney): "I wish our father had married Miss Jollyboy, then you wouldn't be our mother and we shouldn't be us."

A. G. SIMMONS.

This Isn't Bad.

Music Teacher: "Now if '*f*' stands for 'forte,' what will '*ff*' stand for?"

Dull Pupil: "Eighty."

CHARLES G. MCCLURE.

Very Remarkable.

Two American skippers were conversing together and relating their different experiences. "Yaas," said one of them, in reply to some question from the other, "when I was on my last voyage, a vast number of locusts settled down on my ship and eat up every shred of canvas that was set on the ship."

"Well, that is strange," said the other skipper. "I was homeward bound about the same time, and one day I was amazed to see a tremendous number of locusts passing by, and they all had canvas trousers on." Those two skippers are not on speaking terms now.

A. ADAMS.

PUNCTURED TYRE.

Drawn by Fred. Meredith.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

The Midshipmite.

If you see a little stripling,
With bonnie face and bright;
And whose laugh is true, and rippling;
And dear eyes full of light:
His name is quite a synonym "for doing things in style"—
A little British middy (with a smile).

If you think of proud young Viking,
Of spirit brave and bold;
And of honour e'en more striking
Than in the days of old:
His name is quite a synonym for "spirit, truth, and game"—
A little British middy (with a fame).

If you hear of cruisers steaming
Up little Afric creeks,
And of young eyes strangely gleaming—
Ah! then come "narrow squeaks":
His name is quite a synonym for "boys know how to work"—
A little British middy (with a dirk).

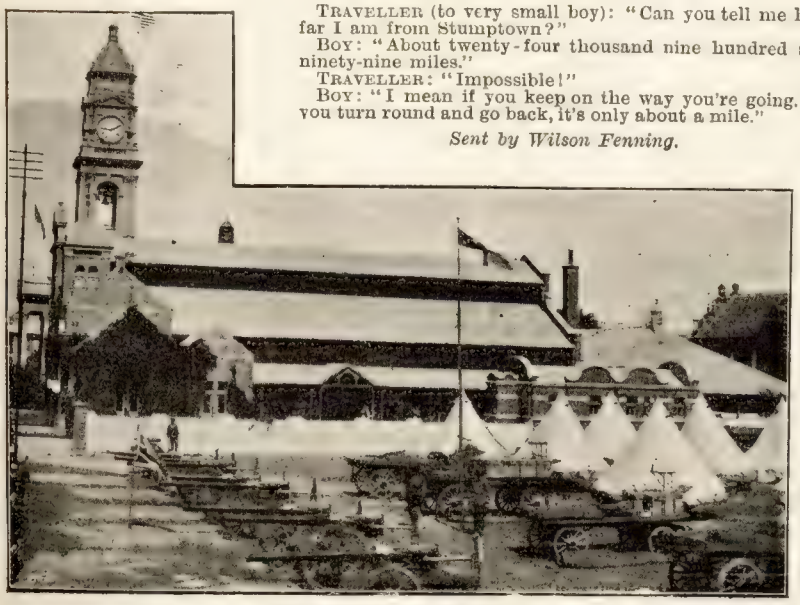
If you hear of wild waves raging,
And mother's boy at sea;
Just think of him engaging
In prayer to God on knee—.
His name is quite a synonym for "boy-like love of home"—
A little British middy (on the foam).

If you hear of hearts repining
In British sea-girt isle:
You think of bright eyes shining,
And middies' folks the while:
His name is quite a synonym for "brave young heart and whole"—
A little British middy (with a soul).

R. BRUCE CHAMBERS.

THE OLD CHURCH OF BONCHURCH.
Photograph sent in by T. H. Durrans.

TRAVELLER (to very small boy): "Can you tell me how far I am from Stumptown?"
BOY: "About twenty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine miles."
TRAVELLER: "Impossible!"
BOY: "I mean if you keep on the way you're going. If you turn round and go back, it's only about a mile."
Sent by Wilson Fenning.



THE DEFENCE OF DURBAN.
Sent in by "Nil Desperandum."

An Enigma.

I help to form the singular and the plural. I am foremost in every language and locality. I have no connection with the army or the war, yet Buller himself would be lost without me. If it had not been for me, neither the relief of Kimberley nor that of Ladysmith could ever have been accomplished. I hold no

position in society, yet London could not exist without me. I am never denied a place in Parliament, for there would be no law without me. I am never to be found in the universe, although I never leave the world. I will astonish you by saying that if it were not for me there would be no "Old Fag"!

What am I?

(The answer is the letter "L.")

NORA WARD.

How to Make a Hektograph.

DEAR SIR,—In your March "Special Pages" you gave a recipe for the making of a hektograph, or copier. As this was the very thing I had been looking for for some time, I started to make it, as per recipe. The first half of the programme, relative to the gelatine, etc., in spite of the sparseness of the recipe, was an unqualified success. Next came the ink. Having sent for the various ingredients (of which the aniline dye arrived in powder) I started to make the ink. It seemed obvious that with the large amount of powder and small proportion of liquids, a stiff paste would ensue; but, having strong faith in THE CAPTAIN, I proceeded. In mixing, a small portion of the powder got on my hands; this I blew off and put my hands under the tap; but I have not yet (two days later) got my hands right in spite of pumice, etc. The ink (!) was solid! I put it under the pump, and pumped on it some hundreds of gallons, which dyed everything for yards around, myself included, with spray, etc. On visiting the pot in which I had brewed my concoction twenty-four hours later—in spite of gallons more water—I could perceive no appreciable difference in the density. The ponds are to my mind purple; everything in the house is permeated with it. However, by diluting some of the pond I tried a copy on the gelatine, which came off fine on the gelatine, but not on the next bit of blank paper; neither would the impress wash off.—I am, yours, waiting-for-some-explicit-instructions,

K. R. W.

[Will T. H. Durrans, who sent this recipe, kindly supply us with more "explicit instructions"?—O.F.]

THE HANDY MAN.
By James Dale.

Curious Anagrams.

(Sent by H. E. Inger.)

Napoleon Bonaparte.	Bona rapta, pone leno.
Horatio Nelson.	Honor est a Nilo.
Old England.	Golden land.
Radical reform.	Rare mad frolic.
Parishioners.	I hire parsons.
John Abernethy.	Johnny the bear.
Disappointment.	Made in pint pots.
Matrimony.	Into my arm.
Lawyers.	Sly ware.
Arithmetic.	Tire him, cat.
Enough.	One hug.
Telegraph.	Great help.
Ah! would ye lose strife?	Do haste, sell your wife.
Florence Nightingale.	Flit on, cheering angel.
Sweetheart.	There we sat.
Naiad.	Diana.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Henry Graves.—Let me see. Say *ten* means top marks. I think I will give your drawings *six*.

J. S. Bithell.—See reply to "Mr. F. Tucker."

H. O. Weller.—Seven marks.

Du Rennes.—Why not draw it properly on cardboard in Indian ink?

Lewis Watt.—I have asked T. H. Durrans to send some more particulars *re* that hektograph.

J. P. Grandidied.—As the school reports say, you "show promise."

Dora M. Watts.—"A Midnight Adventure" deals with a very hackneyed subject—"burglars," to wit. It is fairly well written. Try and think of something more original.

John Cairns, Junr.—A number of correspondents inform me that your joke, "Since His Time," is not original. Please explain this.

"Mr." F. Tucker.—Drawings should be done on Bristol board—not on scraps of paper. Try again that way.

"Leslie."—You remembered the dialogue very well, and set it down on paper well, but it is not quite the sort of thing for "THE CAP."

P. Y. Johnson.—No room for ninety-six angles.

Charles G. McClure.—Joke accepted; drawing D.W.T.

James Noakes.—Rhymes not very good. "Leveson-Gower" is pronounced "Lewson-Gore."

Nil Desperandum.—Thanks for photo. A prize, however, can only be obtained by original work.

H. Chamberlain.—Of the drawings you send, that of "the Head" reading his paper is the best.

A. G. Simmons.—Your drawing shows merit, and the joke is good. See reply to "Mr. F. Tucker."

D. McM. Muir.—Not badly done. Not good enough to reproduce, though. See reply to "Du Rennes."

J. B. Gould (OTTAWA).—Glad to hear from you. Sorry no space for "Camp Cook."

Babe.—Rather a bright style, but bad punctuation. Write more carefully, and endeavour to be *original*.

Puzzles.—Thank you, sir.

Harold Keeley.—Not good enough to print.

A. S. Goldstein.—You show such promise as a versifier that I am sorry you content yourself with parodies. Try and write original verses—don't copy other people's metre and melody.

Fifteen on Cronje Day.—I hope to use your little essay.

Hymans de Tiel.—Not funny enough.

Bennett George.—No harm in trying, certainly. Your idea for a comp. is good.

Stephen Parker.—Your story is no better (and certainly no worse) than the average report of a football match in the newspapers. It is not rubbish.

H. A. Dawson, Ralph Roberts, "H. Y. Flier," "Ladysmith," Dorothy Owen, C. Kohan, B. Cummings, Arthur S. Lloyd, G. Barclay, Leonard John Special, H. Barnshaw, G. R. Day, N. R. Rawson, A. T. Belfrage, H. L. David, Eustace A. Eliott, John Davison, "Camel," W. Pakenham, W. J. Leech, A. Maunder, Keith Moore, "The Rat," H. Skrine, Raphael Thomas, "F. A. K.," Marion, A. Cassels, H. Krall, "Briton," also sent contributions.

[N.B.—*Those who are not mentioned here will understand that their contributions arrived too late to be dealt with in this number.*]

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

NOTICE.—As previously announced, we have decided to abolish the coupon system, so that readers may enter for as many competitions as they like. In future, at the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

CONDITIONS.—The highest age limit is twenty-five.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 12th.

No. 1.—**"Probable Inventions of the Twentieth Century."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best lists of "probable inventions."

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Map of Canada."** Three prizes of 10s. 6d. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best maps of Canada. Neatness and accuracy of name positions are always taken into consideration.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—**"A Mixed Line Paragraph."** Here is an anecdote about the Archbishop of Canterbury. Make it read properly. We have mixed up *the order of the lines*, but not the words. The first and last lines are in their right order.

The Archbishop of Canterbury received
was the reply, "is to indicate your future, my
be "snapped," the Bishop remarked to the "old
his early education at Peter Blundell's School,
lord—you are to be the Archbishop." Not all
Tiverton. Prior to the removal of the school to
main building, they were under an arch. "That,"
Horsden, Dr. Temple, then Bishop of Exeter,
been changed—instead of standing in front of the
attended the Old Boys' Festival with marked regu-
one occasion, just as the photograph was about to
larity, and consequently he figured prominently in
the photographs which were annually taken. On
boy" next him that the scene of the picture had
prophecies come so near the mark.

Three "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be awarded to the senders of the three most correctly rearranged paragraphs.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Gentlemen *v.* Players."** Write down what you think will be the teams of Gentlemen and Players chosen to play against each other on July 9th, at the Oval. The prizes will be awarded to the senders of the three lists which happen to be nearest to the actual teams chosen. THREE CRICKET BATS (kindly selected by Mr. C. B. Fry), will be the prizes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 5.—**"Sketch Out-of-Doors."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best sketches out-of-doors, in pen, pencil, or water-colours.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**"Sphinx's Puzzles."** (See back of Frontispiece and p. 179.) Three prizes of 7s. will be awarded to the senders of the three best sets of solutions to these puzzles.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand, once and for all, that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

Example, as we all know, is a tremendous force. I want to say a word this month on the influence the big boys in a school can bring to bear on the boys who are not so old as themselves, for good or—for evil.

We human beings are like a lot of sheep. Most of us are ordinary sheep, but here and there you find a bell-wether, and the others all follow him. So it is in schools. I have known whole schools to be ruined by the bad example of a small but very powerful band of seniors; on the other hand, I have known whole schools to be raised and ennobled by the "straight," pure, honourable influence of a few stalwarts in the Sixth who resolutely set their faces against everything that was bad, and battled with all their might for the right—and *won!*

WINTER IN THE GLEN.

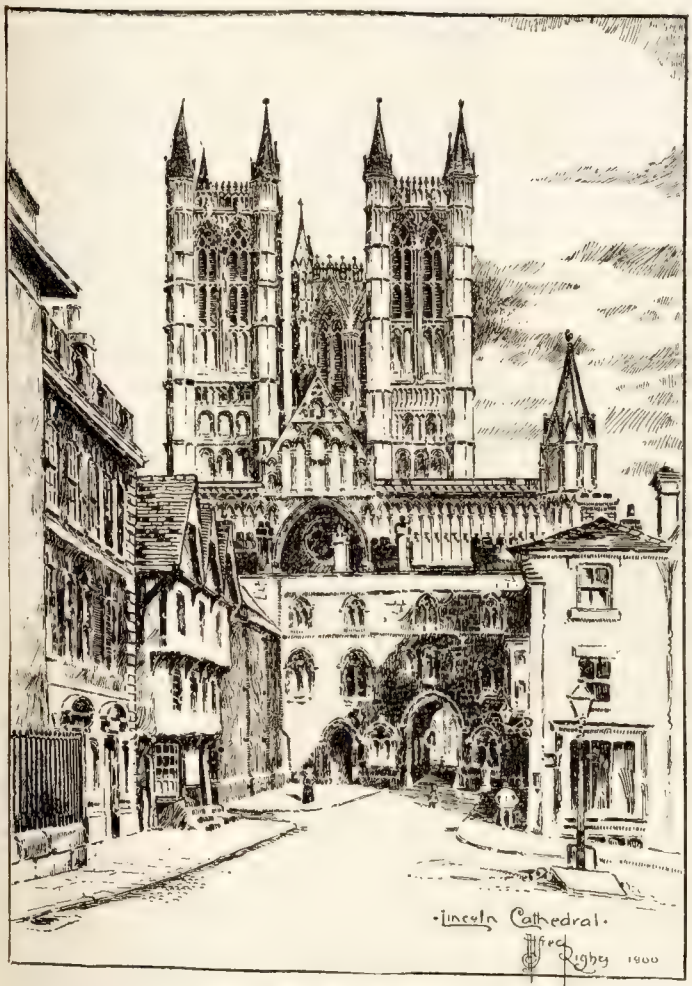
By C. Claude D. I'Anson, Winner of First Prize, Competition III., Class I., March, 1900.

One boy in a dormitory, who is determined that he will never swerve from that code of healthy honour which he has adopted as his own, will soon come to be recognised as a *leader* by the weaker characters in his neighbourhood. They will gather round his banner, and he will become the general of a little army of "Christian soldiers." I am not talking of the whining fellow whose mouth is full of religious tags—I am talking of the boy who does not fear to do what is right, and is not afraid of being laughed at, and who knows that it is as gallant a thing to face a storm of sneers, as to march through a shower of bullets.

The time is coming when every young fellow in this country will have to bear arms and learn how to be a soldier without actually wearing a uniform. Therefore, all you boys, see that you grow up fine, strong men, who will not be put aside on account of weakly constitutions or narrow chests. Now is the time that you are making bone and muscle. Live clean, wholesome lives, and grow up to be fine and brave fellows of whom your country will be justly proud!

Example will tell—must always tell. I call upon the many thousands of big fellows that abound in our schools to join hands with me and fight this manful battle in their own little worlds. A sure reward will come to those who do so, for he who does what is right, without

fear or shame, will leave school and look the world in the face, knowing that the record he leaves behind him is that of a gentleman of the very highest type. So I'm hoping you will take my few words as they are meant—as the words of an old fellow who has been through the mill and wants to see you all through safe and sound as well. The Old Fag "don't feel like preachin'," so he'll end his little sermon with a big hope that you'll rally round and run "all square."



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

By Alfred Rigby, Winner of First Prize, Competition III., Class II., March, 1900.

Two kids—I mean, young gentlemen—who call themselves "Kitchener Smith" and "Buller Jones," actually want me to send them to the front as correspondents to this magazine. Their ages are, respectively, twelve and fourteen. One says that he can work a kodak, and the other that he's been thrown off his pony so many times that he's sure he'll be able to "stick on" soon. They suggest that I shall provide them with "mounts," free passages to the Cape, and khaki suits. If anyone has ever heard anything cooler than this outside a refrigerator let him say so.

The following sensible comment on the purposes of a stamp collection is from the pen of the editor of our leading American stamp journal—the *American Journal of Philately*. He says:—

> The ideal philatelist is one who collects for the sake of collecting, not for speculation; who views his stamps from time to time with more or less pleasure, according to their number, class, or condition, not according to catalogue fluctuations; who is in philately to stay, and not constantly estimating the probable nett cash value of his collection at a forced sale. . . . The man who takes a real pleasure in the stamps themselves will thereby be amply repaid for his outlay, and, in addition, will find to his probable delight that, over long periods of time, and excepting lines unduly boomed, good specimens always increase in value.

"Night" sends the following amusing anecdote:—

> I was looking at the Transvaal War Group at Madame Tussaud's, when two "'Arriettes" arrived alongside me. After spelling out several of the names they came to the President of the Transvaal. "Is that Krooger?" exclaimed one of them, "why, I always thought *'e was a black feller!*" "An' so did I!" said the other.

Long Jump Record.—The winter term number of *Danensis* (the Doncaster Grammar School Magazine) contains the following note:—

The School Athletic Sports of 1899 are memorable for a long jump by T. E. F. Turner, of 20ft. 1in. This is, we believe, a public school record.

Tallest and Heaviest School-boy.—Once, at Henley Regatta, the appearance of Eton College crew provoked an American visitor to remark: "If these are your *boys*, where are your *men?*" It has struck me that our schools must, here and there, boast some very big fellows. I should like to know of any particularly tall or heavy (or both) *boys* actually at school, and to receive measurements "of same."

Pictures by Readers.—Beyond a doubt some very clever young artists are numbered among the readers of THE CAPTAIN. Herewith I reproduce some of the best things sent in for Competition III. (March).

G. Barclay wishes to know the order of non-commissioned officers in an infantry regiment. The list is as follows:—

Regimental Sergeant-Major.	Sergeant.
Quarter-master Sergeant.	Lance-Sergeant.
Paymaster Sergeant.	Corporal.
Colour-Sergeant.	Lance-Corporal.

The following advertisement appeared lately in a paper published in a town near Brisbane:—

"Permanent.—Wanted a man to look after one horse, and a few cows and pigs. One who can impart the rudiments of French, singing, and the piano to children preferred."

Owing to the very urgent claims of the war funds upon the sympathy of a generous public, the finances of a home charity have, on that account, suffered very considerably. I refer to the "Seaside Camp for London Working Boys"—a society which sends poor London lads away to the seaside for a week's holiday in the hot weather—a society well worthy of support. I think it would be a good idea if a few collections were held in our public school "chapels" in its aid. The secretary's address is, "The Seaside Camp for London Working Boys," Northumberland Chambers, Charing Cross, London, W.C.

A LANDSCAPE.

By C. H. Leigh, Winner of First Prize, Competition III., Class III., March, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(*Held over from April.*)

Vincent Witty.—(1) Colonel Roosevelt's book, "The Rough Riders," is published by Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. (2) I believe people who search for articles, etc., advertise their names on the front page of the *Athenæum*.

H. A.—Sketches must be original, *i.e.*, drawn from life or from imagination.

"**Farthest North.**"—To remove tattoo marks wash the affected parts thoroughly with common dilute acetic acid. Half-an-hour later use: Caustic potash, 4 grains; water, 1oz. After a lapse of another half-hour: Dilute hydrochloric acid, 1 drachm; water, 1oz. This should be repeated daily. Stronger solutions may be applied if they can be borne.

"**Lenore.**"—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. publish a biography of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, consisting of two volumes at 6s. each. His sermons to the Rugby boys were published in book form some years ago, but they are now out of print and are only to be obtained through a secondhand bookseller; there were six volumes, and the publishers' price was 5s. each.

Thomas H. Maw reproves me for having poetry comps., and suggests more photographic comps. He admits that he doesn't care a rap about poetry, and dotes on photography. Well, "Thomas H. Maw," how about readers who don't care a rap about photos and dote on poetry? You must allow me to give everybody a turn, if you please.

F. Logie Armstrong.—I thank you for sending photo of Montreal High School. Mr. Foster has written an article on the Navy for this number.

F. B. (Eton College).—Write to Messrs. Hampson Bettridge, 35 and 37, Cloth Fair, West Smithfield, E.C., who supply all the wants of amateur bookbinders.

An Encroaching Girl.—(1) I am glad you read Oliver Wendell Holmes; he is one of my favourite authors, too. (2) No, I don't live in Surrey, but at the same time I agree with you that Surrey is one of the most beautiful counties in England.

(*May.*)

K. C. M. G.—Your reproof to hand. I will go to some secluded glade and think it over. I think I should like to have an office on the top of Snowdon. There, at least, I should be undisturbed by callers.

Penwyp.—I cannot recommend you to buy any typewriter at the low price of 30s. I should advise you to save up your money until you have got about £5, and then you can get a second-hand machine of a well-known make. Typewriters are intricate pieces of machinery, you know, and are not to be had "cheap."

W. S. S., W. D. (Glasgow).—Editors of school magazines ought to exchange copies with other editors (most of them do), and then study their contemporaries with a view to improving their own productions.

H. Fears.—Many thanks for your beautiful violets.

"Parvum-in-Multo."—For the private study of the Spanish language, I would advise you to get the following books: Hugo's "Spanish Grammar," Parts I. and II., price 6d. each; Bustamante's "Spanish Dictionary," published at 5s. You could obtain all of these through a local bookseller.

Bobsman.—(1) I am always being asked that question. No, I never was editor of *British Boys*. (2) Seeing how many words you can get on to a post-card is an eye-spoiling and useless occupation.

G. C. T.—Mr. Foster will tell you about volunteer officers next month. I like your khaki notepaper.

R. Harris sends me nine unused competition coupons. Thank you, "R. Harris."

Dux wonders what "Smite-Them-Hip-and-Thigh" is like! (By the way, that young lady has brought me a host of letters.) "Dux" seems to be a manly sort of chap. He has plenty of friends, both boys and girls, and does not run to extremes in his criticism of either kind.

G. M. F.—(1) Your writing is very clear. When you write, don't write fast, don't crowd it, and give every letter its full value. (2) Yes, I should say the "Eastern Telegraph" is an excellent thing to work up for. (3) I'll think over that other request.

Stockportonion.—(1) Detective tales have been "done to death." (2) I hope to use your suggestion for a comp. Thanks.

Bugle.—A jolly letter. I'm so sorry you have to go to school in a town. I will put your primroses on my desk, and just a few in my button-hole, eh?

Balgay.—Your letter is a queer mixture. You seem to have got into very undesirable company. Your best course will be to have done with the whole lot, and make some new friends of a more steady character.

Percy G. Bell (Winnipeg) sends me a photo of buffaloes, and a long and interesting letter as well. He wants to get a little magazine out (not printed), so I should advise him to buy a hektograph, or something of that sort from a stationer, who will give him instructions as to its use.

REGINALD SEAGER.
Captain of Cricket, Friends' High School, Hobart, Tasmania.

C. A. L. (Brighton).—I think "Card Conjuring," by Professor Ellis Stanyon, published by Upcott Gill at a shilling, will meet your requirements.

Annie M. F. despises "Wuggs" for saying he wishes he were a girl. If "Wuggs" could read her sensible letter he would turn—*blue*.

Friendly Critic.—Suggestions carefully digested. I'll manage to please you all somehow, *some* day.

W. T. Hood.—Send your waltz to the musical publishers, enclosing stamps for return. Have you not a clever musical friend who can tell you whether it is worth sending round in this way?

G. C. T. (Haslemere).—Subscribe to the *Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician*, price 2d. monthly.

Backers up of "The Captain."—What ho, my hearties! Your united letter warmed every corner of my ancient heart. You want to know what to do when you feel "uppish." Why, get somebody to knock you "downish," of c-o-u-r-s-e!

Scapegoat.—Send a stamped envelope, and I will give you all the advice in my power.

Solitaire.—"Dear Sir,—How do you like *this* number?—Yours faithfully, the O.F."

Henry Kingscote.—Don't want any conjuring tricks just now, thanks.

R. E. (Herne Hill). — (1) "The Complete Art of Making Fireworks," by Thomas Kentish, price 5s., published by Chatto & Windus. (2) "The Royal Navy," published by Swan Sonnenschein at eighteenpence.

G. Caudle and "Volunteer." — Go to the nearest volunteer drill-hall in your neighbourhood, and tell the adjutant of the corps, or the sergeant-major, that you want to join. Better still, get a volunteer friend to introduce you. When you get to the drill-hall you'll be told very plainly whether you'll do or not.

Elaine. — "A Page of Curious Pets," belonging to Captain readers, is a good idea. If any Members of the Crew keep curious pets, will they send me photographs of same?

Inquisitive. — Eat a light supper, then, and have some cocoa before you go out in the morning.

W. J. P.—Of course, a private soldier wearing a V.C. medal is expected to salute an officer.

"Vet."—Certainly I will pass an opinion on your little paper. Enclose a wrapper for the return of it, and a stamp for the letter.

Stoney-Broke.—I give an "expired" volume.

A Lover of Dark Blue.—Gently, young sir! "Awfully beastly," indeed! If you don't mend your manners I shall call at Rutland Gate with some boiling oil or molten lead.

Friendly Critic.—I have read your letter very carefully, and am keeping it by me to read again.

James Angus.—Thanks for the cutting you send. Will use it if I can find room.

The Baby.—To be sure I will put something in your autograph album, but remember to enclose stamps for return.

First Mate.—Mr. John Mackie has promised to send us some dispatches "from the Front."

H. A. F. (King's Cross).—Messrs. J. Levy Turner, of 39, Oxford Street, W., publish a "Military Bugle

and Post-horn Tutor," containing all the army calls both cavalry and infantry). The price is 1s.

Admirer of B. P.—"Mafeking" is pronounced "Maff-ĕ-king."

In Doubt.—Don't pay them a penny. If they persist, inform the police.

"Wykehamists at the Front."—Clifton contributed 160 Old Boys to the army in South Africa, but "A Present Wykehamist" sends me a list of *two hundred and twenty* Old Winchester Boys who are now at the Front. Nearly every cavalry and infantry regiment is represented here, as well as the various colonial corps, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers.

Other Correspondents.—"An Old Glasgow High School Boy," E. S. Lindley, Lady Ursula Barrington, "Fish," "Floreat Redingensis," A. B. F., F. W. J. W., N. R. Rawson, G. J. Allen, "M. M." (St. Bees), "Dolly M. C. T. A.," Allan Biggam, Walter Bligh, J. F. Dulley (photo of Westminster City School), "T. W. A." (New York), Violet C. Strover, and "An Admirer," are thanked for photos, letters, criticisms, and suggestions.

A number of answers are held over till next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—Best Prose Extract on "Patriotism."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: NORA K. BROWNE, "Oakhurst," Christchurch Road, Tulse Hill.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. K. Morgan, Dorothy Evans.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: G. WAINWRIGHT, 9, Alexandra Road Station, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: A. M. COULTON, c/o Dr. Emerson, "The Nook," Oulton Broad, near Lowestoft; and E. A. MILLER, 19, Victoria Park, Shipley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. M. Westerdale, K. Hathaway, Marcelle Colignon, Hilda Gilling, Kathleen Rogers, Ethel Goulden, Grace Durand.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: EDWIN E. E. TODD, 31, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: R. H. SOUTHERN, "The Vicarage," Charing Heath, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. G. Roper, Gladys Laughton, Eric Davies, A. E. Forrest, A. D. Stedman, Jack Loutet, T. Westerdale, S. J. Moses, E. A. Anthony, J. Haworth, F. Sykes, Henry Smith.

No. II.—Chess Problem. (*Vide* "CAPTAIN Chess Corner," p. 181.)

No. III.—Best "Landscape in Colour, Pencil, Indian Ink," etc.

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: CLAUDE D. J'ANSON, 52, Holland Road, Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Violet Ladell, Cyril Edwyn Ozanne.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: ALFRED RIGBY, 6, Springbridge Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance E. Stone, H. W. Penny, G. Wainwright, Bessie W. Rankin, A. S. Atkinson, Gladys Haslewood, Mabel Le Maistre, W. G. Heap, W. Richards, Mary Moreton, S. O'Neill, E. H. Banks, C. F. M. Arathoon, C. May Ozanne, F. A. Allen, Maud F. A. Cunare, John Birmingham, R. McCombe, J. H. Parsonage, T. A. Macallan, N. West, S. P. Heminsley, J. McArdle, Mary J. Gilbertson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: C. H. LEIGH, 68, Grand Parade, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Gauld, Ruby Rankin, H. S. Chamberlain, E. A. Leigh, G. R. Grieve, J. M. Smith, R. Jeans, Gladys Scantlebury, Tom Riley, R. S. Murrie, Nora Pocock, Clarence Willes, W. Matthews, F. L. Oliver, A. Barnes, Mary Beckhusen, Mildred Asbury, Oliver Gossman, Maude Pease, P. Bartlett.

No. IV.—Best Short Story or Essay on "A Girl's Ideal Holiday." (Girls only.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF CASE OF SCENT: M. EVELYN CUTHBERT, 2, Vesey Terrace, Garville Avenue, Rathgar, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. Black, E. G. Ewen Watson, Frances A. Hicks.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SILVER-MOUNTED BLOTTER: LILIAN ORMISTON, "Cameronian Cottage," Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: IRENE MAUNDER, 86, Trywhitt Road, St. John's, S.E.; and MARION DICKEN, "Dhoon Villa," Willingdon Road, Eastbourne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Elsie T. Bazeley, Gertrude Argyle, Eleanor Stiff, Bertha C. Wilson, Constance C. Crombie, Maude Carrare, Winnie Flashman, Janie Little, Dorothy Armstrong.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF AN AUTOGRAPH OR STAMP ALBUM: MABEL IRENE FALKNER, "Balfour House," Grand Parade, Portsmouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: IRIS KINGSCOTE, Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France; and MAGGIE SMITH, "Frisby," Gordon Hill, Enfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Elsie Morris, Violet Strover, Gwendolen Braddell, Peggy Roelick, Elsie Dare, M. I. Berkeley, Jennie Clasper.

No. V.—Best Coast-line Map of Great Britain marking ports, and stating what each is noted for. (Boys only.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: R. PERCY DURST, 50, Rowfant Road, Balham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John E. Davies, J. E. Needham, H. S. Spain, H. C. Spain, C. E. Morris, G. Charters, A. N. Ruddock, H. A. Caulkin, R. E. Caron, H. H. Chettle, Norman Parley, W. R. Vine, W. T. Elliott, H. O. Weller, J. C. Craig, J. S. Lewis, C. W. Pike, J. A. Forster, H. J. Beardsley, B. H. E. Price.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: DAVID PRYDE, 74, Daikeith Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tom Street, H. R. Morris, H. R. Williamson, L. Ripley, N. Freeman, L. J. Smith, P. Moore, H. Whitaker, W. M. Parkins, F. W. Watkins, A. E. Birmingham, T. Linton, A. H. Davies, V. McCann, B. Bennett, C. W. Cadman, E. Marsden, L. P. Ward, D'Arcy V. Pickett, P. H. Aveling, B. Priestman, E. Baldwin, P. Scammell, R. Brocklebank, W. L. Scott, J. Gauld, A. T. Belfrage, P. R. Butler, D. McKenzie, W. R. Goldsmith, H. A. Rayner, C. H. Ilsley, H. S. Chamberlain, B. Houseman, A. L. Ilsley, G. S. W. Ross.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: H. J. HALL, 80, Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Walter E. Lewin, W. Mead, C. F. Parsons, D. H. Smart, A. C. Green, H. F. Cree, L. G. Hare, Charles Robinson, A. Kingscote, H. R. F. Kingscote, M. D. Evans, P. B. Stoner, C. T. Eastman, W. Wainwright.

No. VI.—"Joubert's Guns Puzzle." (*Vide* "CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," p. 179.)

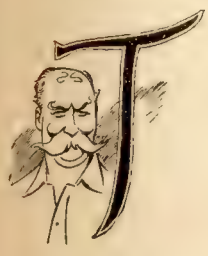
SPHINX'S "GROCER AND DRAPER" PUZZLE.

(See page 279)

"Rip!" and his circle of friends.

Rip & his Cricket Caricatures

By the Old Fag.



TAKING, as I do, an evergreen interest in cricket — first-class, school, and village—I have for years admired the extremely clever cricket pictures "Rip" treats us to. So I wrote to "Rip" and told him the June number of The Captain would like to talk about him. Back came his reply:—

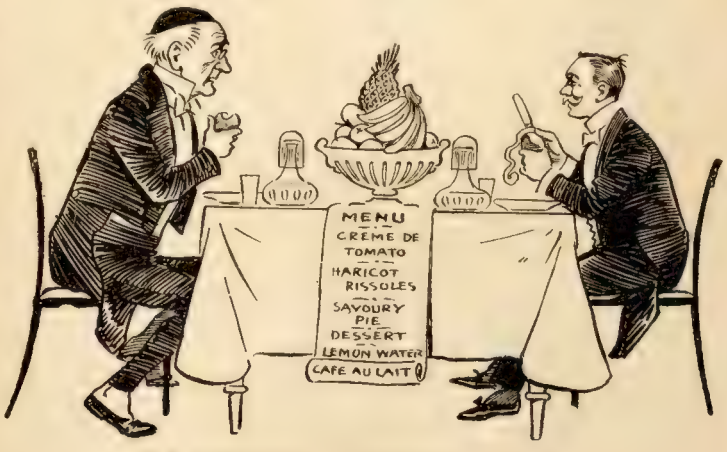
Dear Mr. Fag,

Pray come to dinner.—"Rip."

"Rip" is really Mr. Roland Hill, and his residence is a very dainty little flat, which he shares with two very pleasant and pretty sisters, down Kensington way.

In due course I arrived. Now, judge of my surprise! I found the table loaded with vegetables and fruit. "Rip" laughed.

"I make no secret of it," said he. "I'm nine-tenths a vegetarian. When you write this interview, Mr. Fag, pray tell your readers to eat more fruit and vegetables. I made fifty in a match last year on a banana lunch. *My* breakfast often consists of—what do you think?—*four apples and a cup of coffee!* Splendid to work on. Now let us fall to."



"I'M NINE-TENTHS A VEGETARIAN," SAID "RIP."

We fell to, and I felt, too, that there are worse things in life than a vegetarian dinner. Not many worse things, though.

Well (as they say in the novels) the meal having been cleared, my host and I drew our chairs up to the fire (the weather being still unkindly) and talked about Mr. Hill's present-day doings, notably the coloured cartoons he drew for the Christmas Number of *Truth*.

"But don't you want to hear all about my early struggles?" suddenly demanded "Rip," as he toyed with half a pineapple.

"Yes," said I.

"I had none," replied "Rip."

"Most satisfactory," I rejoined. "I do get so tired of these early struggles. But still, you must have had a beginning?"

"Sort of one. I was apprenticed to a wood-engraver — the best man in Birmingham — for five years. He could draw anything himself, and made me do the same, from a steam-engine to a theatrical poster. I drew Life Guards and sea pictures, and pantomime girls, and illustrations to furniture catalogues, and coal-scuttles,

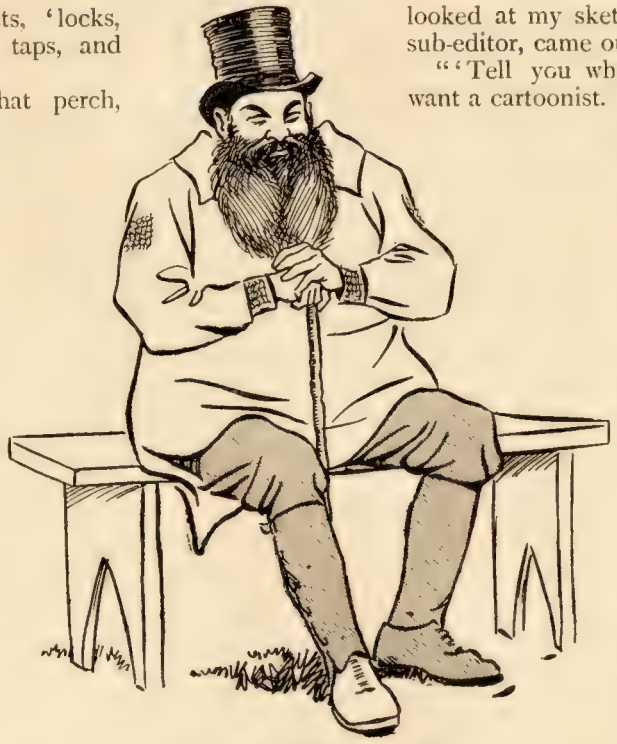
fire-irons, gas-brackets, 'locks, bolts, and bars,' and taps, and door-knockers——"

"Hey, come off that perch, young man," cried I.

"It's all fact. I even drew bones and skeletons belonging to doctors, and other fearful things, including bicycles. At that time 'safeties' were just coming in. Yes, and I drew dresses—fashion-plates, you know — oh, yes, I drew very nice fashion-plates."

"But how did you come to be a caricaturist?"

"I will tell thee, O Fag, and let all boys attend, because far too many fellows sit and wait, like Micawber, for 'something to turn up,' instead of getting up and looking for it. I was quite a youngster—about twenty-one — and beginning to tire of door-knockers and fashion-plates, when I came up to London for a holiday. Rambling round Fleet Street one day, I was passing the office of a new weekly paper, the *Political World*, when an idea struck me. I walked boldly into the office, and ran right into the editor himself



THE OLD GAFFER—NOT YET!

"'Hello!" said he, 'what is your business, my lad?' (I may add that, although I was twenty-one, I looked about sixteen.) 'If you please, sir,' said I, 'do you want a cartoonist, please?'

"I thought he would show me the door, but to my surprise he said: 'Can you draw?'

"'Yes, a bit,' I replied.

"'Then draw me!' he said.

"So I whipped out my pencil and made a rapid sketch of him, and I didn't spare his nose, which was rather a long one. He looked at my sketch, took it in to the sub-editor, came out again, and said:—

"'Tell you what, young man, we *do* want a cartoonist. Now, draw us a cartoon for next week's number, will you?'

"He gave me full instructions, and I drew the cartoon, and was paid fifty shillings for it, and, to cut my tale short, I may tell you that I stayed in London and drew a cartoon every week for that paper until it died.

"For years afterwards I drew comic pictures for comic papers, until at last I didn't know what was funny. Fact! Now I draw for all sorts and conditions of periodicals. A great deal of my work, during the summer, appears in the *Evening News*, but I also contribute regularly to a number of sixpenny weeklies and monthlies, now and then illustrating a book or doing a book cover."

"But you do not confine yourself to cricket?"

"By no means. I am constantly working on political and other subjects. I have drawn Mr. Chamberlain hundreds of times — I mention him because he is my most successful political study."

HAYWARD.

"Which are the cricketers who lend themselves most easily to caricature?"

"First and foremost—Grace, then Trott, F. G. J. Ford, Townsend, Richardson, Abel, Sammy Woods, Jessop, Ranji, and indeed all those who are either very stout or very thin, or with curious angles about 'em."

"Now what are the points about our great cricketers which catch your eye?"

"Look at Ranji! He

JACK HEARNE.

is a series of curves — sinuous, panther-like. Have you seen him field at slip? He swoops at a ball as a panther springs on its prey. Then take 'W. G.' The first thing you notice is his great, grizzled beard—quite in keeping with his elephantine frame. He's a veritable Viking of cricket."

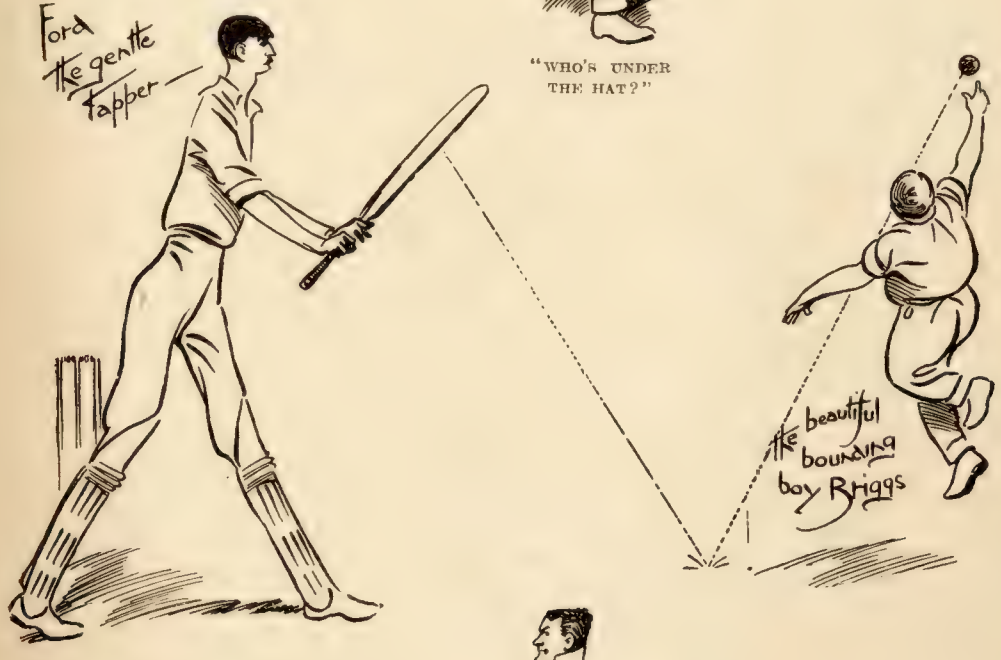
"Yes? Who else?"

"Jackson is the most supple man I have ever seen—hands, wrists, legs, body—just like a willow sapling. As for Fry, he is a most disheartening subject to caricature, as he is physically a perfectly-formed man, I should say—nothing for my pencil to get hold of and exaggerate except his front hair.

"Briggs strikes you as a little, round, india-rubber ball—glad he's back and at work again, by the way. If Key, 'W. G.,' and Briggs had all been out of first-class cricket this season, I should have been quite short of subjects. Thank goodness, there are some young ones coming on—excellent pencil matter—such as Townsend and Jessop.

"Of cricketers who have practically retired from the arena, I most loved to draw George Giffen, Harry Trott, Key, Sir T. C. O'Brien, W. W. Read, Jim Phillips, and Hornby — all of 'em had characteristic attitudes which went well on paper."

"WHO'S UNDER THE HAT?"



JESSOP.

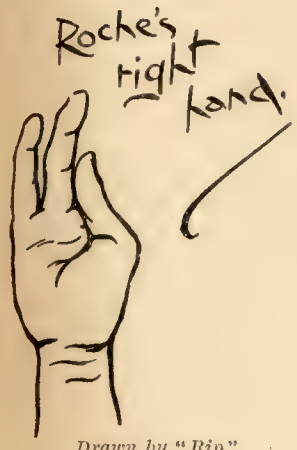
I may here mention that a recent picture of the late Surrey captain so pleased Mrs. Key, that she wrote to the editor of the paper in which it appeared and asked for the original drawing.

"I was extremely pleased," said Mr. Hill, "when I heard of her request. I feared that I might possibly have hurt Mr. Key's feelings in one or two of these caricatures, and this letter made my mind easy on the point.

"I first visited London when I was eighteen," continued "Rip," "and I had three great ideas in my head. The first was to hear Gladstone speak, the second to see Irving act, and the third to watch Grace at the wickets. I went to the House of Commons and heard Gladstone answer a question; I went to the Lyceum and saw Irving in *Macbeth*; I went to Lord's and watched Grace bat. I was disappointed by the performances of Gladstone and Irving, but Grace delighted me.

THE LUNCHEON INTERVAL.
(Drawn by "Rip.")

By kind permission of "Truth."



Drawn by "Rip."

It was, I think, a Gloucester *v.* Middlesex match, and the champion scored over sixty. Even then I heard a man in the crowd remark: 'Oh, Grace is too old to play; no good now.' in criticism of which observation I may merely state that this was sixteen years ago, and Grace is still pretty lively between the sticks."

"Since then you have watched Grace bat hundreds of times, I suppose?"

"I have—in all parts of the country—and there isn't a man in the world for whom I have a greater admiration than 'W. G.' I was at the Oval last year, and saw Grace looking through one of my books of caricatures. He laughed at my pictures of Trott and Briggs; but when he came to himself he didn't laugh at all—simply crammed the book into his pocket and walked away. I have heard since that he doesn't like my caricatures of himself. Well, I consider that all's fair in love, war, and caricature—some folks 'take it all in fun,' as school-boys say, and some don't. It doesn't do a man any harm to be caricatured—in fact, it often makes him known to the public. It is the best advertisement a man can possibly have. The men who are constantly being caricatured in *Punch* are by far the best known in Parliament, and probably wouldn't be recognised by the public were it not for these pictures of them which are constantly appearing in the comic papers."

A VERY EARLY CARTOON BY "RIP."

PRO." AND "AMATEUR."

"Ever draw footballers?"

"Hardly ever. You see, their football 'lives' are so short that, with the exception of half a dozen very big players, there is really no scope for caricature in this direction. I can only see two types—the tall, clean-limbed, athletic amateur, and the bullet-headed, bull-necked, bow-legged professional. Here's a picture showing what I mean."

"THE THREE CADGERS."
(A very early cartoon by "Rip.")

And Mr. Hill showed me the little sketch underlined "Pro. and Amateur."

"Oh, come," said I, "that is hardly fair. After all, a great many 'pros.' are tall, and a great many 'amateurs' short, eh?"

"Ah! you must remember the law of averages—physical averages. Besides that, it is necessary for a caricaturist to exaggerate."

Another thought struck me at this point.

"Do you draw your cricketer from life?"

GEORGE GIFFEN.

"No, sir, from memory—always. I drew Roche's right hand from life, because I thought it was an extraordinary thing that a man should be a bowler at all with a hand like that. The spin he gets on the ball is wonderful. He nearly knocked off two of *my* fingers once when bowling against me."

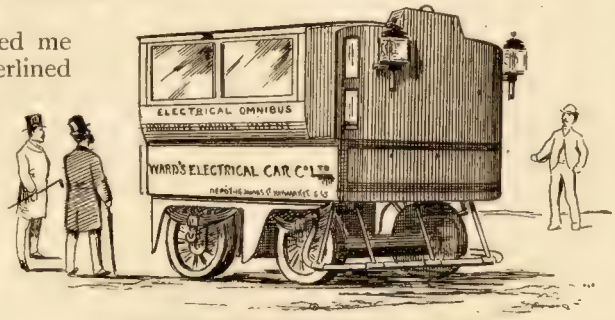
"You play cricket yourself, then?"

"Oh, I have an occasional knock. I once stood up to Albert Trott—for one over. The first ball hit me on the leg, the second I never saw at all, the third whizzed by me on the off—just caught a glimpse of it—the fourth I ran out and hit on the full pitch (which Trott said wasn't cricket), and the fifth bowled me, middle stump. It was his famous fast one."

"Any more anecdotes?" I inquired.

"Well," said "Rip," "it's curious how one's work gets about. I was playing in a cricket match against an asylum down at Woodford, or somewhere in that district, and was told that one of the most hopeless lunatics there had not only kept all my drawings he had found in papers, but had copied them—enlarging them to four times their original size—and had done his work well, too. When he found out who I was he was 'all over me.' I found it very difficult to get away from him, but eventually I escaped and ran all the way to the station.

"I was once 'discovered' in a very different place. I often take Turkish baths, and at the place I go to the attendant calls me 'Mr. Rip.' One day he had addressed me in



THE FIRST MOTOR CAR BUILT IN LONDON.
(Sketched from life by "Rip.")

MASON AND FORD.

THE BRITISH TEAM.

By kind permission of "Truth."

this way, as usual, when three very fat men, with 'just a covering' on them, got up, waddled slowly across to me, and held out three plump, perspiring hands.

"'Allow me,' said each fat man, 'to shake hands with you, Mr. Rip!'

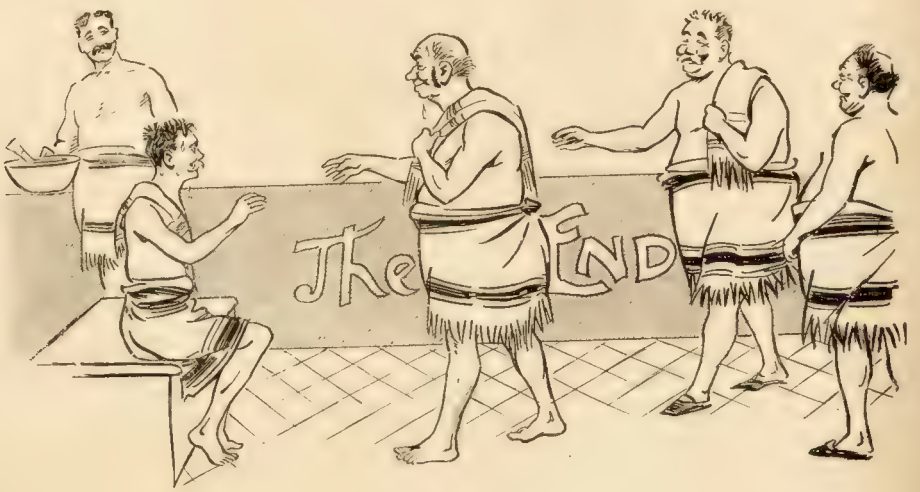
"And so, in that strange garb, I solemnly shook hands with my three warm — very warm—admirers!"

But those gentlemen pictured below — as I assured Mr. Hill—are only three out of a great host. Cricket becomes a very real and live thing under the influence of his pencil. Before I left "Rip" I asked him to draw for THE CAPTAIN every month, and "Rip" agreed to do so.

O. F.

JESSOP FIELDING ("A HOT ONE!")

CRICKET IN MAY



WARM ADMIRERS.

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS

READING SCHOOL

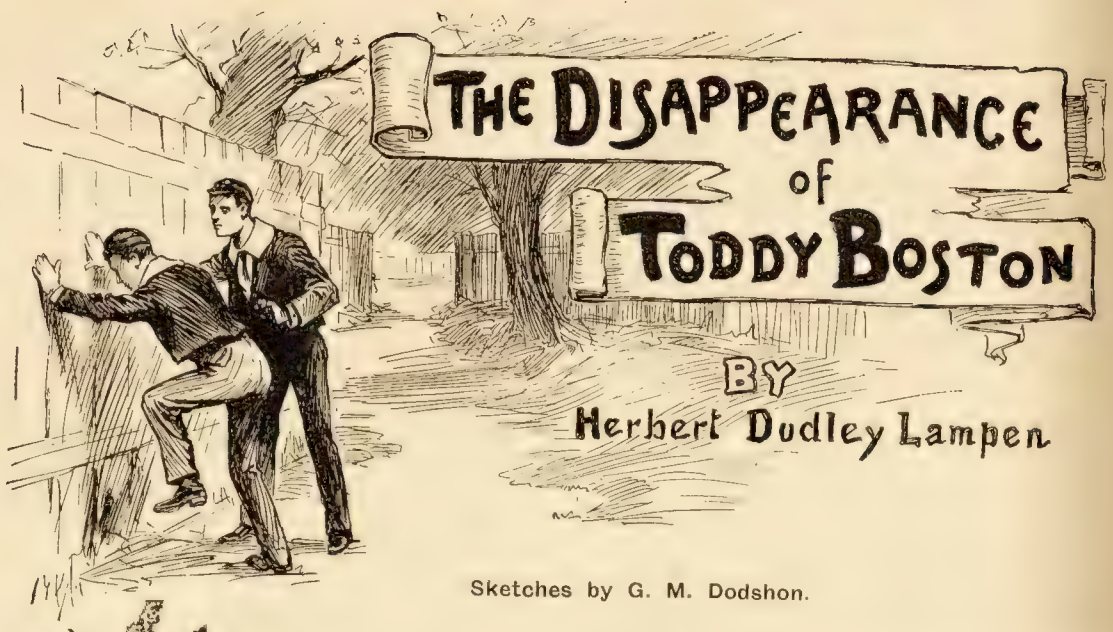
WESTMINSTER CITY SCHOOL

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL LOUTH

DURHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL

ROYAL NAVY SCHOOL SIDCUP

THE HIGH SCHOOL GLASGOW



Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

I.

"BACK away!" said Noddy.

Toddy and Noddy stood in the lane which divided the home field from the cricket ground.

Without any hesitation they applied their feet so vigorously to the oak palings that in a few moments a hole appeared below the bottom crossbar.

Noddy surveyed the work of destruction with satisfaction.

"All you've got to do," said he, "is to wait your time, and, when Porkins isn't looking, back away from the pitch, crawl to this hole, slither through, and bunk home."

"Suppose you are spotted?"

"Then, of course, you'll take your licking like a man," replied Noddy, lifting his square little chin.

Most of the Lower School contented themselves with grumbling because they were compelled to field for the second eleven. Noddy and Toddy alone took action. Noddy did this, not because he disliked to field, but because he loved an adventure. Toddy joined him because his timidity had attracted the attention of those in the Lower School who had a fine taste in tormenting others, and they invariably chose him for the honourable but lively position of cover-point.

"Look here, you young funk!" said Porkins on his arrival that afternoon, "you've been sent to Roundle to learn not to funk. So stand there! Nearer—nearer! Now, let a ball pass, and——"

Porkins, however, proved in wretched form, and the leg side were busy. Then the ball was lost. Noddy and Toddy threw caution to the winds, ran to the palings, dived through the hole, and gained the class-room.

The first stroke of Porkins after the recovery of the ball was to cover, and the absentees were at once discovered.

Practice ended, a dozen kids sped on ahead, bearing the joyful tidings of the wrath of Porkins, and the prospective thrashing of Toddy and Noddy.

Speculation was rife as to whether the thrashing would be public or private. The victims' friends voted solid for the former. Porkins, too, decided for a public administration, as a warning to all rebels.

Just before lights were extinguished excitement ran high in Thirty-seven Dormitory. The forty boys who slept there were rushing about in wild confusion, and only the tap, tap, tap, of a fencing stick, far off as yet, but drawing nearer, drove them in a mad rush to their beds.

"Where's Toddy?" whispered Hartley, from his perch on the pillow.

"There's one of them, at all events," remarked Grubb, with satisfaction.

"Won't Porkins be mad?" said Otley.

Porkins noticed the empty bed at once, and he was mad.

"Where's the other young cub?" demanded he, flinging down the quilt, and showing the bed denuded of blankets.

"I'll thrash every fellow if you don't say," he continued.

He satisfied his rage by giving Noddy a double dose. The blows fell anyhow and anywhere, until the fencing-stick split, and cracked, and snapped. Then he flung the broken end at Noddy and departed.

We crowded round Noddy's bed in sympathetic silence.

"I'll kill that young Toddy!" groaned the victim.

"Did it hurt much?" asked Parr.

Noddy answered by a look. It was more expressive than words.

"Where's old Toddy? What a beastly funk he is!" exclaimed Marks.

"How do I know?" replied Noddy. "Wait till I meet him!"

"Make him run the gauntlet," suggested Hartley.

"He'll turn up presently," said Marks, "and then you can go for him."

But the bed remained empty all night. Toddy did not appear at early school. His place was vacant at breakfast. His form-master at morning school inquired if he were ill. Before dinner fellows spread themselves out on the hot-water pipes and talked about Haywood, who ran away four years ago.

A monitor went round each table at dinner and collected information about Toddy. Fellows had plenty to say; but the information was wide of the mark. On the monitor's heels followed a master, who frightened some of the kids by his keen, suspicious looks; but no fresh information was forthcoming.

By tea-time it was recognised as a fact that Toddy Boston really had disappeared.

"I hear they're going to track him with bloodhounds," said Chuckster.

"The Head and four of the Sixth went out just before tea," remarked Hartley to Noddy.

A couple of masters and four more monitors followed before "prep." They scoured the country for miles around. They hunted down every possible clue. They visited a dozen ponds, a score of farmhouses, and a hundred haystacks. They dived into chalk quarries, crossed Roundle Moor in every direction, and questioned every person they met. At midnight half the school witnessed from the dormitory windows their return by ones and twos.

The last news which seemed mysteriously to circulate from some unknown source was, that the ponds were to be dragged next day.

Boston's people arrived early. An extraordinary silence pervaded the school, and hushed the murmur which usually filled the class-rooms. Even when the ponds proved empty, boisterous laughter or loud tones were no longer heard.

Two facts alone seemed certain. Toddy was known to have plenty of money, and he was supposed to have taken his blankets with him. But how or where he had vanished baffled conjecture.

II.

THE term had opened with unsettled weather. Stormy days and brilliant sunshine alternated,

"WHERE'S THE OTHER YOUNG CUB?" DEMANDED PORKINS.

and the summer day when Toddy Boston disappeared was immediately followed by a gale.

The grey sky with which the next day began soon resolved itself into a fine rain which blotted out the landscape. Fires were lit, and a crowd of fellows scorched themselves before the blazing coals.

"Jolly wet for Toddy Boston," remarked Hartley.

The rain streamed down the window-panes and gurgled in the pipe at the angle of the building.

"He's in the pond all right," said Marks. "It won't float for a day or two. I wouldn't like to go by Freshfield Pond after dark myself. The phosphorus makes 'em look ghastly."

Several of the younger boys looked back nervously into the deepening twilight, and up at the giant shadows which dodged on the wall.

Suddenly the door opened. Everyone started up. It was Dawson, and the wet ran down his waterproof and formed puddles on the floor.

"Found him?" a dozen asked.

"No. Any of the rest in?"

Without waiting for an answer Dawson shut the door, and the boys resumed their seats. The grey afternoon was fast changing into a wild, dark night, such as is sometimes seen in late April.

"You mark my words. It will be found in Freshfield Pond," repeated Marks gloomily.

Nobody spoke. The friendly heat of the fire attracted every eye.

Suddenly the door opened again. Everyone looked round. Any moment news might be expected. It had come! They jumped up when they saw Chuckster's face.

"Found him?" demanded half a dozen together

"I've seen his ghost," gasped Chuckster.

"Grandmother!" retorted Otley, irritably.

"By Freshfield Pond?" asked Marks with assurance.

"No. By the top linen-room. I sang out and it vanished."

"I told you so," remarked Hartley. "He's drowned!"

He stirred the fire into a blaze, and the brotherhood felt grateful.

The appearances of Toddy Boston's ghost multiplied. That same evening a maid met it, and fainted forthwith. Kid Hawkins told with dilated eyes of a similar experience. His story grew with repetition, until a fleshless skull and eyes which flashed fire were prominent features in the account. Then one of the Sixth, who sat up late to read for the Foreland Scholarship, met Toddy's ubiquitous ghost.

Toddy Boston disappeared on Tuesday, and on Friday Crœsus' hamper arrived. The confraternity were sorely in need of comfort, and Crœsus became the centre of an attentive, anxious circle. He dispelled all fears by a general invitation to the hot-water pipers to meet him in the box-room after school.

The box-room of the Lower School was situated for medical reasons under the eye of the matron, and near the top linen-room. She was supposed to be present when hampers were opened, but more often other duties detained her. The clan proceeded in compact order to this room with smiling faces and mouths which watered at the prospect of good things.

"You're a trump, Crœsus!" said Marks.

"I hope it's plum cake, and not seed," remarked Otley.

"You bet it will be. I know the mater," replied Crœsus.

"Any apples?" asked Noddy.

"Stunners," replied Crœsus. "My mater twigs how to choose apples. And her tarts! Well, wait till you taste 'em. Crisp crust, and crowded out inside, you know."

"Hurry up, old man," cried out Marks.

Crœsus knew that he was a public benefactor, and he advanced towards his hamper with the step of a philanthropist.

"There's heaps for all," said he. "Don't be afraid to ask for more, you chaps."

They promised.

The cover creaked. Crœsus howled.

"Who's been to it? I'm robbed! Someone's bagged everything!"

The boys surveyed the empty interior with blank faces.

"You greedy pig!" cried Marks, "you've eaten 'em yourself."

"I haven't," protested Crœsus.

"Where have they gone, then?" asked Marks.

However, every fellow knew that Crœsus had too much money, and was too generous to be shabby like that. It was a mystery.

"What's that?" asked little Hawkins.

He had been peering into the hamper, and feeling through the straw for a stray cake or apple. He lifted out a square, hard packet, and began to unfold the paper, but Marks took it, opened it, and three half-crowns rolled away across the floor.

"Listen, you fellows," exclaimed Marks, "there's some writing."

"Sorry to take your tuck, Crœsus, but I must."

"It's from Toddy!" exclaimed Marks, Crœsus, and Hartley in a breath.

The news spread. Toddy was alive! Toddy was in hiding not far away! Someone suggested behind the boxes. They were quickly inspected. Though they reached to the ceiling, they were packed too close and too flat against the wall on

the long shelves to permit of even the smallest boy hiding behind them.

The seizure of Crœsus' tuck brought to light other losses. The cook reported the disappearance of two loaves and some candles, and a missing pot or two of jam from the studies was remembered.

Of course, a fresh search was made. Dawson and Burrows visited every room in Roundle. Not a corner or a cupboard but they inspected, yet Toddy Boston's hiding-place remained undiscovered. He even poured contempt on these efforts by purloining a tin of sardines from the captain's study that very night.

The monitors decided to sit up and watch. His latter days the old fellow had become more fond than ever of a glass of whisky.

"He'd get drunk," replied Dawson.

"Not he," replied Williams, who particularly objected to sitting up. "He'd be all right. Let him watch for a night or two."

As the sun went down the wind rose again, until a gale was shaking the foundations of Roundle. Talk and jokes made "prep." lively that evening, for the rattling of the windows covered the sound of the fellows' voices, but it was very different when the lights were lowered, and silence proclaimed by the monitor on duty. The thunder of the wind could be heard then, and every

THE BOYS SURVEYED THE EMPTY INTERIOR WITH BLANK FACES.

They changed every few hours, and persevered for three nights. On the fourth they struck, and that night Toddy raided the studies, and carried off fresh supplies. The Sixth stood aghast and helpless.

The Head was kept informed, of course, of Toddy's misdemeanours, but, as Dawson said they would certainly find him, the matter was left in the captain's hands.

"Why shouldn't old Johnson sit up?" asked Williams Major when the Sixth again met to discuss matters.

Old Johnson was the former school porter. He did little now, for his son had taken his place. In window-pane seemed to be resisting the attack of the gale.

Downstairs old Johnson determined to make himself comfortable. He built up a blazing fire, and he applied his lips at short intervals to the whisky flask. By the time the flask was empty, he had fallen asleep in his chair before the fire.

It must have been about midnight, when Thirty-seven Dormitory had at last tumbled off into an uneasy sleep, that a shrill voice cried out:—

"Get up, you fellows, if you don't want to be burnt!"

In two minutes the room was alive with boys in their white nightshirts. The monitor struck a

match, and by the dim light we saw Toddy Boston standing near the door. Someone exclaimed that it was Toddy's ghost, but he soon squashed that.

"What rot!" said he. "Johnson's drunk, and he's set Dawson's room on fire! Bring your jugs, you chaps, and come along! Quick!"

Those who failed to get jugs, because some grasped two, dragged off their blankets, and in another sixty seconds a white legion was whirling along the passage and tumbling down the stairs.

Many of the jugs went crash. Half the water was spilt. Feet were cut by broken bits of crockery. No one noticed these things. The smoke was pouring out of the captain's study, and old Johnson was inside.

"All right, you kids! Well done, you fellows! Pass along the jugs!"

Dawson chucked the water in until the place was swimming. Then he and Burrows dashed in with blankets, and smothered the burning woodwork.

It was all over in half an hour, but when the Head made his little speech at early school, he said that, but for the prompt way in which the alarm had been given, Roundle must have been burnt to the ground, and many lives lost.

Toddy Boston blushed. The Head looked at him for a moment, and then dismissed the school.

The brotherhood who haunted the hot-water pipes were not even interested to know that old Johnson was recovering. They wanted to discover Toddy's hiding-place. He refused to gratify their curiosity. They entreated and prevailed.

"Come along to the box-room," said he.

The brotherhood gathered there.

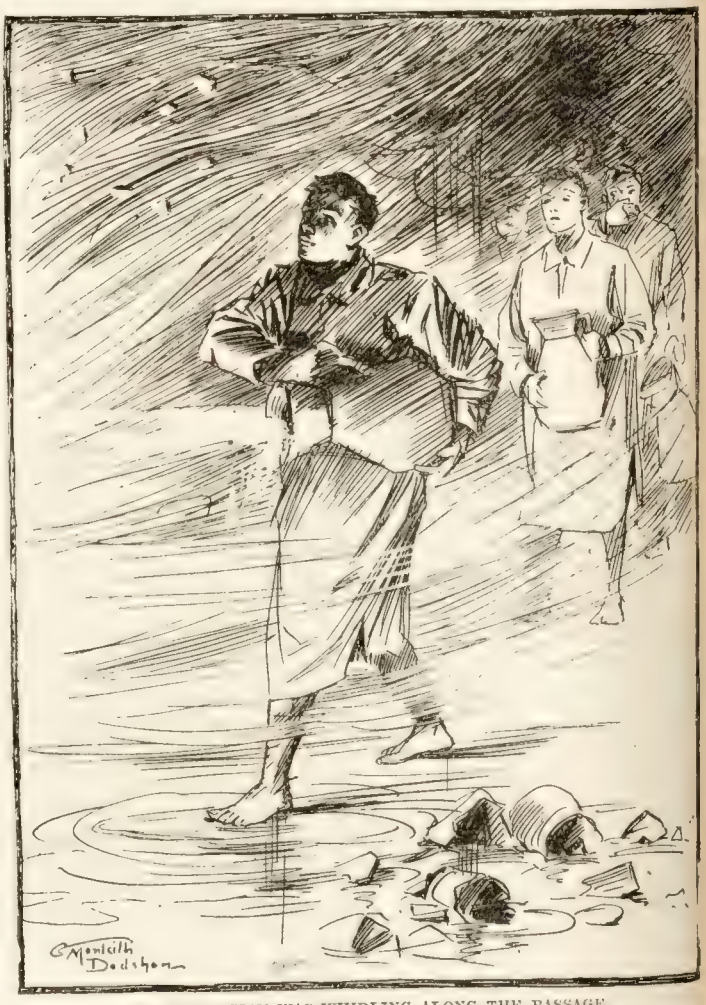
"Take down that top corner box," bade Toddy, "or shove it along—there's room for it."

When it was moved (and it was Toddy's own), a small trap-door leading to the space under the rafters could be seen.

"Then you saw us open Crœsus' hamper?" said Marks.

"Rather," replied Toddy. "There's a squint-hole in the wood."

"You young cad!" exclaimed Marks.



A WHITE LEGION WAS WHIRLING ALONG THE PASSAGE.

"I owe you one," remarked Noddy. "I had your thrashing as well as my own."

"It's a fine place up there," replied Toddy. "You can walk over half Roundle. Shall we explore?"

SOME CRICKET TIPS.

By C. B. Fry.

I.

Many players, who ought to know better, will tell you that wickets are of two sorts only—wet and dry, and that wet wickets are good to bowl on, dry to bat on. This, of course, is incomplete and misleading. It is important to understand wickets—especially if you are captain of a side. You may say, if you like, that there are three kinds of wickets—*viz.*, wet, dry, and drying; but a better classification is: fast, slow, and sticky.

II.

Fast wickets are not all the same, and not all dry. There are, roughly, four sorts—hard, dry, true, wickets; wickets hard and dry, but worn and crumbling; hard wickets quite hard, mind you—but wet on the surface, and very slippery; and wickets so wet that the ball cuts through so easily that it comes fastish. Now mark this: the first, third, and fourth of these are much in favour of the batsman; the second helps the bowler. The fourth is, without doubt, of all wickets the most difficult to bowl on, and is considered, by most good judges, the easiest to bat on. Hence there is at least one sort of fast, dry wicket that favours the bowler, and one really wet wicket—wet, yet fastish—that is not only excellent for batting, but very bad for bowling. Moral: Don't fancy you cannot get runs just because the wicket is wet; and don't fancy you cannot bowl just because it is dry.

THE ON-DRIVE.

By permission of "The Book of Cricket."

III.

Slow wickets are not all wet. The turf on some grounds is spongey, and renders the pace quite slow, even though there may have been no rain for months. Nearly always, however, slow wickets are wet. Of these there are two sorts—the sloppy, on which the ball cuts through without any pace; and the sodden, or dead, on which the ball breaks—sometimes much, sometimes a little, but always coming slow off the ground. Slow wickets are not at all difficult for batsmen who know how to play on them—*i.e.*, who watch good length balls carefully as they rise from the ground and play them back, and who hit overpitched or short balls hard but with judgment. It is not the amount of break that makes bowling difficult, but the pace at which the breaking ball comes from the ground. It is very common for batsmen to give up all hope of runs simply because the bowler can make the ball "do a lot." That is a great mistake. Balls that break without "devil" are easy to play.

IV.

When a wicket, previously wet, dries up slowly, it usually plays quite easy, being merely dead, or sodden. Drying quickly, however, it is liable to become either sticky or caked; and then the ball not only breaks a lot but does it very quickly. A really difficult wicket, whether caked on top or glue-like, is always the result of a hot sun on a wettish ground. Unless the sun comes out in force, a wet wicket is generally easy. When there is a nice, fresh, regular wind and no sun, a wicket sometimes dries up quite quickly, and yet neither glues nor cakes.

V.

The conclusion is that difficult wickets are not at all common even in a wet season—that is, on well kept grounds. Those grounds, however, which have much clay in their composition are often sticky to a degree whenever at all wet, sun or no sun. An over-doctored wicket is liable to play difficult if an unexpected shower falls; but, as a rule, wet wickets do not really favour the bowler any more than the batsman.

VI.

The chief reason for mentioning the above points is that many matches are spoilt simply

THE FORE-ARM HOOK.
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because the players fancy the wicket, if it is wet, is unplayable.

VII.

Everyone admits that when you win the toss you ought almost invariably to take first innings. Captains, however, when the wicket is wet, often find it hard to decide. If in doubt, take the innings. Not once in fifty times does it pay to put the other side in. Many captains are at great pains to decide whether the wicket is or is not difficult. That, however, is not the problem, but whether it will be more difficult during the first innings than at any other time, and whether, even then, it will be so much more difficult during the first innings as to make up for all the disadvantages of going in second, of which by far the most considerable is that the ground will soon become cut up and damaged. County captains hate winning the toss when the wicket is sticky. They can never be sure whether it will turn out advantageous to put the other side in. They prefer to lose the toss, and let the other captain have the responsibility of choosing. When in doubt they take the innings.

VIII.

"W. G." advises every batsman to have a knock, "even if it's only three full pitches," before going in. An over or two at the nets loosens your muscles, warms you up, and maybe gets rid of two or three of your worst strokes. A word of caution, however. The wickets at the practice nets are very rarely, even on the best grounds, of the same quality and pace as the match wickets in the middle of the ground. Hence, if you are not on the look-out you may defeat your object by "getting your eye in at the nets"—you get your eye in on a wicket of one pace, and pass off to mistime the ball on a wicket of another pace. For this reason it does not pay to practise more than for a few minutes before going in. Also, if you practise too long you tire yourself, and take the edge off your keenness. We all know the man who makes century on century at the nets but rarely double figures in a match. He is the extreme case. His towering drives before the match astonish the spectators. "Wait till Smasher comes in," they say. But Smasher usually has had his innings *par avance*, and falls a victim to the first good ball he receives.

IX.

A few words about nervousness and over-confidence. There are many degrees of nervousness, varying from paralysis to slight anxiety. Nervousness also affects different

AIMED AT THE ARTIST.
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people in different ways; some it renders imbecile, others it seems to stimulate. The commonest effect of it, however, is to make a

player alter his usual game. The hitter plays like Scotton, the careful bat launches out into wild extremes. Some, when nervous, can do nothing but play forward without looking at the ball. It is quite certain that nervousness can be overcome to a certain extent by an effort of will, but the best cure for it is to forget yourself, think only of your side, determine to do your best, and leave the rest to happen. If, on going in, you feel empty inside and "groggy" about the knees, you should straightway take care to concentrate your attention unremittingly on each ball bowled you. Nervous men often lose their wicket by thinking of something else when they ought to be thinking only of the ball.

X.

Over-confidence is the comrade of ignorance. He who knows much about cricket, and has any degree of intelligence, being fully alive to the innumerable mischances that may happen to him, takes every precaution, and never counts his runs till they are on the score-sheet. Humble-mindedness tinged with anxiety makes the most runs at cricket.

XI.

Confidence is the comrade of knowledge. It does not consist in believing you have powers you have not, but in believing you can use such powers as you have.

C. B. Fry

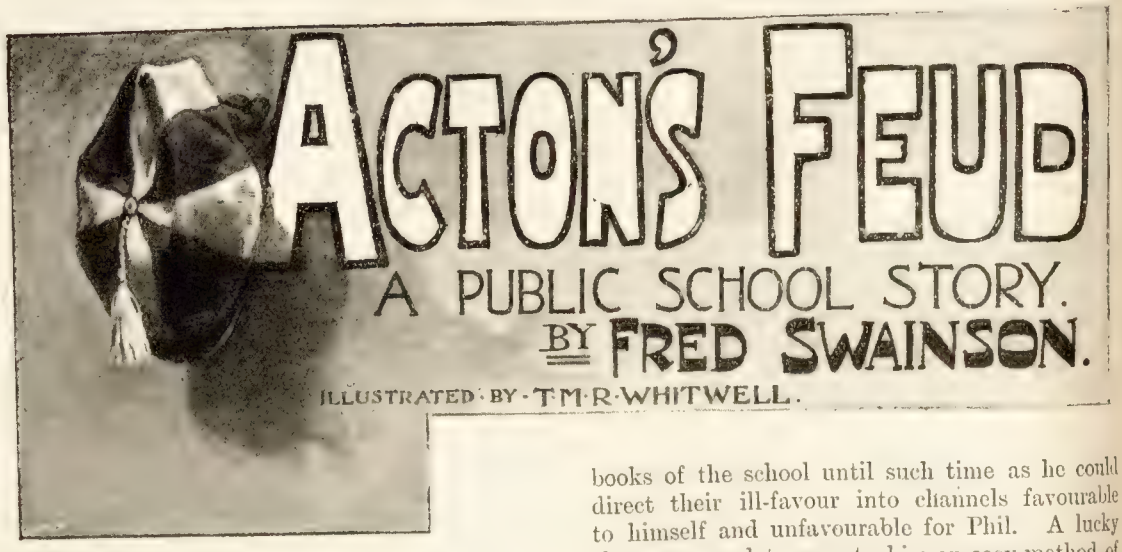
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Secretary.—Yes, runs scored from overthrows count against the bowler in his analysis just as though the runs accrued from a hit pure and simple. For instance, if a batsman hit a ball to the out-field and ran two for it, and if, when the ball was returned, the wicket-keeper missed it and it went to the boundary for four runs, you would put down six in the analysis just as if the batsman had hit the ball clean out of the ground. I do not know of any book really suited to your purpose. I do not think there is one. Perhaps "Cricket for Beginners," by A. C. Maclaren (Rivington's), might be of some use, or the "Cricket" volume in the "All England Series," by Lyttelton. Small-boy cricketers are best reared "by hand." What a good thing that you are able to run your club so well; you deserve very great credit. You have evidently got everything well in hand and are able to kindle enthusiasm. **N. M. S.**—Glad to hear from you again. There is reason in what you say—Rugby certainly deserves as much space as Association. The defect will probably be remedied next year; it is too late now, I fear. Your writing has improved. Your former letter misled me into fancying you were a mere critic; I see now you are a keen sportsman who deserves consideration. Good luck to you, therefore. **Ember.**—Sting, or "devil," in bowling is, I fear, difficult to acquire unless you have something of the sort inherent in your delivery. I know exactly what you mean. Do not, however, be discouraged; it is remarkable what may be done by perseverance. Try to keep the swing of your arm free and elastic, the muscles relaxed, not contracted, the action quick and lively. Do not think much about break; deliver the ball with as much finger-flip as you can; follow through well with your delivery, and run a step or two down the pitch after the ball. The very fact that your mind is intent on making the ball spin will, with perseverance in practice, tend towards the acquirement of "devil." **St. Francis.**—Settle played inside-left, as far as I remember, for Bury and also for England. Some critics say he ought to have played in that position against Scotland this season. **Enquirer.**—Yes; Mr. P. F. Warner's book, "Cricket in Many Climes," is excellent and very instructive if read with intelligence. **E. Kellow.**—You do not give me enough information to enable me to advise you, but you will find some compendious hints on hurdling and other races in the April CAPTAIN.

C. B. F.

NOTICE.—*Enquirers should not send stamped envelopes. Answers can only be given in* THE CAPTAIN.

THE C.I.V.



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VII.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the "footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit), is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is denied his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians gave vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and cheering Acton to the echo.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE YOUNG BROTHER.

WHEN St. Amory's reassembled after the holidays Acton found himself firmly established in the good graces of the fellows, and, indeed, he was not far from being the most popular fellow in the place; but poor Phil was looked coldly upon by those who had been his chiefest friends, and by those who knew little of him he passed for a jealous bounder. Acton played up to his cards in beautiful style, and acted the forgiving innocent splendidly; but Phil, who was only a very honest fellow, did not play anything to speak of. Those who gave him the cold shoulder once never had a second chance of showing it him, for Phil was no end proud; but he had still one or two friends, who condoned his passing of Acton for the "footer" cap on the ground of "insufficient information" thereon. Roberts and Baines and Vercoe were not a bad trio to have for friends either. Acton was now in the Sixth, and a monitor.

His main idea was to keep Bourne in the bad books of the school until such time as he could direct their ill-favour into channels favourable to himself and unfavourable for Phil. A lucky chance seemed to open to him an easy method of striking at Bourne, and Acton almost hugged himself with joy at his windfall.

About a week after the holidays Acton had been skating on the Marsh, and as he was returning he came across Jack Bourne engaged in a desperate fight with a young yokel. There was a small crowd of loafers, who were delighted at this little turn up, and were loud in their advice to the fellow to give "the young swell a good hiding."

This little crowd, as I said, caught Acton's eye, and when he perceived that one of the fighters was a St. Amory fellow, he hurried up to see what was the little game.

Young Bourne was getting the worst of it. The yokel was a year or two older, was taller, and stones heavier. It was an unequal fight. Bourne was standing up to his man pluckily, and, thanks to the "agricultural" style of the clodhopper, was not taking nearly so much harm as he should have done. He was, however, pretty low down in the mouth, for there was not a friendly eye to encourage him, nor a friendly shout to back him up. On the contrary, the mob howled with delight as their man got "home," and encouraged him: "Gow it, Dick! Knock the stuffin' out of 'im!"

Acton had not been noticed, but he thrust himself into the mob, and said: "Stand back, you little beggars, or I'll massacre the lot of you. Give the boy room, you filthy pigs!" The "pigs" scuttled back, and for the first time Bourne really had fair play.

Acton took out his watch and assumed the direction of the fight.

"Time!" he shouted out. "You fellow, that's your corner, and if you stir out of it before I give the word I'll thrash you within an inch of your

life. This will be ours, Bourne." He strode in between the two, and pushed the yokel among his friends, whilst he dragged Bourne a little apart.

"Thanks awfully, Acton. That beast knocked me off the path into the snow-heap when he saw I was one of the school. I struck him, but he's a big handful."

"Don't talk, Bourne," said Acton, grimly. "It's only wasting breath. Keep cool, man, and you will pull it off yet."

Thanks to Acton's encouragement, young Bourne worked along ever so much better, so that when time was called he had taken no damage practically, but had scored a little on his own account.

"Sit down on my coat. You're doing famously. Whatever you do, don't let him swing you one in the face. You'll be snuffed out if you do. Keep him out at any cost, and try an upper cut after he swings. Waste no time after he's missed."

But although young Bourne scored no end in the next few rounds by following Acton's advice, his good efforts seemed wasted. The lout's face was as hard as a butcher's block. Acton saw that Bourne was visibly tiring, and that it was an almost foregone conclusion that in the end he would be beaten. He could hardly stall off the fellow's attack.

After the seventh round Acton saw that he must put all to the touch, or Bourne would lose. "Listen carefully, young 'un. You're jolly game, and that's a fact, but there's no good hammering on the fool's face—he can't feel. You must try another trick. It's the last in your box, too, Bourne, so make no mistake. St. Amory's for ever! When he swings, duck. Don't try to ward him off—he'll beat you down. Then, for all you're worth, drive home with your left on the jaw. On the jaw for all you're worth. You've seen the sergeant do it dozens of times in the gym. Keep cool, and look when you hit—on the very peak. Understand?"

"Rather!" said Jack, coolly but wearily.

"Time!"

The yokel came on in all the pride of his beefy strength, for he knew that he was going to finish the "swell" this round. He swung. Bourne ducked, and then, quick as lightning, the lad closed in, and, with the last ounce he had in him, drove his left on the jaw. He was true to a hair.

"*Habet!*" shouted Acton. "Don't give him time, Jack. Send him down if you can."

Bourne's "point" had the usual effect; the lout's head swam, he felt sick and sorry, and could not even ward off Jack's blows. He backed, Jack scoring like mad all the time, and when Acton finally called "time!" he dropped on to the ground blubbing. The fellow's eye was visibly swelling, his lips were cut, and his nose bled villainously.

"The pig bleeds" said Acton, cheerfully. "You have him now, Bourne; he's too sick to have an ounce of fight left in him. Time!"

The next round wasn't a round really; it was a procession, with Bourne, as fresh as paint from his success, following up the other blubbing with rage, pain, and sickness. Before Acton called, the fellow dropped to the ground and howled dismally.

"Get your coat, Jack, and then come here. He's done. Stand back you others."

Jack came back.

"Now, you pig, get up and apologise to this gentleman for having knocked him into the snow heap. I suppose your pig's eyes couldn't see he was only half your size." Acton got hold of the fellow by the collar and jerked him to his feet. "Apologise."

The fellow would not understand; he snivelled obstinately, and struggled aimlessly in Acton's grasp.

"Apologise."

"I wown't."

"Good," said Acton, grimly. With his flat hand he gave the fellow a thundering cuff which sent him sprawling. Acton then caught him by the back of his waistcoat and trousers and threw him headlong into the snow heap.

"Come along, Bourne," he said, with a smile. "You have fought a good fight this day, and no mistake. That fellow will have a fit the next and every time he sees the smallest St. Amory's fag's cap."

"I say, Acton, you're an awful brick to back me up like that."

"Don't mention it, Bourne. Come and have some tea with me, and I'll pour oil into your wounds, or at any rate, I'll paint 'em."

So young Bourne had tea with Acton, and his host went out afterwards to Dann's the chemist's and brought back a camel's hair brush and some lotion. Thanks to this, Jack's scars appeared as very honourable wounds indeed.

From that day Jack thought Acton the finest fellow in St. Amory's.

"He did not spread-eagle that fool," he said to himself, "but let me have the glory of pounding the ugly brute into jelly, and made me go in and win when I was ready to give in to the cad. Why did not Phil give him his cap? There's something rotten somewhere."

As for Acton, as I said before, he regarded this little incident as a treasure trove upon which he could draw almost unlimitedly in his campaign against Bourne. "I'll strike at Bourne, senr., through his young brother. I'll train him up in the way he should go, and when our unspeakable

ACTON THREW HIM HEADLONG INTO THE SNOW HEAP.

prig of a Philip sees what a beautiful article young Jack finally emerges, he'll wish he'd left me alone. Jack, my boy, I'm sorry, but I'm going to make you a bad boy, just to give your elder brother something to think about. You're going to become a terrible monster of iniquity, just to shock your reverend brother."

Acton took not the smallest interest in the usual Easter Term games. Footer was only played occasionally, but there was one blessing, the fellows need not play the usual Thursday Old Game. As for cross-country running, paper chases, *et hoc genus omne*, Acton refused to have anything to do with them. "That sort," he said to Dick Worcester, "isn't in the same street with footer."

"Why not try and lift the Public School Heavy at Aldershot?" suggested Worcester.

"There's Hodgson in for it, Dick."

"A good man; but if you would only apply yourself seriously to the business I'd back you. You're a good weight, and got a longer reach than Hodgson."

"There's Bourne, too."

"Personally, I believe Phil is only pacing Hodgson to take him along quicker."

"It's an awful fag, and I believe Eton have got the Heavy safe and sure this year. A cousin of mine there says that their pet, Jarvis, would walk right through the best man we've ever turned out."

"Oh, that's their usual brag!"

"Personally, I don't think so. They have got a young Bermondsey professor—who is up to all the latest dodges—to coach. Our sergeant is a bit old-fashioned—good, but old-fashioned. Does not do enough with his right."

"I'm quite an amateur," said Dick. "Don't understand the finer shades of the art. Should have thought the sergeant good enough."

"*Dubito!* Anyhow, Dick, I'll think it over; and if I think I can make a decent show I'll have a shot. When does it come off?"

"At Aldershot. Oh!—last week in March."

"That gives me nearly two months. One can turn round in two months; and if I'm satisfied as to my coaching I'll certainly try at Aldershot. But what has a fellow to do on the half-holidays now? No footer, and one might do enough practice after tea for the Heavy. I wish Kipling would write a book every week. He is the only fellow in England who can write."

So Acton, on the half-holidays, prepared to read his novels by his fireside. Not that he was particularly fond of toasting himself, but because, for him, it was all he could do.

But Corker came to his rescue. The old man, after having had his back to the wall for an age, consented to monitors being allowed to cycle by themselves, and even to be *chaperon* to any fags who cared to run with them, and—important *proviso*—whom the monitors did not object to. Otherwise the old rule of no cycling *sans* a housemaster was in force.

Acton thereupon invested in a swell machine, and he and young Bourne, or Grim, or Wilson on the hired article, would cover no end of country between dinner and roll call.

By and bye Phil noticed that his brother was getting pretty thick with Acton.

"Rather thick with Acton, Jack? I don't think he'll do you any good."

"He has, anyhow, Phil."

"How?"

Jack explained.

"I'm glad you licked the animal, young 'un; but, all the same, I wish some other fellow had seen you through."

"I don't!" said Jack, hotly.

"I wonder," said Phil, drily, "what is the great attraction which a Sixth Form fellow sees in a fag? Above all, a fag of the name of Bourne?"

"Fact is, I don't see it myself," said Jack, shortly. "Better ask him."

"No, I don't think I shall. All the same, I would not dog Acton's footsteps quite so much."

"He's a monitor."

"Who'll make you useful. Take my word for it."

"We'll see."

"Oh! Certainly we shall."

Jack was thoroughly unhinged by his brother's dry bantering tone, and said hotly: "I cannot understand, Phil, why he didn't get his cap. He deserved it."

"There's no need for you to understand it, young 'un."

"My opinion is——"

"Not worth the breath you're going to waste."

"It's considered a shame pretty generally."

"I've heard so; but, still, that does not alter matters. However, I did not want to talk politics with you, Jack. Don't put your innocent little toes into any scrape—that is all I wanted to tell you. Here is half-a-crown for you to buy butter scotch, and while you're sucking it think over what I've said. What! Little boys given up toffee? Then I'd better say good-night, Jack."

Jack went out pretty sore.

About a week or so after this Acton and young Bourne sped down to the old Lodestone Farm, and as they pedalled in at the gate young Hill, the farmer's son, said to Acton: "The man's been here since twelve, sir."

"That's all right," said Acton. "Has he got the stable ready?"

"He's been putting it to rights the last hour."

"I say, Bourne," said Acton, turning to Jack. "Ever heard of the Alabama Coon?"

"The fellow who won that fight in Holland? The prize-fighter?"

"The very same."

"Rather!"

"Well, I've engaged him to give me a few lessons here. I'm going to try for the Heavy at Aldershot. Like to see the fun?"

"Rather!"

"Then come along."

Together they went into the stable, and therein found "The Coon," a coal black negro, busily shovelling sand upon the floor, smoking an enormous cigar the while.

"Making ready the cockpit," said Acton to Jack, who was staring open-eyed at the worker. "Lusty looking animal, eh?"

"My aunt!" said Jack.

"Hallo, Coon, you're about ready!"

"Yaas, sir," said the negro. "I'm almost through."

"Brought the mittens with you, too?"

"Yaas, sir, I have the feather beds."

"Then when you've peeled we'll start." The Coon put down his spade and slipped behind a stall.

"You see, young 'un, the sergeant at the gym. is a good old hand, but he is an old hand, so. to speak—hasn't got the polish. Seeing that at Aldershot they tie us down to a very few rounds, if St. Amory's have to make any show at all they must get all the points they can first round or so. That's why I've got the Coon down here. He is the most scientific boxer on show."

"The figure will be pretty stiff, Acton, eh?"

"No matter about that if I can beat Jarvis. By the way, Bourne, you need not say anything about this to any one. I have particular reasons for keeping this quiet."

"All serene. I'm mum, of course."

"Thanks. You watch the Coon, and you'll pick up no end of wrinkles."

The Coon came out from behind the stall dressed in a vest, trousers, and thin boots; his black arms were bare, and he had exchanged his cigar for a straw, which he chewed vigorously. Acton changed his shoes and took off his coat, and the lesson began.

Acton's opinion of the Coon's knowledge was in Jack's mind absolutely corroborated by the display. His marvellous parrying of Acton's attentions; his short step inwards, which invariably followed a mishit by Acton; his baits to lure his opponent to deliver himself a gift into his hands; his incredible ducking and lightning returns, held Bourne fascinated. Everything was done so easily, so lithely, so lightly, and so surely, that Jack gasped in admiration. Acton in the hands of the nigger was a lamb indeed.

"This is an eye-opener," said Jack. "I'll try that left feint on Rogers, the cocky ass!"

The negro stopped now and then to show Acton where and how to avail himself of opportunities; and Acton, who was in grim earnest, applied himself whole-heartedly to the business in hand, and, in consequence, as Jack afterwards told us, "you could almost hear old Acton travelling on the right road."

After about half an hour of instruction Acton said, "That is enough of jawing for the afternoon, Coon. Let us have three rounds to finish up with. Take the time, young 'un,"

Jack, with immense pride, took out his watch and prepared to act as timekeeper.

"Better take it easily first two, sir, and put in all you know for the last. A little hurricane in the third round is my advice."

Jack had an ecstatic ten minutes, the final round putting him in the seventh heaven of enjoyment. "All I could make out was Acton's white arms mixed with Alabama's black ones, and the sand flying in all directions. Stunning isn't the word for it!"

As Acton and young Bourne pedalled leisurely home for roll call, Jack said, "I think Jarvis' chance of collaring the Heavy for his place is a trifle 'rocky.'"

"I hope so."

"Crumbs! How Alabama does get home."

"So he jolly well ought."

Twice a week on half-holidays Acton and Bourne ran over to the farm, to find the Coon waiting for them in the stable, smoking an enormous cigar as usual, and reading sporting papers on the corn chest. Young Hill, the farmer's son, generally put in an appearance when the boxing was about over, and to Jack's utter disgust, plainly showed that he would rather that Jack was anywhere else than with Acton when the gloves had been laid aside. He seemed to have some business with Acton concerning which he evidently did not want Jack to hear a single syllable.

Jack did not quite see at first that he was one too many after the boxing was over and that Hill, at any rate, did not mean there should be a fourth to the deliberations of himself, Acton, and the Coon. Jack, however, soon tumbled that he was *de trop*, and the minute young Hill came in Jack would stalk solemnly and formally out of the stable and kick up his heels in the farmyard until such time as Acton should be ready for the run to school.

Jack certainly did not like this cavalier treatment, but found it rather a bore pottering about the yard, "looking at the beastly ducks"; but Acton was so profusely apologetic when he did come out that Jack generally smoothed his ruffled plumes and pedalled home at peace with himself and all the world.

"The fact is, Jack," said Acton, "young Hill has arranged for me to have the stable for our practice, for old Hill himself was rather against it, and as he has a prejudice against St. Amory fellows generally, but especially when they're of the Junior School—some of your tribe scuttled his punt for him on the moat, didn't you?—I thought you would not mind humouring the man's amiabilities. The Coon and he talk rot—sporting rot—and it would only bore you to listen to it."

Jack said, "It does not matter in the least. I'd as soon look at the ducks as listen to Hill. It's a bit *infra dig.* though that *he* should object."

"WHY, THERE AIN'T A BETTER, QUICKER, NEATER DAWG IN ALL LONDON AFTER THE RATS THAN WARMINT!"

As a matter of fact young Hill received letters for Acton which dealt with many things, the burden of most of them being "betting" and the other sweet things of the sporting shop. Acton was, as you will have seen, not the very green innocent who would come to much harm in this lovely form of diversion.

About a fortnight after the visits to the Lodestone had commenced, the Coon brought down with him a long-legged, thin-faced, horsey-looking individual, who introduced himself to Bourne as Raffles of Rotherhithe, and who laid himself out to be excessively friendly to Jack. He took, evidently, quite a professional interest in the sparring, and told Acton that "his left was quite a colourable imitation of the Coon's."

"Not colourable, anyhow," said Acton, with a wink at Jack.

"What do you think, sir, of Alabama's 'blind hook'?"

Jack, who had not the remotest idea what a "blind hook" was, said it "was simply stunning."

"Exactly my idea, sir. I see you know above a bit about the noble art."

Raffles, as he would have said in his own special slang, worked the "friendly lay" so well upon Jack, that that young gentleman was captured to the last gun; you can do an awful lot of execution by deferring to the opinion of a young man of sixteen, or thereabouts, as to the merit of relying exclusively on the left.

When the sparring was over Raffles shuffled out with Jack into the yard and whistled. A little yellow, ear-torn dog bustled out of some shed and trotted demurely by Mr. Raffles' right boot.

"See that dog, Mr. Bourne?"

"By the way, Raffles, how did you know my name was Bourne?" asked Jack.

"Mr. Acting mentioned that it was so. No offence, I hope, sir?"

"Oh, no!" said Jack.

"Mr. Acting mentioned to me as how Warmint might amuse you."

"Warmint! What the deuce is that?"

"Why, the dawg."

"Well, it's a pretty ugly brute anyhow, Raffles."

"It is so; it's the colour, yellow is a mean colour. But he's a terror to go."

"Where?" said Jack, uncivilly; for the man's manner, a mixture of familiarity and servility, had begun to pall on Jack's taste.

"Why, there ain't a better, quicker, neater dawg in all London after the rats than Warmint. He holds the record south the Thames."

"Is there a record then for rat killing? How is it done?"

"Turn a sack o' long tails on to the floor and let the dawg among them. He works against time, of course."

"Have the rats any chance of getting away?"

"No fear."

"Ugh!" said Jack, looking at the mongrel with intense disgust.

"'Is time for twenty—but I say, Mr. Bourne, if you like I'll bring a bag o' rats down and you can see for yourself. While the other gentleman, Mr. Acting, is with the Coon, we can bring it off in the barn."

"Man alive, no!" said Jack, with another spasm of disgust; "but if you've any other plans, Raffles, of killing an hour or so whilst Hill makes speeches,

trot 'em out. I'm sick of pottering round his yard like an idiot. Are you coming with the Coon again?"

"Pretty well every time. What do you say to a little game of billiards?"

"Where?" said Jack.

"Nice little 'ouse near 'ere, I know."

"No fear! That's clean against the rules. Besides, who wants to knock balls about with a sticky cue on a torn billiard cloth, where the whole place reeks of beer and stale tobacco? No thanks!"

"Young gents used not to set so much store by rules when I was a lad."

"We've changed since then, Raffles," said Jack, drily.

"A little shooting?"

"What?"

"Sparrers?" suggested Raffles, off-hand.

"Rot!"

"Bunnies?"

"That's better, Raffles. If you can get me half an hour with Hill's rabbits I'd risk that. Of course, there'd be a row if it was known. Acton won't inquire, I fancy, who's shooting?"

"Mr. Acton won't, Mr. Bourne, he's a gentleman."

"He's a monitor, though, Raffles, which is a different sort of animal."

Raffles of Rotherhithe did not appear to think that Acton's being a monitor was a clinching argument barring young Bourne's sport. Perhaps he had private reasons for his opinions Anyhow, he glibly promised to have a breech-loader and a ferret for young Bourne on the morrow.

"And old Hill? They're his rabbits, you know."

"That will be all right. Take Dan Raffles' word for it."

"Now look here, Raffles; I'll give you sixpence for every rabbit I shoot, and I'll pay you for the cartridges. You'll keep all the rabbits, but you will lend me the gun."

"Very good, sir," said Raffles, smartly.

"And, Raffles," said Jack, eyeing over that individual with a curious mixture of amusement and dislike, "you needn't be too beastly friendly and chummy. I'm going to pay you for what you do, and don't fancy I'm going an inch further than I feel inclined. I'm paying the piper, and I'm going to choose all the tunes."

"Orl right," said Raffles, considerably taken aback by the ultimatum. "I'll not be friendlier than I can 'elp."

"Don't," said Jack.

CHAPTER IX.

TODD PAYS THE BILL.

ANOTHER youth had come back to St. Amory's with resolutions as fixed and steady, though more legitimate than Acton's. Augustus Vernon Robert Todd returned to school with pockets more scantily lined than ever from the parental source, with his mind constantly fixed on the conversation which he had had with his house-master on that awful concluding day last term, and his chin still thrust out valiantly. Gus's square chin meant an undeviating attention to serious study, and Gus, armed *cap-à-pie*, against all his old friends.

For Todd had taken his precautions. His watch—a gold one, "jewelled in numberless holes," as its owner pathetically remarked—had been left with the family jeweller for three bright golden sovereigns, an eight-and-six brass turnip, which went jolly well, although its tick was a trifle vigorous under Gus's pillow, and an agreement. This document, drawn up by himself, Gus regarded as a very masterpiece of business-like acumen. Gus could have his gold watch back again within the year by paying three sovereigns, and buying the brass turnip for half a sovereign, the profit accruing on this latter transaction being, as Gus explained proudly, the jeweller's percentage on the loan. The family jeweller had informed Gus casually that he couldn't keep a wife and growing family on such percentages, but to oblige, etc.

Todd received Mr. James Cotton blandly and politely, and Jim, in his heavy way, mistook this airiness for non-paying symptoms on Gus's part.

"Had a good time, old cock, during the holidays?"

"Beastly," said Gus.

"Guvernor rusty?"

"No end. Been making the will again, and leaving me out."

"Perry *fiasco*, eh?"

"Yes, and other things."

"Well, I hope you can pay up all you owe me, old chap."

"Oh, yes!" said Gus. "I said I would keep my word, although you were so good as to have your doubts."

"All right, glad you can manage it."

"Here you are," said Gus, thrusting his hand into his pocket and bringing up his coins. "Three three for that rotten bet, and the other fifteen bob I owed you. It's all there."

Cotton opened his eyes.

"You said the governor was rusty, Gus?"

"So he was, beastly, but I can pay you all the same."

"Well," said Cotton, after a little awkward pause, "I don't want to clean you out quite, so pay half now and the rest next term. Would that suit you better, Gus?"

"Thanks, I don't mind," said Gus, airily. "Here's half, then."

Cotton left his friend's room considerably puzzled, but when he came next night with his books for his old jackal's attentions as before, he was more than puzzled, for Gus said: "Can give you half an hour, Jim."

"We won't be able to screw up enough for Merishall in that time, old man."

"Then you'll have to do the rest yourself, Jim. I'm not going to piffle about any more."

"Oh, don't be an ass, Gus! I've heard that footle before," said Cotton, with his heavy selfishness.

"Not quite, old cock, for this time I mean what I say."

"Oh, no, you don't!"

"Oh, yes, I do!"

"You wouldn't leave a fellow in the lurch like this after all I——"

"I was left in the lurch last term, Jim, my boy, and I'd rather you had a taste of it this go. Do you remember when old Corker was savaging me before all the school?"

The ghost of a smile flitted over Cotton's lips as he said: "Rather!"

"The entire school, from the meanest fag up to Carr, was laughing at me, and, by Jove! Jim, your laugh was the loudest and longest."

"It was your tips I was thinking of, and Corker's frothing through your list of names," said Cotton apologetically.

"All right," said Todd, acidly. "If you had left me alone I wouldn't have wanted those tips, and as for my names I did not christen myself. If you want half an hour to shake out your work roughly I'll do it, but I can't do more, Jim, honour bright."

"I don't want *that*!" said Cotton angrily, gathering up his books.

"Am deucedly glad you don't. And here, Jim, is the other half of the money. Since I'm not obliging you in any way, why should you me?"

"You're logical, Todd, at any rate," said Jim, with half a sneer.

"Didn't know you could spot logic when you heard it, Cotton," said Gus, with an equal amount of acid, and yet good-naturedly too.

"I suppose I clean you out?"

"You do. I've got a shilling to look at when you've taken up that heap."

"Is that your last word?"

"It is, but there's no need to quarrel—we're as we were before I began to take your hire, Jim."

"Not quite," said Cotton, who was hit by Gus's decision. "I'll leave you to your odd shilling and your forsaken tips." He stumped off to his own room, and called Todd pet names till bedtime. What made Cotton so angry was that, deep down in his own mind, he knew that Gus was about to do a sensible and a manly thing, and just because he himself was going to suffer by it he had not moral courage enough to speak out openly his better mind.

But Gus, smiling at Cotton's bad temper, took out his books, drew up a scheme for study, bolted his door, and commenced to work. He slacked off when the bell went half an hour before lights out, and spent the time left him in boring a hole in his solitary shilling. He then slipped it on his watch-guard, prepared boldly to face a term of ten weeks without a stiver.

CHAPTER X.

"EASY IS THE DOWNWARD ROAD."

AIDED by Raffles of Rotherhithe young Bourne went royally through half the rules of the school. He called the tune to that extent. In the first place, one may believe that when he called in the aid of that horsey gentleman he had no further idea in his head than that of passing away those dull half hours which Hill inflicted upon him.

But, like many a wiser man, young Bourne found it was easier to conjure up a spirit than to lay one, and having once accepted the aid of Raffles, he found it beyond his power to dispense with it, despite his brave word. So, unheedful of his brother's advice, he not merely put his innocent feet into the stream of forbidden pleasures, but waded in whole-heartedly up to the chin.

Raffles, as promised, turned up on the next occasion provided with a ferret and a gun, and all difficulties were smoothed over with the farmer. Thus Jack Bourne took his post as the noble British sportsman just behind the Lodestone Moat, whilst Raffles with his ferret worked the bank, which was honey-combed with rabbit holes. As the rabbits scurried out before the ferret, Jack blazed away noisily, and occasionally he had the pleasure of seeing a rabbit turning a somersault as it made its last bound. Certainly, Jack was not a dead shot, but when he contemplated the slain lying stark on the flanks of the bank, he felt the throaty joy of the slaughtering British schoolboy. He counted out to his worthy henchman four sixpences for the four slain with all the pride of the elephant hunter paying his beaters yards of brass wire and calico. Raffles was properly grateful, of course.

Then, as their acquaintance progressed, there were little competitions between Jack and Raffles at artificial pigeon shooting, Raffles having fixed up the apparatus, and Jack, from the 25yds. mark occasionally winged his clay pigeon. It was very good sport in Jack's opinion. Further, that little "'ouse" which Raffles knew of also soon made the acquaintance of Jack, and he and Raffles on rainy

"FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI."

afternoons snatched the fearful joys of hasty "hundreds up" or "fifties up," just as time allowed. Jack did not find the cue quite so sticky nor the charms of stale tobacco quite so unlovely as he had expected. The landlord who marked for the two worthies told our young gentleman that he had "a pretty 'and for the long jenny," and Jack felt he could not do less than order a little of his favourite beverage in return for his good opinion. And thus as ever. Under the expert tuition of Raffles, Jack became a little more of a "man" every day, and a little less of a decent fellow. He smoked, he could call for a "small port" in quite an off-hand fashion, he had played "shell out" with loafers at the little "'ouse," and he began to know a little more of betting, "gee-gees," and other kindred matters, than an average young fellow should know.

"*Facilis descensus Averni*"—you know the old tag.

By insensible gradations Jack Bourne found himself with a ruin of broken rules behind him, and still tied to the chariot wheels of Raffles, who dragged him wherever he would. Jack's pockets, too, began to feel the drain, but luckily—or unluckily, if you look at it properly—he was rather flush this term, and as he had more than the usual allowance he was not so used up as he might have been.

One thing bothered Jack, though he did not exactly put the idea that worried him into words. There was not much fun *really* in this shooting, billiards, etc., since Jack broke all the rules alone. Now if Poulett, or Wilson, or Rogers, or Grim had been with him that would have been jolly. Besides that, since he could give his old chums so precious little of his time, and had perforce to head them off when they offered to bear him company on half-holidays, they called him many choice names.

"I hear they sample all the public-houses between here and Westcote," said Rogers. "Look what a dissipated eye Mr. Bourne's got."

"Yours will soon be groggy, Rogers, my pet, though you are cock of your beastly water lilies." After Sharpe's memorable poem Biffen's house were always "water lilies" to the rest of St. Amory's.

"Ah?" said Poulett, "Jack carries Acton's notes to some yellow-haired dolly down at Westcote. She gives him milk whilst he's waiting for the answer."

"Go and poach eggs, Poulett."

"Don't do anything too mean, dear Jack, so that you'll make us blush for you."

"Keep Acton out of mischief, Jack, remember he's only a poor forsaken monitor. Show him the ropes."

"Good-bye, you chaps," said Jack, hopping on his bike, "here's Acton coming." The two would then pedal the well-known road to the Lodestone, and the elevating company of the Coon and Raffles.

"Don't let Raffles bore you, young 'un," said Acton to Bourne one day as the owner of Warmint hove in sight. "Make him useful, but keep out of mischief."

Jack, had he thought about the matter, might have reasonably asked Acton how he could make Raffles useful and yet keep out of mischief, but the Coon appearing at the stable door in all the glory of a fur-lined coat, with a foot of fur round the collar and half-a-foot round the sleeves, and a bigger cigar than ever in his mouth, drove Jack's thoughts in another direction.

Acton had really made marvellous progress under the Coon's coaching, and as Jack watched the usual concluding three rounds, he was puzzled in his own mind as to who could hold a candle up to his friend. This particular afternoon was to be the final appearance of the Coon, who was going to figure shortly as principal in some contest at Covent Garden, and Jack determined to miss no opportunity of catching the last wrinkles of the great professor's skill. Therefore, instead of sallying out as usual halfway through the performance in the stable he sat on the corn chest until Hill came in.

"Good-bye, Coon! Hope you come off all right in your turn-up."

"Good-bye, sir! Hope I'll train you when you start for the Heavy."

"I'll give you the chance if I do. Come along, Raffles."

When they were outside Jack said, "By the way, Raffles, this will be your last appearance down here too, eh?"

"I suppose so," said Raffles, "unless you make it worth my while to come down entirely on your account."

"H'm, no," said Jack. "I'm deucedly short now, and when I've paid for the last fifty cartridges, and the last rabbits, I'll be still shorter."

"Let it stand over, sir."

"No," said Jack. "I've had the fun, and I'll pay, of course. Let's have a last dozen pigeons at the 25yds. rise."

Secretly, Jack was rather glad that Raffles' *rôle* of entertainer was finished; for his stolen pleasures had lost a considerable part of their original sweetness, and their cost *was* heavy. It would be quite a change, too, to get back to Grim and the others, and be the ordinary common or garden sort of fellow again.

Raffles went and wound up the throwing apparatus, and set the clay pigeon on the rest. Jack took his breech-loader, raised it to the shoulder, and said, "Ready!" Raffles pulled the string, the dummy bird rocketed up, and Jack pressed the trigger.

For one second afterwards Jack did not rightly know what had happened. There was a blinding flash before his eyes, a-something tore off his hat, and something stung his cheeks like spirts of scalding water. His left hand felt numb and dead. This all happened in the fraction of a moment.

Jack looked at the gun in stupid wonder. The breech was clean blown out! With a groan of horror, he dropped the gun. He realised that he had escaped death by a miracle. He put up his right hand to his face, which felt on fire, and stared blankly at Raffles.

That worthy was scared out of his wits; but when he saw Jack was more or less alive, he managed to jerk out:—

"That was a squeak, young shaver. Hurt any?"

"Don't know," said Jack, blankly.

Raffles anxiously examined him, and it was with no end of relief he said: "Clean bill, sir—bar those flecks of powder on your cheek. Considering—well you're—we're—lucky."

"Rather," said Jack, dizzily. "That's my hat, isn't it?"

Yards away was Jack's "straw," and Raffles brought it. His face was white—white above a bit. There was a clean cut through the brim, and a neat, straightforward tear-out of an inch or so of the front just above the crest.

"Well," said Raffles, looking narrowly at that business-like damage to the hat. "All I can say is you're lucky."

"Lucky! Yes," said Jack. "I suppose I'd better go. Let's have the thing. An inch lower down, and I'd have had that piece of barrel in my head—or through it. It wants thinking over."

"I suppose, sir, you're going to——"

"Oh, the cash you mean! Eh?"

ACTON HAD REALLY MADE MARVELLOUS PROGRESS UNDER THE COON'S COACHING.

"Yes, that was my meaning."

"Your cash will be all right, man. Come down for it on Friday—can't you?"

"How if I can't, young shaver?" said Raffles, of Rotherhithe.

"Then do without it! Anyhow, I'm going now—I'm too sick."

"All right," said Raffles, sulkily. "On Thursday."

Jack, without another word, stumbled across the fields into the farmyard, and luckily found Acton ready for home. He shakily dropped into his saddle; and, with a mind pretty busy, he tailed wearily after Acton to St. Amory's.

After tea that day Acton went down to the farm *solus*, not having, as you will presently see, any need of Jack's company, even if Bourne had felt any desire to accompany him, which he didn't.

The monitor tinkled his bell, and in answer to the ringing Raffles lounged out of a barn, the inseparable Warmint trotting at his master's heels.

"Suppose we'd better go into the stable, Raffles."

The odour of the Coon's afternoon cigar still hung about the place, and the stable was half dark, but as Acton had an idea that his conversation with Raffles would not be a short one, and the night was rather cold, they went in.

"Fire away, Raffles. Start at the beginning."

"Very good, sir," said Raffles, seating himself on the corn chest. "Agreeable to instructions received from Mr. Acting ——"

"Acton," suggested that gentleman.

"Acting — I said so, didn't I? Very well! Agreeable to instructions received from you, sir, I prepared——"

"Don't be so beastly legal, you ass!"

"Let a cove tell 'is tale 'is own way, sir. We'll get on better like that. As I was going to say, following your tip, I prepared to show that young shaver, Bourne, a few things which as you told me he ought not to know of, and to do a few things which you told me he ought not to do —in fact, to put him on the way of breakin' every blessed rule that that beak of your school 'as drawn up for the guidance of the youth and the beauties under 'is and. What's the name of the beak, sir?'

"Oh, Moore!" said Acton impatiently.

"The young shaver spoke of 'im different."

"Corker, perhaps," said Acton.

"That's it," continued Raffles. "Well, Corker 'asn't got a thoroughbred greenhorn in Bourne, Mr. Acting."

"No. Young Bourne's head is on his shoulders, more or less. Get on."

"Well, we opened the ball with a little bunny shootin', for he couldn't stand Warmint's workin' among the rats. He shoots moderate straight, so I doctored his cartridges, or he'd have cleared out the bank. Not more than two in the half-dozen, sir. And then he couldn't understand it. What might Corker say to the bunnies, sir?"

"Oh, a thrashing, perhaps, and a stringing up for the rest of the term."

"We went to the 'Blue Cow' on wet days. Billiards, beer, and 'bacey, Mr. Acting, was the true bill there. What's the law on those fancy articles?"

"A thrashing for first course, and *etceteras* which you wouldn't understand."

"Well, he's earned 'em. We couldn't do any betting on the horses, since the Lincolnshire Handicap is not in sight yet, but he fluttered a little on the Sporting Club matches; and he was lucky — more than ordinary."

"You didn't wing him there, then?"

"Nothing to speak of. He may have dropped half a sov. altogether, but I doubt it."

"Then Raffles, you're a fool. Do you think I brought you down here to be moral instructor to young Bourne, you grey old badger? Couldn't you bag an innocent of sixteen or so? Besides, what the deuce do you mean by tipping me the wink as Bourne and I used to get on our 'bikes'? You always did it and I thought you were winding up the youngster hand over hand."

"Them winks," said Raffles, diplomatically, "was meant to show that I was moving, moving slow but sure. You've observed, Mr. Acting, yourself, as 'ow the young shaver had a head on 'is shoulders."

"Yes, but I didn't bargain for your's being off your shoulders."

"Well, what with bunnies, cartridges, and the 'Blue Cow,' and the other extras, he is about cleaned out now."

"Cleaned out!" said Acton, with intense irritation. "That's not what I wanted. I told you distinctly that I must have him five pounds deep at the least. How can I engineer my schemes if my sharpers can't cut? You'll look blue,

THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH BEFORE HIS EYES.

Raffles, when I settle your account, take my word for it."

"Not quite so quick off the mark, Mr. Acting. What do you value this piece of ironmongery at?"

Raffles fished up the gun which had burst in Jack's hands that afternoon from behind the corn chest and held it up to the light.

"A burst gun!" said Acton. "It's worth throwing away, no more."

"It was worth this morning, say fifteen bob, before Bourne blew its ribs out."

"Jove!" said Acton, "let me handle the thing." He looked at the torn breech and whistled with involuntary horror. "Much of a squeak, Raffles?"

"Touch and go, sir. He'll never be nearer pegging out than he was this afternoon; for he scraped the gates of his family buryin' place, in a manner of speakin.' It went clean through his hat—rim and crown."

"Did he know his luck?"

"Nobody better."

"He looked more than average queer as we trotted home. I thought he was digesting your little bill, Raffles."

"No; he only owes me a matter of shillin's. But I could say that I ticketed the gun at £5 or £6, when the old shooter wasn't worth——"

"Fifteen bob," said Acton, looking at the worn barrel.

"See where I have—where you have—the youngster tied neatly up? He owes me—or you—seven, eight, nine pounds, or any fancy figure I—or you—like to mention for that old piece of iron there."

"Raffles, we're in luck! Luck, it's served me better than all your downy work."

"It has," said that bright specimen of humanity, regretfully. "I can't pretend that I'd any hand in the blowing out of them blessed barrels."

"All right, Raffles; don't weep. You'd have done it, of course, if you'd thought about it," said Acton, with a curious sneer; "but this is my plan—as far as you're concerned. When young Bourne comes, you're to ask for £7 10s. And you're to be an adamantine Jew—you're to have the money instanter, or there'll be a rumpus."

"I twig. Make it seven guineas, though," said Raffles, generously.

"Seven guineas! So be it. You can suggest that unless you get the cash you would see Moore."

"Corker, D.D.? I'm on."

"Or Bourne, senior."

"The shaver's brother. I'm tumbling to the dodge."

"Bourne will curl up at this."

"Naturally."

"But you're still the blood-thirsty Jew."

"Moses, and Aaron, and the rest."

"You'll suggest at last that I be tackled for a loan."

"And you'll lend it him!" said Raffles, with an unspeakable leer.

"The business wants careful handling, remember. Young Bourne will think twice about borrowing, and, perhaps, if he could keep me out of it, would stand your racket, or Corker's either. So drive him lightly."

"You'll see him on the borrowing tack to-morrow, Mr. Acting."

"And the rest is my business."

"Where do I come in?"

"You can cleave to the seven guineas—if you earn 'em."

"Seven pounds ten, Mr. Acton."

"Seven pound seven, Mr. Raffles. Your own proposal."

"Orl right," said Raffles, resignedly. "I think I know them ropes."

"Good!" said Acton. "Then you can scuttle now to Rotherhithe, or where the deuce else you like. I'm off."

Acton wheeled out his bicycle and melted into the gathering dark, and his jackal lurched off to the station and reached Rotherhithe to dream of his seven guineas which he was going to get. Raffles felt sure of those seven guineas.

Fred M. Swanson

(To be continued.)

The Horse of the XXth Century

THE LARGEST MOTOR CAR RUNNING.
This is the first of the motor-omnibuses that are now running on the London streets.

By BASSETT HASTINGS.

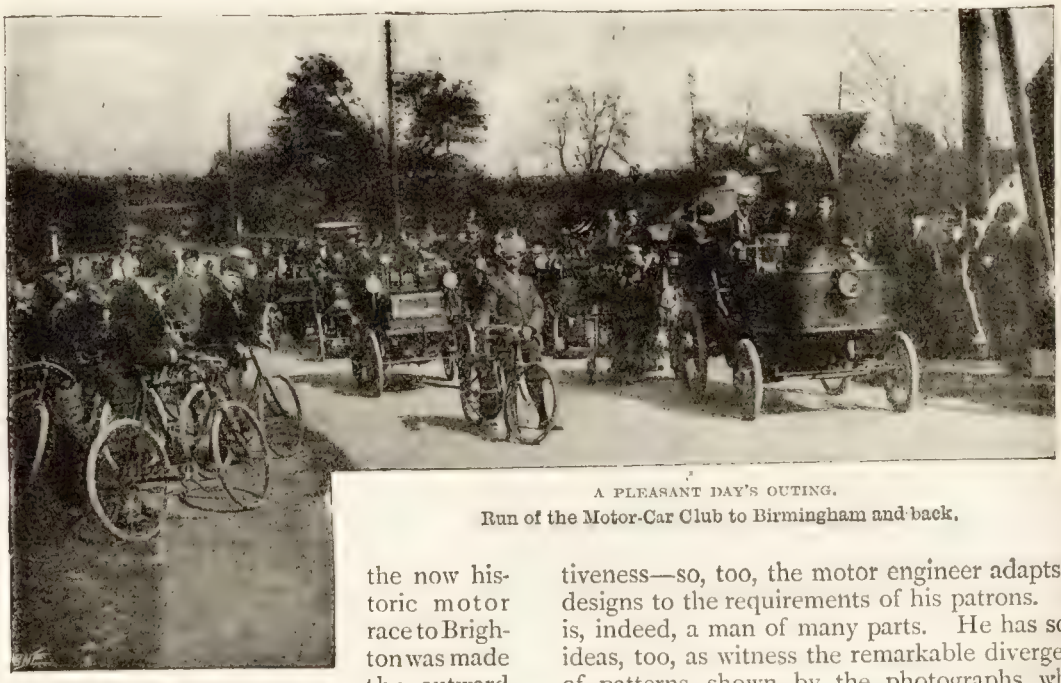
So far as the calendar is concerned, the lapse of time between November, 1896, and the present month will hardly strike one as being anything phenomenal. In the world of motordom, however, a year or two is a long time. Although it is little more than three years since the motor-car made its first public appearance in "merrie England," it must not be imagined that motordom has been content to stand still in the interim.

THIS CELEBRATED FRENCH "FLIER" HAS OFTEN RUN AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

It is the peculiar function of motor-cars and motor-cycles to make rings round all existing and antiquated methods of locomotion; and motor men, like their own machines, are not given to letting the grass grow under their feet. No doubt I shall here be met with the very pertinent remark that motor-cars do not possess feet. My reply shall be equally pertinent. If motor-cars have no feet, why do some of them wear shoes? But of that more anon.

To return to our moters. It was on Lord Mayor's Day, 1896 that the first motor-car defied the traditions of Gog and Magog by ambling gently round the city precincts and proving to an extremely appreciative audience that "another Richmond" had indeed entered the field against horsed vehicular traffic.

Then followed "Emancipation Day," when



A PLEASANT DAY'S OUTING.
Run of the Motor-Car Club to Birmingham and back.

the now historic motor race to Brighton was made the outward and visible sign of the first day's operation of the "Locomotives on Highways Act, 1896." By this Act, light locomotives (or motor-cars) of less than three tons weight were, for the first time in British history, allowed to run at their own sweet will. No longer were they to meekly follow, traction engine wise, a man with a red rag—an individual who was occasionally capable of an extreme speed of four miles an hour, but generally speaking was not. Henceforth motors were emancipated.

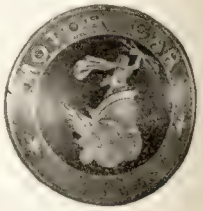
Since that historic event nothing has been more characteristic of the go-ahead spirit of the horseless vehicle than the rate at which it has increased and multiplied in all directions. Happily, too—although, owing to our old-fashioned prejudices, there was absolutely no scope for a motor industry in England previous to 1896, and the majority of the early cars were consequently of foreign manufacture—we Britishers have now every reason to be hopeful of the present state of motordom. The British engineer is fast rising to the occasion, and to-day some of the finest motor-cars, carriers, and cycles in the world are to be seen at those famous centres of the British cycle industry—Coventry and Holborn Viaduct.

In precisely the same way that a locomotive engineer builds his engines, according to the work for which they will eventually be destined—from the heavy but powerful "goods" engine and the noble "fliers" that are to haul his expresses, down to the tiny shunting "terrier," whose chief utility lies in its very diminutiveness—so, too, the motor engineer adapts his designs to the requirements of his patrons. He is, indeed, a man of many parts. He has some ideas, too, as witness the remarkable divergence of patterns shown by the photographs which adorn this article.

Of these, perhaps the most remarkable in appearance is that of the motor-van, belonging to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, the world-famous Strand booksellers and newsagents.

This unique-looking van hails from Cowes, Isle of Wight. So, too, does its engineer, Mr. Dunday, who is high in praise of the mechanism he tends with such evident care. Painted a bright red, it is from the rear not unlike an ordinary mail van; but as soon as one walks round to admire the horses the semblance vanishes.

In place of the effete equine there is snugly stowed away, in a manner that, to quote Lord Dundreary, "No fellah can understand," a powerful little steam motor of twenty-three indicated horse-power. This is sufficient to propel considerably upwards of four tons of van and books at an easy twelve miles an hour in the open country. Needless to say, when in London, the exigencies of the traffic generally reduce this pace to the "statutory eight."



BADGE OF MOTOR-CAR CLUB.

Once clear of the bricks and mortar, however, she is "given her head," and —well, it would require a bold man in blue to rein his horse across the road in front of four tons of literature and motor at twelve miles an hour. So far, however, the only serious obstacle the leviathan has encountered

THE SMALLEST MOTOR MADE.

A cycle which is warranted to give "hangers-on" a bad time. It will take you along at twenty-five miles an hour with ease.

was a cab. They met on Ludgate Hill, and their first and only round resulted in an easy win for the motor.

The work that the motor gets through is only equalled by the inexpensiveness of its "keep." In London alone it is the means of supplying all the railway termini with the majority of their literary wares, whilst the monotony of the London streets is not infrequently changed for the breezy lanes of Middlesex, and even those of Hertfordshire—a recent run to the county town of the latter being easily accomplished in slightly above two hours, over a course of fully twenty-five miles.

Working at the phenomenal pressure of 225lbs. of steam to the square inch, the machine will readily mount gradients of 1 in 5, the average expenditure of petroleum for fuel being about two gallons per hour. As petroleum, when bought in bulk, can be procured for something like 4½d. per gallon, it will be seen that a total expenditure of 1s. is sufficient to transport between two and three tons of books and newspapers a distance of from eight to twelve miles.

The first cost of a motor of this description is about £550, and its hauling capacity is about equal to that of three horses for short distances. Over longer distances, however, it possesses, in common with most other motors, a quality of which neither man nor beast, cyclist nor cart-horse, has yet learnt the secret. Do what one will to it, *the motor will not get tired;* and whether its journey is to be five miles or fifty, the driver is safe alike from the reproaches of his own conscience and the vigilance of the S.P.C.A.

Of the other motors illustrated, the tandem motor pacing machine, despite its diminutive motor, has nevertheless been invaluable to the record breakers. With a possible speed of forty miles an hour, it can easily give them the highest pace they are likely to call for, and still have a little bit in hand.

Another form of pacing machine, which can be ridden either upon the road or track, is the petrol motor tricycle. It is very speedy. Mounted upon one of these remarkable machines, Mr. C. Jarrott, of the Motor-Car Club, covered five miles in the phenomenal time of 8mins. 22secs., whilst racing against Mr. C. G. Wridgway at the Crystal Palace track, on the occasion of the M.C.C. meet on May 6th last.

When it is remembered that this speed, which is equivalent to a shade under thirty-six miles an hour, was attained upon a three-lap track—the corners of which are extremely difficult to negotiate upon a tricycle—and not upon a straightforward course, the merit of the performance, both of rider and machine, will appeal to everyone who has "triked" round a sloping bank at full speed.

The motor omnibus, although naturally not so speedy as the lighter forms of motors, will nevertheless be more than a match for the present horse omnibus. Not only is it capable of a speed of twelve miles an hour, but it can be readily started and stopped within the space of a few feet. Its original cost is about £700,

A MOTOR PACER.

Electric tandem motor pacing machine at the Catford cycle track, which has assisted many a record-breaker.

and, running expenses being extremely light, it should speedily repay the enterprising company which has recently placed it upon the London streets.

The De Dion motor safety bicycle, not the least advantage of which lies in its suitability for either a lady or gentleman rider, costs about £50. It has run from Coventry to Southampton (186 miles) in a day, and from the former town to London (ninety miles) well under seven hours. The "Victoria," too, travels well when one considers its weight and the number of its passengers. With its speed of sixteen miles an hour it could easily make rings round the fastest dog cart. Its cost is about £350.

THE VICTORIA OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
This is how we shall pay our afternoon calls very shortly.

In the matter of motor tyres, rubber is the substance most frequently employed; the cycles and many of the pleasure motors being shod pneumatically, whilst others are content with the ordinary "cushion" type of tyre.

One of the most ingenious forms of tyre for heavy traffic is that fitted to the wheels of

FREDERIC W. BAILY.
Hon. Sec. of the Motor-Car Club.

Messrs. Smith's van. These have their thick rubber cushions covered with a number of movable three-sided iron plates (technically known as "shoes"), which are clinched upon the rim in such a manner that whilst their outer sides protect the rubber tyres from the wear and tear of direct contact with the road, their inner sides, by impinging upon the rubber cushion, reduce to a minimum the vibration which is always produced by the employment of solid iron tyres upon uneven roads.

In the matter of speed, we have still a great deal to learn from France, where every encouragement is given to the motor industry. Not only is the French mechanic more scientific than his British competitor, and therefore fully capable of taking that scientific interest in his work that the motor-car demands of its constructors, but the greater explosive energy of French petrol, and the encouragement given by the far-sighted French authorities to speed tests upon the road, all tend to make the French cars faster than the British.

For instance, in April, 1899, when the annual criterium for light motor-cycles of under 200 kilos in weight was run off upon the 100-kilomètre road from Etampes to Chartres and back, the winner, Teste, mounted upon a De Dion tricycle, covered the sixty-two miles of give-and-take course in 116mins., or at the average speed of upwards of thirty-one miles an hour.

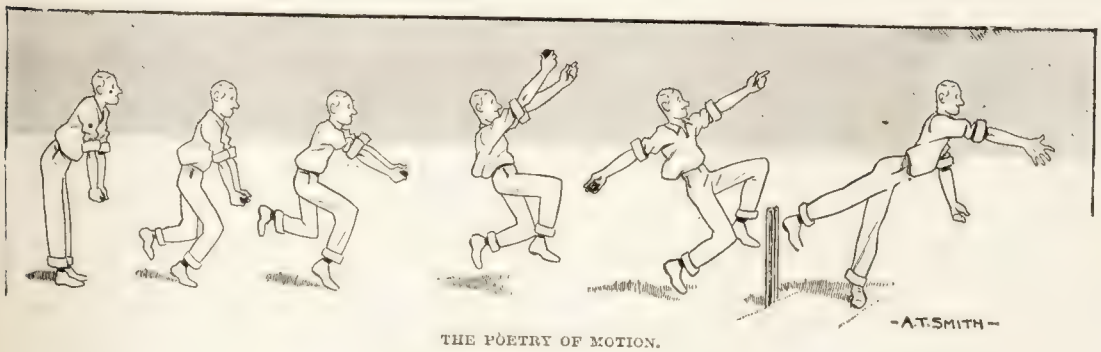
Even over far longer distances, the speeds have been by no means inconsiderable. The historic Paris to Bordeaux and back race—distance 720 miles—was covered by the late M. Levassor (of the great motor building firm of Panhard & Levassor) at an average speed throughout, both by day and night alike, of upwards of twenty miles an hour. Similarly, the Paris to Marseilles and back race, a distance of 1,050 miles, was won by a car travelling at a like speed; whilst, in order to secure a still more severe test, the Automobile Club of Paris has been discussing the two-thousand-mile course from Paris to St. Petersburg as a possible distance for the present year's championship.

Naturally enough, these competitions have long since found out the weak points of the competing cars; the result being that the majority of them, such as the Daimler cars, De Dion tricycles, and Bollée tandem cycles are now as near perfection as can be expected of mechanism made by mortal man.

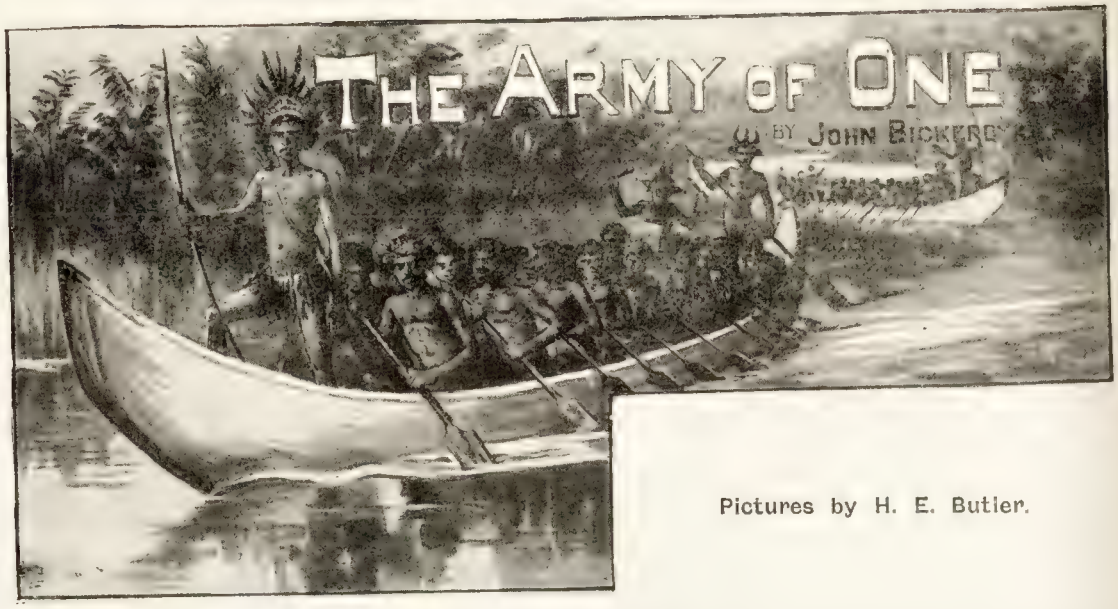
For instance, that well-known motorist, Mr. Sturmey, editor of the *Autocar*, has taken one of the Daimler cars from John o' Groats to Land's End, over a most trying route, measuring 1,600 miles, without a hitch. The car in question, which is of four-horse power, and cost £370, carried two people, 2cwt. of luggage, four gallons of oil, and sixteen gallons of water, besides occasional additional passengers taken up en route, *for a total cost of less than ¾d. per mile.* The speed throughout the whole journey averaged twelve miles an hour. Each charge of oil was sufficient to take the car a distance of sixty miles, whilst the remarkable saving in stabling expenses, as compared with those incurred with horses, formed not the least potent argument in favour of the horseless carriage.

Just one more example of the motor-car's tremendous strength. A Daimler car was recently driven to the summit of the Worcestershire Beacon by the Hon. Evelyn Ellis. The practical value of this test will best be realised when it is stated that the car carried five passengers, ascended the first 800ft. in 23mins., and successfully completed the remaining 1,800yds. at a somewhat slower speed, notwithstanding that the gradient was frequently as steep as 1ft. in 4½ft.

A MOTOR MEET ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



THE POETRY OF MOTION.



Pictures by H. E. Butler.

THE major told me this story on the Thames one evening while we were evading a summer shower under the noble clump of over-hanging beech trees by Moulsford Ferry. It is difficult to say what brought Sierra Leone into his ardent-faced, bald, old head—the surroundings hardly suggested the subject. Swifts were darting by, picking up in their flight the unfortunate mayflies, which, like us, were taking advantage of the umbrageous shelter. The meadows skirting the river were golden with king-cups, among which the squire's red cattle grazed, making useful spots of colour for the artist on the towing-path, who, crouching beneath his white umbrella, sought to defend his newly-painted canvas from the persistent rain-drops.

There were three laughing, merry-faced boys in a skiff beneath the boughs, and one of these offered the old warrior a cup of tea. Now, if there is one thing the major hates more than another, it is tea, and, maybe thinking the lads were making fun of him, he became irritated, and perhaps turned to Sierra Leone for an agreeable change of subject.

"It's wonderful what the British army can do," said he meditatively, as he watched the smoke from his cigar curling among the pale green beech leaves.

I bowed my head approvingly. It is a rule in our house always to agree with the old soldier, for he is not only impatient of argument, but Albert's godfather; and we shrewdly suspect that the ruby eyes of a certain idol which disappeared during the Indian Mutiny, in the course of a night attack led by our old friend, are now duly invested in consols, and may some day fall to the share of our darling boy. So, as I have said, we always agree with the major, and even assume an evergreen interest in his well-worn tiger stories.

"I was thinking of Sierra Leone," said he. "Did I ever tell you how a 'mean white' saved Maria and me from two canoe loads of howling niggers? He did a doosed impudent thing, but if it hadn't been for him I should not be sitting under these trees telling you the story. It must have been in sixty——. Hang me if I haven't forgotten the date! Any way, it's a long time ago. I had had an attack of fever, and Maria had caught it nursing me" (Maria was the first Mrs. MacMincer). "We were getting convalescent, so I asked leave to go on a shooting expedition to the other side of a creek, about thirty miles away from our camp. We had cleared the country of niggers for fifty miles or more, and shot an old scoundrel of a king whose chief amusement appeared to be cutting off the noses and ears of his subjects, bleeding them to death, and putting them on a bonfire before they had quite pegged out.

"The colonel, old O'Gorman, wanted to send some men with us, but I would not hear of it. I wanted to be quiet. We did the journey in the small hours of a hot, steamy morning, and about nine o'clock came to a little shanty, put up by some of 'ours' who had once encamped there for

shooting—about as dreary a place as your could wish to see. Sluggish, muddy water came flowing down the creek; sand-hills stretched away for miles along the coast, and between these and the forest was a line of low, scrubby bushes. There was no human habitation in sight, except a little wooden lighthouse built on a spit of sand. In it was a poor half-cast girl, dying of consumption, pining away for love of a sailor who had gone off on a man-o'-war. I'll tell you her story another time. She wasn't half a bad sort. If it hadn't been for her I believe we should have starved, for there was next to nothing to shoot, and she brought us eggs, and fruits, and things, which kept us going. It was fortunate she was there, because the journey proved too much for Maria, who got very ill, and the only other soul in the hut—and he slept outside it in a tent—was Tom Highlands, the 'mean white' I mentioned just now."

The major hates to be interrupted in his story, but I ventured to ask him what was a "mean white."

"A mean white," said the old soldier, "is a descendant of English people who were kidnapped and sent out to the plantations in the seventeenth century. Many of them married natives. If you had a grudge against a man you shipped him off one dark night. There were in my time a large number of persons, grandchildren or great-grandchildren of these poor wretches, who were working in the plantations at Barbadoes like niggers. Tom was one of them—a rum-looking fellow, with a huge body and a very small head. He was never so happy as when wearing an old cast-off red tunic and playing at being a soldier.

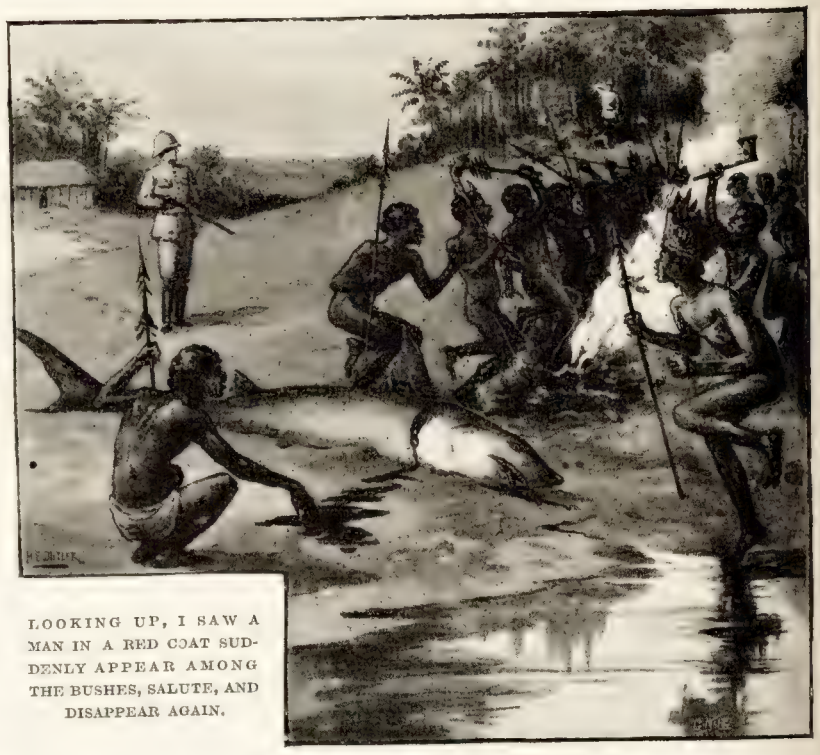
"We were beginning to think Agony Camp, as the place had been named, one of the dullest holes in creation, when we had a little bit of excitement which lasted me for some time, I can tell you. It must have been about the tenth day after our arrival. Maria was in bed, and I was returning to the hut, gun on shoulder, but nothing in my game bag, when I saw something alive in the creek. I was just thinking of stalking it when I made it out to be the head of a white man, who was swimming across. Of course, I hurried down to meet him, and piloted him through the mud. He touched the shore just in time. A long, dark snout came out of the water within a foot of his leg. In fact, I may say I saved him, for he didn't see the beast, and was coming out slowly, puffing and panting like a grampus. He was a fat, flabby, white-faced man, with sandy whiskers. He said something in German, but found I could not understand it, and then tried broken English, which was not much more to the purpose. The first thing I made out was that he was in a deuce of a hurry to press forward, and the next, that there were a lot of niggers after him. He had been trading at one of their villages up the creek, and got into some trouble in connection with the King's domestic arrangements. Well, the niggers were after him, he said, fully rigged out for war, with a witch-doctor to lead them, and goodness only knows what else besides."

"The position was rather serious, for the two of us could not well fight a whole tribe; so I lent the German a compass, and told him to make the best of his way up to Sierra Leone and send us assistance, hoping that I and Tom Highlands would be able to hold the hut until he returned. If Maria had been well enough we should all have

A LONG DARK SNOUT CAME OUT OF THE WATER WITHIN A FOOT OF HIS LEG.

gone together; but it was impossible to move her, as she wasn't strong enough to sit on a horse. So the chap went off, looking very white, wobbling his flabby cheeks as he trotted over the sand-hills, and leaving a trail behind him as the water dripped off his check shirt.

"When the fellow was out of sight I held a council of war with Tom. He advised against shutting ourselves up in the hut, for we should be certain to get roasted out as soon as our ammunition was exhausted. The best way, he thought, was to try and propitiate the niggers with presents, and start them off in the wrong direction after the German.



LOOKING UP, I SAW A MAN IN A RED COAT SUDDENLY APPEAR AMONG THE BUSHES, SALUTE, AND DISAPPEAR AGAIN.

"Well, we waited very anxiously to see what would happen, and about two hours later began to hear the sound of distant drum-beating and yells. This got gradually louder and louder, and at last the prow of a large war-canoe crammed with blacks showed round the point. There were about thirty of them in it, and I was calculating whether Tom and I could manage the lot with my revolver and rifle before they reached the shore, when there appeared a second canoe, larger than the first, which was towing a half-dead shark behind it. I suppose the brute had got stranded higher up the estuary, and these niggers had taken possession of it to prevent anyone else doing so. As soon as they had got out of the creek, and were about opposite the hut, they ran the canoe on shore and landed on the sand. There were about fifty of them, coal black, as naked as your hand, and carrying the most gruesome lot of spears and weapons I had ever seen. The chief—at least I suppose he was the chief, for he was bigger and uglier than any of them—had an immense head-dress, and some paint smeared about him. I was going down to meet them, but they seemed in no hurry to leave the shore. The first thing they did was to haul the shark on to the sand, and some of them danced round it while the rest made a fire. There was a white-haired old nigger, who was bent and shrivelled with age, who gave orders to the others. Tom said he was the witch-doctor, and that they were going to have a fetish dance, which would make them very wild. He thought I had better go down and stop it if possible.

"I am not ashamed to say that my heart thumped about under my shirt as I went up to that old scoundrel of a chief and made friendly signs to him. Their lingo was new to me, but I soon made out by his signs that he wanted to know where the German was. I tried to tell them they were on British soil, and that they must clear off higher up the coast if they wanted to have a fetish dance, but I don't think they understood me. Anyway they showed no inclination to move; so after I had pointed out the way the German didn't go, I left them to their devilries and went back to reassure Maria, who had heard the yelling and drum beatings. I found the girl from the lighthouse in the hut. She was soothing Maria with the information that the niggers were all man-eaters, the worst tribe in the district, and that she and a few other local blacks would hide in the bush until the savages had cleared off. Maria asked me not to leave her, so I watched our visitors on the shore through a field-glass. I whistled in vain for Tom, and, I am now sorry to confess, called him a scoundrel for having deserted us in such an hour of danger, more particularly as I found he had carried off my revolver. Through my glass I could see the niggers cutting up the shark and dabbing their hands about their

bodies, dancing like wild things round the fire, while the witch-doctor waved his arms about and seemed to be performing some sort of ceremony. I stopped at the window for a long time, but the sight of those demons put my back up so that I couldn't stand it any longer, so taking my rifle and a pocket full of cartridges I went towards them, determined to pick off a few. Of course, it was a mad thing to do, but there seemed no chance of assistance coming from Sierra Leone in time to save us, and I thought I might possibly put them to flight if I engaged them before the witch-doctor had worked them up to a regular state of madness, when it would be certain death for any white man or woman they came across. Well, I marched down about half-way to the shark, when the witch-doctor spotted me, and began acting more like a lunatic than ever. I had just sighted my rifle for 150 yards, when I heard crack! crack! crack! crack! in the direction of the forest, and, looking up, saw a man in a red coat suddenly appear among the bushes, salute, and disappear again. It was Tom Highlands. There was no mistaking his burly body and little head.

"Two or three minutes later there was another small volley, and then Tom appeared about fifty yards further on among the bushes, saluted, turned on his heel, and was hidden from sight. The niggers, hearing the firing, stopped their dancing, and stood staring into the bush. As a matter of fact, I was as much puzzled as they were. For a few minutes nothing further happened, except that the savages crowded together, talking and gesticulating, now and again pointing at me, and then at the bush. At the end of a few minutes there was another small volley. Again the red coat appeared, but this time at least two hundred yards nearer me. I couldn't make out what Tom Highlands was after, but he kept up this game for about half-an-hour, during which I squatted on the sand-hill with my rifle at full cock. The niggers became more and more agitated, and finally rushed to their canoes and paddled hastily away along the coast. I could not resist sending a shot after them, but I think it fell short, and perhaps it was a good thing. You see, the beggars thought a whole regiment of soldiers was coming, and that these were sentries, or advance guards, which kept popping out at different places in the bushes. It is an old theatrical trick, sending the same man on and off the stage repeatedly. As I said just now, it's wonderful what the British army can do, even when it consists of only one man; but wasn't it doosed impudent of Tom Highlands to personate the British army in that way?"

"And I suppose your men came down from Sierra Leone in the evening?" I said.

"Well, no," answered the major, rubbing his chin reflectively between his thumb and the knuckle of his first finger. "You see, the German never got up there. The niggers must have sent a detachment through the bush and cut him off. Hullo, the rain's over! I say, let's get away from this beastly smell of tea and bread and butter!"

SOME DOGS I HAVE KNOWN.

By Tom Browne.

THE PARISIAN DOG—A BIT OF A DANDY.

THE SMART DOG—AND A FAVOURITE WITH THE LADIES.

THE STAMPS OF CANADA.

"WE hold a vaster Empire than has been." When Sir Lewis Morris penned these words he had no idea that by means of a postage stamp they would become the language of thousands upon thousands of loyal British subjects scattered in all parts of the world. And yet no other single stamp of our Queen's reign has been more popular than the 2c. Imperial Canadian issue, nor has any other issue seen so prodigious and far-reaching a circulation.

DIAMOND JUBILEE

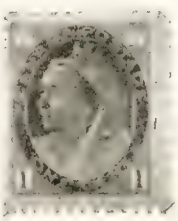
Everyone—especially the boy philatelist — is pleased with the Canadian "Map" stamp, and finds endless amusement in counting the red dots, and trying to solve such problems as why South Africa is entirely coloured red, and why our West African colonies, such as Gambia, Gold Coast, etc., have been pushed from *terra firma* into the Atlantic Ocean! As we are going to talk about Canadian stamps a little this month, it may be well to start backwards, and so we have the "Map" stamp right before us.

FIRST TYPE.

I think I have already mentioned that there are three distinct varieties of this stamp, constituted by the colours of the sea—lavender, blue, and blue-green — but Mr. Ewan, of British fame, has been making this stamp a special study, and has discovered that there are some legitimate varieties of type, and one or two actual errors.

Owing to the delicate nature of the red portions of this stamp, scarcely any two copies will be exactly alike, although there are more or less pronounced varieties, as mentioned.

During 1898 there were two distinct designs issued, both having for their main feature a very unattractive portrait of the Queen, altogether too large for the oval in which it is contained. Early in the year, this design was issued with a maple leaf in each of the four angles, but on complaints being received that the denominations were not readily distinguishable, the leaves in the lower angles were substituted by small white tablets bearing coloured figures of value. These latter are the stamps in use at the present time, and the values of both issues are as follows—½c., 1c., 2c., 3c., 5c., 6c., 8c., and 10c. I scarcely think any values of either issues can become really rare, although while they can be obtained at a small percentage over face value, the stamps of the first design are worth purchasing.


NUMERALS ADDED.

The Diamond Jubilee stamps of 1897 are among the handsomest stamps that have ever been issued. Here, again, the emblematic maple leaves figure around the two portraits of the Queen — one showing her as she appeared in the year of her accession to the throne; the other, a present-day portrait. The set includes stamps from 1c. to

$5, although young collectors will think themselves lucky if they secure all values up to 50c.

This issue should be worth more *used* than unused, as undoubtedly there was a raise-the-wind policy in their issue, and on this account collectors have been shy in investing anything like £3 7s. 6½d., the face value of the sixteen stamps comprising the issue, and for this reason it has hung fire, and is, I believe, still on sale concurrently with the small series. The ½c., 6c., and values from 8c. upwards should, in the course of time, prove good property *used*.

WIDOWHOOD.

Two of the prettiest stamps — ones having a touch of nature—are the 20c. and 50c. values of the 1892-93 issue. The design (see illustration) shows the Queen as a widow—the "Widow of Windsor." The same design has appeared on the stamps of Newfoundland. They have been and are extremely popular, and why the crude designs in use to-day should replace them we cannot understand. *Used*, these two stamps are well worth face value, and unused, in the course of time, they should become scarce.

The small series of stamps constituting the 1870-82 issues are chiefly remarkable for the length of time for which they remained in use, and the excellent profile of the Queen, looking to the right. This issue unused is rising in value, and, if possible, should be secured.

The 1868 issue, which is only a larger design of the subsequent small series, has been increasing in value, unused, for some time. The denominations are seven, ½c., 1c., 2c., 3c., 6c., 12½c., and 15c. Seven years' advance in market value is shown by the following table :—

	1893	1900		1893	1900
	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
1c.	1 3	2 6	6c.	1 0	4 6
2c.	0 9	2 6	12½c.	2 0	5 6
3c.	0 6	3 6	15c.	1 6	1 6

A large quantity of the 15c. remained on hand when the small series came into use, hence this value can be obtained to-day at double face value.

1870-82.

The early issues of the Dominion must not occupy much space. Suffice it to say that they are sound stock in fine condition, and are ever on the increase in value. The early "pence" issues are becoming extremely rare, and the 12d. stamp is now worth something like £100 unused, while a genuine used copy is almost unknown. The 6d. value is one of the only two stamps ever designed bearing a portrait of the Prince Consort.

Canada should be a strong country with young collectors. It is to this colony we owe the wide extensions of Imperialism, also one of the greatest boons ever granted to the public, the establishment of Imperial penny postage, commemorated by the stamp which is described at the commencement of these notes.

PHILATELISTS' WAR FUND.

I have already penned a few lines concerning the Philatelists' War Fund, by which stamp collectors were invited to send in gifts of stamps to be sold by public auction, the entire proceeds being devoted to the War Relief Fund. The auction is past, and as a result over £1,000 will accrue to the above-mentioned fund, bearing striking testimony to the patriotism of stamp collectors.

The catalogue included some 350 lots, the names of the donors being appended; the whole put together into a handsome cover, embellished with a portrait of the Queen, and the colours of the Royal Standard and the Union Jack.

Among the highest prices obtained, were, Tuscany, 3 lire, unused, £93. A set of Trinidad stamps, 1891, ½d., 1d., 2½d., 4d., 6d., 1s. and 5s.; all surcharged "9d."; one of four sets printed on February 23rd, 1891, in commemoration of H.R.H. the Duke of York's visit to the island. H.R.H. donated this set, and has the other three in his possession—£30.

Similar sales are announced to take place in Scotland and Manchester.

STAMPS IN POCKET-BOOK FORM.

The Post Office Department of the U.S.A. has just decided on a novel plan of issuing the stamp most generally in use—the 2c. These are in future to be obtainable in pocket-books, containing 360 stamps, in blocks of six, with a cover. This innovation might well be copied by our own Post Office.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

COLUMBIA (CARTAGENA).—Messrs. Bright & Son have sent me some additions to the Cartagena provisionals, which were described a month or so back; these are of the same type, but in different colours, and perforated. There is also a surcharge of seven wavy lines, which is said to be a control mark. There are also three other provisional stamps; two of them formed by cutting down the design of the first provisionals, and type-setting, with new inscriptions; and a third, the 1c. black issue of Bolivar, 1891, surcharged with the seven wavy lines alluded to.

CRETE.—A very handsome set of nine values has been issued, three of which I am able to illustrate, although not being in a position this

month to say what the various designs signify. This is a most interesting series of stamps. The preceding issues of Crete have been more in the nature of provisionals. Colours as follows:

CRETE.

CRETE.

1 lepton, brown; 5 lepta, green; 10 lepta, red; 20 lepta, red; 25 lepta, blue and red; 50 lepta, mauve and red; 1 drachma, purple and black, 2 drachma, brown and black; 5 drachma, green and black. A drachma is worth about 8d.

GREAT BRITAIN.—At last there is to be a performance of the change in colours of the current ½d. and 1s. stamps. A notice has been issued to postmasters stating that the ½d. stamp, printed in green, will be ready for issue on April 17th, and the new 1s. stamp later on, probably by midsummer.

ICELAND.—A new value has been added to the current series—4 aur rose and grey.

MALTA.—A ¼d. stamp may be expected here shortly.

STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.—Federation has long been in the air in the Malay States, and it has now become *un fait accompli*. Five of the current Negri Sembilan issues have been overprinted "Federated Malay States" in black. The values so surcharged are the 1c., 2c., 3c., 10c., and 25c.

TRINIDAD.—"A Stamp-collecting Reader of THE CAPTAIN" sends me the following cutting from the *Port of Spain Gazette*. Many thanks to our friend, whose thoughtfulness again proves the far-reaching circulation of this magazine.

Consequent upon the recommendation of the Commissioners' report on the Stamp Frauds, there will be a new issue of five shilling (5s.) stamps. These stamps have already arrived, and are now in the colonial treasury. They are the same size and design as those to be replaced, but are, we are told, purple. The use of the fivepenny (5d.) stamps is to be discontinued, and those now on hand will shortly be destroyed. The use of ten shilling (10s.) stamps has been discontinued. There being none in stock, no more will be ordered.

VICTORIA.—While various writers at home have been advocating the issue of "War Stamps," "Khaki Stamps," and the like (all of which suggestions we most devoutly hope will be scouted by the authorities), Victoria seems to have decided upon the issue of 1d. and 2d. stamps, to be retailed at 1s. and 2s. apiece—profits to the War Fund! The Victoria Philatelic Society has lodged a strong complaint against such a procedure, and we trust the complaint will have salutary effect.

By the way, would our readers like to see a khaki stamp issued? A volume of THE CAPTAIN will be awarded for the best reason (on a postcard) for such an issue. It will have to be a good reason!

WURTEMBURG.

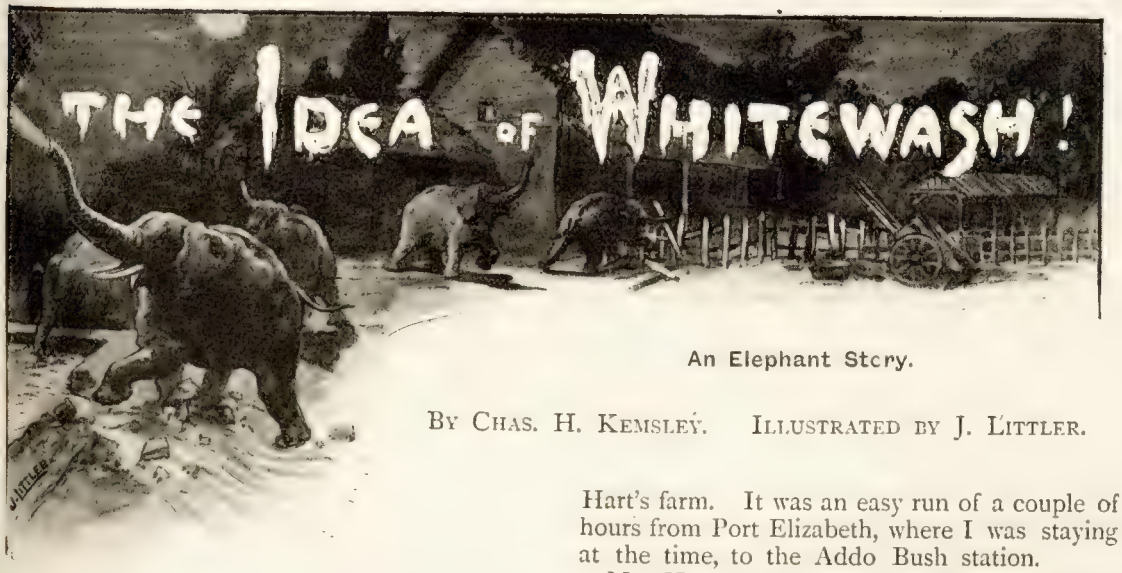
WURTEMBURG.—Two new values have been added to the current series — 30pf. orange and black, 40pf. claret and black. The type illustrated has been in use between twenty and thirty years now, and is strong evidence of the non-speculative condition of all issues of the German Empire.

The Stamp Editor of THE CAPTAIN *will be glad to receive early information of New Issues for chronicle in these pages. Full acknowledgment will be given for any information which can be used, and specimens will be promptly returned.*

Books or articles for review should be accompanied by particulars of price, etc.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss W. sends THE CAPTAIN out to her nephew in Cape Town each month, and asks me the value of imperforate and perforated penny British stamps of old issue. The value of these depends on various conditions of plate, watermark, perforation, etc., but those sent me for inspection are worth 1d. each. **Solitaire** has been a regular reader of these pages since we commenced, and is now one of the noble army of stamp collectors. Unfortunately "Solitaire" left his first collection, which had attained to four hundred varieties, in the train. If any reader of THE CAPTAIN has come across it I shall be glad to send him the owner's address. **H. Treherne** (1) wants a stamp catalogue listing German locals. He had better procure Messrs. Stanley Gibbons' "Local" catalogue, price 1s. (2) Yes, but I cannot give the names of hotels issuing them. (3) No! **Toblat** wishes to sell several hundred old penny red postage stamps—how can this be effected? I fear it is a difficult matter, as these stamps are worth but very little per hundred. **Bunny.**—Certainly. Anything up to £1,000 value. **Faithful Reader.**—Please be a little more explicit in your enquiries. There are many varieties of Orange Free State stamps, some worth 1d. each, others 20s. and over. **Aetas.**—Certainly, stamp collecting flourishes all through the summer months. Its permanent hold on enthusiasts of all ages precludes any distribution of interest into seasons. **Kruger.**—Why this *nom de plume?* You scarcely deserve an answer. But you can go ahead with your South African collection; the money is soundly invested. **War Fund.**—You are too late for the London sale, but I hear that similar sales are going to be held in Manchester and Scotland, which will answer your query.



An Elephant Story.

By Chas. H. Kemsley. Illustrated by J. Littler.

IT was during a brief visit to the Cape Colony that I chanced to meet an elderly English farmer, named John Hart, who resided near the Addo Bush. We were soon talking together as if we were friends of long standing, and the old gentleman turned the conversation to the subject nearest his heart, and for an hour I was compelled to listen, as patiently as I could, to a long discourse upon the hardships and difficulties surrounding a Cape farmer's life, until my poor head was in a whirl, in which drought, locusts, and rinderpest played an important part. Fearing an attack of brain fever, or something equally bad, I was about to make some excuse, and get away, when he suddenly remarked:—

"By the way, Mr. Martin, perhaps you would like to have a look over my farm. I should be only too pleased to see you any time you care to come, you know."

Now I had heard much about the Addo Bush, and was aware that elephants abounded there, and if there was anything I did want to see, it was a wild South African elephant.

"Thank you. It is very good of you. I should be delighted."

"Right! Will next week suit you? Yes? Well, come next week, and remain a few days with us. I'll show you round. That's settled. Good-bye."

I felt exceedingly pleased with myself, and came to the conclusion that I had not undergone an hour's martyrdom entirely for nothing.

Accordingly the following week I left for Mr. Hart's farm. It was an easy run of a couple of hours from Port Elizabeth, where I was staying at the time, to the Addo Bush station.

Mr. Hart met me with his buggy, ready to convey us to the farm, which was some miles from the railway line.

The scenery as we journeyed was exceedingly picturesque, the road winding in and out of a forest of trees in full foliage. The air was cool and exhilarating, and, leaning back comfortably on cushions, I seemed to feel I was drinking in new life with every breath I took. The attractiveness and newness of my surroundings, the strange quietness that prevailed around me, lulled me into a happy silence, which I did not care to break; but my host, with not a spark of poetry in his nature, soon interrupted the flow of my thoughts.

I sighed resignedly. I was to be called back sharply to the dull, tedious realities of a farmer's life. But his first words arrested my attention, and I was all ears.

"I hear elephants are becoming a nuisance again, and have already done some damage to the farm of Ben Smith. Whenever there is a drought we always have a difficulty with them."

"What did they do?"

"Paid a visit to his place one night, and drank up, and spoilt, the water he had been carefully conserving. I hope to goodness they won't come near my place!"

"Why don't you hunt them and exterminate them, or drive them away from the Addo Bush?"

"We hunt them sometimes, but we have to obtain a license to do so, as Government preserves them, and you have to go through a lot of 'red tape' before you can get a license. I hate elephants, and I hate Governments."

Thus conversing we came in sight of the farm-house, a white building, thatched roof, with a verandah in front.

Mrs. Hart, a pleasant, homely, middle-aged lady, welcomed us at the door, and we soon sat down to a good supper, to which I, having a keen appetite after the invigorating drive, did full justice.

On entering the breakfast-room the following morning I could not fail to observe that something had disturbed the equanimity of my host. He was pacing up and down the room in deep thought, and his face was puckered up in frowns.

"Good morning, Mr. Martin. We were talking about elephants. The brutes, as I thought, have been paying my farm a visit. Last night they made an inroad, and partly broke away the dam of my reservoir, letting the water run to waste, broke into the fields, and have eaten and destroyed a quantity of my crops. I tell you, farming in this country is not worth anything."

"I am sorry to hear that, and sympathise with you most heartily."

"I had a large gun set in anticipation of a visit, but the brutes are too knowing, and carefully avoided it. The only thing to do is to hunt them, and I am going to do so whether the Government likes it or not."

"I would like to make one of the party," I said eagerly.

"It is very dangerous," put in Mrs. Hart, who had just entered, and had heard the drift of the conversation. "Why, a great South African hunter from Central Africa refused to shoot elephants in our forest when he saw the nature of the country, which necessitates their being hunted on foot. I don't think you had better, George," turning to her husband. "You know how dangerous it is."

"It's safe enough, so long as one is careful. I must do something to stop them. Kill one or two, and the others will be frightened away for a time at least. I will get Ben Smith to join us. He is a good shot."

So it was arranged, and I felt as if I had reached the utmost limits of my ambition. The anticipated joy was all the keener because I had never, for a single moment, believed that there was a possible chance of my taking part in an elephant hunt. I almost danced with satisfaction.

That same day we set out. The party comprised Mr. Hart, his friend Mr. Ben Smith, myself, and a native boy, who, being charcoal black in colour, had been nicknamed "Whitewash." He was an experienced elephant trailer.

I soon found it was no light task I had undertaken. For some time we pushed our way on foot through thick bush, or edged past tall, slender trees, which grew thickly together. We stumbled on, tearing our clothes with the thorns, which often penetrated into the flesh.

At length Mr. Hart halted, and, turning round to us, said :—

"There is no saying where the elephants have gone, so I think we had better separate, and arrange to meet at the picnic vale. Here, Whitewash, you know the bush thoroughly. You know the spot I mean?"

"Yes, Baas."

"I don't want you to run any risks, Mr. Martin, and I will give you the lightest task. It is more open to the north. I think you had better go with Whitewash, and work your way round, and we'll meet eventually at the appointed place. My friend and I are accustomed to this sort of thing, and will go straight ahead. But mind, Mr. Martin, if you see any elephants, don't shoot unless you are certain of your shot, and leave a bull severely alone. They are dangerous brutes to tackle."

I did not exactly like the arrangement, nor the companion selected for me. Besides, I had hoped that I would have been allotted the most difficult and dangerous part of the hunt. However, being the youngest of the party, and a visitor, I could not but fall in with the scheme.

Whitewash seemed to understand his business thoroughly, and we were soon making our way quickly through more open and easier-travelling ground. But I was despondent of meeting with any elephants, and, handing my gun to the Kaffir, walked on ahead, cursing my luck, and, perhaps, arrangements in general, and paying only slight attention to my surroundings. Suddenly I felt a touch on my arm.

"Elephants, Baas," said the native boy.

"Where?"

"There," pointing through the bush, which was thick in front of us.

My heart gave a big thump. I saw them now. Five huge fellows, and, nearest me, a fine bull.

"Give me the gun," I said quickly.

"Baas, better not shoot. Too many of them. Tell old Baas what we saw."

"I never came all this way for nothing, and I am not going to return now. You can go if you are afraid."

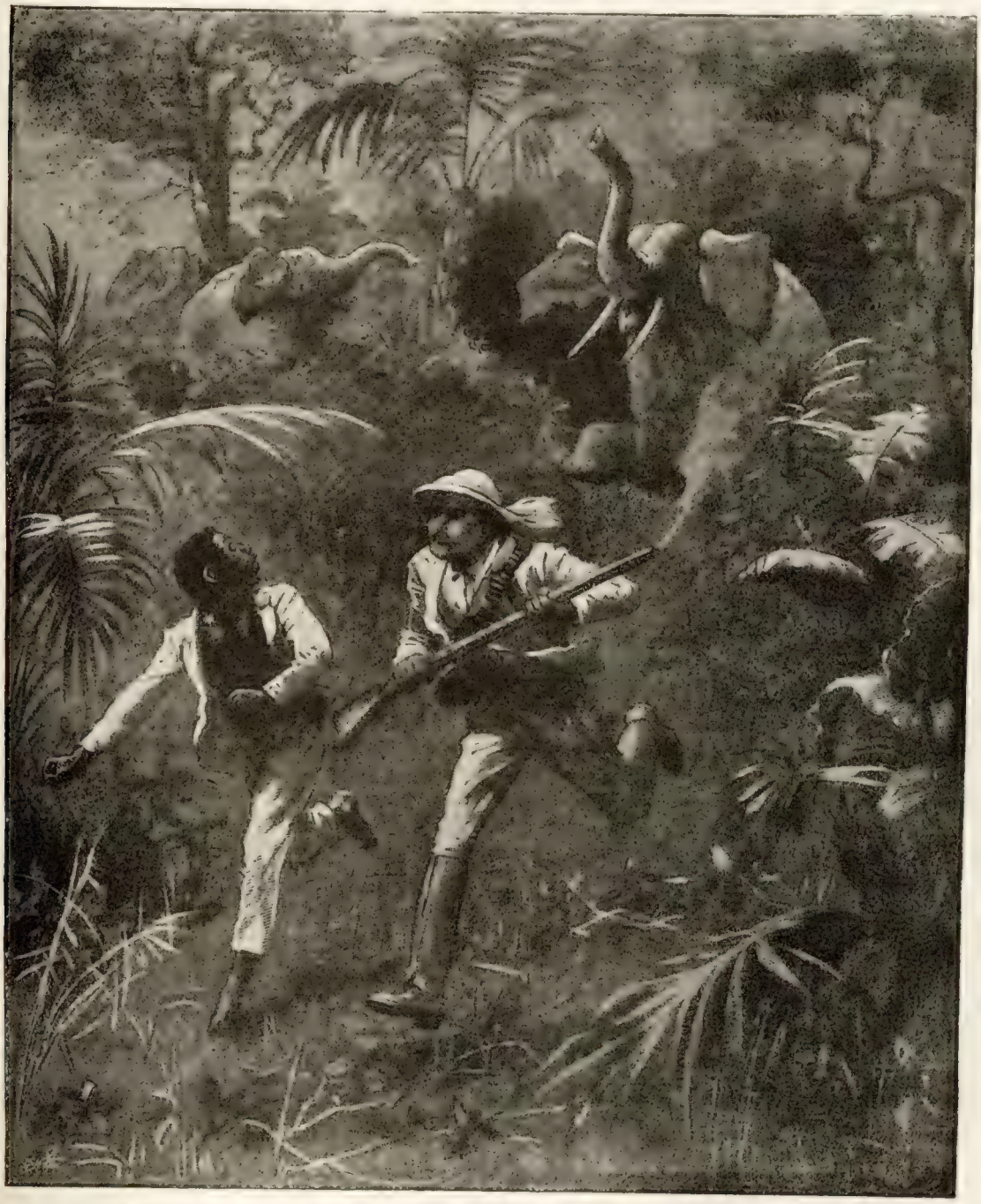
"I no go without you. Old Baas sjambok me, I do that." He handed the gun to me, reluctantly enough.

I seized it eagerly, and pushed on quietly till I had a clear view of the bull, and raised my gun. The elephant, evidently suspecting something, raised its head, but the breeze was blowing

from the herd. My hand shook a little from excitement as I pulled the trigger. A thud told me that I had hit, but where? Then followed a series of terrific screams. The smoke cleared, and I could see the elephant, with trunk uplifted, its large tusks thrust forward angrily, glancing round quickly for a sight of us.

"Run for your life, Baas!" called out Whitewash.

I needed no second bidding. I knew perfectly well that I had only wounded the animal, and side by side with the Kaffir I ran, but our movements were impeded by the undergrowth that barred the way. Behind us was the sound



THE INFURIATED MONSTER WAS GAINING ON US FAST, AND THERE SEEMED NO HOPE OF ESCAPE.

of the elephant, crashing through the bush in full chase, emitting a succession of savage, unearthly shrieks. The infuriated monster was gaining on us fast, and there seemed no hope of escape. We could climb no trees, for there were none in that part of the bush sufficiently large to give us protection. Involuntarily I glanced backward. The elephant was only sixty or seventy yards away, forcing his way through. Then I experienced that overwhelming sensation of fear which entirely paralyses a man's power of thought — his reason made subordinate to that one great desire of escape, the instinct of the animal — and drives him madly, blindly onwards—to destruction. On, on I sped, not heeding the words and cries of the native behind me, when suddenly Whitewash, with a bound forward, managed to grip me by the arm, and held me tightly. I struggled violently to free myself, hitting out at him with my fists, but he would not let go his hold.

"Stop!" he shouted in my ear, breathing hard. "I'll save you! Quick!"

Fortunately for myself I ceased my struggles, and the Kaffir boy dragged me under a sapling, telling me to wait there quietly. Then, with the quickness of lightning, he had gathered in his arms a quantity of dried grass and wood, placing it round the tree in a circle.

I watched these operations in a dazed kind of a way, understanding only that Whitewash was trying to save my life. The native calmly stooped down, without the least flurry, and struck a light. The wood crackled, and blazed up into flame. At the same instant the elephant, before hidden by the thick bush, burst out, and came crashing down, trumpeting loudly. The cry of fear which rose to my lips was instantly stifled, for, on seeing the smoke, the animal abruptly halted, sniffed the air with its trunk, gave a shriek of anger and disappointment, turned round, and trotted off.

I almost hugged the Kaffir boy, Whitewash, black and unclean as he was. What I promised him in that moment of excited joy I do not know, but I believe that had he kept me to all my promises, he would have obtained most of the worldly possessions I then had.

The following day the elephant was found dead, and I still retain two fine tusks, taken from the one and only elephant I ever shot. But at the time I made no great boast of my bravery, and perhaps dread of the Government penalties for shooting royal game was not the only reason that induced me to preserve an absolute silence on the matter. I rewarded Whitewash with the liberality he deserved, much to his delight and surprise at its amount.

"CRICKET IN MANY CLIMES."

THIS delightful book by Mr. P. F. Warner ought to find its way into every school library. Of photographs there is a liberal allowance—including that capital picture of Lord Hawke which appeared in THE CAPTAIN—and heaps of racy reading that leads one on from page to page in quite a fascinating manner. There are all sorts of anecdotes and humorous incidents. For instance, here is a bit of big hitting:—

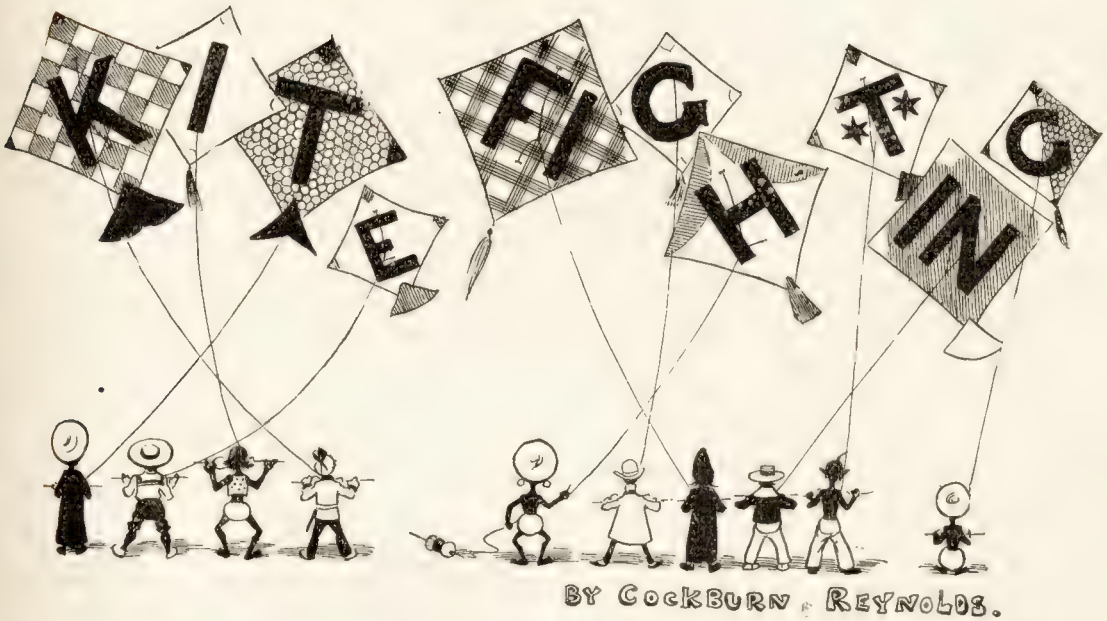
Then Lord Hawke joined me, and the crowd yelled to the bowler, "Give the Lord another duck! Give him another!" But this time the Yorkshire captain made no mistake, and put together 51 "of the best." He hit two colossal sixes, one of which nearly killed a lady who was watching the game from the balcony of her house. The ball struck the woodwork about a foot from her face. My score was the highest that has ever been made at St. Vincent, and, I believe, in the whole of the West Indies. I made one drive straight over the bowler's head, which knocked a tray full of cakes clean off the head of a black woman who was standing near the ropes.

Speaking of West Indian cricketers, Mr. Warner tells us (p. 9) that "Englishmen will be very much struck with the throwing powers of these black men, *nearly all of them being able to throw well over a hundred yards.*"

These coloured gentlemen, it seems, take their cricket very seriously.

It was at Antigua that we met in the opposing team a black man, perfectly deaf, and a "stonewaller" of the best. At last he was stumped, and the fact being explained to him in stentorian tones, he sorrowfully retreated towards the pavilion. As he was walking away, however, Bromley-Davenport, who was umpiring at the bowler's end, stepped forward and explained to us that legally he was not out, as, without thinking, he had called "over" before the decision was given. One of the team went in search of the departed batsman, and at last found him behind the pavilion weeping bitterly. Still shaking with sobs, he was led back to the wickets; but his state of partial collapse became utter when Lord Hawke waylaid him, and attempted to explain at the top of his voice how the mistake had happened. "De Lard," he evidently thought, was abusing him, and his only response was to weep more bitterly. Poor man! His nerves were so shattered that he promptly ran two men out.

I have made these selections at random; the book is full of meat.—O.F.



An Indian Pastime.

I INTEND in the present article to tell you all about kite-fighting as it is managed in India. There the aim of kite-flying is that you may take tangle with someone else's kite, and cut it off or get cut off yourself. To this end the thread is covered with a paste of ground glass and rice, or other ingredient, called *manja*. The kite is so made that it can dive to right or left, or revolve rapidly on an imaginary axis, with a motion like the flight of a rifle-bullet.

BUYING THE THREAD.

The thread is rolled on a reel, so that it may be let out or taken in quickly. You may guess it is a pastime that requires no little skill, and grey-beards do not disdain to take part in it.

The rules of kite-flying decree that a kite once cut is the property of anyone who can catch it, and your thread may be grabbed by anyone, even snatched, as far as your reel, without your being able to protest. This makes kite-flying very exciting, and you may go out of an afternoon without a "pice" in your pocket wherewith to buy a kite, and come home having *looted* half a dozen kites and a hundred yards of thread.

"*Goodee wallah! Goodee wallah!*" is the cry of the kite man. And a tall, soldierly figure, more suited to the calling of a Sepoy than a kite-maker, comes into the compound.

On his shoulder, in a bamboo rack, are a large number of kites. They are all of paper instead of cloth, and have short fish-tails instead of the long tail of the English kite, which makes the latter

too clumsy for fighting purposes. The paper of which they are constructed is very similar to that used for making ornamental lamp-shades, and is stiffened by a thread, which runs round the edge of the paper and is enclosed in it.

The light bamboo framework that supports the kite is much the same as that of the English kite—one straight piece and the other curved (the cross piece is not necessary); but the straight piece in the Indian kite projects a few inches beyond the curved one, as the most useful shape of kite for fighting purposes is square.

In India—the land of colour—the kites, as you may imagine, are of every hue, from black to white. At the kite festival, when there are some thousands to be seen at the same time, twinkling like coloured lights against the deep blue of a tropical sky, the effect is truly remarkable.

In buying a kite the pliancy of the two bamboo ribs is carefully tested, for a stiff bamboo is liable to snap on a sudden jerk. Then the ribs are examined for knots, as nothing destroys the balance of a kite more than a knot in the bamboo of the right or left wing. No sooner has such a kite reached a certain altitude than it shows a leaning to the right or left, or revolves from time to time in an erratic manner, quite unfitting it for kite-fighting.

There is no difficulty in selecting a reel, the size and lightness being the only considerations. The thread, however, is a matter that exercises the discrimination. You can buy it in all colours—crimson, gold, or green—but the colour tells you nothing of the composition of the *manja*. Some preparations rot the string, while an excess of glass is as bad as an absence of it, and its presence is not easily detected. The expert prefers buying his thread plain, and can easily satisfy himself that it is smooth and strong. Good thread, though no thicker than ordinary sewing cotton, should be composed of from eight to twelve strands, which you can ascertain by unravelling the end. He then makes his own *manja* by pounding glass in a mortar till it is in a powder fine enough to strain through a piece of silk. Then he beats up a lot of soft boiled rice with this, and strains it through coarse muslin. It is then ready to put on the thread. This is one of the commonest *manjas;* but though glass is indispensable, the other ingredients are very varied. Egg is often used. As a rule, every expert has a secret composition of his own, which makes his *manja* invincible.

THE *manja* IS APPLIED WITH A RAG.

Having wound his thread round two posts wide apart—or two telegraph poles, as the boys in our illustration have done—the *manja* is applied with a rag, care being taken that it lies perfectly smooth on the thread; for any knot or lump will catch your adversaries' threads when you are fighting, and the friction that should have been distributed over many yards of your thread will be confined to one spot, and it won't be many seconds before your thread is cut.

The thread is next left to dry in the sun, which process is accomplished in a couple of hours, when you must be careful how you handle it, for it can

gash your fingers like a razor. The best sort of thread for kite-flying is Lucknow silk, which, though very fine, is composed of from sixteen to thirty-two strands, and cannot be broken by the hand. This is very expensive, a *tola* of the best silk being worth its weight in gold.

Besides thread and silk, very fine steel wire is sometimes used for kite-fighting; but it is against the rules of the game, and detection would lead to lamentable results. However, it is hard to detect, as your opponent may be flying his kite from a house-top half a mile away, and is seldom visible. It is only after you have lost some ten or twelve kites in succession you can be certain of the fact.

Incredible as it may sound, it is quite possible to cut soft steel-wire with good *manjaed* thread. The expert, suspecting his adversary of using wire, will contrive to make a long dive on it. Hauling in his own thread, hand over hand, he swoops down with all the force and momentum his kite is capable of, and, striking the wire within a short distance of his own kite, will thus, with its added weight, cause the wire to kink; and, provided his own thread does not break with the force of the blow, he will next let out quickly, and his thread moving swiftly in the groove of the kink, will soon cut the wire like a file.

This principle governs kite-fighting: Distribute the friction on your thread over as many yards as possible, and confine the friction on your adversary's thread to the same spot—if you can.

The tricks in kite-fighting are many. One of them is, before the tangle, to pay out a quantity of your thread on the ground, while you hold the thread to your kite in your hand. Directly you have got into tangle, taking the top—*i.e.*, crossing over his thread from above—by preference, you let go your thread, and the kite, not being controlled any longer, behaves as if it were cut, drifting forward in long undulating swoops. Your opponent, thinking he has cut you off, stops letting, and your rapidly-moving thread, crossing his stationary one, soon cuts him off, to his great astonishment. And it is not until your kite, coming to the end of its tether, rights itself, that he discovers the trick.

There are kites of other and more fantastic shapes that are flown in India, but they are in the minority, for the fighting kite must be square. The alligators, fish, hawks, etc., which the Chinese and Japanese fly, are only fit for ornamental purposes, and could not manœuvre rapidly like the square kite.

THE ENGLISH BOY GETS A LOT OF FUN OUT OF IT.

Kites are flown throughout the cold weather months until the end of March, when there is a kite festival lasting several days, during which the sky is literally dotted with them. Some kite-flyers boast of flying and losing fifty or sixty kites in one day, when the kite *mela* is on. The carnival over, not a kite is seen till the next season.

Hindoo gentlemen take great interest in kite-fighting. It is, however, beneath the English gentleman's dignity to indulge in such a pastime. But the English boy gets a lot of fun out of it while the season lasts.

"THERE WASN'T ROOM FOR TWO." (See page 246.)

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by
George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VIII.)

AT the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed.

CHAPTER IX.

"WAR'S WAR."

WHEN Geoff realised that he might as well pursue the wind as attempt to overtake that officious field cornet and his prisoner by running after them on foot, he sat down by the roadside and fairly groaned. Hugh would find no immediate opportunity to shake off his escort; they would come up presently with the body of Boers which formed the cornet's little commando, and then it would be too late. He was gone; and Heaven only knew what would be done with him, and where he would be imprisoned, and how he was ever to be found again.

"Helpless and senseless idiot that I am," Geoff groaned. "I have lost both Hugh and Bunny by my blundering. Why was I ever born only to be such a hopeless failure in everything I undertake?"

"One requires much quicker wit than I have in order to get on," he reflected, sadly; and presently: "If only I had had the presence of mind to shoot the rascal straight away, instead of weakly allowing Hugh to be carried off by a lantern-jawed field cornet, just because he shouted at me like a schoolmaster at a naughty schoolboy! Oh! . . ."

Geoff ground his teeth, and imagined a thousand unspoken maledictions upon the head of the field cornet. The only consoling thought was that Hugh carried a revolver. It might possibly strike him, before it was too late, that both he and Geoff had behaved like unspeakably senseless beings in sparing the field cornet and allowing him to ride off with Hugh in tow—a kind of captive bear, with a ring through his nose, five times as strong as his keeper, if he only knew it and possessed the sense to exert his strength and free himself from captivity!

The more Geoff reflected the greater grew his depression and his indignation against himself for losing the game by sheer incompetent play.

"I don't deserve to win," was the upshot of his reflections, "because I'm an ass!"

Presently when he had arrived at this conclusion Geoff lay down in the shade to think what was to be done in order to make the best of an extremely bad and mismanaged job. And he had just begun to dose in his weariness and misery when the clatter of a horse galloping up the road awoke him, and he started to his feet imagining he knew not what new disasters.

But Fortune was kinder than he thought; for a cheery voice sang out his name, and Hugh came tearing up the hill, riding as though all the legions of evil were at his horse's heels.

"Jump up behind me, old man," he cried, pulling up for an instant. "I'll tell you all about it as we go. I daresay no one will be after us; but it's just as well to be on the safe side."

In spite of the joy of his heart and the intense relief that flooded over his spirit upon seeing Hugh safe and free, Geoff felt ashamed of himself for his late despondency. It seemed like a mistrusting of his brother's acuteness as well as a kind of non-faith in the Providence upon which Geoff steadfastly relied.

"I might have known you would work it all right," he said, as he vaulted up behind Hugh. "I've been an awful fool, old man; had the black-hump badly. I thought you'd gone, and that I ought to have banged off at that chap."

"No; you were right not to. The sound of shooting might have brought up those other fellows. Besides, I thought I could manage without—and, you see, I have."

"Well, tell me how you did it. I'll keep a look out behind to see if we're followed while you go on with your story."

"You remember that rocky path over the top of that big kopje overlooking the ravine down to the Cornelius River about two miles from where you waited? You know, just where I said if the horse slipped one might have a nasty header down the precipice? Well, the cornet chap made me go on ahead there, which was just what I wanted, for it fell out with the pretty little plan I had made for him. I rode on ahead, as per instructions; but I went faster than he liked to follow, and he shouted at me in Dutch. I suppose he was telling me not to be a darned fool, but ride like a sensible person over such a breakneck place. I was sprinting for a wider place I saw ahead of me; and when I came to this I suddenly turned my horse right round and dashed back again up the pass to meet him. He was then only five yards away at most, and he hadn't time to get his rifle up at me—it hung on his back by a strap—though I saw him grabbing for it. Well, here I am."

"I see," said Geoff; "you took the inside position, and there wasn't room for two."

"His fool of a horse did the trick; it put its head down, and tried to turn and bolt out of our way. He'd have gone over the edge anyhow, without the bit of a shove we gave them in passing, for his horse's hind legs were over the edge already when we came up. He made a grab at my bridle as we went by, but he missed it. I'm sorry for the fellow, but war's war. If anybody wants him they'll have to look about a thousand feet down. He was dead long before he got there."

"Poor chap! Yes, war's war. Perhaps he'd have died anyhow before it's finished; still, it's a beastly end, even for a rascally, thieving field cornet. I suppose you're afraid his men may come back to look for him? I don't think they'll go far. If he doesn't turn up I shouldn't wonder if they sneak back to their farms—they seemed a bit unwilling to go, I thought."

"Shirkers, beaten up at the last moment. Well, let them return to their farms. The more of them that do that, the sooner the war'll be over."

The brothers did not keep up their rapid flight for very long. They could see to a considerable distance behind them, and there was no sign of pursuing Free Staters; so presently they pulled up and gave the horse a rest, for galloping up a rise double-loaded is breathless work.

The rest of that day was quite eventless, and by the evening a farm near Vrede was reached. Here the women-folk—for, with the exception of a few Kaffirs, there was not a man about the place—were kindly disposed. They seemed anxious to hear the last news from Ladysmith, and as Geoff was as anxious to oblige them in return for hospitality received, he gave them a strictly Free State version, piling on the glory—as he afterwards expressed it—on behalf of the Free Staters and their doings to such an extent that he succeeded in making all present very proud and happy, and ready to dispense the best of everything they had to offer. Geoff supped well that night, and slept luxuriously, doing in both these departments very much better than his unfortunate prisoner, who was locked up in the stable with a plate of scraps to eat, and a bundle of straw to lie upon.

Had he known the disposition of his hostesses towards him as well as Geoff did he would have been grateful for even such small mercies as these, for it was only at Geoff's earnest solicitations that poor Hugh received any food at all, for the women were for letting him starve upon a crust of bread.

"I must keep him alive, you see," Geoff pleaded, "rascally *rooinek* though he is, for I'm responsible for him, and have to deliver him in safety at the

railway station at Standerton. He starved for three days, poor chap, after Nicholson's Nek, trying to get back to his people. I told you about Nicholson's Nek—thunder! you should have seen your Free Stater fellows there! These Englishmen couldn't stand up to them at all—couldn't show a head over their little earthworks but it had a couple of bullet-holes for eyes and another for a mouth! Your people can shoot, and that's a fact!"

"I should like to take a thong to him, and let him sup on *sjambok*," said a strapping Boer wench. "What do they come bothering around here for, drawing off our best lads from the farms to teach them wisdom?"

"Ah, I expect your lad would rather be back at the farm here than whipping Englishmen outside Ladysmith!" said Geoff. "Well, take comfort—they won't want much more of it, and then your boy'll come back. What's his name?"

"Jan Petersen," said the blushing girl. "We were to be married at New Year—will he be back by then, do you think?"

"Long before that! Jan Petersen, did you say?" said Geoff bracingly. "I know him well—I saw him by Ladysmith! A splendid fighter, by thunder! They say he's to be the next field cornet in place of — in place of — I forget the fellow's name—— "

"Van Zaandyg?" asked the girl, eagerly. "Is that the name? It was he came and fetched our lads away. Is he dead, then?"

"Well, I don't think he's dead," said Geoff, feeling that one of the audience might be interested in this gentleman, and that therefore it would be a pity to kill him outright; "but he has done well and will probably get a step very soon."

"What, a commandant?" said someone, much impressed.

"So they say at the front," said Geoff, wagging his head, wisely.

Geoff was in great form that night, and with a little encouragement might easily have promoted the relations and friends of all the ladies present to the very highest positions in the Free State army. But it grew late, and his imagination was allowed a rest until breakfast time.

So successfully had he ingratiated himself in the favour of his hostesses, however, that luxuries of all sorts were pressed upon him for the day's consumption, and poor Hugh, after all, had his share of good things; for Geoff brought away with him sufficient for half a dozen greedy persons, being determined that destiny should atone to his brother for the scurvy treatment he had met with at the farm.

Standerton was reached without further adventure on the following evening, the two brothers entering the town in the orthodox fashion—Hugh as the weary, footsore prisoner tramping alongside his armed Boer escort, who addressed him with scant ceremony when in the hearing of passers-by, many of whom mocked and jeered at the Englishman, calling him names and abusing him both in Dutch and English.

As Hugh somewhat naturally remarked to his brother that evening, discussing their enterprise, which, on the whole had prospered exceedingly well up to this point, the game was a more amusing one for Geoff than for himself.

"I don't know what it is that you say to me in Dutch when there are Boer chaps about," added Hugh; "but I should say you are being darned rude by the way they seem to enjoy your remarks."

"Be a wise fellow, and don't inquire into it too closely," Geoff laughed; "because where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be inquisitive."

"All right," said Hugh; "but if I ever get a chance I'll take it out of some of those Boer Johnnies for their impertinence."

"I can't encourage these wicked, vengeful feelings," said Geoff. "If I did I should be getting my own head punched for some of the insulting remarks I make about you."

"*Are* they so very insulting?" asked Hugh, grinning.

"You bet," said Geoff. "*Withering* sometimes, if only you knew."

"By George! I'll learn Dutch then, and half kill you the first time I understand any of your darned impertinence," laughed Hugh. "So look out, young feller, at the next secluded spruit."

CHAPTER X.

PRETORIA!

But secluded spruits were done with for some time, for with this evening the road travelling ended, and the train journey commenced. At Standerton station the brothers realised more acutely than hitherto that they had not much more time to spend together in planning and scheming for the things which should follow Hugh's imprisonment.

Had they known it, their time was even shorter than they supposed; for Geoff expected to accompany his brother to Pretoria; but this little plan was suddenly and cruelly nipped in the bud when the train ran into the station. For in the train were other British prisoners from the front, in charge of half a dozen armed and rowdy Boers, who insisted upon Geoff joining their party, while

Hugh was to be crowded in with the forty or fifty unfortunate Britishers occupying the vans specially provided for them.

Geoff, disgusted, and somewhat concerned, yet determined to play his part to the end, was obliged to agree to this arrangement.

"I suppose I shall see my sheep at Pretoria?" he said. "I have to get a receipt for him."

"Shoot him into the van, and come in with us," said a half-drunken Boer. "Who cares whether they give you a receipt or not? We'll give you a dozen receipts. Have you any money?"

"A little."

"That's much more important. Well, you can get rum at the counter there. You're a new-comer, and may stand drinks round."

Geoff contrived to whisper to Hugh a warning that he should hint nothing about their affairs to his fellow prisoners. Hugh winked in token that he had no intention of doing so.

"Get in, you dead-kop," said Geoff aloud in Boer English; "and don't die on the way, for I must have a receipt for you."

Then Hugh squeezed into the crowd of mournful captives travelling towards their weary haven of enforced, undesired peace; and to the sub-accompaniment of muttered curses and sighs he heard from them the story of their misfortunes—it was all one story, for this vanload was the result of a single haul by the Boers, one of the results of the treacherous, wily tactics so successfully employed by the enemy during the earlier stages of the war.

Hugh's heart bled for these poor fellows—brave, gallant, eager soldiers who had gone forth full of the delight that a strong man feels in the prospect of a good fight and an anticipated victory, and whose martial ambition had been cut off in the bud, never more to blossom forth—during this war, at least.

"One hoped to get on and do something particular, and get spoken about and promoted," said a young fellow dismally, "and this is the end of it—oh, *curse* the bad luck of the whole business, and the villainous wiliness of these infernal Boer sneaks!"

"It would make a fellow blow his brains out, if they hadn't taken one's weapons away," said another.

"And if one didn't always feel there was just a faint chance of escaping, somehow!" said a third, more sanguine.

Then someone asked Hugh how he had contrived to get himself caught, and Hugh, feeling that however permissible and even laudable it might be to deceive the enemy, it was not quite pleasant to lie to one's own people, steered as close to the truth as he could manage, contriving to convey the desired impression without actually making a false statement. Of course, this may be called prevarication, but as Geoff had very eloquently observed earlier in the day, or yesterday, "War's war." So Hugh explained that his capture had been effected after Nicholson's Nek, which was perfectly true; and that it had been effected by a field cornet and a body of Boers—all of which was scrupulously veracious as far as it went; and, after all, it may fairly be left in the hands of a man situated as Hugh was to decide for himself how far he need go in the telling of a story, and where it may be expedient to stop.

As for Geoff, being among enemies and therefore under no conscientious restrictions as to telling the truth, he did not tell it, or anything like it. Indeed, he romanced very freely indeed, and enjoyed himself amazingly in the process.

Moreover the Boers found him a very entertaining companion; for Geoff was the best of mimics, and delighted his audience with very excellent imitations of some of the national celebrities—such as the president himself—a representation for which Geoff was greatly renowned in Johannesburg—the great Cronje, and others.

"Where do you hail from?" asked one of the Boers in the carriage; "I seem to have seen you somewhere—you're not a farmer, I can see by your hands, and you speak like a town-liver, too."

"Tell me where you've been, and perhaps I shall be able to tell you where you saw me," said Geoff, now taking particular notice of the man. Suddenly he recognised him and started; it was the fellow with the scarred face with whom he had quarrelled at a wayside station on the way from Johannesburg. The man, to Geoff's vexation, observed him start.

"What, you recognise me too?" he said. "Where did we meet?"

"At Johannesburg, wasn't it? Aren't you Karl Van Raden, one of the city police?" said Geoff, temporising.

"Not I—I'm a farmer, thank Heaven!" laughed the man. "When this cursed war is over I go back to my farm; I 've been in Johannesburg, I may have seen you there. I seem to know your face, as I say, it's more like an Englishman's face than a Boer's; that comes of living among the Outlanders, no doubt."

"No doubt; I sit and write at a bank all day, you see, among English clerks, and, being a bit of a mimic, I suppose I've picked up some of their ways and looks—look here, here's an Englishman to the life, a rich Outlander reading the Dutch paper after Jameson's raid." Geoff assumed a

SUDDENLY HE RECOGNISED HIM AND STARTED; IT WAS THE FELLOW WITH THE SCARRED FACE . . .

ridiculous expression and pose that evoked roars of laughter, thus changing the subject, which was an awkward one for him, and presently, feigning sleepiness, he closed his eyes and screwed up his face in pretended slumber. Geoff wished to think awhile, and was somewhat weary of the strain of entertaining his fellow passengers. It would have been awkward if the scarred fellow had recognised him, and the shock of his presence had somewhat disturbed him. Geoff felt that he must keep out of the fellow's way as much as possible, lest he should suddenly remember and suspect.

"Yet he could scarcely do that," he reflected; "for the last thing in the world that he would be likely to suspect would be that a Johannesburg refugee should be returning to Pretoria as a Boer, and actually depositing a British prisoner in quad."

This phenomenon would undoubtedly present unfathomable difficulties to anyone in the position of the scarred gentleman, should he be inclined to connect Geoff with the "difficult" English refugee at that wayside station. When at early morning the train stopped outside Johannesburg, *en route* for Pretoria, Geoff gazed in the direction of his old home, longing to know how it fared with a certain Boer maiden of whom he had heard nothing since the outbreak of the war. As a matter of fact, Vesta had written to him, according to her promise, but letters addressed from the Boer cities to persons in Natal and Cape Colony took a very long time to reach their destination at this period, and sometimes never reached it at all.

If circumstances had permitted of his riding instead of travelling by train, Geoff would have contrived a visit to his fair lady; but this might have been a dangerous thing, and it was just as well for all parties that matters had shaped themselves differently.

How the place reminded him of that crowded afternoon of the flight from Johannesburg! That had been a memorable day indeed, memorable for its own historical associations, but most memorable in his mind for the short but delightful conversation with Vesta. That conversation had set his heart at rest for ever, nothing could ever be quite the same again since that little interchange of ideas; for a bright ray of light had illuminated his days since that hour, and must for ever illuminate them now that Vesta had promised to love him and be true to him.

"When shall I see her again, I wonder!" thought Geoff somewhat sadly, as the train steamed out of the junction. "Not till the war's over, I suppose, *unless*——" That word *unless* opened the door to a whole train of thoughts, thoughts so absorbing and—presumably—so exciting that Geoff lay back with flushed face, turning them over and over and endeavouring to shape them to his satisfaction.

"By Jove!" he muttered at length, "it really isn't a bad idea; the only thing is——"

And once more Geoff's thoughts went off at full cry, like a pack of hounds in pursuit of the nimble fox. The upshot of those thoughts will appear presently in due order; all that may now be known of them is that they seemed to please their author mightily, so much so, that one of his fellow travellers awoke and asked him "why in thunder he was cackling and laughing to himself in such a manner as to shake the carriage and prevent others from sleeping?"

Geoff apologised and explained that he had been thinking of something funny, which indeed was the case.

Pretoria looked wonderfully empty as the train at length reached the capital city, and prisoners and guards trooped out of their carriages upon the platform and marched through the streets towards the prison-camp. Most of the Boers, like Geoff, possessed a horse, but some had been reduced by the operations of war to the status of foot-soldiers.

"What becomes of us when we've landed our prisoners?" asked Geoff of one of his companions.

"We give them up and then go back to the front," said the Boer. "That is, we are supposed to, but we are not such fools, most of us, as to return immediately without first looking up our friends and relations. I live at Potchefstroom, for instance, and it isn't likely I'm going back without having a look at my farm and the missus and so on."

"Naturally," said Geoff. "I'm sick enough of the war, I should like to stay away altogether."

"Ah, they won't let you do that, my son," laughed the Boer, "unless you can persuade them to take you on at one of the forts or prisons here at Pretoria. If you want that or anything else out of the authorities, though, you'd better be prepared for disappointment, for everyone seems to be in the kind of humour that whatever you ask him for he'd rather give you the opposite. Ah, that's the prison-camp, I expect! Look at the long sheds within the high palings; I'm told these are nicknamed 'Ladysmith Street,' 'Kimberley Street,' and 'Mafeking Street.' Some of them are pretty full of rednecks; we have over two thousand of the dogs under lock and key."

Geoff gazed with the greatest interest at the sheds and their surrounding defences. So far as he could see, there should not be much difficulty about getting out of such prisons as these. Doubtless the Boers trusted to the practical impossibility of a man in uniform escaping from the city and afterwards to the frontier, even though he should have contrived to elude the vigilance of his guards and scale the outer walls of the prison.

CHAPTER XI.

BUNNY MAKES A DASH.

And now, having brought the two elder brothers in safety to Pretoria, it is time that poor Bunny should have his share of attention.

We left him, it may be remembered, in an extremely uncomfortable position, hanging on, bull-dog-like, to the waist of his burly captor, who utterly refused to be pulled from his saddle, and, holding on to his horse's mane with one hand, fought like a demon with the other to release himself from Bunny's grip. Bunny knew how to collar, as many an opposing three-quarter had been aware in the old days at Cubberley. But there are differences between collaring a mounted man and seizing the nimble and dodging three-quarter who stands upon his own feet—until you knock him off them. Moreover, Bunny had happened upon a very sturdy Boer, which was bad luck for him.

"Let go, you mad redneck bull-dog!" cried the Boer, angrily, "or I'll smash your kop with my rifle-butt."

"Let go yourself, or I'll pull you in several pieces! I swear I'll have you off," Bunny shouted back.

Then the two continued their struggle silently, both doing their utmost. The Boer tried to get at his rifle, in order to jab at Bunny's head with the butt, but Bunny's arms were round the strap and he couldn't move it. Presently Bunny dragged his leg from over the horse's back. He had, at the outset, contrived to throw his left leg over behind the Boer; but now, getting his feet against the ribs of the animal, he obtained a tremendous purchase for pulling.

There could be but one result to this move. The Boer must certainly come over, but Bunny must just as certainly come with him, and would, probably, have the severer fall of the two.

So it happened.

The Boer felt in a moment that the strain of Bunny's tugs had suddenly and tremendously increased. He made frantic efforts to retain his seat. He dropped the rifle, and clung to the horse's neck with both arms. He gasped, he swore, he struggled. But it was of no avail. The frightened beast, now doubly alarmed by the rush of galloping hoofs behind it—for the other horse was in full pursuit—put on speed every moment, and, in spite of its double burden, went like the wind.

Suddenly the Boer, with a loud curse, realised that he was worsted, and let go.

It was a bad fall for both. Bunny was underneath, and struck his head so violently against the stony ground that, though he automatically

retained the tremendous grip he had taken of his man, and rolled over two or three times with him, he knew nothing about the matter.

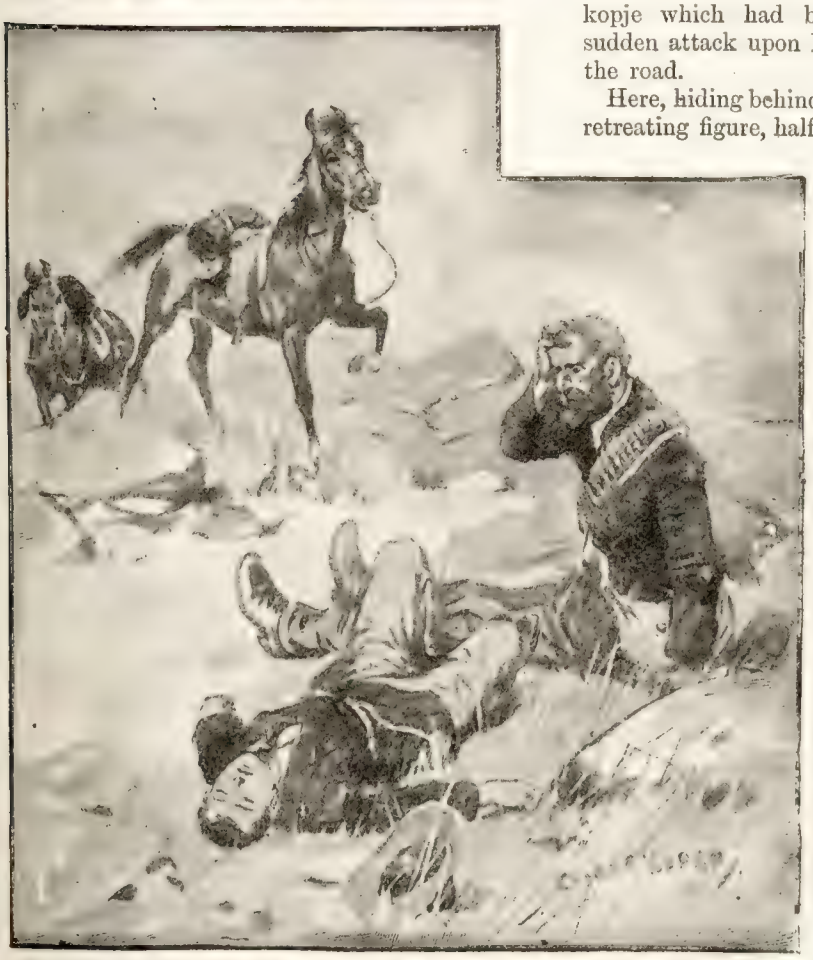
As for the Boer, he, too, lay quiet for awhile, dazed by the fall. The two horses, after galloping straight on for a hundred yards or more, wheeled round, and presently subsided into a trot, coming close up to the fallen humans, and trotting two or three times in a circle about them, heads up and tails outstretched, concerned and inquisitive. Then, seeing that the men made no movement, they drew up, and quietly began to graze, their bridles falling about their ears in an uncomfortable manner, and threatening to trip them up as they walked about in search of food.

The Boer was the first to recover his senses. He sat up, and looked about in a dazed fashion.

"Almachtig!" he muttered. "What has happened, and why sits a ton of lead upon my kop?"

His eye rested upon Bunny's unconscious form, whence it travelled to the horses quietly grazing close at hand.

"Aha!" he said. "I remember."



"ALMACHTIG! WHAT HAS HAPPENED, AND WHY SITS A TON OF LEAD UPON MY KOP?"

He raised himself stiffly to his feet. His horse lifted its head and neighed him a welcome—or, perhaps, its congratulations upon his recovery.

"Good beast," he muttered. "And Piet's beast, too. Whence came she then, and where is Piet? As for you," he continued, turning Bunny over with his foot, "you seem to be cooked, and serve you right for your silly trick. You might have done for me as well, and that would have been a pity."

Bunny gave a groan at this point, and the Boer looked keenly in his face.

"Alive, are you?" he muttered. "Then, with apologies, I will take precautions, for you are a *verdomt* awkward customer, though you seem but a lad." With which words the Boer deliberately took off the leather belt from Bunny's waist, and, using it as a strap, contrived to fasten his wrists very tightly together.

"Now we shall be all comfortable," he muttered.

And, judging rightly that Bunny would not be sufficiently recovered to get up and run away for some little while, he walked back towards the kopje which had been the scene of Bunny's sudden attack upon him, a good mile back along the road.

Here, hiding behind a rock, and watching Geoff's retreating figure, half a mile away, he came upon his companion, cursing, and swearing, and wishing to Heaven he had his rifle.

"Thunder!" exclaimed the other, "and mine is nearly bent double with my fall, or we could have had him nicely before he gets to that corner behind there."

Geoff, after waiting awhile in case Bunny should after all have got the better of his man and escaped, in which case he would quickly return to this place, had climbed to the highest spot he could find and gazed thence in the direction taken by the galloping horses, one of which carried both Boer and Bunny.

From this point he could see far over the plain beneath, but unfortunately the exact place in which both Bunny and the Boer lay at that

moment unconscious, was hidden by a shoulder of the hill, and it did not strike him that both men and horses might be congregated at this spot. Concluding, very sadly, that Bunny had been carried away by this time far out of sight, and that it would be foolish to attempt pursuit on foot, he had dejectedly turned his steps towards Ladysmith, and had presently returned home to make those dispositions for the recovery of Bunny of which we know already.

Then the two Boers returned to their prisoner and found him wonderfully better, most disagreeably so, from their point of view.

As a matter of fact, Bunny had recovered consciousness almost as soon as his Boer had disappeared. He had awaked dazed, and in much pain, to find that his wrists were tightly bound together, and that he could not move his hands to his head.

Glancing up, he now perceived his captor walking away, and two horses apparently at his service. If only he could move his hands in order to mount and ride one of them! But for the fact of being bound at the wrists, Bunny would probably have been but semi-conscious for an hour or more, wondering what had happened to him and where he was, and why his head felt like a battered coal-scuttle. But finding himself unexpectedly tied up, his brain was forced, as it were, to act, and soon Bunny was wide enough awake to be striving his utmost to loosen the strap. The Boer had buckled it, tucking in the end of the strap, in and out, under the three or four thicknesses that encircled his wrists, but by means of violent tugging with his teeth, Bunny contrived to work the end gradually free. He judged, rightly enough, that the Boer would not be likely to remain away long, so that he worked in desperate haste, for not only must he be free, mount one of the horses, and be off before the return of the fellow, but also he must secure so good a start as to be out of range of his rifle.

So Bunny tugged and tore and got the end of the strap out. But the buckle was an awkward matter to negotiate, and it took him much valuable time to unfasten it. Eventually, by screwing his left hand round over his right, at the wrist, he brought up reinforcements to assist the main army, which was his front teeth, and with the aid of his middle finger he contrived to get the buckle undone. But by this time he could see his man returning, with another, in the distance, and the strap must still be unwound, and a horse caught and mounted, and, to be fairly safe from rifle bullets, half a mile of veldt put between him and his enemies.

Half a minute now sufficed to free his hands altogether of the strap—all of which was done in a recumbent posture, lest the Boer should suspect and hurry back to prevent his designs.

Then, a free man, Bunny suddenly leapt to his feet. This was a dangerous moment, for he might easily be shot, he knew, while mounting or before. Bunny did not know that one of these good Boers had lost his rifle to Geoff, and that the weapon of the second lay where he and his man had fallen, bent and useless.

Therefore he placed a horse between him and the Boers, who were now a quarter of a mile away, shouting and running towards him. They had just realised how much better their prisoner must be feeling, since he was actually engaged in attempting to take his departure from among them without going through the ceremony of farewell.

Luckily for Bunny, their shouting engaged the attention of the horses, and these good beasts raised their heads and cocked forward their ears in an intelligent and faithful endeavour to ascertain what was required of them. Bunny seized the opportunity to capture one. He easily caught a trailing bridle and jumped upon the back of the nearest horse.

In another minute he had dug his heels into its sides, and was careering at full speed up the road. Presently he glanced back over his shoulder to see what his enemies were about.

To his great relief, neither of them appeared to have any intention of using his rifle in order to stop him. On the contrary, the two Boers seemed to be quarrelling, and even tussling, over the horse—perhaps arguing as to which possessed the prior right to it.

The fact was that each claimed the right. One, somewhat naturally, because it was his own horse, the other because the prisoner was his by right of conquest, and, as he argued, if he had not captured the prisoner Piet's horse would not have stopped, but would have gone Heaven knows where over the veldt.

How the argument would have ended, and which contention was theoretically right, need not concern us. Neither did these questions concern Bunny. So far as we and he are concerned the argument ended with a short, fierce fight between the Boers and the victory of Bunny's burly friend, who quickly mounted, leaving behind him a few very personal remarks for his companion to digest until they should meet again—and galloped after Bunny with all speed.

Bunny led him round by the kopje, being anxious to pass the spot where he and Geoff had made their first attack upon their captors. It was just possible that Geoff might have been stunned with the fall, as Bunny himself had been, but there was no sign of Geoff. Then Bunny, with

THE TWO BOERS SEEMED TO BE QUARRELLING AND TUSSELLING OVER THE HORSE.

half a mile start, turned his horse in the direction in which he believed Ladysmith to lie, for Yule's retreating force was, he knew, bound for the base camp, and the best thing he could do would be to make for his own people, just as, without a doubt, Geoff had done. At Ladysmith he would meet his brother once more, and they would start their scouting afresh. As for the burly Boer thundering along behind him, Bunny scarcely devoted a thought to him. He did not appear to have a rifle about him, therefore he did not matter. If he should happen to have chosen the better horse, and overtook him—why, there would be a fight, that was all, and a fight upon equal terms was a matter that never gave Bunny much anxiety.

CHAPTER XII.

THE RACE COURSE.

NEVERTHELESS, it would be the wiser course, he knew, to ride away from the fellow if he could, and Bunny rode as fast as he could get his animal to move.

He easily maintained his lead, being a lighter man than his pursuer, and the horses being about equal. But luck was on the side of the Boers this day; for before he had ridden half an hour he saw ahead of him, assembled about a farmhouse by the side of the road, a small commando of Boer troops refreshing themselves and chatting, some mounted, others on foot, their well-trained horses standing patiently behind them.

Bunny's pursuer shouted aloud. Bunny himself had already turned his panting horse out of the road and was now careering over the stony veldt. But half a dozen fellows quickly followed, while a couple of those standing dismounted in the open yard sent bullets after him.

Bunny bent forward over his animal's neck in order to offer as small a target as possible. He patted and caressed the panting beast, encouraging it with Dutch words. The good creature responded at once, making enormous efforts to increase its pace. But it was tired and winded, and without a doubt the fresh horses of the pursuing Boers would soon overtake it.

But the pursuing Boers were an indolent lot, and disinclined, it appeared, to engage in a long race over bad ground. They wanted to continue the meal whose enjoyment had been broken by this foolish race, therefore they adopted a quicker method of bringing about the capture of this flying redneck—they fired a volley after him.

Two of the bullets found their billet. One struck, scarcely more than grazing it, Bunny's left leg; the second hit his unfortunate horse behind the shoulder, and, with a plunge, it fell headlong, sending its rider, for the second time this day, turning somersaults upon the grass and stones of the veldt.

This, of course, finished the race, and long before Bunny could have regained his feet and mounted his horse—which for two reasons could not be done—he was surrounded and recaptured. Both the reasons against remounting were excellent—the first was that Bunny himself was dazed with the fall and sat in smiling incomprehension of what was going on around him; and the second that his horse lay as dead as last year's leaves close by its rider.

Bunny did not remember much of what followed these events. He had a dim recollection of being

rather kindly treated by his new captors, who took him from his first friend after hearing particulars of his capture and escape, and brought him to their camp, where he was attended by a Boer surgeon, who was kind and skilful, and afterwards sent on by rail to Pretoria. His first captor was dispatched, with the curt reply to the claims put in by him for rights over the prisoner, that, since he had been such a fool as to allow the man to escape once, he was not the person to be trusted with him a second time.

At Pretoria Bunny was put into the enclosure known as the Race Course, a camp hastily prepared outside the town for the increasing numbers of English prisoners almost daily brought in.

Here he passed his time in wretchedness. He was not treated unkindly, indeed, he might have claimed release by posing as a farmer and non-combatant, but that those who brought him in told terrible tales of his violence in the attempt to escape from his captors; in consequence of which reports he was not sent over the borders, like many other non-combatants, such as farmers and storekeepers, who had been taken while standing by their property in hopes that the tide of war might pass over and leave it intact.

As the days went by the numbers of prisoners brought into Ladysmith Street rapidly increased. A huge consignment arrived after the Nicholson's Nek disaster—a crowd of dejected, disheartened men, who had bravely resisted calamity up to the last moment, and had succumbed to the inevitable only when there remained not a single cartridge among them to fire in the face of the Boer hosts that surrounded them.

Among these poor fellows came Jack Rosenthal, whom Bunny knew pretty well, and from him he presently learned the sad story of the disaster which had so moved every loyal Britisher and Colonial when the news of it appeared in the English newspapers: a naked, incomprehensible story, without detail and without explanation.

"My old governor'll move heaven and earth to get me out of this," said Jack Rosenthal. "He'll probably offer old Paul a ransom of a hundred thousand pounds, or something of that sort; his ideas always roam to great sums of money, dear old chap, and he won't stint the cash to get me back, especially as I know he believes the Boers are going to hold us for several years."

"I hope he's wrong there, anyway," said Bunny sighing. "Great Scott! Imagine living in this place for two years or more—waiting and waiting, always waiting to be released."

"Well, old man, if the governor buys me out I'll get him to make an offer for you, too," laughed Jack. "He can afford to buy out the lot of us if he chooses to do it."

"Thanks, I think I shall have a shot for myself before that happens, or maybe Geoff will get me out somehow. Dash it! what an idiot I was not to escape when he did; that beast of a Boer stuck to his saddle like a limpet to a rock. I wish I knew what had become of Geoff! However, he's the slyest old rascal on the face of the earth, and if anyone can slip through the hands of a lot of Boer chaps and get right away, he's the man. Only, of course, he might have been shot before reaching camp. That's what makes me miserable; I simply pine to know for certain that he's all right!"

"If he is, we may hear of him before long," laughed Jack. "He's the sort of fellow to come and fetch you, if I know him; it's the kind of enterprise he would like above all things in the world."

Bunny shook his head. "I don't see how it could be done," he said, "though I agree it's the kind of thing he would love to try. No, if he appears here, I'm afraid it will only be in the character of prisoner." Many a conversation did Bunny and Jack Rosenthal enjoy during the days that followed Jack's arrival, and the subject of their debates was always the same, the feasibility or the reverse of an attempt to escape from their "durance vile."

Bunny, following the dictates of his own too venturesome nature, was all for "a flutter," as he called it, for liberty, ignoring the frightful risks involved in such a proceeding.

"If we could only get out of this place, I don't see why the rest of the business shouldn't be fairly easy," he contended. "I am pretty good at talking Dutch. You can talk a bit, can't you?"

"Not much!" said Jack. "I've been far less in the country than you have. My governor always had one foot in England, you see, while yours has always lived here. Why?"

"We might pass as Boers—we couldn't escape as Englishmen!"

"My good chap, I couldn't do that, I should be spotted at once!" said Jack, laughing.

"Stop a bit. You could have your face bound up, and pretend you'd had a bullet through your jaw—you wouldn't be expected to talk much then."

Jack Rosenthal roared with laughter.

"Upon my word, that's a deuced ingenious idea!" he said. "You're a bit of a genius, Bunny—upon my soul you are! But what about pretending to be Boers in an English uniform and an obviously English suit, such as you and I respectively are wearing?"

"We should think of some plan to overpower a couple of the guards at night, and bag their clothes. Make them drunk isn't a bad way—we've got money——"

Jack shook his head.

"They're too *slim* for that. We might overpower them sober, but I don't think we'd get them drunk."

"Well, we must study the beggars carefully, and see what's to be done. We might, perhaps, *buy* them, or one, and get him to provide us with clothes. There's no hurry—study their characters, and we may find a way out yet."

So it remained for the present, and Jack and Bunny set themselves to study their guards—without much success at first, for the opportunities of doing so were rare. But their studies were broken in upon by a notable and exciting circumstance. Late one afternoon, about a week or more after Jack's arrival, a fresh batch of prisoners were admitted.

Jack and Bunny were in the open space allotted to the inmates for exercise, when the gates opened and the new arrivals were shown in.

"New chums—poor beggars!" said Jack. "I wonder where *they* hail from, and how the war's going on!"

"Not too well, to judge from the number of prisoners that come in," began Bunny.

Then he suddenly broke off with an exclamation, his face flushed and his eyes brightened.

"Good Heavens, Jack!" he muttered. "Look at that tall chap, the sixth in the line. Who is it? *Who* is it?"

"I seem to know his face——" Jack began.

"It is—it *is!*" cried Bunny, almost aloud. "It's my brother, Hugh, Jack. I'm certain of it. You haven't seen him for ages, nor have I for two years; but I can swear to him. How could he have got here?"

"Poor chap!" said Jack. "He must have been bagged almost as soon as he landed. What ghastly luck! Don't look as though you recognised a friend, or they may keep us apart."

Meanwhile Hugh himself was peering about, all eyes, most anxious to learn whether Bunny was in this enclosure or another. Presently he caught sight of his brother, and a smile of delighted recognition passed over his face, followed quickly by a warning look. Then Hugh turned away again.

"He expected to see me, and was looking out for me," muttered Bunny, excitedly. "Do you think it can be part of some mysterious plot, Jack?"

Jack shook his head.

"Couldn't be," he said. "You can see that he's a prisoner. *He* can't get us out any more than we can get him out."

Hugh, together with the rest of the prisoners

WHERE SAT A BOER OFFICER ENTERING EACH IN TURN IN THE REGISTER.

brought in with him, was going through certain formalities at a table, where sat a Boer officer entering each in turn in the register.

Luckily Hugh remembered the name by which Geoff had gone throughout the enterprise, for he was asked, among other questions, who had captured him, and where. To this Hugh replied "Pieter Kuyper," and to the second part of the question "after Nicholson's Nek." He was then asked his name, which he gave correctly, and his regiment, which he gave as the Imperial Light Horse. This concluded his examination, and he was told to fall back into line.

"I don't believe we shall see him to-night, to speak to," said Bunny. "How confoundedly tantalising, isn't it?"

"Never mind, we shall get a chat with him to-morrow," replied Jack; "we must possess our souls in patience."

But if the sudden appearance of Hugh had been an agitating event to Bunny, something happened a moment later which was a hundred times more amazingly bewildering, exciting, and delightful. For as Bunny gazed towards the entrance gate, at which sat the registrar, a Boer entered suddenly. The next minute Bunny gripped Jack's arm with violence.

"Look at him, Jack—look at the Boer fellow who has just come in—speaking to the man at the table," he muttered. "*Am I raving, man, or is that my brother Geoff?*"

(To be continued.) Fred Whishaw.

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

(Contributed by readers of THE CAPTAIN.)

JOHN HALIFAX.

Of all the works of fiction which I have ever read, none produced so deep or lasting an impression on my mind as Mrs. Craik's well-known book, "John Halifax, Gentleman," and I must therefore chronicle John Halifax as my favourite character.

In her book the authoress portrays the life of a young lad called John Halifax, who picks up a precarious livelihood by tramping the country, and exists on odd jobs here and there.

In the course of his wanderings he comes to Norton Bury, where old Fletcher, the Quaker, who is attracted to him, employs him in his tanyard. In the course of time our hero and Phineas Fletcher (the son of his employer) become fast friends, "even as David and Jonathan."

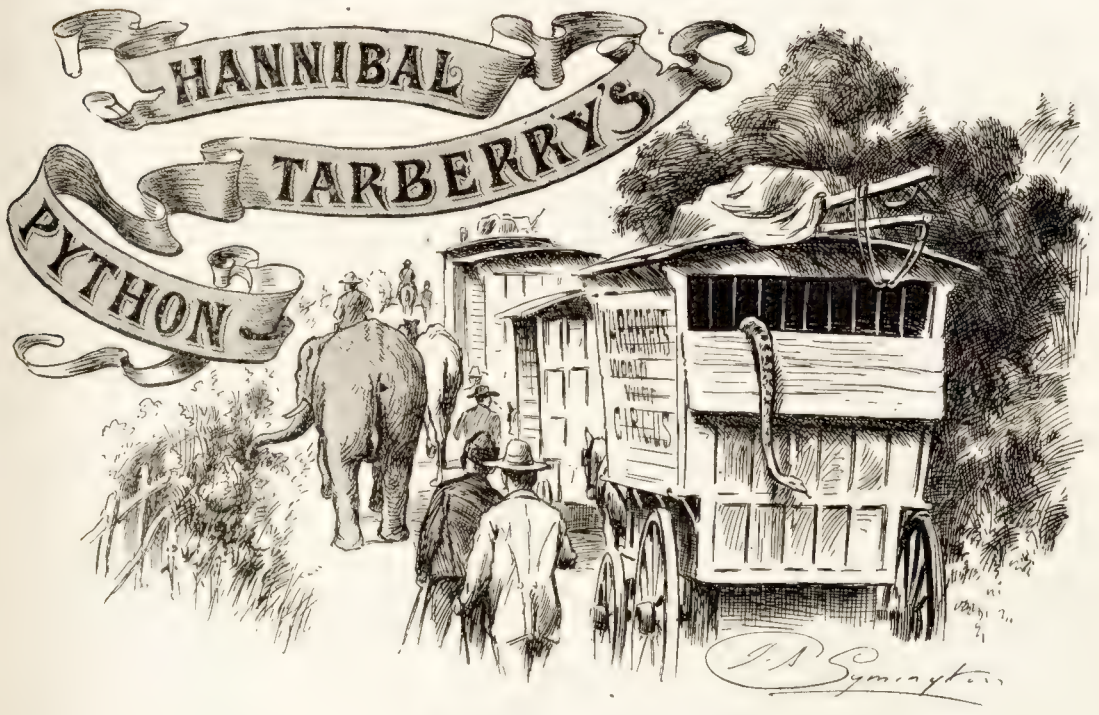
John rises steadily in his employer's favour, and by-and-bye, when he comes of age, he makes him his partner. Phineas, who has always been delicate, recovers from a serious illness, and he and John go to Enderley for a change, and there it is that the greatest event in the life of John takes place, because he falls in love. It so happens that there is also staying at Enderley a young lady and her father. The lady is Ursula March. Her father dies, and John is able to render her a service.

Shortly after, John and his friend return home again, but he cannot forget his love even though he and she are in very different positions of life. He loves her, and sometimes he believes his love is returned, and then it is that he says to his friend: "Why cannot I go to her, with my honest manhood—the manhood that I was born with—go to her, and tell her that I love her?" By-and-bye he falls ill, and seems to be dying. The doctors do not know his disease, but his friend—his Jonathan—does. He is dying of love. Jonathan, to save his friend's life, goes to Ursula, and tells her that John is dying because of his love of her, and beseeches her, if she loves him, to come to him. Ursula, who has loved John all the time, goes to him.

After a time, in spite of the opposition of Ursula's relatives, they are married, and then comes the story of their beautiful married life, and of their troubles and triumphs in their family, and then the story of their death. At the age of fifty John dies suddenly of heart disease, and his faithful wife, lying down beside the body of her husband, dies also. "In their lives they were lovely and beautiful, and in death they were not divided."

In real life there are a few John Halifax's, but a very, very few.

The record may be summed up in these words: His life was a tale of gentleness, and his death the triumph of a hero.—James Anderson.



A Pennsylvanian Yarn.

By W. Murray Graydon.

IN the grey dawn of a sultry August morning, a barefooted country lad trudged slowly down a grassy lane, shaking a willow switch at a herd of sleek cattle, who walked sedately in front of him. Arriving at the end of the lane, the cattle filed obediently through an open gateway into a pasture field, and the lad put up the bars behind them. As he turned away, a boy of his own age and size scrambled over the right-hand fence and dropped lightly into the lane.

"Hello, Dick Bender!" cried the new-comer in a shrill voice.

"Hello yourself, Tim Smollet!" retorted the other. "Where are you going—to the circus?"

"No; folks won't let me," said Tim in an aggrieved tone.

"Neither will mine," replied Dick. "It's a mean shame. I haven't been any place but to a camp-meetin' in all my life."

"Would you like to see an elephant, an' a camel, an' mebbe some more things?" asked Tim.

"Of course I would. What do you mean?"

Tim laughed mysteriously. "Come on then," he said. "There ain't a minute to lose. Our hired man was at the circus, over at Grantville, last night, and he says the storm made them so late in packing up that they'll have to take the old State Road to get to Dover in time for the afternoon performance. They didn't intend to start until three or four o'clock this morning, and if we hurry across field we may see them go by."

"Hurra! I hope we will," cried Dick. "It will be next best to seeing the circus itself."

He turned a handspring on the grass, and then hopped over the fence in pursuit of Tim, who was already making rapid strides across the field. Five minutes' run found the lads in front of the stiff hawthorn hedge, and, scrambling breathlessly through a gap, they emerged on the highway. Their arrival was indeed timely, and their hearts throbbed with joy and excitement, as they saw the caravan before their very eyes. Two big elephants and a camel were nipping the leaves from an overhanging locust tree, and behind them, along the dusty road, stretched a dozen gaily-painted vans, and as many trucks loaded with camp equipments.

But what was the matter? The procession was at a standstill, and half-a-dozen men were grouped about the nearest van, the upper boards

of which were down, showing the row of slender iron bars.

As the boys stood by the hedge, feasting their eyes on the unwonted scene, a corpulent little man left the group and came excitedly towards them.

"Who owns that land?" he demanded, pointing to a corn-field that began at the terminus of the hedge, a few yards distant.

"It belongs to my folks," replied Dick, wondering what was coming next.

"Well," said the little man, "you'd better go to the house and tell your dad to keep his chickens and cattle locked up. My big snake got loose a while ago, and went into that corn-field like a race-horse."

"A big snake!" ejaculated Tim and Dick, in one breath.

"Yes; a python 15ft. long, and as ill-tempered a snake as ever lived. The creature is worth a heap of money. We let the boards down to give it air, and it broke one of the bars and got out. If it hurts the corn any I'll pay damages. My name is Hannibal Tarberry, and I'm the owner of this travelling circus and menagerie, admission, forty cents, children half price. Well, I reckon it's light enough to start after the creature now."

Mr. Tarberry turned abruptly away, and gave some hasty instructions to half a dozen of his men. A moment later the party set forth, carrying noosed ropes and a big net; one man had a gun. The circus proprietor invited the lads to accompany them, and they accepted with mingled delight and dread. They kept well to the rear, prepared to retreat at an instant's notice.

The march through the corn-field was intensely thrilling. The spoor of the python was in view all the time—a broad depression on the ridges of earth. Here and there clusters of corn had been knocked flat, and Mr. Tarberry accounted for this on the ground that the snake was threshing his tail about from sheer delight at being free.

The corn-field came to an end, and up through the meadow toiled the little band, without catching a glimpse of his snakeship. Then they warily crossed the orchard and drew near the house. The inmates were blissfully ignorant of what had occurred. Mrs. Bender was scouring milk pails on the back porch, and the farmer was leading a horse across the barnyard to the watering trough. A cheerful melody came from the pig-pen, where the hired man was providing the morning meal.

Mr. Tarberry was the first to scale the orchard fence, and as he dropped on the other side he gave a yell that made Dick and Tim jump with fright. There was the python in full view, gliding swiftly across the open ground in the direction of the barn. The sun shone on the long fat body mottled with gold and black, and the flat, brown head was slightly raised, as though he already scented the brood of fowls clucking in the barn-yard.

The whole party were quickly over the fence, Dick and Tim as eager as the rest, and hearing the commotion in his rear the snake re-doubled his speed.

"Faster, faster, men!" called Mr. Tarberry to his followers, and then at the top of his voice he shouted to the farmer to get out of the way.

"Look out, father, there comes the snake!" Dick chimed in.

But Mr. Bender, being a little deaf, only stared in amazement at the invading horde of strangers. As yet the python was hidden from him by the barn-yard fence.

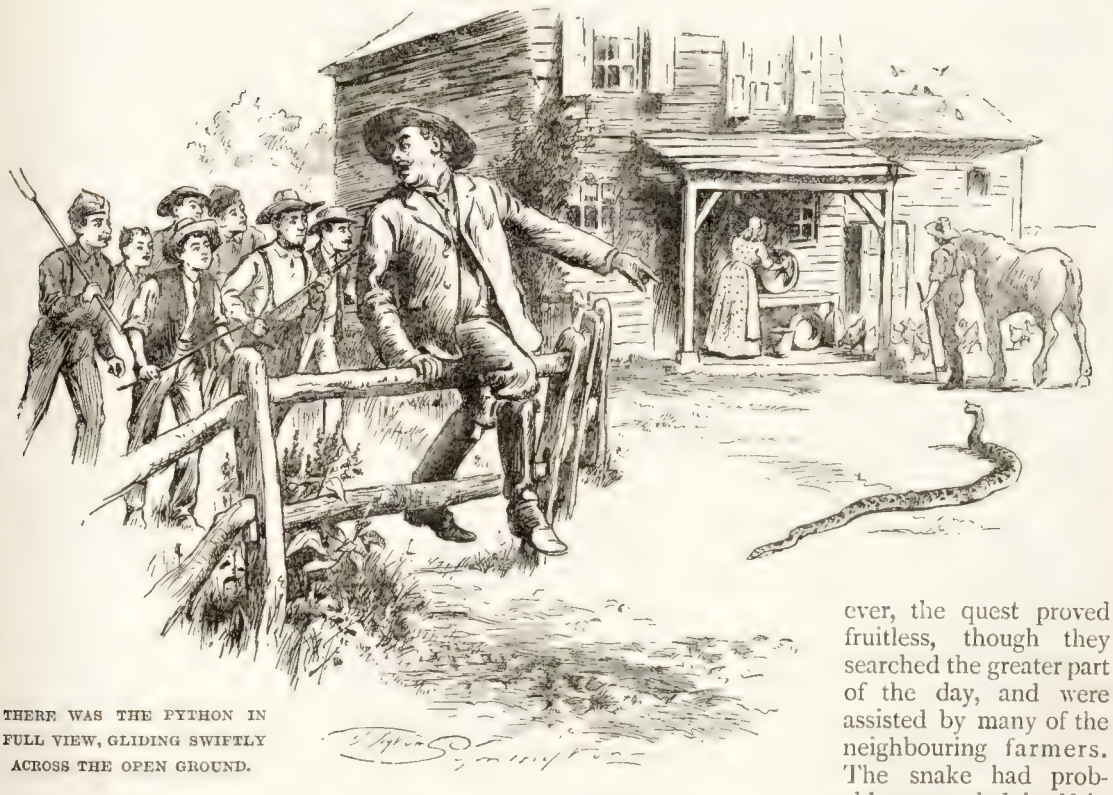
At this interesting moment the hired man and Mrs. Bender simultaneously caught sight of the monster. The woman swished into the kitchen, with a chorus of shrill screams, and the hired man fled for his life towards the corn-crib. The snake glided on with an angry hiss, and darted through the open gate into the barn-yard.

The scene that followed baffles description. The horse that Mr. Bender was leading broke loose by a vigorous jerk that stretched the farmer on his back; uttering piercing neighs of fright, the animal leaped the fence and tore down the lane like a whirlwind. Mr. Bender rose up as the snake came hissing towards him, and without delay he sprinted for the stone wall that bounded the lower side of the barn-yard. A black-and-white bull calf, heading in frantic terror in the same direction, butted heavily against him, and, for the second time, the farmer rolled over in the straw. Again he rose, and this time he gained the wall by a prodigious leap, and straddled the crest of it.

The innocent cause of all the commotion coursed swiftly on, steering a bee-line for the frightened fowls. For a few seconds the air rang with shrill cackling and fluttering, and the snake threshed around, like an escaped fire-hose under full pressure. Then the wild gyrations suddenly ceased, and the reptile bolted through the rear end of the barn-yard, with a big cock in his mouth, and vanished in a peach orchard.

As the circus proprietor and his men reached the gate, Mr. Bender stood up on the wall and surveyed them wrathfully.

"I'll have the law of you for this!" he shouted. "A thousand dollars won't satisfy me! I'll learn you to turn a varmint like that loose on my farm."



THERE WAS THE PYTHON IN FULL VIEW, GLIDING SWIFTLY ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND.

Mr. Tarberry stopped short, and gazed ruefully at the angry man.

"It won't pay to keep up the chase," he muttered. "I'll have more suits for damages on my hands than the whole blamed show is worth." Then he turned to Dick and Tim, and said quickly, "Boys, do you want that python? He's yours, if you capture him. You can either sell him for a big price, or earn money by exhibiting him round the country."

The boys were taken aback by this munificent offer. "I—I think we'd like to have him," stammered Dick at length.

"That's a bargain!" exclaimed Mr. Tarberry. "It's your snake from now on." He whispered a few words to his men, and then the whole party went briskly down the lane, followed by a volley of execrations from the indignant farmer.

Mr. Bender was disposed to put some of the blame on his son, but Dick explained matters satisfactorily, and was backed up by Tim. The boys did not admit that the python was in future their property; they felt some doubts as to how the statement would be received.

When Mrs. Bender was sufficiently recovered from her fright to be left alone, and the runaway horse had been brought back, the farmer and the hired man armed themselves with guns, and started in pursuit of the reptile, sternly refusing the boys permission to accompany them. However, the quest proved fruitless, though they searched the greater part of the day, and were assisted by many of the neighbouring farmers. The snake had probably concealed itself in some of the thick timber-land along the creek.

The travelling circus performed at Dover that afternoon; then it departed for regions unknown, greatly to the disappointment of numerous small towns, where it had been booked to appear. Mr. Tarberry was wise in his generation, and preferred losing the profits of these performances to paying for any loss of life and damage to property that might be caused by his fugitive serpent.

On the second day Mr. Bender and his neighbours renewed the search, with the same futile results. The next morning the reptile turned up at a point two miles distant, and commenced a career of devastation that continued uninterruptedly for a fortnight. During this period, men, women, and children, were frightened half out of their wits; chickens, turkeys, and an occasional sheep, were carried off; and a man on horseback was chased for three miles—according to his own report. These ravages were committed in different localities, and thus the searching parties were constantly baffled. At the end of the fortnight the huge reptile mysteriously disappeared, and the terror-struck people had a breathing spell.

Meanwhile Tim and Dick had abandoned the idea of capturing the snake and making profit out of it. After several consultations

they decided to relinquish their claim to it entirely.

"There would be a jolly row if people knew the creature was ours," said Tim. "They would want to make us pay for all the chickens and things that have been carried off; and, besides, we couldn't catch it if we tried our best."

"That's right," assented Dick, and so by unanimous consent the python became nobody's property—a fact which must have gratified his snakeship exceedingly could he have known it.

For three days no trace of the reptile was seen, and nothing was heard of it. Many persons believed that it had left the neighbourhood, and some asserted that it must have died of gluttony.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Dick and the hired man harnessed two mules to the big wagon, and drove over to Mr. Smollet's farm for a load of locust fence-posts that Mr. Bender had bargained for. Tim was at home, and the two lads amused themselves in various ways, while Mr. Smollet and the hired man went to the orchard and loaded the posts on the wagon.

Finally, Tim proposed to his companion that they should go and get some apples, and on the way from the barn to the orchard they stopped at the wagon-shed to admire a trap the farmer had recently purchased. The building adjoined the barn, and was separated from the house by a wide piece of open ground. The farm wagons occupied the interior, and on each side was a high, narrow corn-crib, the doors to which were outside. Overhead was a loft, where sleighs and farm implements were stored.

Having sufficiently admired the trap, the boys came out and closed the folding doors. Tim opened the corn-crib nearest the house and looked in.

"Over in that corner is some popcorn," he said. "If you want a few ears, just help yourself. I'll come back when I've had a drink."

"All right," said Dick, "much obliged." And he entered the corn-crib, leaving the door wide open.

DICK ALMOST LOST HIS HOLD FROM FRIGHT.

Tim sauntered towards the house, and was halfway across the open stretch when he heard a rustling noise, and turning, he was horrified to see a monstrous snake glide from under the wagon-shed, and dart at a flock of chickens which were scratching the ground near-by. The fowls fled in squalling panic, and seeing the open door of the corn-crib, two of them fluttered in. With an angry hiss the snake glided after them, and Tim's head swam as he realized his companion's predicament.

The flapping and squalling of the fowls was Dick's first intimation of his danger, and he looked up from the heap of golden ears at the rear end of the corn-crib, to see the ugly brown head and yellow-and-black coils of the python blocking the doorway. With a yell of dismay he grabbed the open slat-work that formed the outer side of the crib, and went rapidly up, hand over hand, until his head touched the flooring of the loft. Glancing down, he saw the snake dart swiftly towards the chickens, who were cornered in the far end, apparently stupid with fright.

At that instant Tim ventured to peep in the doorway, and a glimpse showed him the situation.

"Hold tight, Dick, I'll save you!" he yelled. With that he vanished abruptly, and a second

or two later the doors of the wagon-shed were heard to fly back with a bang.

Dick was momentarily cheered by Tim's words, but the situation suddenly assumed a different aspect, and his heart seemed to sink clear down into his boots. As the python neared them the chickens flew up, and dodging the wicked head as it darted to and fro, they sailed into the outer air with lusty cackling. Thus baulked of its prey, the snake became ill-tempered, and determined to take its revenge out of Dick. Possibly the monster was actuated as much by hunger as by rage. At all events, it reared in the air and threshed the loose ears of corn violently with its slimy coils. A hissing noise came from the open mouth, and the ugly eyes sparkled like fire.

Dick almost lost his hold from fright. He yelled at the top of his voice as often as the flat brown head swooped towards him, and, with his feet, he tried vainly to kick some of the slats loose. The sight of the hideous reptile was more than he could endure, and, shutting his eyes, he clung tightly to the precarious support. Cold shivers chased each other down his back. He seemed to feel the slimy coils of the monster encircling his body and crushing it to a jelly.

Just when his brain began to grow dizzy and he knew that he must soon fall, he heard a dull, pounding noise overhead. Then one of the planks in the ceiling flew up with a sharp crack, and Tim's head and shoulders appeared in the orifice. Hope leant Dick fresh strength, and with Tim's aid he clambered through the gap. The plank was dropped in place, and the two lads made all haste down the ladder to the lower floor, and thence into the outer air. A glance showed them that the python was still in the corn-crib, and, with a quick rush, Tim slammed and bolted the door.

"Hurra! We've got him now!" he cried.

"Yes; and he nearly had me," said Dick, who was as white as chalk. "You got me out just in time."

At this juncture the wagon drove around from the orchard heavily loaded with locust posts, and the two men sprang to the ground. Mr. Smollet demanded the cause of the outcry, and became tremendously excited when the boys told how they had made a prisoner of the big snake.

"Wait till I get my gun," he cried. "I'll settle the varmint with a charge of buck-shot."

"No, no; don't do that!" pleaded Tim. "Keep the snake alive."

"We can earn lots of money by exhibiting him, Mr. Smollet," added Dick.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the farmer "Keep your eyes on the crittur till I come back."

But before Mr. Smollet could start after the gun, the python stuck his head through a broken place near the bottom of the corn-crib, and instantly the slats bulged and snapped. Out came the reptile on the ground with a savage hiss, and away went the farmer, the hired man, and the two boys, running as though the snake was at their very heels.

The team was standing in the middle of the road, and the mules, terrified by the sight of the monster, dashed at fearful speed down the hill.

At this very instant the python glided towards the house, seemingly unaware of its danger, and though the mules tried to stop when they saw the dreaded object in front of them, their headway was too great, and the heavy wheels went directly over the body of the python. The wagon upset at the foot of the hill, scattering the posts in every direction, and the mules were intercepted a little farther on by the hired man, who had fled in that direction.

The snake lay in the road, squirming horribly, with a broken back, but its struggles were soon ended by a charge of buck-shot from the farmer's gun.

The news spread quickly through the neighbourhood, and crowds of people came to see the dead monster during the afternoon and evening. It had probably crept under the wagon-shed to sleep off the effect of its orgies—little wonder that it woke up hungry and savage after such a long fast.

Dick and Tim were as much admired and talked about as the snake itself. They shared the python's skin between them, and the body was interred in a deep hole. But they never divulged the fact that the snake had become their property on the day of its escape; and some of the neighbours, who suffered by the reptile's depredations, are still hoping and longing for the return of Mr. Hannibal Talberry's travelling circus and menagerie.

A GENTLEMAN PRIVATE.

By E. Menhinic Morphew.

Sketches by G. M. Dodshon.

SITTING upon the extreme edge of the sofa he thoughtfully regarded his somewhat dirty hands, as he picked his inky fingers.

His hair was rumpled, his nose scratched, his lip cut, and he had a lump over one eye; yet one could see he would be good-looking when he grew up. His figure, which was scantily clothed in an Eton suit much too small for him, was composed chiefly of bones and tendons, as is usual with boys of his age, which was fourteen or thereabouts.

In an armchair on the other side of the hearth sat "the pater," and stormed away steadily on the subject of the term's report.

"Disgraceful, I call it, sir—simply disgraceful! A boy of your age—you ought to be ashamed of yourself! It gets worse and worse, I tell you! You're a disgrace, do you hear, sir? Utterly good for nothing—good for nothing!"

* * * * * *

Although only a private in a territorial regiment of the line, he differed from the ordinary run of Tommies, in that he was a gentleman. This was evident in many ways. For one thing, his speech betrayed him, and then there were his quiet, confident ways and well-kept hands, together with a hundred other little things that made it plain to his comrades that he was "not their class."

Therefore, with the exception of a little rough chaff and a few still rougher practical jokes, he was pretty severely let alone by them in the barrack-room and in the canteen. He took whatsoever fell to his lot so very quietly and unconcernedly that his room didn't understand him one bit, and his officers regarded him with some suspicion, and were a bit stricter with him than with the rest of the men.

One night, a little before "lights out" was sounded, Private Byrnes (right-cot man to the gentleman private) whose last pint of beer from the canteen seemed to have disagreed a bit with his temper, was lying in his cot, face downwards, with his head between his fists, muttering wicked things in a painfully distinct tone of voice.

"Wot's hurting you?" said the man next him. "If you go on like that you'll offend his precious lordship next yer."

Byrnes went on steadily, not heeding the interruption.

"Garn!" said the other reproachfully, and suddenly seized with a fit of holiness. "Garn! You've got er mouth like er deserted parrit-cage!"

Having nothing with which to reply to this terrific denunciation, Byrnes turned his attention to the man on his left, and expressing his private, personal opinion of him to the room in general, said that he was "a tender-'anded young lady," embellished with sundry other uncomplimentary adjectives. In answer to which the "young lady" flung his boot full at Private Byrnes' head.

"Guess yer must 'ave bin a little bit off the top when yer made up yer mind to join us bloomin' Tommies, my fine paper-mashy toff," remarked Byrnes, raking in the rack above his head for a missile.

After a little further exchange of the retort courteous, a ring was formed and the men stood up to each other.

For an instant they eyed each other keenly. Then Byrnes went in with a rush. *Whack!* He came out with his nose bleeding freely.

He went in again, ducking his head, and advancing with a hand-over-hand style of motion. The gentleman private promptly took "the measure of an unmade grave," and a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of his mouth as he picked himself up and continued the conflict.

Smack! Smack! Smack! One hit a flush on Byrnes' cheek, two upon his opponent's.

Thud! Thud! Back danced the "paper-mashy toff" with the red imprint of eight angry knuckles over his ribs.

THE "YOUNG LADY" FLUNG HIS BOOT FULL AT PRIVATE BYRNES' HEAD.

On came Byrnes once more, sawing the air like a windmill.

Plunk! The gentleman private had smashed in his winning hit, for Byrnes reeled, threw up his arms, and fell in a heap upon the floor.

When the officer on duty came his round, he found the worthy Byrnes well qualified for hospital, owing to a broken rib, not to speak of the fact that, in the words of the old song, "his mouth had somehow got concealed behind his ear."

"How's this?" asked the officer, and Byrnes, who was a staunch man, replied:—

"Fell against the form, sir."

"Fell against the form, man?" asked the officer, looking hard at him.

"Yes, sir," answered Byrnes steadily, "as I 'ave said, sir."

Looking round, the officer caught sight of the gentleman private's face, which was rather pale, except where Byrnes' knuckles had left marks.

Calling him outside the door, he gazed intently into the steadfast eyes.

"Weren't you at Winchester with me?" he asked.

The gentleman private flushed scarlet.

"Yes, but for Heaven's sake shut up about it!" he said pleadingly.

"Shake hands!" replied the other. "I remember you well. You bossed your final, didn't you? You never did well in exams., I remember."

"Did I ever do well in anything," said the gentleman private, smiling ruefully, "barring sports?"

Now, because Tommy Atkins has an unbounded admiration for the man who can use his fists well, the gentleman private had a better time of it from that day.

Later on, when the football season commenced, and his comrades found that in him they had the best centre forward that the regiment had ever possessed, his popularity increased by leaps and bounds at each match.

He was a corporal when he played for his regiment against the King's Own Slapdashers, who had held the Army Championship for five seasons, and were fearfully cocky over it too.

But pride will have a fall, and the King's Own Slapdashers had had their day.

The gentleman corporal shot five goals to their three, and thus the Royal West Dunstershires beat the Slapdashers upon their own ground, and wrested from them the championship.

Thus they spoiled the Egyptians.

That night the Dunsters carried their centre

forward shoulder high round the square, and cheered themselves hoarse.

His star was in the ascendant.

War time. War, war, everywhere! All England wrote, read, talked, and thought of nothing but that fearful, yet glorious argument of nations—in the nineteenth century one can hardly call it the argument of kings.

However wicked and wasteful a means of settling disputes it may seem to explore, with bayonet, bullet, and shell, the insides of people who have nothing to do with the quarrel in the beginning, war will always be glorious for the simple fact that in these times, when so few people are ready to die for anything, Tommy is ready to lay down his life for—something—perhaps he isn't very clear in his own mind what, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, the spectacle, the brilliant uniforms, the gay trappings, and the stirring music, are simply adjuncts to this crowning act of self-sacrifice. It is this thought—even if perhaps we don't know it—that makes the passing of a marching regiment bring tears to the eyes of some, and a choke in the throat of others, while we all tingle with pride, and, cheering ourselves hoarse, feel inspired to do great deeds.

The Dunstershires were among the first of the horse and foot "ordered to Table Bay."

Have you ever seen the sailing of a transport? There were many sad leave-takings among the gallant Dunstershires. There was the senior subaltern's newly-made bride, and the colonel's many-years-wedded wife, and everybody's mother and sisters, and the old father, just a little tottery on his feet, who blew his nose with suspicious violence.

The gentleman private—he was a sergeant now, though—had no one to wish him God speed.

It was pretty stiff fighting all the way up through Natal, right into the heart of the Transvaal.

The Dunstershires were always well in the thick of it and covered themselves with glory, but their roll call grew shorter every day.

"GREAT BRITISH VICTORY!" SHOUTED THE PAPER BOYS.

GREAT BRITISH VICTORY.

SPLENDID CHARGE OF THE DUNSTERSHIRES.

HEAVY LOSSES.

Thus read the newspaper placards late one Saturday night as all London was turning out of theatre and music hall.

"GREAT BRITISH VICTORY!" shouted the shrill-voiced little paper boys.

Hurrah! Hearts thrill with pride and enthusiasm. Papers are snatched with eager hands. How about our dear ones over there? The heavy black lettering looms out under the flare of London's lights.

HEAVY LOSSES.

Perhaps it is hundreds, perhaps thousands, and for each one a score will surely mourn.

"*Great British Victory!*" How was it won?

The troops had made a night march to within about three miles of the enemy.

The Boer position was a horse-shoe shaped ridge of kopjes encircling a plateau, upon which was posted a number of guns.

It had been raining heavily during the night, and the men were soaked to the skin and bitterly cold. At daybreak the rain cleared off, and our artillery took up the best position they could find and opened fire. The Boer guns one by one replied, and soon the infernal concert was in full blast.

After about two hours' pounding with that highly-coloured, heavily-scented invention, lyddite, the Boer guns were knocked out. Knocked out by "the Terror of the World, the Right of the Line, and the Pride of the British Army," as runs the proud boast of our Royal Horse Artillery.

And now the infantry advanced to the attack. They advanced in skirmishing order, taking advantage of every bit of cover, and firing smartly by sections as they came within reach of the enemy. At 150yds. range they advanced steadily, without faltering, across the open veldt under a heavy fire. But the men were falling fast.

"Splendid, men, splendid!" shouted the colonel, his little black eyes shining with excitement. "Now then, all together—er-r!"

"Charge!" shouted the major, and caught the dying form of his chief in his arms.

With a hoarse howl of rage the Dunstershires rushed forward under an appalling fire from the kopjes above.

The major was down! A captain sprang forward, pointing them still upward with his sword. A shot struck him on the breast. He threw up his arms and fell.

Another leapt forward. Another! At fifty yards from the trenches the hillside was a veritable shambles. The Dunstershires stagger! Their sole remaining officer, a subaltern but three weeks joined, is in command.

"NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER—ER-R!"

"Play up, school!" is on the tip of his tongue, the time is so short since he left the playing fields of Eton. "Come on, men, come on!" he shouts, and falls with a sob.

The men are wavering. They are giving way.

The gentleman sergeant springs to the front.

"Dunsters, remember Majuba!" he cries, and leads the way, ever upward.

Where he is led, there the British soldier will follow. The Dunstershires rally, and, led by their sergeant, rush up the few remaining yards of the ascent.

Once in close quarters with the enemy, the British bayonet does its work, and the best man wins. The Boers fly in disorderly retreat. Out gallops "the Terror of the World, the Right of the Line," and pounds away at the rear of the fugitives.

The general, who has watched the storming of the heights at a distance, shuts his glasses with a snap and a relieved exclamation.

"Magnificent! Brave Dunstershires!"—and the ever glorious —th, those darlings of society, dance daintily out over the open plain. The Hon. Meeking Meeking stops humming "El Capitan" to flourish his sabre and shout:—

"Now then! At them —th! In you go!"

They went! They went!

They were as weary as reapers when they rode back that evening.

At sundown the general said:—

"Bring me the man who led that attack. He should have his commission for this day's work."

Half an hour later a bearer company brought him on a stretcher, the gentleman sergeant—badly hurt. The doctors shook their heads sadly over him, and put "dangerously" against his name in the casualty lists.

But it takes a lot to kill a man who is on his promotion, and the gentleman sergeant did not die. He got better very quickly instead; and when the British troops entered Pretoria there was a company of the Dunstershires that was led by a man who had once served as a private of the line.

HOW TO BUILD A CANVAS CANOE FOR HALF A GUINEA.

By Lawrence Sturrock and Hugh Baillie.

Before going into the details of this article, we hasten to assure any reader of The Captain who may be doubtful about his ability to build the canoe, that, as we have done so ourselves and found no serious difficulty, he may, with a little patience and perseverance, make a perfectly trustworthy article.

Here is a list of the principal necessaries, with their estimated cost:—

	s.	d.
Keel: 1 piece white deal wood, 12ft. × 3ins. × 2ins.	0	9
Bow and stern posts: 2 pieces white deal wood, 1ft. × 4ins. × 2ins.	0	4
Gunwales: 2 pieces white deal wood, 14ft. × 3½ins. × ⅝in.	2	0
Bilges: 4 pieces white deal wood, 10ft. × 3ins. × ⅝in.	0	9
Ribs: 2 doz. barrel hoops	0	2
Deck supports: 1 large barrel	0	1
Screw nails, copper tacks, and other sundries ...	1	0
Boiled linseed oil	2	0
Paint	1	0
Canvas: 36ins. wide, 5yds. ... ... about	2	5
Total	10	6

Now to work. First take your keel, and, having planed it square, measure 1in. along one of the edges of one of the 3in. sides, and draw a line from this point to the end of the opposite edge, and cut off the piece. Now, at the end of the 2in. side measure in ⅜in. from either edge, and 4in. along either edge, and join the points (Fig. 2). Do the same with the corresponding side, and saw off the marked pieces.

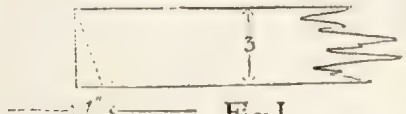


Fig 1.

Lay the keel aside, take one of the posts, plane it square, measure 1in. up one of the edges of one of the 4in. sides, join this point with the end of the edge opposite, and saw off the piece (Fig. 3). Then plane the post to coincide with the end of the keel (Fig. 3B). Treat the other post in the same manner, fitting it to the keel as before.

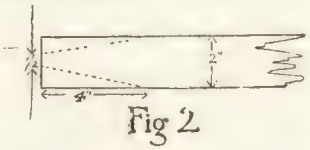


Fig 2.

Now fix the posts to the keel with 5in. screws, boring holes with the brace and bit in which to sink the heads. Your joints will then be as in Fig. 4A.

Now take the gunwales and tie them, not too firmly, on either side of the posts, so that equal parts project from either end. Then stand between them, and, pressing outwards with your knees, insert two wedges and hammer them towards the bow and stern, until the gunwales are about 2½ft. apart in the middle. You must here make sure that the curves in the gunwales are the same on both sides. To do this, take a piece of string, stretch it from the middle of the keel to the bottom of one of the gunwales, mark the distance, and try it on the other side. Do this several times at different places, and if the distances always correspond, the curves are correct This being so, secure the gunwales to the posts with screws

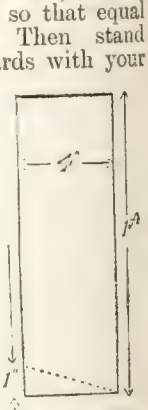


Fig 3A.

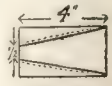


Fig 3B.

Now take the canvas, and having doubled it to find the middle line, lay it along the keel, centre to centre, and tack it with copper tacks 1in. apart, from end to end. Double the canvas down either side (Fig. 5), and drive tacks ½in. apart through both

layers. Take a barrel-hoop, and press it down between the gunwales until it touches the keel and is flush with the gunwales, making it of the shape shown in Fig. 6 at A, and having secured it with ¾in. screws, cut off the projecting ends. Place the rest of the ribs in the same manner, about 4ins. apart, as far up as possible. Of course, as you come nearer the bow and stern the curves of the ribs will become less, as in Fig. 6, B.

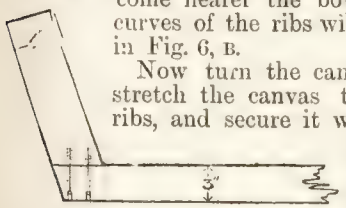


Fig 4

Now turn the canoe keel up, and stretch the canvas tightly over the ribs, and secure it with copper tacks 1in. from the bottom of the gunwales. Give the canvas a thorough coat of oil, and shove in the bilges before the oil is dry in the following manner :—

Take one of the bilges, and having planed it smooth, shove it in between the ribs and the canvas about 2ins. up from the keel, and secure it to the ribs with small screws. Put in the rest of the bilges in the same way, 2 on each side and 3ins. apart ; the bilges will slip in easier if rubbed with oil. Cut off the superfluous canvas at either end, leaving about 1in. to spare. Double this in, and drive tacks through both layers, being very careful to leave no creases. Allow the oil to dry thoroughly, by which time the canvas will have shrunk quite tight. Then give the canvas another coat of oil, rubbing it well in, and you have finished the most difficult part of your work.

Fig 5

Take your barrel, and, having taken it to pieces, secure one of the staves across the gunwales with screws, about 4½ft. from the bow, and saw off the projecting ends. Do the same with the stern, and then place staves about 1ft. apart between these and the posts. Now take a thin piece of wood, about 3ins. broad and a suitable length, and fasten it on the top of these staves. Cover this with canvas, tacking it over the gunwales, and oiling it like the other canvas.

Then take a piece of ½in. wood about 6ins. broad, and cut it to the curve of the gunwales and the exact length between the decks. Fix it to the gunwales with screws, and put two or three blocks below to support it. Do this on the other side, and finish off the well by putting a strip of

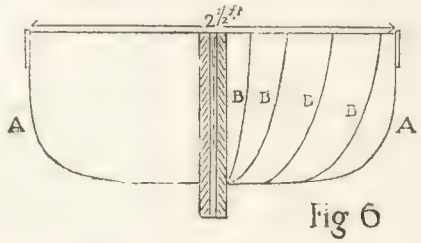


Fig 6

mahogany round it. The canoe is now ready for painting, which can be done according to taste.

To make a paddle, procure a pole about 8ft. long, and cut a slit in either end. Into these slits put the blades, and secure them with screws (Fig. 7). These blades should be made of some strong wood, and be about 8ins. wide and 12ins. long. A board fitted to the bottom of the canoe makes a very good seat. This canoe makes a very steady sailing boat, but when used as such a little ballast would do no harm. The best sail is the leg of mutton, as it has all its driving power low down and therefore lessens the danger of capsizing.

Should the canoe be made for two persons, the well can easily be enlarged.

Your canoe is now complete and we wish you many a pleasant cruise in it.

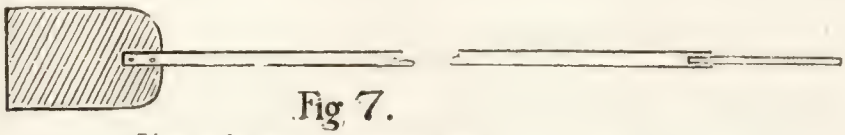


Fig 7.

Lines to be sawn are marked thus.....

BRABANT'S SCOUTS.

THE BUTTONS OF BIG SHIPPING LINES.

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY Louis A. Johns.

IT is not my intention in this short article to give a history, or dwell upon the importance of the merchant service, but merely to present to the reader a few remarks that may be necessary for the purpose of identifying some of the accompanying buttons which are worn on the uniforms of the leading shipping lines.

(1) West India and Pacific Steamship Co.

(2) British India S. N. Co.

(3) Cunard Line.

The nautical connection of these buttons is apparent at a glance — the coil of rope, the anchor, and the flags flying at the staff, and among them, too, an "effigy," which will always appeal to Britons, that of "Britannia," who, according to the song, is said to "rule the waves." In No. 1 we find her represented in the centre of the West India and Pacific Steamship Co.'s button; and in No. 2, accompanied by her faithful attendant, the lion, who has the world under his paw, she is looking both regal and picturesque. The lettering around denotes British India Steam Navigation Company.

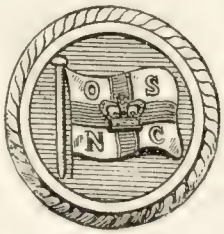
The lion rampant, with the globe and the crown, is the button worn by the Cunard line, and is probably intended to signify that the company carry the royal mail, and that its ships travel over a large part of the water surface of the globe. The double V.R., with the crown above, and the rose, thistle, and shamrock underneath, in No. 4, bears its own title, as also Nos. 5 and 6. The Prince of Wales' feathers in the centre of the flag (No. 7) is that of the Prince line; while No. 8 belongs to the Orient Steam Navigation Co., the crown signifying authority to carry the royal mails. No. 9, the New Zealand Shipping Co. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. (well known as the P. and O. line) is No. 10, whose device—the rising sun above the anchor—is emblematic of the Orient, or eastern quarter of the globe, in which direction the ships, in the early days of the company, were

(4) Royal Mail S. P. Co.

(5) Dominion Line.

(6) Pacific Steam Navigation Co.

(7) Prince Line.



(8) Orient Line.

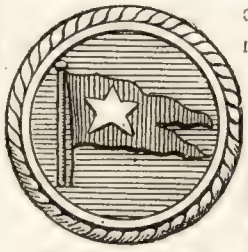
(9) New Zealand Steamship Co.

(10) P. and O. Line.

constantly extending their journeys. No. 11 is worn by the Union Steamship Co., and the C in the centre of the flag in No. 12 belongs to the well-known Castle line. The flag of the firm who possess the *Oceanic* is seen in No. 13, being the White Star line, while in No. 14 we have the Allan line button.

(11) Union Steamship Co.

(12) Castle Line.



(13) White Star Line.

(14) Allan Line.

In Nos. 15 and 16 the emblem represents the name of their respective lines, the Anchor and the Beaver. The C.S.C. on the latter stands for Canada Shipping Co. No. 17 belongs to the well-known firm of Thos. Wilson, Sons & Co., Ltd. The Natal line of steamers' button (No. 18) has the firm's name on the circle; while Lamport & Holt have their monogram in the centre of No. 19.

(15) Anchor Line.

(16) Beaver Line.

(17) Wilson Line, Hull.

(18) Natal Line.

(19) Messrs. Lamport & Holt.

The eagle, shown in No. 20, belongs to the American line; the owners of this and the Red Star line being the International Navigation Co., whose initials are below the eagle.

(20) American Line.

(21) North German Lloyd.

(22) Japan Mail Steamship Co.

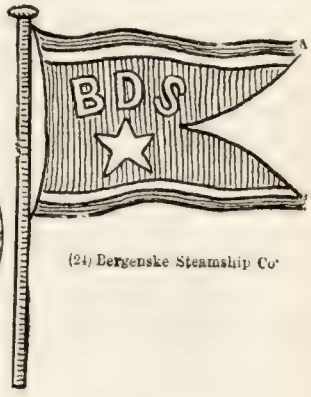
(23) City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.

"Norddeutscherlloyd" means North German Lloyd, No. 21—the term "Lloyd" indicating a club or combination of merchants, originally derived from Lloyd's Coffee House, London, a resort of merchants. The key is the symbol of the town of Bremen, where the vessels sail from, and the anchor that of the company. The wreath is an ornamentation combining the two emblems.

The Japanese characters above the anchor in No. 22 mean "Nippon Yusen Kaisha." The English of which is Japan Mail Steamship Co., Ltd. The initials N.Y.K. are simply an abbreviation of the above.

The Irish harp and anchor in No. 23 belong to the well-known cross channel service of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Co.

The small flag (enamelled red, white, and blue), No. 24, is the cap badge worn by the officers of the Bergenske Steamship Co. The initials B.D.S. stand for three Norwegian words, "Bergenske Dampskibs Selskab," which, in English, means Bergen Steamship Co.



(24) Bergenske Steamship Co.

THE SAHIB'S OLD ORDERLY

A Tale of the Indian Mutiny.

By G. Raven Dale.

Sketches by A. T. Smith.

I.

OLD Subedar-Major Nawāb Ali Khan thought for a minute or two, and remarked :—

"Yes, sahib ! This bungalow which your Highness has built is pleasant to look upon, and, doubtless, comfortable to live in ; but I can remember a time when the house that stood on this very spot was red with flame, and the sahib's horses were burnt, tethered in the stable yonder."

"How was that ?" I asked.

"The *badmaashes* from the bazaar in the year of the Folly."

He referred, of course, to the Mutiny. Many natives prefer to call it by this term ; and it is not inapt.

"You remember that well ?"

"Well, sahib ? How can I but remember it well ? I was a *jowān* then, and things which take place when the mind is a clean slate are bound to leave some marks on its unscratched surface. I had not been in the service ten years, and had already become *havildar*—but I tire your honour."

I hastened to assure him to the contrary, and endeavoured to lure him on to speak of his own doings during that time, when, if it was not easy for British officers to know how to act, how much more difficult must it have been for those native soldiers who wished to remain loyal to their salt ?

"The contingent, sahib, was different in those days. Instead of the one battalion of infantry, it consisted of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all under one colonel sahib. Of course, we had not much to do with one another. We of the *paltan* did not know, or care, much about the *rissalah*, or the *battri*, as we had our own affairs to look after.

"Major Rivers Sahib commanded us. A wonderful shot he was, too, and could look a charging tiger in the face better than any man I ever saw. When my father brought me to the *paltan* to be enlisted, he had at once taken me to Rivers Sahib—he was a lieutenant then, and adjutant of the infantry—and presented me to the son of his old commanding officer.

"It was a great thing for me to have this claim on the sahib's notice. At spare times he made a point of taking me with him on his shooting expeditions, and in that way I learnt to know every inch of the surrounding country.

"By-and-bye, when I had been dismissed my recruit's drill, and had got a little sense and knowledge of things, I became Rivers Sahib's orderly. I was young for the position, and this caused some jealousy among the older Sepoys. One especially, Fakir Mohammed Khan, was very wroth that I, a mere child in his eyes, should be preferred to him, who had fifteen years' service and much knowledge of the world. For this reason Fakir Mohammed tried to get me into trouble in every way he could.

"On one occasion he stole a *tulwar* from a man of my company, broke into my house whilst I was away, and buried it in the earthen floor. I was accused of the theft, and the sword was found in the floor of my house. However, sahib, my innocence was proved, the guilt was brought home to the right person, and Fakir Mohammed was dismissed the regiment.

"In course of time I was promoted to be a non-commissioned officer, and then my duties prevented my being the sahib's orderly. Nevertheless, I was still a good deal with him, and always took command of the beaters in his tiger shoots. On one of these occasions the sahib had saved my life, and that increased my affection for him, if it could be increased.

"Soon after this event Rivers Sahib went on leave to England. Whilst away he was promoted major, and when he returned he had married, and brought a beautiful young English mem-sahib back with him. But the days of the Folly were at hand, and matters were going crookedly.

"The Sepoys had secret meetings among themselves, and became insolent in their bearing to the English officers. Some of us, who were loyal, bided our time and watched. What could we do? Men's hearts were filled with madness, and all Oude and Bundelkhand were in the hands of the insurgents.

"Unfortunately for us, the native officers were all bad, or perhaps *Shaitan* had sealed them for his own. They lied, and told the sahibs they were loyal, and would control the men.

"One morning there was a parade of all the force. The colonel sahib told them that he marked their dissatisfied bearing, and had heard of secret meetings. After parade all the native officers came forward of their own accord. They swore they were true, and took the most solemn oaths that no harm should reach any of the Europeans in the station. Those oaths they took, every man on that which his caste held most dear. Forsooth, they were mad—or would they ever thus have blasted their souls?

"That evening I happened to go to a grove of palm trees, an unfrequented spot some distance from the regimental lines. As I was in the midst of the *tope* I heard voices and footsteps approaching. I remained quiet and listened. I recognised several voices, and amongst them that of the subedar-major, who angrily told the others to be more quiet if they did not want the English officers to hear of their meeting. Sentries were then told off to give warning of anybody's approach.

"I can tell you, sahib, I lay still, scarce daring to breathe. My position was horrible. The men I was tied to by race and religion were there to plot the destruction of my friends and benefactors. Sahib! you have a proverb, 'Blood is thicker than water.' For one moment I hesitated, then, setting my teeth, I crouched down to hear all I could.

"BY THE BEARD OF THE PROPHET, BUT I RECOGNISED THAT VOICE, THOUGH I HAD NOT HEARD IT FOR SIX YEARS! IT WAS FAKIR MOHAMMED KHAN."

"Several men spoke. One was for rising that night; but another, more cautious, said the *bandobust* was not complete.

"'What was the good of rising,' said he, 'if they had no regular system? The roads from the station were all open, and many would escape. No! Let them wait till the morrow. Then, having closed the roads, the morning's work being done and the sahibs sleeping their mid-day sleep, let them rise like a rain-fed torrent and sweep the accursed white man from the face of the earth.'

"One fellow asked what was to be done with the children and the women.

"'Kill them! Kill them!' was the answer. 'The spawn of Satan; the brazen hussies, who go about shamelessly with face uncovered! To kill the serpent and to spare its young—to quench the fire and to leave the spark—is a fool's work.'"

"By the beard of the Prophet, but I recognised that voice, though I had not heard it for six years! It was Fakir Mohammed Khan, come from I know not where.

"Ultimately they made their plans. Armed parties were to slip quietly away and take up their positions by noon on the different roads; then, on the signal of the twelve o'clock gun, each bungalow was to be attacked simultaneously, whilst a separate party was to keep those who were supposed to be well inclined away from the fray.

"I gasped with choking horror; the sweat ran off me in streams, and each beat of my heart seemed like the distant report of a heavy gun.

"At last the meeting dispersed, and the men returned silently by ones and twos to the lines. For long I did not dare to stir, lest some chance laggard had remained behind. Then, raising myself with difficulty, for I was stiff and cramped from my strained position, I silently and cautiously made my way from the *tope*. Without being seen I came to the hedge of the major sahib's compound, whence I crawled along towards the hous till I heard the hoarse cough of the *chowkidar*.

"The man rose up from the plinth on which he had been sitting, and I made up my mind that he had seen me. No. By the Grace of the All-Powerful he was only moving to the other side of the bungalow, where I followed to see what he was about, and saw the old rascal roll himself up in a pile of bedding and go off to sleep. Then I cautiously roused the major sahib and told him what the plans of the mutineers were.

"'How many men will stand by us?' he demanded.

"I answered that the Eurasian drummers, some fourteen in number, and about sixteen of the men were safe. He thought a bit, glanced at his sleeping wife, and said:—

"'With eighteen of us English it makes up a total of nearly fifty fighting men. We must surprise the mutineers before they can get to their arms, and so quell them.'

"'Yes, sahib! But what can fifty do against twelve hundred, backed up by all the *badmaashes* of the bazaar? The approach of our party would only give the alarm and hurry on the outbreak. Besides, what would become of the ladies and children, with all the sahibs away from them? Their *only* chance of safety is flight.'

"After a pause he agreed. 'You are right, *havildar!*' he said. 'We must collect all the women and children outside the station, leave a strong guard to protect them on the march, whilst some of us go and try to bring the Sepoys to reason. Here is a pass key for all the bells of arms. Do you go round them and get as many muskets and as much ammunition as you can. Carry them to the old temple beyond the river, and tell the men you trust to meet at that spot before eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I will warn the sahib-log.'

"I went towards the building which contained the arms of No. 1 Company, as it was situated furthest from the guard. No good! The man in charge of it was lying on his mat across the front of the door, and, from his uneasy stirring, seemed to be awake. 'I'll go round them all,' I thought, 'before I decide which one to try.' No. 3 Company, *kôte*—nobody outside and all dark and quiet within. Putting the key into the lock, I gently commenced to turn it. The lock creaked and someone stirred inside; I remained quite still. The occupant seemed to settle down again, so I let the bolt slide gently back—waited a moment to hear if there was any more movement, and then crept away.

"No. 4 Company *kôte* was within thirty yards of the quarter guard sentry; so I had to be very careful. Half-way to it I was under cover of a large peepul tree. The sentry challenged, '*Halt! Who ome dar?*'

"The voice of a boy coming from the direction of the family lines answered. He came forward and said he was the son of the colourman of No. 4 Company; his mother had been taken very ill, so he had come to call his father.

"'*Bohut achha!*' The boy roused the colourman, who, after carefully locking the door, went off with the urchin.

"Half past twelve, and I should probably have no one to fear but the sentry till two o'clock, at which time the reliefs would be paraded in front of the guard-room.

"I covered key and keyhole with the cloth of my garments to deaden the sound, and turned the

"WE FIRED A VOLLEY RIGHT AT THEM. DOWN WENT HORSES AND RIDERS IN MAD CONFUSION."

lock. It worked easily; I opened the door and went in.

"It would not do to take the muskets in use; they would have been missed first thing in the morning. Luckily, in two large chests the spare weapons were stored, and also the spare arms of another company which was on detachment duty. I calculated I could carry about ten at a time, with their bayonets, and also a certain amount of ammunition. Two journeys—if I could make them—would give us twenty stand of arms.

"Clang! The quarter gong struck one.

"The temple was two miles away, and I calculated that I should be back soon after the reliefs had been made.

"I deposited the arms and returned. Half a mile from the lines I heard the gong strike two. Would the colour-man be back at his post? No, he was not; and my second journey was as successful as the first.

"I dared not make a third attempt, as it was after four when I returned. I went to my house and lay down, to appear as if I had been there all night. Soon there was a general stir in the lines; all the men turned out, and I took an opportunity to speak to two of my friends, and asked them to pass the information on to others. It might have caused suspicion had I been seen talking to many.

"At six o'clock the whole corps paraded. So far as I could see, the loss of the spare arms had not been noticed, nor my absence for the greater part of the night observed. I had seen the major sahib ride back to his bungalow a quarter of an hour before parade, but at the time we fell in he was present on his big black charger, looking quite unconcerned.

"When parade was over I took some company accounts, as an excuse for getting near him. He told me he had warned all the sahibs, and that everything had been arranged. Then I went to the old temple, and was the first to arrive. Presently one of the officers of the regiment came, shortly followed by one or two civil sahibs and some of my friends; in half an hour all the ladies, children, and faithful Sepoys had collected. We placed the helpless ones in the centre and set off on our way. We *might* be cut up, but still we had a fairly good chance of escaping. No news of our flight had then reached the mutineers; the faithful Sepoys and Eurasian drummers had joined us so warily that no alarm had been given, and, as the sahib-lōg had taken care to ride or drive out of the station in different directions before coming by circuitous routes to the same spot, no remark was likely to be made on account of their going out in the early morning to eat the fresh air. You may be sure the *saices* were carefully looked after, lest any should escape to warn our enemies. For some hours we journeyed on. The colonel, the major sahib, and three other officers had remained behind to do what they could with the contingent; if the worst happened they were to ride and catch us up.

"Time went by; our uneasiness on their account increased. Suddenly we heard the galloping of horses, and three sahibs appeared, pursued by some hundred of the mutinous cavalry. We were quite hidden, and the sahibs galloped right amongst us before they knew our exact position; then we turned our attention to the pursuers. On they came, all together, ignorant of the trap they were running into. One young drummer had, in the excitement, pointed his musket without any order. A sahib next him put one hand over the nipple, and smote him to the ground with the other. Crash! Thirty yards away we fired a volley right at them. Down went horses and riders in mad confusion. Before they could recover themselves we sent another into them, for we had reserved half our fire, and that completed their rout. Wheeling round, the surviving horsemen made off. The wings of fear took them back swifter than the wings of hate had brought them.

"Only three officers! Where were the other two?

"We crowded round the survivors to learn the fate of the others. They hurriedly told us, and afterwards I heard the whole story.

"To put it shortly, the five officers had stopped in the lines till ten, by which time they hoped that the column would be well away from the station. Then, mounting their horses, they had caused the 'Assembly' to be sounded, and surprised the men by parading them again—but this time without arms.

"When formed up, the colonel sahib told them he knew of their intended treachery, and called the subedar-major out to the front. There and then he had shot him with his own hand, whilst the other officers called out that they would shoot down any man who left the ranks. Meanwhile the quarter-guard had heard the shot by which the subedar-major fell, and, taking their arms, had reached the corner of the parade ground unobserved. They fired, and the colonel dropped from his horse.

"In a moment all was confusion; the ranks were broken, and the men rushed for their weapons. The officers galloped to their fallen chief, and two of them lifted him up. Then, charging through the mob, they made off at a hand gallop as shots began to whistle over them. Across the river they pulled up; the colonel sahib was quite dead, and two of them had severe flesh wounds.

"By this time a part of the cavalry were in pursuit, so they had to leave their dead comrade and continue their flight.

"How it happened none of them knew, but though Rivers Sahib had been with them most of the way, he had been missed some three or four miles before they joined us, and the pursuing cavalry had prevented their turning back to look for him.

"Had my service been in vain? Had the sahib, for whom I had risked my life, perished?

"But our small party *had* to push on; we might be attacked again, and it was necessary to go as far as we could on this the first day of our flight. The thought of the major sahib, alone and wanting help, troubled me. At last I made my plans, but did not tell anyone of them, because I feared the chance escape of any of the servants might cause news of me to be taken to the mutineers. I dropped behind a bit, and then slipped into the jungle at the roadside; the little column got further and further away, till I lost sight of them in the distance. I took off my uniform, and, arranging my underclothing like that of a poor agriculturist, turned to go back. I retraced as far as I could the track taken by the officers in their flight. In this way I came to a deep nullah, which they had crossed, and saw the marks of horses' hoofs where men had ridden down one bank and up the other. Away to the left was a chattering and screaming, as of foul birds over their prey. I went towards the noise. First one great bald-headed vulture, and then another, got up, lazily flapping their wings, flew a short distance, and came down; the exertion was too much for their gorged stomachs.

"In the middle of a seething mass of quarrelling birds I found a black horse. It was the major sahib's, but there was no sign of any man about. In leaping the nullah the horse had evidently jumped short, dropping its hind legs into the nullah, and broken its back. The rebels had not disturbed it; bridle and saddle were all complete. Evidently the sahib had got away from there.

"Some little way on I came to the wretched hut of a Gwala, who had taken his cattle out of the station to search for the scanty grass. I saw something shining—it was a spur with a broken strap. Evidently the sahib had come here after his fall, and had been befriended by a cow-keeper. Hastily going into the hut, I found a uniform hidden under a charpoy. Yes! the sahib's chance of safety was good; doubtless he was making across country in disguise, mounted upon the pony of the old man, who regarded me with evident fear. Now it was time to look after myself.

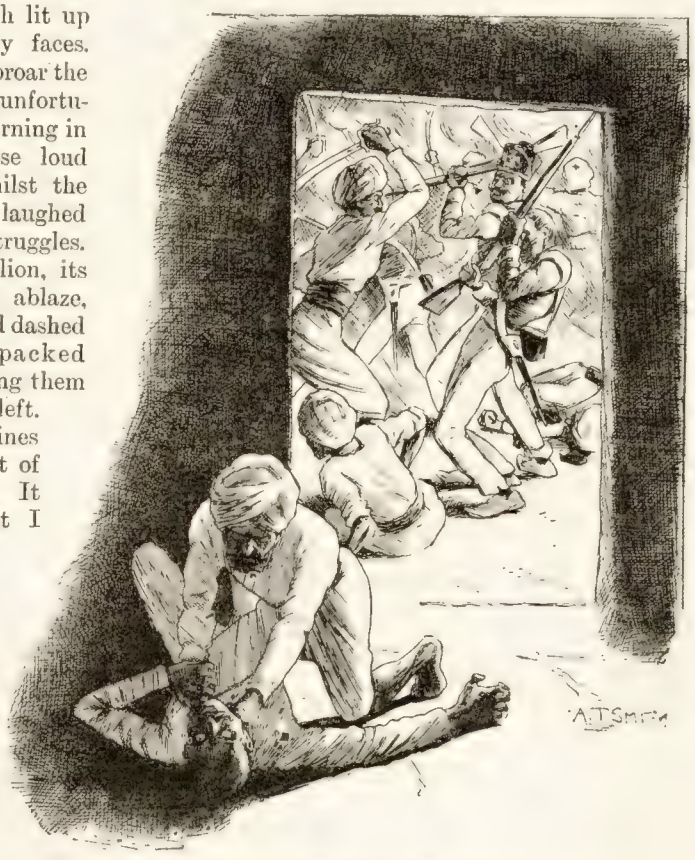
"I set off to try and catch up the little column, feeling light-hearted and happy. I did not fear capture. God had protected me so far, why should He not continue His care over me?

"Perhaps I did not use proper precaution, and I was getting very weary. At any rate, towards evening I walked straight into a party of the

rebels; I was seized and disarmed in a moment. Forced to walk back, I could scarce drag one leg after the other.

"Darkness had set in when we arrived at the station. I remember passing the bungalow which stood on this very spot. All the thieves and *badmaashes* from the bazaar had looted it, and now the thatched roof was in flames, which lit up a sea of angry faces. Amid all the uproar the screams of the unfortunate horses, burning in the stable, rose loud and shrill, whilst the crazy devils laughed to see their struggles. One Arab stallion, its mane and tail ablaze, broke loose, and dashed through the packed throng, upsetting them to right and left.

"At the lines they held a sort of court-martial. It came out that I was suspected of having warned the sahibs, and of having stolen the muskets. They had, in truth, no evidence against me, but Fakir Mohammed, my old enemy, was there, and seemed to lead them by the nose; besides, they were all mad with rage at the miscarriage of their plans. I was condemned to be hanged next morning.



"IN A MOMENT I HAD THROWN MYSELF ON MY ENEMY."

"That hound, Fakir Mohammed, obtained permission to be one of those set to guard me during the night; and, like the base cur he was, set to work to jeer and gibe at a bound and helpless man. But his poor taunts could not hurt me; the bitterness of death was past, and I was so dead tired that I fell asleep.

* * * * *

"I was awakened by the sound of strife and firing. The Mohammedans and the Hindus had quarrelled—partly over the division of the loot, and partly because of some cattle the Mohammedans had slaughtered.

"My own guard, except Fakir Mohammed, rushed off to take part in the scrimmage. My bonds had been loosed during the time I slept; how, I know not. Perchance some Sepoy, less stony-hearted than the rest, had done it to give me a better chance of enjoying my last sleep on earth.

"In a moment I had thrown myself on my enemy. He cried out, and I clenched his throat with the grip of a giant to prevent his doing so again. I got him down and dashed his head again and again on the hard stone floor, till I felt it cave in like one squashes a hollow sweetmeat. Then I fled.

* * *

"Sahib, I need say little more! After some days of wandering I joined the force to which the others had gone, and the first person I met was my major sahib, so my service had not been in vain."

Old Subedar-major Nawāb Ali Khan then rose, made his salaam, and left me pondering on many things.

WRITTEN BY FRED. GILLETT. ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT.

SIR BLUNDERBUSS, K.C.B.,
Would frequently prowl in quest
Of glory and fun,
With a pipe and a gun.
(His motto was, *Sum es est.*)

To furnish his stately home
He called on the great Miss X.,
Who kept a small store
Of horrors, and wore
Alpaca and pale blue specs.

His object in coming here,
He said, was to buy a ghost,
For which he would pay
(To-morrow week, say)
A couple of pounds at most.

"We have," said the great Miss X.,
"A number of ghosts on haunt.
This way, if you please.
We give guarantees,
They're horrible, weird, and gaunt."

Sir Blunderbuss felt "the creeps,"
Combined with electric shocks,
Crawl over his scalp,
Which rose like an Alp
Distorted with postman's knocks;

For spirits, and spooks, and ghosts,
And phantoms, and spectres grim,
Were turning their eyes,
In bleary surprise,
Point-blank at Miss X. and him.

"First, how do you like that rogue
In green, with the scarlet nose
And cynical smile?
You'll find him docile.
We sell a good few of those.

"That group in the corner, there—
You might fancy one of them—
They crawl on all fours

Clank chains and bang doors,
Between two and six a.m."

"How much is the feller in spats?"
Sir Blunderbuss here put in.
"The one with a tusk,
Faint odour of musk,
Side-whiskers, and half a chin?"

"You'll find him a dear," said she,
"So full of uncanny tricks,
And amply supplied
With family pride—
Price (second-hand) *twelve-and-six*

"Banshees in B flat he sings,
I've heard people call his moan
A real work of art!——
Sort of *wake-with-a-start-*
And-feel-you-are-not-alone!"

Sir Blunderbuss closed with this,
Requesting Miss X. in haste
To pack up the thing,
With paper and string,
Asbestos, and cotton-waste.

Then, seeing her back was turned,
He opened the door! The ghosts,
With shudders and groans,
And clanking of bones,
Came gambolling out in hosts!

Yes, wraiths of the Moated Grange,
White ladies, and freaks of gore,
All up to their ears
In daggers and tears,
Yelled horribly, "Free once more!"

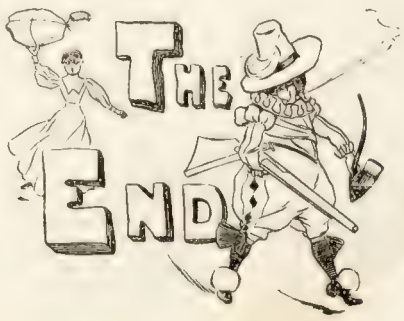
They haunted the land for miles.
Brisk City men catching trains
Were stopped and made late
By seven or eight
Mahatmas in sheets and chains;

And villas, and grocers' shops,
And mansions of millionaires
Were haunted; and some
Bad spectres would come
To interrupt household prayers;

Till very soon every house
In Borderland was "To Let."
For no one would stay
As tenant. They say
Those houses are vacant yet.

In sorrow Miss X. went mad,
Of stock-in-trade rich bereft.
Six hundred and four
Fine spectres, or more,
She had. There is still one left—

And that is the one she sold
Our hero that fatal day
(The one with a tusk
And odour of musk),
For which he forgot to pay.



THE POST-BOY'S SONG.

I'll give you a toast to drink, my lads;
And I'll chant you a jolly lay
Of a midnight chase, at a headlong pace—
"Tally-ho!" on the King's highway.
I've a laddie brave with a lass to save,
And an angry squire in cry;
But the Bay and Black will answer the crack,
And gallop until they die.

CHORUS:

Then ho-jolly-ho! for a life so free!
A good straight road and a gallant gee—
A Post-Boy's life for me!

On the breast of the breeze comes a sound I know,
Of hoof-beats far away,
'Tis a Roan and White, in the dead o' night,
Pursuing my Black and Bay.
With a thud and a dash through the mud we splash,
And we rather relish the hunt;
There's a wary mind in old Tom behind,
But a good straight road in front.

CHORUS: *Then ho-jolly-ho! etc.*

On and on—and gallantly on—
With a swirl, and a sway, and a swing!
With echoing horn Tom's greeting the morn,
For the night is on the wing.
"Hark, for'ard, away!" 'Tis break o' day,
We're seen in the morning light.
Our steeds never stop, and they'll run till they drop,
For we *must* beat the Roan and White.

CHORUS: *Then ho-jolly-ho! etc.*

I'll give you a toast to drink, my lads;
And I'll finish my jolly lay
Of a midnight chase, at a headlong pace—
"Tally-ho!" on the King's highway.
They've stolen our lead—they've doubled their speed—
They're fresh—and *our* nags are done—
When . . . that angry squire sticks fast in the mire,
And the Black and the Bay have won!

CHORUS:

Then ho-jolly-ho! for a life so free!
A good straight road and a gallant gee—
A Post-Boy's life for me!

R. S. WARREN BELL.

A Prize of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best musical setting of this song. See "CAPTAIN Competitions for June."

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clericus.—I hope to deal with the subject shortly.

"Bad Boy."—Consult THE CAPTAIN, November last.

J. W. L.—Send stamped envelope, and I will give you name of coach privately, or consult our advertisement pages.

H. R.—The Civil Service Commissioners, Victoria Street, S.W.

A. R. H.—The West India Regiment is certainly the best suited for poor men, owing to the extra pay and facilities for leave.

"Eager."—There is no recruiting for the Cape Mounted Rifles in London, at the present time. Their headquarters are at Pietermaritzburg.

"Nervous One."—From what you tell me, you are the last person in the world to take up medicine. Give up reading medical books, and don't worry yourself.

A. J. C.—Perhaps Messrs. Pitman & Sons, of Southampton Row, W.C., could tell you.

A. C. N.—I have already dealt with the subject in THE CAPTAIN last July, and in the replies to numerous correspondents. Why not get a bound volume?

E. N.—The initial training for all branches is the same. You specialise in your last year.

C. H. F.—Apply to the Emigrant's Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W., enclosing penny stamp for handbook.

"Lex."—You will be required to keep your terms by dining in the hall of the inn to which you belong, not less than three times in each term. Twelve terms must be kept, and at the end of them, the examination for Call must be passed.

F. W.—The college at Hollerley Bay is just the place for you, if it can be managed.

C. B.—(1) On payment of a premium of £50 or £60 a year. (2) Your best plan will be either to advertise in some trade paper, or see if you cannot get a personal introduction to some flourishing farmer or market gardener. If you advertise, you must take great care and thoroughly investigate the business before you put your money into it.

A. E. M. F.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

(1) **The Esquimaux Puzzle** (SOLUTION).—There are two errors into which the young puzzlist is commonly apt to fall. One is, to take certain things for granted; the other, to read carelessly the printed conditions. This puzzle was devised by me for the express purpose of teaching my readers to be wary, and to make sure that they understand clearly what it is they are asked to do before attempting the solution of the most innocent-looking problem. At first sight it would certainly appear as if my Arctic puzzle were nothing more nor less than the little "magic square" with which we are all so familiar. If that were so, there would be just eight easy answers, one of which is shown in diagram A.

A.

6	1	8
7	5	3
2	9	4

B.

$3\frac{3}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{3}{4}$
$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$
$3\frac{3}{4}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$3\frac{3}{4}$

This arrangement will add up to fifteen in eight different directions. But nothing was said about "magic squares," and the conditions called for "as many directions as possible," and did not stipulate that the numbers must be all *different* numbers. This makes all the difference in the world, and admits of the answer B, in which arrangement, it will be found, we may add up fifteen in as many as ten different directions—the four sides, the two long diagonals, and the four short diagonals. It should also be noted that "a number"—not "a figure"—was to be placed in every division, and that a fraction is as much a number as an integer.

(2) **A Boat-race Poser** (SOLUTION).—The number of possible selections is 145. My space is quite insufficient for me to give a detailed solution, but the problem really resolves itself into this: In every different selection three men must be left out, and the answer is:—

$$\frac{11\times10\times9}{1\times2\times3} - \frac{6\times5\times4}{1\times2\times3} = 145$$

If we required the total number of the different possible arrangements in the boat, the answer would be 106,560.

(3) **Overheard in an Omnibus** (SOLUTION).—The gentleman must have been Maude's uncle.

Stacks of letters have been under examination, but, strange to say, not one single correct solution has been received to the little "Esquimaux Puzzle," and only extremely few competitors got the correct answer to the "Boat-race Poser," many falling into the same error as the author of a well-known algebra book, and giving the number of selections as 185. This arises in consequence of overlooking that forty combinations with A (calling A and B the two men who can row on either side) on the stroke side would give just the same crew, though differently placed, as when B was alone on the stroke side. This is the pitfall of the puzzle. The relationship puzzle was not at all difficult, and the majority solved it.

I have awarded the prizes of 7s. each to the following:—Class I., H. S. COLLEN, 78, St. Saviour's Road, Jersey; Class II., H. G. DAVIES, "Trelawne," Middleton Road, Muswell Hill, N.; Class III., SIDNEY J. WARD, 17, Abington Avenue, Northampton. Under the circumstances there will be no "honourable mentions" this month.

I will now give three

PUZZLES FOR THIS MONTH.

(1) **The Grocer and the Draper.**—Please look at the illustration at the back of frontispiece, which shows in progress a curious little contest that I once witnessed in a country shop. The "Grocer and Draper" had two rival assistants, who prided themselves on their rapidity in serving customers. The young man on the grocery side could weigh up two one-pound parcels of sugar per minute; while the drapery assistant could cut three one-yard lengths of cloth in the same time. Their employer, one slack day, set them a race, giving the grocer a barrel of sugar, and telling him to weigh up forty-eight one-pound parcels of sugar; while the draper divided a roll of forty-eight yards of cloth into yard pieces. The two men were interrupted together by customers for nine minutes, but the draper was disturbed seventeen times as long as the grocer. What was the result of the race? This is a little poser for the arithmetical beginner, and should present no difficulty to the novice.

(2) **Chocolate for the Army.**—A forwarding agent had to pack in a box of equal length and breadth, and of necessary depth, 800 slabs of chocolate for South Africa. Each slab was $3\frac{1}{4}$ins. long, $2\frac{3}{4}$ins. broad, and a $\frac{1}{4}$in. thick. Not more than a dozen slabs were to stand on edge, and there was to be no waste space. Give the interior dimensions of the box. This is an interesting little study in packing, and much easier than it looks.

(3) **The Hungry Boer.**—If Commandant Cronje had not surrendered when he did, some of his men would have suffered terribly from hunger. This fact suggests the following profound problem, which is quite capable of solution, strange though it may seem. How many hard boiled eggs could a healthy, hungry Boer eat on an empty stomach—his own, of course? This is not a conundrum.

There will be three classes, and three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the best solutions, which should be addressed to "SPHINX," THE CAPTAIN Office, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., and be received not later than June 12th.

For age limits see "CAPTAIN Competitions for June," page 283.

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT is requested to send in his address, which has been mislaid. He is the winner this month of One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN for his essay "I *Could* Talk." The O.F. thinks he acted very sensibly.

"I Could Talk."

I want to write to you fellows about myself; sorry, I am sure, that it's about me, but as I have no one else to write about, it's either that or nothing.

I was born, brought up, and educated in the country until I was eleven, which is a mistake in the first instance, as every boy ought, in my opinion, to be sent away at least a year before. At school I did as others did, I wasn't a dunce and I wasn't a genius. After being there five and a half years I left without the slightest idea of what I was going to do next.

BRIDGE OVER TUGELA AT COLENSO—AFTER THE BOERS HAD BLOWN IT UP.

(*Sent by A. Booth.*)

My pater, who is one of the go-ahead sort, did not let me worry about that long, and a week after Christmas I found myself out driving with him, going to nowhere, but bent on having a talk about my prospects.

I am afraid that after this next piece of information I shall sink ninety-nine per cent. in the estimation of about half of you, but I cannot help it, it's not my fault, and I am awfully proud of it myself, so here it comes. "My pater is a miller!" Now don't sneer, I don't mean a man who drives a little windmill himself, but the boss of a jolly great steam affair turning out hundreds of sacks of flour a week.

After all that, I am going to return to my drive, just reminding you that I am the eldest of six, and we all have to be set going in turn. The pater started by saying that he should let me do whatever I had set my mind on, and, taking the other five into consideration, he would back me up as well as he could. Of course I could go to the 'varsity, but he did not think I should do much good there unless I meant to be a clergyman (which I didn't), and there would not be much of a show for the others if I wanted, as I did rather, to go into a crack regiment.

To cut it short, after talking about doctors, farmers, and one-hundred-and-one other cribs, I finally decided that for a time, at any rate, I would try the mill.

Although I soon began to like the mill, the mill did not like me. The dust got to such an extent on my lungs that, to my disgust, the doctor told me to chuck it altogether, and I had to think about the parson job again, for if there was one thing I could do more than another *I could talk.* I had, and have, a good voice, and it was the troubles I got into at school over chatting that finally decided the point. The boss said that as I could talk he would try me instead of a traveller he was advertising for, and I started my first round on a bike to a couple of small towns in the neighbourhood. I did well, and the pater was so satisfied that the next week I took another round, and so on, until I now go out four days' travelling, one day to market, and on the Saturday settle my accounts in the morning, and have the afternoon off for recreation. The life is varied—sometimes in a large town, other times driving or cycling round the country, selling flour to the bakers. No samples are needed, and they are as a rule pleased to see you, and help to make one's life as pleasant as possible. Only one hint is wanted. Get a knowledge of the article you are selling, and, if possible, spend a little time with a baker before you start, and you will succeed, if

you have plenty of confidence and are a good conversationalist.

SIDNEY HERBERT.

"Well Done!"

First Citizen: "Did you hear that Lord Dundonald entered Ladysmith last night?"
Second Citizen: "Well Dun-Donald!"

"FIRST MATE."

Paul Kruger and his old friend Steyn.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

Paul Kruger and his old friend Steyn
Were walking hand in hand;
They laughed like anything to see
Their armies so well manned.
"If we could win this war," they said,
"It really would be grand!"

"If seven 'Bobs' with seven Whites
Lammed at us for a year,
Now, do you think," old Kruger said,
"That they could make us fear?"
"I doubt it," said his old friend Steyn,
And leered a wicked leer.

But he was very wrong, you see,
For ere six months had passed,
The capital town of his "Free State"
Was in our hands at last;
And Kruger and his old friend Steyn,
Stood looking on—aghast.

JOHN COX.

The Battlefield of Life.

I am but a private soldier yet
In the ranks in which I fight,
Our weapons are neither swords nor spears,
But Honesty, Truth, and Right.

"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."
(Drawn by Geo. Monks.)

Each time we conquer a secret fault,
Or some tempting sin we shun,
We add another small victory
To our list of battles won.

And though I'm only a private now,
By numerous foes beset;
I will be brave and not lose heart, for
I may be a colonel yet.

MABEL SHEPHERD.

The Sovereign and the Sage.

A sovereign, being desirous to confer a liberal reward on one of his courtiers who had performed some very important service, desired him to ask whatever he thought proper, assuring him it should be granted.

"VERY SORRY, ARTHUR, BUT I'M ENGAGED TO BILLY JONES FOR THE NEXT DANCE."
(By Geo. Monks.)

The courtier, who was well acquainted with the science of numbers, only requested that the monarch would give him a quantity of wheat equal to that which would arise from one grain doubled sixty-three times successively.

The value of the reward was immense; for it will be found by calculation that the sixty-fourth term of the double progression divided by 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, etc., is 3,223,372,036,854,775,808. But the sum of all the terms of a double progression, beginning with one, may be obtained by doubling the last term and subtracting from it one. The number of the grains of wheat, therefore, in the present case will be 18,445,744,073,708,551,615. Now, if a pint contain 9,216 grains of wheat, a gallon will contain 73,728; and, as eight gallons make one bushel, if we divide the above result by eight times 73,728, we shall have 31,274,997,411,295 for the number of the bushels of wheat equal to the above number of grains—a quantity greater than what the whole surface of the earth could produce in several years, and which in value would exceed all the riches, perhaps, on the globe.

ALEX. LINGFORD.

From Cambridge.

(Caius College is pronounced "Keys.")

There was a young student of Caius,
Who always *was up* to all spraius,
He was caught by a proctor
And hauled fore the "Doctor,"
Who said "You'll *go down* if you plaius."

JUMBO

Height and Weight.

The measurements of a boy should be:—

At 10,	53ins.	high and weigh	67lbs.
„ 11,	54½ins.	„ „	73lbs.
„ 12,	56⅝ins.	„ „	80lbs.
„ 13,	58½ins	„ „	88lbs.
„ 14,	61ins.	„ „	98lbs.
„ 15,	63½ins.	„ „	111lbs.
„ 16,	66½ins.	„ „	126lbs.
„ 17,	68ins.	„ „	140lbs.
„ 18,	68ins.	„ „	148lbs.
„ 19,	68¾ins.	„ „	150lbs.
„ 20,	69ins.	„ „	150lbs.

F. G. BRISTOW.

[I print this list as it reached me, but if anything is wrong I shall be glad to receive corrections.—O.F.]

Photographic Illustrations of Stamps.

Many readers of THE CAPTAIN, who are both amateur photographers and stamp collectors, would like to be able to photograph and have pictures of their stamps; but many are debarred from this by the fact that they have no cameras, lenses, etc., suitable for "copying." I lately found out rather a good way, which I will now describe, for getting illustrations of any stamps you wish.

Get a quarter-plate printing frame, and fit into it an old negative, with the film cleared off; then place any stamps you want illustrations of, with their backs to the glass, and occupying a space which a lantern slide will cover; then go into your dark room and put an Ilford special lantern plate over the stamps (the film will be next to the front of the stamps), and expose for 20secs., at 18ins. away from an ordinary gas burner, develop the lantern-plate, and, treating it as a negative, print from it, and you have the illustration, just as if the stamps had been photographed while mounted on a white background.

N.B.—All the stamps should be good specimens, and should not be thinned at the back, or have any paper or part of the mount sticking to them.

D. W. HARRIS.

THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN A FEW YEARS AGO, OF THE PET BEAR ON H.M.S. "ANSON" GOING UP THE SHROUDS, OVER THE TOP, AND DOWN THE OTHER SIDE—THE BAIT USUALLY BEING A HALF-FILLED TIN OF CONDENSED MILK.

From Winchester.

What is the difference between Xerxes and Tom Richardson?

One whipped the Hellespont, the other hit the Styx (sticks).

J. D. DENNISTON.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Second Mate.—Not bad at all. If cardboard is too big for an envelope, put it between two other pieces of cardboard, enclose them in brown paper, seal and post. **South East.**—Your poem, "A Young Hero," is much too long. Thirty-six verses! It is not very good, and it is not very bad. It is respectable doggerel. **Mabel Falkner and T. Shaddock.**—The O. F. thanks you. **Sidney Jones.**—Sorry you've gone to the trouble of parodying "Soldiers of the Queen," because the original is a bad model. The secret of its success is the infectious swing of the chorus. However, you've done well—very. **Ted Smith.**—The most novel thing in "Football at our Asylum" was the recitation of "The Absent-Minded Beggar" *without making a collection.* **Khaki** (1).—Rather smart. By the way, what is "philosiphy"? **Owen Parry.**—"A Song of the Sea" is not as good as your previous effort. I like little poems in three verses. **Edith George.**—Spring has *come*, my dear, so your verses are too late. **Khaki** (2).—You are a braw, bonnie patriotic Scottie, I can see, but your poem is far too long. **Lieutenant.**—Sincere, but tame. Try something simpler. **Muriel Kershaw.**—It goes to my heart to have to say to ardent young poets: "The Editor regrets he cannot make use of your contribution," but it's the kindest thing to say in the long run. **A. D. Dean.**—(1) Poetry *oozes* out of a genuine poet, like sap from a tree. Frankly, I don't think it oozes out of you, but I am with you in hoping that would-be poets will soon stop writing parodies on "The Absent-Minded Beggar." One can have too much of a bad thing, and a parody, unless very well done, is a very bad thing indeed. (2) I will not recommend a rhyming dictionary to you or anybody else. If you can't think of rhymes, give up trying to write verses. **Alexander** (OXFORD).—You seem to have a pretty wit. Send something rather better along. **"Trials of an Old Gent."**—No more parodies on the "A.M.B." are wanted. I wish you young poets and poetesses would try to be more original. **C. Parsons.**—You evidently understand the situation in the Transvaal, but you don't put it into poetry well. **Harold Royle.**—Too "sublime" a tangle for me. **Barnio.**—Yes; worth

your while to go on drawing. You possess ability. **J. P. Grandidied.**—Try a simpler subject. **R. S. Russell.**—Photo too dim for reproduction. Much interested by your letter *re* troopship. **Du Rennes.**—I hope to use your puzzle in our next number. **J. R. Hartwell.**—I am very tired of this tale about the boy who has stolen something. Let us search his box and expel him from THE CAPTAIN once and for all time. **A Broadbent.**—You seem to sketch from life pretty well. **Various Artists.**—Please see my advice to "Mr. F. Tucker" in May number. **D. C. Langley.**—Verses a bit "off," but I like you for being such a patriotic supporter of Leicestershire. Tell your bookseller to order "Rip's Cricket Caricatures," from the *Evening News*, Whitefriars Street, London. A new set of them was published early in May. **Copper.**—A good parody, but I'm tired of the "A.M.B." The Crew say they are too. **T. B. L. Westerdale.**—Your handwriting came as a relief to my eyes after many scrawlings and scribblings. You are a good, neat boy. **"Eyed Awry."**—Your contribution is too long for the "Special Pages." I hope to use it in some future number in another part of this magazine. It is decidedly good. In future, keep your contributions *short*. **J. H. Parsonage.**—See August (1899) "Editorial" for hints to black-and-white artists. Your work is crude, as yet, but plenty of pains and practice will improve it considerably. **P. W. Drof.**—The same remarks apply to you. I hope to use your "Bull Fight" either in this or the next number. **G. B. T.** (CAMPBELL TOWN, SYDNEY).—Read your letter right through, and liked it. I give you colonials a comp. whenever I can, because you're a jolly, breezy lot, and you're "loyal" as British lions. Don't ever think again that we over here despise you or look down upon you. In this country our one feeling for you is brotherly friendship. Shake!

Also sent Contributions.—Arthur B. Williams, "Toblat," Herbert Webb, R. Foster, "Cæsar," Gladys Peacock, Arthur M. Hackshaw, "Etonian," Henry Moore, "Unslopogaas," "A. W. B.," T. Crew, "Pro-Briton," W. C. Belfrage, "Sirdar," C. Parsons, Arthur Roster, Harold Barnshaw, A. Bostoch, A. B. Fearnley, "Locinge," "Ladismith," M. Milner, "Quill," Margaret Rose, "R. O. T. R.," Frederick Wallace, H. James, "Yet Another of the Crew," O. H. Mavor, F. W. Sleetburn, F. P. Savage, "Ganymede," "Spida," Fred Thompson, Arthur Wellesley Mason, "Derby."

N.B.—Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

NOTICE.—As previously announced, we have decided to abolish the coupon system, so that readers may enter for as many competitions as they like. In future, at the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

CONDITIONS.—The highest age limit is twenty-five.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 12th.

No. 1.—"**Cycling Tour.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best descriptions of a short cycling tour, such as a party of schoolboys could undertake. Give route, cost, places to put up, etc. Not to exceed 400 words.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"**Cricketers' Alphabet.**" THREE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be given for the three best alphabets on the system of "A was an Archer who shot at a frog," introducing famous cricketers' names.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3.—"**Map of India.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best maps of India.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 4.—"**Amateur Photography.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best amateur photos of (*a*) a landscape or building, (*b*) portrait, (*c*) figure subjects. You must only send in *one* subject out of the three.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

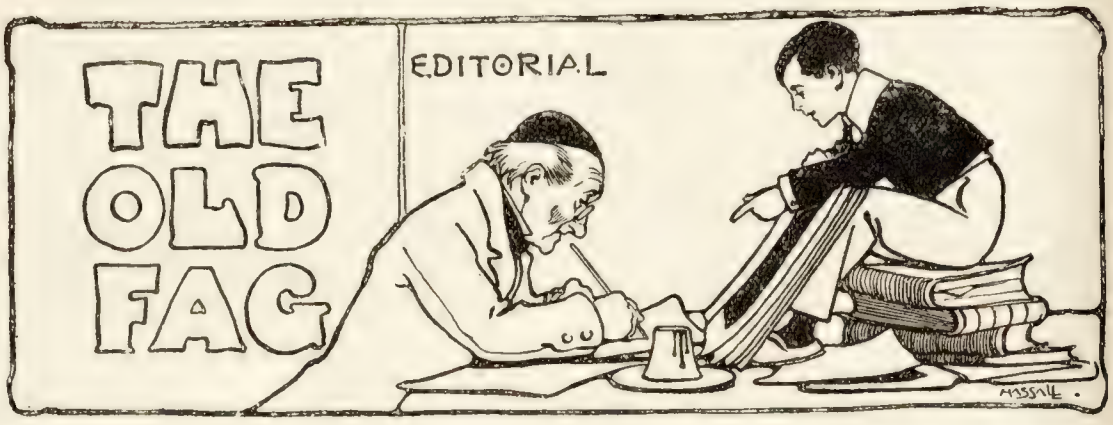
No. 5.—"**Sphinx's Puzzles.**" (See back of Frontispiece and p. 279.) Three prizes of 7s. will be awarded to the senders of the three best sets of solutions to these puzzles.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"**Postboy's Song.**" One guinea will be paid for the best musical setting of "The Postboy's Song" (*vide* p. 278).

NO AGE LIMIT FOR THIS COMPETITION.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand, once and for all, that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.



"At the Front."—Correspondents from various public schools have been sending me lists of old boys who have gone out to "wipe something off a slate" in Oom Paul's schoolroom. Every school in the country has sent somebody, I suppose; of course, the majority of officers have been contributed by the great public schools, whose ranks of old boys have been sadly thinned by Boer bullets.

If this war has done nothing else, it has shown us that we can put a gigantic citizen army into the field, should occasion require it. When "Bobs" was deputed to take the war in hand, and the militia, yeomanry, and volunteers were called upon to supply men, what a gallant answer the country made! Our continental critics rubbed their eyes in astonishment. To Russia, France, and Germany we have taught a stern lesson. They *force* their young men to serve as soldiers; we *ask* ours to.

The call to arms rang through the land, and from every quarter men came "marching, marching to the war." Not only "Dukes' sons," but Dukes themselves put on khaki and went to the front. No forcing. No compulsion. The flower of Great Britain's youth is voluntarily facing the Boers. When the war is over, we will set marble crosses over many rough graves: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*

Here are some figures from the big schools concerning "old boys" at the front:—

Eton	853
Harrow	430
Cheltenham ...	292
Wellington... ...	270
Marlborough ...	245
Winchester... ...	220
Clifton	160
Malvern	80

LADY: "I wasn't going to give you anything, but you sang 'Home, Sweet Home!' so pathetically that I cannot refuse you. I suppose you have no place to go to, my poor man?"

TRAMP: "'Tain't exactly that, lady, thank yer. Me wife said if I didn't bring 'er 'ome a bob by to-night, she'd break me blooming 'ed fer me!"

(By Reub Cohen.)

"Other schools" are invited to supply numbers. It doesn't matter whether they run into three figures or not. Send them along. I am informed that the Regent Street Polytechnic contributed *eighty-two* of its members. I shall be glad to receive lists from kindred institutions.

"Boer Names."—G. P. Harris wishes to know the correct pronunciation of certain Boer names of people and places. This is how:—

Kruger	Kréger
Cronje	Cronye
Nylstroom	Same as spelt
Elandslaagte	Elandslachté
Bloemfontein	Bloömfontine
Johannesburg	Yohannesburg
Paardeburg	Pardeburg

"School Football Results."—Owing to the carelessness or forgetfulness of secretaries and captains of school football clubs, I have so far received only a moderate number of returns. I shall publish a list in the next issue of THE CAPTAIN. By that time more results may have come in.

"Maffy-King," "Nan," "An English Girl," and "W. E." all write to denounce "Wynne's" pro-Boer sentiments. Perhaps I did not quote enough of her letter. "Wynne," being very tender-hearted, merely wished to imply that she sympathised with *both* parties. Here is the most fiery epistle I have received on the subject. The fair writer seems to be very cross indeed:—

DEAR OLD FAG,—Are you ever filled with an overwhelming desire to punch someone's head? I am undergoing that feeling just now, and the object of my wrath is a reader of yours who shelters herself under the miserable *nom de plume* of "Wynne." She says her "sympathies are with the Boers—especially the leaders." Old Fag, there is a traitor on board! The only excuse I can find for her is that she is either very stupid or else is not at all well up in the war. She says her sympathies are with the leaders! If any of the Boers are worthy of sympathy, surely they are the rank and file, or whatever they call themselves; most of them are fighting against their will, and are absolutely ignorant of the power of their enemy, while their leaders deceive them as to their losses, and altogether illtreat them—I don't say they don't deserve it. Old Fag, what shall we do to her? Shall we have her minced up? or shall we merely have her head stuck up on London Bridge, as a warning to all other traitors?—Yours,

"MAFFY KING" (a British lioness.)

P.S.—I hope you will print this so that she will read it.—"M. K."

"OF ALL THE TIES I EVER TIED, I NEVER TIED A TIE THAT TIED LIKE THIS TIE TIED."
(*Drawn by Lewis Higgins, aged 16.*)

"The Siege of Ladysmith." This is a shilling book containing wonderful photographs of the siege—a book to keep all your life and show to your grandchildren. It gives one a splendid idea of the positions of the various camps, hospitals, etc.—in fact, it is the best book of Ladysmith photographs I have yet seen.

"My Correspondence."—I must cut my "Editorial Chat" short this month in order to reply to the letters I have received. Those who do not receive replies must remember that my space is very limited.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(*Held over from May.*)

H. M. L. (AYR) says it's horrid being only a girl. Well, it's better than being some other things, "H. M. L." It's better than being a rabbit, kept as a pet by a boy of ten who doesn't understand rabbits; it's better to be a girl than to be a fox, or a kangaroo, or a hippopotamus. Anyhow, "H. M. L." should at least be grateful that she's a *white* girl. It's better to be a white girl than a yellow girl, or a red girl, or, if it comes to that, a copper-coloured girl.

Cynthia.—Yes, you have a fairly useful fist, though not an elegant one; it will grow "eleganter" as you grow older. Mr. Gooch is glad to hear you like "The Stamp Collector" so much.

Amateur.—There will be photographic comps. all through the summer. Being an O.F., you know, "amateur" service.

E. E. E. Todd.—I am not going to discuss the end-of-the-century question. What I say and what I stick to *is*—the twentieth century begins on January 1st, 1901.

F. J. L.—The best cyclist corps in the South London Brigade is probably that attached to the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, James Street, Buckingham Gate, S.W. If you want a volunteer corps "over the water," join the 4th V.B. Royal West Surrey, New Street, Kennington, S.E.

E. C. W. (HORNSEY).—As an excellent camera, I would recommend to you Messrs. Benetfink's (of Cheapside, E.C.) "Lightning" hand camera, price two guineas. It carries twelve secret-plates, but, for an additional half-a-guinea, may be had to hold twenty-four films. With the 1900 model is included a set of "magnifiers" for changing the focus from being "fixed" to 9ft., 6ft., or 3ft., and this is a great advantage, as it enables the instrument to be used with better success for portrait work.

"The Rat" (RUGBY).—I don't see why you should send him to Coventry. As he is one against many, I think it is "caddish"—your own term—of you to kick and cuff him. Be a magnanimous "Rat," and let him alone.

Tom Clarke.—There is a skating rink at Knightsbridge (London), which is open all the year round, I believe.

W. H. Schofield.—A "CAPTAIN badge" would interfere with the ordinary school badge, worn on hat or cap.

G. Reynolds.—Thanks for the *Georgian*.

Torquinian would be obliged if T. H. Durrans would tell him *how to use* the hektograph. This hektograph seems to be exercising the minds of our readers, Mr. Durrans, sir.

P. N. L.—(1) The average height of a boy of thirteen ranges between 4ft. 8ins. and 4ft. 10ins. (2) I am very pleased, indeed, to hear that THE CAPTAIN has been the means of making you "turn over a new leaf." Write again whenever you like.

Darnton.—Your coins, being but tokens and medals, are of too little value to sell.

A Daughter of Erin.—(1) Clean your dog's leather collar with ordinary brown boot polish. (2) I should advise you to use bromide paper, which yields better results than P.O.P., and is not so expensive as platinotype.

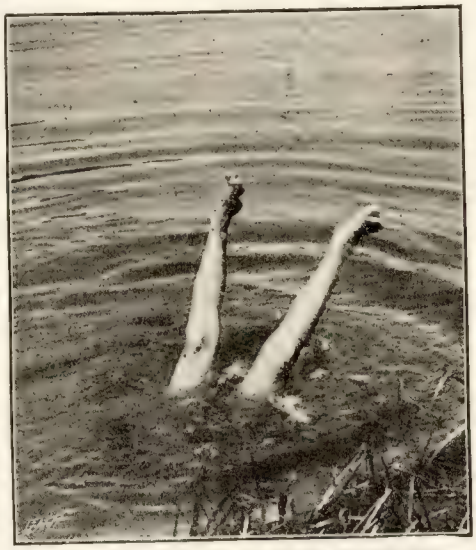
"Captainite."—I know of no way of cleaning the covers of old books, but you might get a local bookseller to do it for you.

Edna E.—I am sorry to have to decline your very kind offer.

John Campbell.—For crests write to Messrs. Parkins & Gotto, Oxford Street, London, W.

"Dickie" (N.W.P., INDIA).—Thank you for your long letter. You must be a capital sister. I can quite see you, with all your "big, handsome" brothers round you. Each series of School Captains costs six stamps. Postage to India would be 3d.

N. Y. Westall tells me that, touching our article on the "Raising of the *Utopia*," his father was on the bridge of that vessel when she was raised.



"A LONG-ARM BALANCE" UNDER WATER BY A TONBRIDGE BOY.

(A snapshot, by James Rooth.)

Anodomani.—(1) Write to Messrs. A. & F. Denny, 407, Strand, London, W.C., for Hugo's "German Simplified," price 1s. 8d. post free. (2) By all means take up photography as a hobby. It is both instructive and enjoyable. (3) Your handwriting is not bad, but it will be greatly improved by studying Pitman's "Business Handwriting," price 1s., which you can obtain from Messrs. Denny, as above.

Ladysmith.—Send 1s. 2d. to L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, London, W.C., for "Fancy Mice," which will tell you how to keep all sorts of mice.

"Ramrod."—No license is required for an air-pistol, as it is not a "fire-arm."

A. L. M.—You want to know of a good bird-fancier's? Well, write to Augustus Zache, 196, Great Portland Street, W.

A Yankee Britisher.—Last season Marlborough beat Rugby by 2 wickets and 225 runs.

"Khaki" wants the addresses of some riding schools in the W. or S.W. district. Here are a couple: The Albert Gate Riding School, Rutland Yard, High Road, Knightsbridge, W., and Messrs. Savigear & Co. 16, Child's Place, Earl's Court, S.W.

Nellie (PAISLEY).—Not having heard of the incident you speak of, I regret I cannot tell you whether efforts are being made to catch the hawk which was partial to the Guildhall pigeons. Thank you for your good wishes.

Raphael Thomas.—(1) "The Storming of Greyhouse" appeared in our first number (April, 1899). (2) CAPTAIN competitions are open to all CAPTAIN readers, provided they come within the age limits. (3) "How to Join the Cape Mounted Rifles" appeared in our issue for January of this year (No. 10). All back numbers are still obtainable at the usual price—sixpence.

D. H. Marks sends what is practically a defence of bull-fighting. It is ably done, and Mr. Marks argues well from the Spaniard's point of view. We in this country, however, cannot countenance such "sport." We are too civilised.

An Auckland Boy tells me that THE CAPTAIN is largely circulated in New Zealand. He himself has lent Vol. I. to three Maories already, and their settlement is now getting it regularly through him. Good!

Andrew Braid (WINDSOR, ONTARIO) writes: "Your magazine is on file in our public library, and is much in demand by the boys of Windsor."

Louis Bertrand, writing from Melbourne, says that "never in his life has he been in such a crowd as that which saw the second contingent of Australians off to the Cape, *except* on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee."

(June.)

"The Babe" (SUNDERLAND) seems to live in a curious part of the world. According to her, "it blows, snows, hails, freezes, and thaws" *all at once* up there. Dear me! it's a bad old climate, isn't it? But, as Kingsley said, "it's English weather that makes Englishmen."

The Sub-Captain.—I cannot see my way to organise a Chess Tourney of the kind you mention.

"Exonian."—Why not get a jolly little fox terrier pup? But *do* learn all about how to feed and clean him. So many boys have pets without really understanding how to look after them.

Percival Stuart Watts.—We always endeavour to return maps when stamps are enclosed. I am pleased to hear you wish to give yours to your old instructor.

The Old Puss.—I believe the crack regimental band is that of the Grenadier Guards, which, for a long time, was conducted by Lieut. Dan. Godfrey. It is provided, equipped, and maintained entirely by the officers of the regiment.

A. Varley.—Thanks for cricket card of New Lane C.C. I don't like the advtisements on it.

H. E. Hosking (DURHAM SCHOOL) has five cousins "at the front." Fighting family, this.

Secobian.—(1) Anybody can enter for our competitions provided he comes within the top age limit. (2) Your second question is one for a doctor to decide.

Quinquefolium.—By "properly introduced" I meant introduced by a mutual friend or acquaintance. The society of young ladies (as you say, "in moderation") is all very well, but just now you ought to be thinking chiefly of your cricket average.

A Constant Reader of "The Captain." — Yes, cane the young beggar, or send him to a school where he will have to do as he is told.

Absent-Minded Beggar (HOBART, TASMANIA). — Greetings to you, and all other loyal members of the crew in Hobart.

ENTHUSIASTIC PHOTOGRAPHER: "Just a moment like that, please!"

R. A. C. Bachelor.—Send an original drawing to the "Special Pages." You appear to have some ability.

A Dog Fancier (GERMANY).—Keep a fox terrier.

A Carthusian tells me that in most houses at Charterhouse "there is what is called a 'New Boys' Exam,,' which is conducted by the bigger boys, and consists of questions about the captain of the school, football and cricket teams, etc." My correspondent adds that THE CAPTAIN is very popular at Charterhouse, and has a large circulation among the boys there.

C. Fillan.—Give up all idea of becoming a war correspondent. You are not even a journalist. No paper would dream of sending out a correspondent who hadn't had some journalistic experience.

Marcus Superbus. — Mr. Wilson Barrett's age is not mentioned in "Who's Who," which is the best book to look these things up in. I should say he is about fifty.

H. A. Finlaison.—Next time we have a rowing cover I will bear in mind your friendly criticism.

A. L.—Your suggestions are good. Your writing is clear, and shows character.

Robert Blair.—We have photo comps., and every now and then little articles on photography. That is all I can do with the subject at present.

A. H. M. Swan "happened to jump on the following quotation," which he considers to be topical:—

> To fly the *boar*, before the *boar* pursues
> Were to incense the *boar* to follow us.
> RICHARD III., Act ii., Sc. 2.

O'HOOLIHAN: "Hov yez heard the news? Pat O'Cloyski fell from a six-storey roof an' he niver broke a limb!"
M'PHAT: "Oi don't belave it."
O'HOOLIHAN: "It's the truth. He fell on his head!"
(Drawn by Rueb Cohen.)

A. G. B.—I think Judge Hughes merely intended to portray a typical public school-boy. No doubt he put a good deal of himself into the character of "Tom Brown."

Dennis G. Broad.—(1) Have the bike done up; the old "wheel" ought to last you another year or two. (2) Photo rather too dim for reproduction. (3) Your writing will "form" by the time you are eighteen or so.

Græme D. Williams.—I am thinking of starting a "Book Corner," but I cannot run a "Library Club" such as you suggest.

T. L. Shaddock. — Glad you are giving Vol. II. to your young brother as a birthday present.

Mandolin.—The mandolin is both a man's and a woman's instrument. I prefer it to the banjo, myself. Paderewski is the finest pianist in the world. The most distinguished English pianist is, I believe, Mr. Leonard Borwick.

"Railwayac" and others.—I handed your letters to the writer of the article, who tells me that his figures, giving the height of the Baattock summit, were misprinted. "4," should have read "1." Its correct height is 1,015ft. above sea level—not 1,025ft. as stated in one letter.

Old Cheltonian. — Many thanks for your laboriously-compiled list of "Old Boys at the Front."

Pirate (MARITZBURG).—Thanks for photo, which I hope to use. Your letter did not reach me until the May number had gone to press. As regards your proposed paper, find out how many would buy it regularly, and then ask a local printer for an estimate.

Other Correspondents. — "Solitaire," Owen Parry, "Erin," H. G. R., "Bunny," "An Ardent Wykehamist," "Cliftonian," "Wellingtonian," "A Marlburian," "Cheltonian" (2), "A Present Etonian," "A Well-wisher of the CAP.," Harley Russell (photo of B. G. S. pavilion), "A Constant Reader," "First Lieutenant," "Crusader," G. D. Harry (Football card, Oswestry Grammar School), Ethel Bellini, and many others are thanked for kind letters, photographs, criticisms, and suggestions.

A number of answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

THE TWELVE GREATEST ENGLISHMEN.

The following is the list, in order according to the number of votes each received, of what the readers of THE CAPTAIN consider to be the Twelve Greatest British-born Subjects of Her Majesty the Queen :—

1.—*H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.*
2.—*LORD SALISBURY.*
3.—*LORD ROBERTS.*
4.—*LORD KITCHENER.*
5.—*MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.*
6.—*MR. CECIL RHODES.*
7.—*LORD ROSEBERY.*
8.—*SIR HENRY IRVING.*
9.—*MR. A. J. BALFOUR.*
10.—*MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.*
11.—*THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.*
12.—*LT.-COL. R. S. BADEN-POWELL.*

Among those who came closely after the elected twelve were: The Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. W. G. Grace, Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir George White, Sir John Lubbock, Dr. Conan Doyle, Sir H. M. Stanley, "Fighting Mac," General French, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir William MacCormac, Mr. Hall Caine, the Lord Chief Justice, George Meredith, and "Ian Maclaren."

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—Best Prose Extract on "Industry."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: WILFRED M. HALL, 18, Mount Preston, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DOROTHY EVANS, 12, Claremont Road, Cricklewood, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Prosser, E. J. Pike, Elsie Simmons, Albina Pilkington, George Reynolds.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: JOHN B. EDGAR, Ashton, Lockerbie, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MAB. BLOOMER, "The Poplars," Tettenhall Road, Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lilian Ormiston, Grace Durand, Oswald Prest, Nellie Alexander, H. Hirst, Reuben Cohen, Walter Jones, E. A. Miller, Ida Ashford, A. G. Goode, F. Baston, Martin Briggs, B. Gilbertson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: SYDNEY WILLIAMS, 29, Balaclava Street, Swansea.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: T. B. L. WESTERDALE, 49, City Road, E.C.; and FREDERICK DEATH, High Street, Ixworth, Bury St. Edmunds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Janet Betts, G. Adam, James Brunton, Harry Robinson, A. G. Roper, Robert Stuart, Janet Laidlaw, J. A. Waide, Lucius Deering, S. Heald, George Young, Frank Melhuish, Horace Dickinson.

No. II.—Best "Map of Australia."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: R. HAROLD ROYLE, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kathleen Mary Starkin, M. Cock, Maude F. A. Curran, Henry Hooper, W. J. Corke, Dorothea Bowden, C. Prescott, Madeline Mather, Dorothy Churchill, Percy W. Gerhard, Irene Crosthwaite, Ethel Walker, Robert Adam, Jean A. Mann, Annie F. Baker, Mary Moreton, Ruth Chignell, Kate Valentine-Thomerson, Ethel Bellin, Elsie J. Tattersall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: LUTHER LOWDEN, Grafton House Grange Avenue, Allerton, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sybil Haines, Fred. Inkster, Sydney F. Corby, R. N. Bocquet, Winifred A. Weston, Win Blackstone, Averil Mary Picot, Alec Cane, A. Wakeford, C. E. Morris, Muriel Wakefield, P. S. Watts, Vere Repton, Stanley Attwell, M. A. Morris, James O. Nicoll, A. E. H. Palmer, John Wood, Irene Martin, L. E. H. Wareham, Edward Lardent, Evelyn Sharp, A. C. Mackenzie, Violet Duke, Charles J. Cooke, Dora Hawkens, Florence Marquand, A. N. Ruddock, R. R. Russell, Janet Laidlaw, Martin S. Briggs, F. A. H. Henley, Hylda Easton, S. T. Hennell, Harry Locker, H. S. Sawyer, W. W. Goalen, Muriel M. Song, Kathleen Duke, W. J. Martin, A. W. Cleaver, N. Miller, Lettice E. Evans, Thomas Linton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

10s. 6d. divided between: L. MACDONALD GILL, "Strathmore," Bognor; and GORDON JELLICOE, 74, Parkhill Road, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Pryde, E. Greig Smith, Maggie L. Joslin, Andrew P. Brown, Ian C. Russell, Gladys M. Burnham, L. J. Smith, J. G. Dollman, M. Dorothy Stalker, Tom Street, J. E. Sunderland, Hugh Thomas, Ronald Whitaker, Frederick Lardent, F. W. Biden, W. J. Lewis, Edwin Charles Hill, Albert Jackson, William Roberts, Stanley Barker, Fred. Worthington, Joseph H. Clarke, Ernest Law, R. Kerr, Marigold Edmonstone, T. W. Herring, Dorothey Wheatley, A. Allen, Ethel Cranmer, Louis Richards, H. G. Chippindall, G. H. Pearson, F. Maynard, V. McCann, A. H. Davies, Grace Elliston, N. C. Wilson, H. Kingscote, A. Kingscote, F. P. Figg, Freda Stacey, C. Langslow, S. G. Heath, Jeanie Robertson, Bertie Fox, G. L. Field, Gracie Hughes, Edith Stapley, Helen C. Williamson, Stanley D. Adam, Kathleen B. Thomas, H. H. Sampson.

No. III.—"Twelve Greatest Living Englishmen."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: MISS CHURCHILL, The Schools, Shrewsbury (11 right).

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: M. E. DUTTON, 38, Castle Street, Canterbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lily Carey, Margery Davis, K. Dicken, E. R. Abell, Meta McFerran.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: A. W. ANNAND, 26, Claremont Hill, Shrewsbury (9 right; 4 in right order).

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: PERCY WICKENDEN, "Glenside," Tunbridge Wells; and ANNIE M. FOSTER, Victoria Road, Hitchin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lottie Thomas, Joan Thomas, H. Melhuish, R. Brent Clark, Frank Smith, Francis Crisp, Ellen Brown, R. L. Dutton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: MARION CHURCHILL, The Schools, Shrewsbury (10 right; neatest list).

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. LAKE, 12, Park Hill, Clapham Park, S.W.; and GILBERT MACRUEN, Kraesult, Callander, Perthshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Hutchin, David Thomas, John Matthews, Alec Cane, A. V. Scott, H. Edmunds, Wilfred Wilson, Kathleen Wildy.

No. IV.—"Chess."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: A. P. BREE, Boscawen Villa, Gronville, Jersey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: A. R. DALE, 441, High Road, Chiswick.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: R. H. SOUTHERN, Charing Heath, Kent.

No. V.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: JAMES A. LEFLY, 83, Listria Park, Stoke Newington, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JOHN F. HARLOW, 40, Whitmore Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred Stevens, R. Crichton, George McClure, Daisy Jordan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: CLAUSE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: JOHN GORDON JARVIS, Ward 2, Christ's Hospital, London; and LOUIS RICHARDS, Malpas Road, Truro, Cornwall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Johnson, F. W. R. Hodgson, Ernest Law, Maud Centaro, Thomas Macallan, David Joslin, W. C. Drummond, L. G. Best.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF BLOTTING CASE: MARGARET ROSE, Willsbridge, near Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HENRY WRIGHT, 1, Maude Terrace, Pretoria Avenue, Walthamstow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. C. Legard, H. A. Allain, Henry Holland, Arthur F. Holford, Mary Cox, John C. Craig.

No. VI.—"Sphinx's Puzzles."

(*Vide* "CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," p. 279.)

"DESCRIPTION OF KRUGER."

THE "Old Fag" had an appointment to dine with President Kruger when he was over in this country some twenty years ago. The "Old Fag" kept the appointment at a certain restaurant, but President Kruger didn't turn up. The "Old Fag" had to keep another appointment later on, and so, as the waiter did not know President Kruger by appearance, the "Old Fag" described the President to him. Now it is not a very easy matter sometimes to describe people, so this competition is as follows:—

Three Half Sovereigns will be awarded for the three best descriptions of President Kruger, of a kind that would impress themselves on the mind of a waiter having a great many other things to think of. Write as clearly as possible, and make your descriptions as short as possible. Only post-cards should be sent.

CLASS I. ... ... (Open to Everybody).
CLASS II. ... ... (Age limit: Twenty-one).
CLASS III. ... . (Age limit: Fifteen).

Post-cards should be addressed: "KRUGER COMPETITION," THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should reach us *not later than July 12th.*

FORT NO. 12 AT THE MODDER RIVER.

The picket manning the fort was a company of Scots Guards under command of Captain R. N. W. Larking. From a snapshot by Mr. H. C. Shelley.

By permission of the "King."

Kodak Photography in PEACE AND WAR

A "P. K." PICTURE.

SO rapid have been the strides with which photography has taken its place as one of the foremost means of pictorial illustration, and so improved are the methods of photographic reproduction, that in the recording of the present war photography is playing an important part, and is a most keen rival to the war-artist in portraying scenes at the front. Indeed, some have said that it supersedes the war-artist by rendering a more truthful picture of the movements of our forces and the camp-life of our troops. This may be so to a certain extent; but for actual battle-pictures the war-artist holds his own—snapping being impossible within the zone of fire, owing to the probability of the photographer himself being "sniped" by some Boer sharpshooters.

THE MODERN GALLEY SLAVE.
A snapshot of the ship's cook on the deck of a steamer.

An enterprising Parisian photographer endeavoured to manufacture some photos of the actual fighting. He engaged a number of "supers," dressed them up to represent the rival combatants, provided the necessary smoke, etc., and when the films were finished for production on the cinematograph, described the action as "The Boers driving back the British," or "The British beating off the Boers," according to the pro- or anti-Boer sympathies of his audience. This is the nearest approach to photographic illustration of the actual fighting we have heard of—and a very convenient one, too!

Some months ago, at a lantern lecture given in a continental city, a slide was thrown on the screen as representing "A commando of Burghers leaving for the Front," but this was recognised by an Englishman in the audience as a picture of the New South Wales Lancers in the Diamond Jubilee procession! It is said "photography cannot lie." It can—but in neither of the above cases did it.

Conspicuous amongst the cameras taken to the front by the officers themselves were to be seen the Eastman Kodaks, in their neat khaki

THE IDLERS.
A remarkably well focussed picture, giving good distance definition.

cases. Probably the reason for so extensive a patronage of this particular camera is, no doubt, the fact of its great adaptability to circumstances — there being no need of a dark room for loading purposes, thanks to the daylight-cartridge system of filling this instrument — added to which there is the convenient "postability" of the exposed films to this country for development.

The war pictures illustrating this article were taken by Mr. Charles Shelley, special correspondent of the *King*, with a Folding Pocket Kodak, the films being posted in little boxes to London to be finished off and enlarged. Mr. Shelley is also provided with that most marvellous production of modern science, the "Telephoto" lens, a combination of the telescope with the ordinary photographic lens, with which, when used in conjunction with his Kodak, he is able to photograph objects at a distance of over a quarter of a mile, thus obtaining pictures which it would otherwise be impossible to secure.

This is the latest departure in the history of illustrated journalism, and gives us yet another glimpse of the possibilities of the future of photography — an invention by means of which it is possible to record on a sensitive plate events which take place almost out of sight of the naked eye; an innovation which owes its inception to Mr. J. H. Dallmeyer.

We recently had the pleasure of an interview with an official of the "Kodak" company, to whom our best thanks are due for permitting us to reproduce the accompanying "peace" pictures—all the work of amateurs — in the course of which we were shown some of the "kodakgraphs" taken by officers with our troops in South Africa. Particular interest attaches to a set of films exposed by an officer of the Royal Irish Rifles,

OUTWARD BOUND.
An excellent shot, giving good atmosphere.

WITH GENERAL FRENCH AT RENSBURG.
A snapshot of Boer prisoners on the way to visit the grave of a comrade.
By permission of the "King."

with one of which there is connected a most touching story. It was a photograph of a group of Lord Methuen's wounded, after the action at Belmont. One of the men in the front row held in one hand a Queen's chocolate box; in the other a Mauser bullet. On closer examination we observed a hole in the chocolate box, tearing it almost from end to end. "Tommy" had carried his royal new year's gift in his haversack while on the march, when they were surprised by a party of Boers, and during the action which ensued he was shot, and had it not been for the presence of the chocolate box the bullet would have penetrated his thigh and maimed him for life, if not have given him his death-wound.

Another picture shows a party of British cavalry halting for a rest, and the look on the men's faces of intense strain and eager anticipation of a trap is startling to behold. On the horizon there is visible a scout spying the country for Boer entrenchments, which in the mountains beyond the puffs of smoke from the enemy's artillery are clearly to be seen.

THE THREE TOMMIES.
A snapshot taken before the war in the Transvaal.

Interesting, also, was the "snap" of the headquarters of the Royal Irish Rifles, which shows only too well that war is not all beer and skittles. Some of the officers were sitting on empty ammunition cases, writing, using other cases as tables; while others were actually utilising as seats great stones, which were in readiness to build a redoubt in the event of an attack.

No doubt after the war is over—and at the time of writing this period does not appear to be very far distant—we shall

THE SIXTH DIVISION, UNDER GENERAL KELLY-KENNY, MARCHES INTO BLOEMFONTEIN ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 13TH, AFTER HAVING COVERED FORTY MILES IN TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS.
By permission of the "King."

THIS EXTRAORDINARY SNAPSHOT WAS TAKEN FROM THE WAR BALLOON AT MODDER RIVER. THE SANDY NATURE OF THE GROUND WHERE OUR MEN WERE FIGHTING, THE RUTS MADE BY WAGGON WHEELS, AND THE PRINTS OF THOUSANDS OF HORSES' HOOFS, ARE PLAINLY SHOWN.

By permission of the "King."

be treated to no end of books by military officers; then, perhaps, we shall get a glimpse of pictures the film negatives of which will become family heirlooms on account of their having been exposed "under fire."

Of the pleasures of "Kodaking" in the piping times of peace little need be written, except to remark on the astounding universality of the Kodak, the great facilities it offers to tourists, by means of the assured ability of purchasing spools of film in almost all the large cities of the world—so world-wide is its sale. Wherever you may be—on the continent or at the antipodes, you need never be afraid of having to deny yourself a shot at any particular object of interest you may wish to bring away as a *souvenir* of a trip in lands afar. We should not be surprised to hear that when the North Pole is discovered "Kodak" will have a winter palace there in the shape of a depôt. Anyhow, we know for a fact that some of their film has been to the Antarctic regions — with Captain Borchgrevink in the *Southern Cross*.

MR. H. C. SHELLEY, THE WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE "KING," TAKES IT EASY AFTER LUNCH.

From a snapshot.

No two pastimes combine more harmoniously than photography and cycling. While

THE WHIPPER-IN.

A fine snapshot taken in frosty weather.

cycling is an excellent exercise, photography is an interesting and instructive hobby, and the two go well together—the one helping the other. What better companion could one have when on a cycling tour than a camera? For the cyclist-photographer Kodaks are specially adapted, as, being very light and compact, they may easily be carried awheel in special dust-proof cases, which are fitted with springs inside, thereby absorbing all vibration and preventing breakages—as might be the case with glass plates, while the spools of film may be changed by the roadside, without having recourse to a dark room—another distinct advantage.

In conclusion, just a few words about where and the conditions under which Kodaks are manufactured. The factory of "Kodak Ltd.," the largest and best equipped of its kind in the world, is at Rochester, New York, U.S.A. It is built on the mill-construction, or "slow-burning," plan divided by a fireproof section, and possessing two complete power plants, so that, in the event of fire, the manufacture of Kodaks would not be stopped for a single day.

There is another building, a short way out of the city, known as Kodak Park — a place essentially free from dust and smoke, where it is possible to turn out photographic materials absolutely free from that *bête noir*, dirt. It is here, in a building no less complete in all its appointments than that in the city itself, that the films, bromide papers, etc., are manufactured.

In addition to the regular goods elevators, there are two fast passenger elevators, or "lifts," while on each floor there are fire-proof vaults, in which are stored valuable tools; and the building is cooled in summer and heated in winter by the "blower" system, which also acts as a ventilator.

The output of film, universal as amateur photography is, is almost incredible, considerably over 150 miles of Kodak film being made in a week, while that of bromide paper, of cabinet width, exceeds 105 miles during the same period.

In order that this may be accomplished, over five acres of floor space are necessary, and for the proper distribution of the motive force no less than seventy-five electric motors are required.

The making of sensitised photographic material is so difficult a process that absolute control over the atmospheric conditions is necessary. Wherefore, in Kodak Park Factory, in addition to the elaborate heating machines for warming, there are two ice machines for cooling the air; so that, although the thermo-

G COMPANY, 1ST BATTALION, SCOTS GUARDS.

This company took part in the four battles of Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein. This photograph shows Captain Charles Sergisson in front of his men at Modder River.

By permission of the "King."

meter outside may be registering 100degs. Fahr., it is an easy matter to keep the temperature of the coating rooms below freezing point.

THIS IS WHAT THE BOERS WOULD HAVE FOUND HAD THEY ATTACKED THE FORT AT MODDER RIVER CAMP.

By permission of the "King."

The combined factories give employment to over 1,800 people, of whom more than one hundred are required in the offices alone, so enormous is the correspondence of this vast establishment.

There is also a very large Kodak factory at Harrow, Middlesex, but its output is not nearly enough to meet the continental demand, and so the greater part of Kodaks and their accessories are still supplied from the "other side."

One cannot help remarking on the wonderful growth of the Kodak. We distinctly remember when the familiar Kodak was put on the English market some eight years ago. Since then we have watched the influx of new and improved varieties, until at last we have no less than eighteen distinct patterns of this facile instrument, varying in price from five shillings to seven guineas.

Truly an astounding outcome of the firm's motto—"*You press the button, and we do the rest.*"

C. G. Paul.

PICQUET CROSSING PONTOON BRIDGE OVER MODDER RIVER.

By permission of the "King."

SOME·ENGLISH·SCHOOLS
BRISTOL·GRAMMAR·SCHOOL·
ASHVILLE·COLLEGE·HARROGATE
BEDFORD·GRAMMAR·SCHOOL·
ST·GEORGE'S·SCHOOL·HARPENDEN·
FELSTED·SCHOOL·
R.P.G.

A BIT OF LUCK.

By Bella Sidney Woolf.

Author of "Jerry and Joe," "My Nightingale," "Miss Almira Muggins," etc.

"SOME day I may even be Lord Chancellor," concluded Hugh Rawlinson, and he waved his hand majestically.

Timmins, his friend and admirer, was much impressed. In fact, Hugh never failed to impress Timmins. Handsome, clever, and ambitious, Hugh was just the sort of fellow to be worshipped by a lank, retiring boy like Timmins, who never did himself the little justice he might have been accorded, and who hadn't an atom of "pushfulness" in him, so that he was, of course, jostled by his little world—the school-world of Devonshire House. You must do some elbowing in life if you want to get on—it's a painful fact, but true.

Hugh had a great liking for Timmins, not only (in justice to Hugh be it said) because of the lank one's undisguised admiration of his noble self, but because Timmins was ignored and scoffed at by "the other chaps." The oppressed was always sure of finding a partisan in Hugh.

"Well, I hope you'll remember me," sighed Timmins, "when you're on the—what do they call it?—woolsack, isn't it? You *are* lucky, Hugh! I wish I had your chances. Fancy being stuck to adding up figures all the days of one's life!"

Timmins was destined to become a clerk in an uncle's office. It was considered a great chance for Timmins, for he would certainly never choose anything for himself.

"It won't be as bad as all that, Tim," said Hugh, laughing. "You don't think business is figures, and nothing but figures? Besides, what *would* you like to be?"

"I don't think I know," replied Timmins, limply. "But, you know, you *are* a lucky chap, Hugh!"

"Think so?" said Hugh. "I suppose I am."

There could be no doubt of it at that moment. The only son of a distinguished doctor, gifted, good-looking, Hugh had just secured a foundation scholarship at Eton, which was to be the stepping-stone to Oxford, and eventually the Bar—his chosen profession from a very early age. Life seemed to open up flowery paths to him.

"Still, you know, Tim," Hugh went on, "luck *may* change. It's no use hallooing till you are out of the wood, and some Greek josser said it's no use calling a man lucky till he's dead and you can see how he finished up."

To this masterly exposition of Solon's philosophy Timmins listened with becoming deference, but apparently with little conviction. Timmins would have preferred a pleasant present, and would have been content to let the future take care of itself. Hugh proposed that it was a pity to waste a "half" indoors, and they sallied out.

Hugh's words were prophetic. That very evening a telegram arrived for him, saying that his father had lost his life in a railway accident, when on his way to a case in the provinces, and summoning him home. The blow seemed too great to realise. Dazed and stunned, Hugh left Devonshire House, the last picture impressed on his mind being Timmins' pale face, full of sympathy and affection for the friend on whose "luck" he had been dilating. Those "old Greek jossers" knew what they were talking about, thought Hugh dully, as the train rushed towards his home.

* * * * *

"Isn't it dreadful, Hugh?"

"Yes, mother, it is, but"—(Hugh's voice was suspiciously husky)—"but we must put a brave face on it"—and his arm stole round his mother's neck. How pale and delicate she looked in her sombre black!

"But, Hugh, dearest, do you understand what it means?"

"I—I think so, mother. I shall give up my school, I suppose—and——"

"Oh, Hughie!"

Hugh struggled on bravely.

"And—and look out for some work. I must look after *you* now, mother."

"My little Hugh—my brave boy—my darling!"

And then Hugh did forget his fourteen years and the restraint he had put on himself, and

IT WAS NO EASY MATTER FOR A BOY OF FOURTEEN TO FIND A CLERKSHIP.

broke down. ... No one—not one of the boys of Devonshire House—would have considered such tears as "babyish," for poor Hugh's ambitions had been swept away. After his father's death it was found that he had been swindled by his solicitor. Dr. Rawlinson had been so busy a man that he had left all his affairs in his solicitor's hands, with the dire result that Mrs. Rawlinson and her boy found themselves almost penniless.

Mrs. Rawlinson's sister insisted on doing what she could for them; but Hugh and his mother were very proud, and determined to struggle on through their own exertions.

Friends had endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Rawlinson to allow them to bear the burden of Hugh's Eton life; but she reasoned—and Hugh, too—that it would be wrong for him to go to Eton if he had no prospects of living up to it afterwards.

"I must begin to help my mother," Hugh replied, firmly.

The Rawlinsons had no relations save Mrs. Rawlinson's one sister and a brother of Dr. Rawlinson's, with whom he had had a dispute years and years ago—a dispute which had never been made up. Therefore Hugh had no family influence, and he saw that the city life Timmins

so much dreaded was to be his after all. What it cost the boy to give up his dreams, his scholarship of which he had been so proud—everything—none knew. There are more heroic deeds suffered in silence than proclaimed to the world.

One wet March day Hugh set out in search of employment. It was a bitter trial. His mother watched him till the corner hid him from view, and she guessed what it cost him to look back at her and smile. She turned away with a sigh from the window of the dreary apartments in which they now lived—such a contrast to their lovely home!—and set to work on the painting she was commissioned to do. Hugh had been told of an opening in a business by a friend, and he had a letter of recommendation in his pocket. It was no easy matter for a boy of fourteen to find a clerkship.

Never, it seemed to Hugh, had London looked so grey and hopeless as on that rainy, windy day. He tried to build up castles in the air, but the mud, the clang of the traffic, and the dripping umbrellas shattered them. It was impossible to feel a Dick Whittington in such weather.

Hugh boarded a 'bus, and after a long and weary ride, varied only by the entrance and exit of damp passengers, and their still damper umbrellas, he at last found himself at the Bank. He soon discovered Cornhill, where the gentleman to whom he had an introduction had his offices. His heart sank as he marched in at a door marked "office," flanked by another one marked "private." Behind those glass doors lay his fate. Several clerks were bending busily over desks. They looked up as Hugh entered, and eventually one of them—a pale young man with an abnormal stretch of collar—lounged over to him, and lifted his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Can I see Mr. Hardwick?"

"He's engaged at present. Who d'you come from?"

"I have a letter from Sir George Darlington."

"Oh!" The clerk's expression changed in a remarkable manner. "Oh, from Sir George Darlington. I'll take it in to Mr. Hardwick, and no doubt he'll see you."

Hugh sat down and waited, while the pale clerk tapped at a door to the left, and, on a response from within, disappeared behind it. The moments seemed interminable. At last the pale one reappeared, and said:—

"Mr. Hardwick will see you in five minutes."

Hugh's courage seemed suddenly to evaporate, and his knees felt as if they were made of cotton-wool. When the hands of the clock had registered five minutes, Mr. Hardwick's door opened.

"Let the boy come in."

And the boy went in, and found himself in the presence of two gentlemen. The one who was sitting at a writing-table, and whom Hugh supposed to be Mr. Hardwick, told him to sit down, and said:—

"I shall be glad to do what I can for anyone sent by my friend Darlington. He says that you will tell me about yourself. I knew your father by name—a clever man—a dreadful loss to you."

These words almost unnerved poor Hugh, but he sat down and said "Yes," in a low tone. He hardly glanced at the other gentleman, so that he did not notice how keenly he was being observed from under the bushy eyebrows.

"Darlington says you want something to do; but surely you are too young to leave school?"

"I was going to Eton, sir. In fact, I had taken a scholarship there, but things—things are different now, and I must work for my mother." There was a quiver round Hugh's mouth, which he struggled manfully to control.

"What had you intended to do if you had gone to Eton?"

"I wanted to go to the Bar—I have wanted to for years, but——"

"You must have begun early, then," said Mr. Hardwick, jocularly, trying to spare the boy. "It was very good of you to give up your scholarship."

"There was no goodness about it; anyone would have done the same," replied Hugh.

"Did no one come forward to help you?"

The question made Hugh wince.

"We do not want help from strangers," he said, quietly, but proudly.

The other gentleman, who sat silent in the shadow, might have been seen to nod approval.

"Well, Rawlinson, of course you have had no experience, and Eton scholarships are fine things, but, you see, they aren't what I deal in."

"No, sir." Hugh's spirits were sinking lower and lower.

"But you would be willing to take any post I might offer you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the only vacancy I have at present is that of office-boy, but I do not think that anyone would offer you a better one at your present age. The salary is ten shillings a week, but as soon as I see you are worth your salt, I shall make you junior clerk and take another boy. And remember, it never hurts to begin at the bottom rung."

The two men watched Hugh's face. They could read the sharp struggle which was going

"THE ONLY VACANCY I HAVE AT PRESENT IS THAT OF OFFICE BOY."

on in the boy's heart—an unendurable tumult of grief and pride and duty. At last :—

"I will come, sir—thank you—but—but I should like to call myself a junior clerk to —to mother—just at first, if I may ?"

The two men glanced swiftly at each other.

"Of course—of course," said Mr. Hardwick, taking off his glasses, which had become unaccountably dim. "Then I shall expect you on Monday, nine o'clock sharp. Good-day."

And in a few moments, bewildered and despairing, Hugh found himself in Cornhill, jostled hither and thither by the passers-by. He pulled himself together and walked towards the Bank. Could it be true? Was he dreaming? A hideous dream! An office boy! An office boy!

But when he was seated once more in the 'bus his thoughts flew to his mother, and he felt that he ought to be grateful for this "small mercy," perhaps. Everyone said it was so difficult to get on nowadays, and that fifty people were clamouring for one post. He must make the best of it and trust to good fortune.

When he came home he told his mother the result of his interview, with as bright a face as he could manage to adopt, and her pleasure at his brightness and at the "junior clerkship," as she called it, was in itself a reward. By bedtime Hugh was a partner already in imagination, and living at a lovely place in the country with his mother. But it was when Hugh reached his own room that he gave way and flung himself upon the bed in an agony of grief.

The next morning two letters lay on the breakfast table—one was for Mrs. Rawlinson, the other for Hugh, from Timmins. Hugh was deep in the intricacies of Timmins' letter, which was not distinguished for penmanship, style, or spelling, and had just made out that: "We're having a rotten term. Old Budge is down on you like a ton of bricks. He won't let Briggs keep his doormice any more, because one got out and old Budge found it in his boot. Briggs is jolly sick and swears ——"

"Oh, Hugh," from Mrs. Rawlinson, "read this!"

She was very pale and the letter shook in her outstretched hand. Hugh flew to her.

"What is it, mother!"

"Read that, dear! It's nothing—I'm not ill."

Hugh took the letter and read the following, written in cramped, old-fashioned handwriting :

Cheriton Court,
25th March, 1900.

DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW (I've forgotten your name, so you must excuse me),—You will be surprised to hear from me

after all these years, as surprised as I am to find myself writing to you. The fact is I wanted to patch up the old quarrel for many a year, but we Rawlinsons are obstinate dogs, and the opportunity never came. Now it is too late, in one way. But chance threw me across your boy's path yesterday. He little knew that it was his uncle who was present at his interview with Mr. Hardwick. When the note came in and I heard the name I pricked up my ears, and said, "I'll stay and see him." Then I plotted with Hardwick. Your boy, no doubt, misjudged him. I made him ask those somewhat brutal questions to test the metal. He's a fine fellow—your boy, and you must be proud of him. I know he told you that he was engaged as junior clerk. This was only to spare your feelings. He took a place as office boy. He's—well, bless me, ma'am, I can't write any more! I'm coming to see you almost as soon as you read this letter, and you must try and find a little affection—both of you—for a crusty old man, whose temper has been his worst enemy.—Your obedient servant,

THOMAS RAWLINSON.

The above will serve as a guide to the fact that you will find Hugh amongst the oppidans at Eton, and that Cheriton Court is no longer tenanted by a solitary old bachelor.

"It was a bit of luck," said Timmins, gazing admiringly over Cheriton Park one sunny day in the Easter holidays.

Yes. but not all luck, Master Timmins.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

SOLUTIONS.

(1) **"Blacks" and "Whites" Puzzle.**—The point of this puzzle was to select the smallest number that would "count out" the greatest possible number of "Whites." As a matter of fact it is possible to count out *all* the "Whites," and the smallest number that will admit of our doing this is 322. But it is necessary that we should start at the right boy and go in the right direction, or we may find that we have instead counted out all the "Blacks." Referring to the original illustration in our May issue, you must start at the boy in flannels who is standing third from the spectator—the one on the extreme right of the picture with his hands in his pockets—calling him 1. And you must go in the same direction as the hand of a clock, supposing the ring of boys to be the numbers round a clock face. It is not necessary to count the full 322 every time, for it is a mere question of remainders. Thus, there are 12 boys at the start and, as we say, "12 will go 26 times in 322, with 10 remainder;" therefore, 26 times round will bring us to the point we set out from and we need only count 10. The first boy to fall out is thus the tenth—the "White" at the top of the picture with his right hand extended. Now there are only 11 boys left, and "11 will go 29 times in 322, with 3 remainder." Count 3 from the "White" next to the one who fell out, and the second boy to retire is the one at whom we began our count. As the remainder after dividing 322 by 10 is 2, the next to fall out is the boy nearest to us in the picture; and so on until all the 6 "Whites" are counted out.

(2) **The Seven Money-Boxes.**—On February 24th, 1901, the boy will have for the first time to deposit one penny in every one of his seven money-boxes, and he will find that he has amassed the sum of £4 10s. 9d. by his peculiar method of thrift.

(3) **The Cornish Fishermen.** — One of the men received his nine gallons of wine in the hogshead.

PRIZE AWARDS.—Though a very large number sent solutions to Nos. 2 and 3, which were quite easy, only one competitor gave the correct answer to No. 1, the "Blacks" and "Whites." This was in Class I., and the prize of 7s. has therefore been awarded to P. A. ALDRIDGE, 26, Beechfield Terrace, Lancaster. M. H. McSweeney also gave the correct answer. In Class II. several sent the number 27,720 (starting with the "Black" next to the "White" at the bottom of the picture and going clockwise, or starting at the "Black" at the top of the picture and going in the opposite direction), which will count out all the "Whites," but is not the smallest, and therefore correct answer. The 7s. will be sent to one of these, R. H. WILSON, 167, Moseley Road, Birmingham. The only competitor in Class III. who counted out all the "Whites" with any number (he also used 27,720) was H. MCCROSSAN, 39, East Beach, Lytham, to whom will be forwarded the remaining sum of 7s. I may just mention that though 322 is the correct answer, as being the smallest possible number that will count out all the "Whites," there are an infinite number of higher numbers that will do it, and several competitors in Class I. sent correct numbers between 322 and 27,720, and some higher numbers than the last.

HOW TO BOWL.

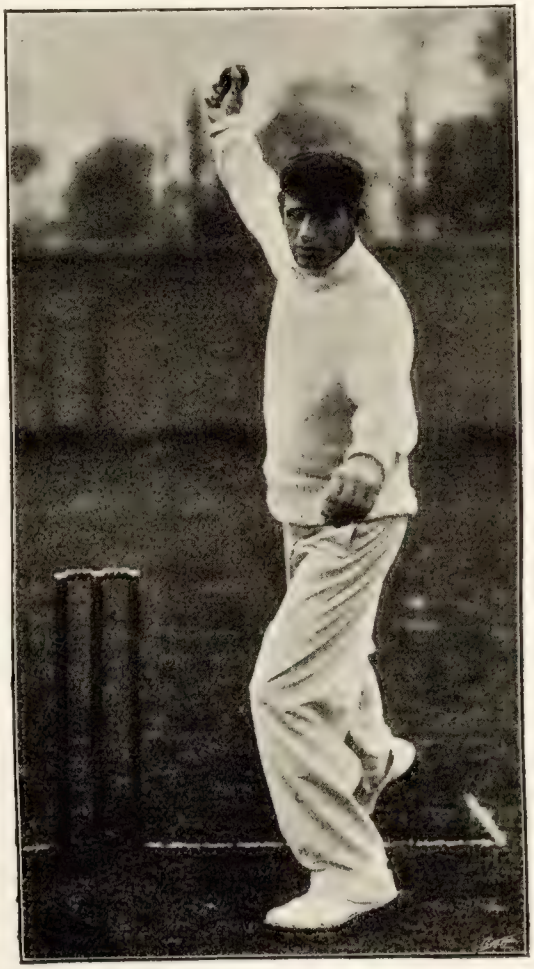
By C. B. Fry.

I.

YOU wish to become a bowler? Very well, then, you must be prepared to take some trouble. The same old story, I know—I daresay you are tired of it—but, in simple truth, you cannot wriggle, glide, slide, or jump into success—you must work for it. In bowling, as elsewhere, inferiority consists of those who have little talent and take no troubles; superiority, of those who have much talent and improve it by a considerable deal of work, and those who with little or moderate talent take an infinite deal of pains; superfinity, of those with great ability who take great trouble.

You cannot obtain natural ability: this is yours — or not — as a birthright. But observe that how far you win towards the degree of excellence of which you are capable, depends upon the amount of trouble you take; so, in all circumstances, you may regard it as a solemn fact that in order to succeed you must work.

A dry and unenthusiastic aspect of your case? —not so, if you are a true-hearted cricketer; for then the patient and persevering practice you must undertake—which to the lesser soul seems drudgery—to you will be full of interest and pleasure.



M. A. NOBLE.
"A swerver."
From "The Book of Cricket."

II.

Beware of bowlomania—a prevalent disease, of which the most virulent form is an overweening desire to be put on, complicated by a strong distaste for taking steps to become qualified. It is an intermittent fever: it rarely breaks out on practice days, at the nets, or even in practice games, but appears frequently in matches. Good bowlers suffer from a milder form of the disease—a desire to go on to bowl, or to continue bowling, regardless of circumstances and the interests of their side.

A keen, young bowler should beware of hatching, or catching the epidemic. The best preventative is a knowledge of the game, which, as heretofore explained, may be gained by observation and intelligence.

III.

A would-be bowler may save himself an infinite amount of waste in time and trouble, and may greatly facilitate his progress towards success, by finding out what good bowling is — in a word, what points to aim at, and what methods to pursue. For, as S. M. J. Woods once said: "A cove isn't bowling just because he is sending down five balls an over."

Were it not that I am continually — almost by every post—receiving inquiries betraying complete ignorance of the most elementary points of the game, I would not repeat the advice given over and over again — read the best books on cricket. And, ye bowlers, read the chapters on bowling in (1) Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket," (2) The Badminton Library, "Cricket," Vol. II., (3) W. G. Grace's "Cricket." These state and explain almost every point. Anyone who does not possess, and does not want to buy these books, can obtain them from a library. If you do not take the trouble to avail yourself of information of this kind, you do not deserve to succeed. How can you do a thing without knowing what it is you have to do? How can you learn to bowl without knowing what bowling is, and what points to aim at? But, of

course, it is no good merely reading instructions—you must also do your very best to put them into practice. Having obtained knowledge, you must endeavour to translate it—*viâ* practice—into power.

IV.

Here are the elements of bowling as stated by "W. G.": Bowl straight; bowl a good length.

V.

You will often hear bowling described slightingly as "only plain, straight, good-length stuff," the implication being that it is easy to play. Why, then, are straightness and good length so fundamentally requisite? For this reason, my friend. Though a good batsman finds bowling that is merely straight and good length quite easy to play, yet straightness and good length, properly understood, are the essential points in bowling, without which, as a foundation, all the other qualities and artifices that make bowling difficult go for naught. No one can be a good shot unless he can hold his weapon steady. Accuracy in judging distance, windage, and light, a knowledge of his rifle, and all other qualities required in a rifleman go for nothing if he cannot hold steady; yet the mere power to hold steady, though essential, is only a small part of marksmanship. So with bowling—deceptive flight, change of pace, a big break, etc., are ineffectual save as supplementary to a power of bowling straight and a good length.

A. MOLD.
"Third man right back for Mr. Ranji."
From "The Book of Cricket."

VI.

How are you to learn to bowl straight and a good length?

First, understand that the word "straight" as applied to bowling is somewhat of a portmanteau word; it really means the power of bowling the ball in precisely the direction you desire. What you need to cultivate is not a mere mechanical power of sending down ball after ball to hit the middle stump, but rather a power of bowling exactly where you want to—in fact, power of direction. To be able to pitch a ball on the wicket every time is no doubt valuable, but it is not enough. You need to be able to bowl at the leg, middle, or off stump at will, and also 3ins., 6ins., 12ins., or 24ins. outside the off stump either of a left or right-hand batsman. Not only do you need to be able to bowl more or less wide of the wicket in order to get the batsman caught at the wicket, in the slips, or in front of the wicket on the off side, but you must be able so to pitch the ball that, though it break a bit after pitching, it may hit the sticks; for most bowlers break a little, even without meaning to, even on fairly true pitches, and when the pitch is sticky or crumbled this natural break increases so much that unless the ball be aimed rather off the wicket it cannot possibly hit it. I remember once playing in a country match against a bowler who was a local terror. He bowled very straight indeed on hard wickets, and was used to firing away dead straight at the sticks, and reaping sheaves of wickets. That day, however, the wicket was pure glue, and he could not help breaking a good deal. As, however, he still aimed at the middle stump, all his balls went wide of the leg, and nothing was easier than to walk in front and hook him for four. After a bit he saw his mistake, and tried to pitch the ball to the off, but, being unused to this method, he lost his length, bowled long-hops and half-volleys, and proved an easy prey. That man was a wonderful natural bowler, with a beautiful action, and plenty of devil and spin. Had he known

how to bowl, and been able to use his advantages, he would have dislodged a county side on that pitch for seventy or eighty runs; as it was he did not get a solitary wicket against our village team.

The only way to acquire power of direction, or "straightness," is by constant practice, keeping the requirements of the case in view.

VII.

A good-length ball is one that is neither pitched so short that it may be easily played back, nor so much up that it may be smothered at the pitch by driving or forward play. "W. G." gives, as a standard estimate, these distances for good length:—

Slow bowler, 4 yards from batsman's wicket.
Medium ,, 4½ to 5 ,, ,, ,,
Fast ,, 5 to 7 ,, ,, ,,

Hence you notice that the best length for a ball varies according to its pace. No doubt it is excellent practice to put down a visible mark at a standard distance according to your pace, and bowl at it. For boys I would suggest, for a slow bowler 10ft., for a medium 12ft., for a fast 15ft. as the right distances. But you should endeavour to acquire, not a mere mechanical habit of bowling one fixed length, but the power of pitching the ball within a few inches of where you want to. The reason is that there is no such thing as a definite, fixed good length. Good length varies, not only with the state of the pitch, but also with the batsman. The slower the wicket the farther up you must pitch the ball, because a length that would be difficult to play back on a fast wicket proves quite easy, not only to play back, but to hook or pull on a slow wicket. Then, again, a ball that is good length to W. G. Quaife is almost, if not quite, a half-volley to Gunn, owing to the difference in the length of reach of these batsmen. Practically there is only one way of finding out what is good length on a particular wicket to each batsman that opposes you—it is to start with what length you think suitable, and alter it according as the batsman finds it easy to play back or forward. When you discover a length at which he does not seem to know which to do, stick to it or thereabouts. From this it is easy to understand that unless you acquire a power of pitching the ball where you want to (or nearly so, for you have a small margin) you cannot hope to be a master of good length. Here, again, it is a case of assiduous and intelligent practice. Note that in bowling at a spot the tendency is to pitch short of it by two or three feet. Correct this by aiming either rather beyond the spot or at a point in the air wo or three feet above it.

VIII.

How often does one see a bowler, practising at a single stump, noting his length and his direction, and endeavouring to perfect them?

Yet what might not be done by ten minutes of such practice three times a week?

How many young bowlers trouble to find out their natural pace, and when found stick to it as their standard?

Yet this is essential.

How many settle on a definite length of run, and make a habit of it?

Yet without this progress is uncertain.

How many give any thought to bowling, or even try to use their heads at it?

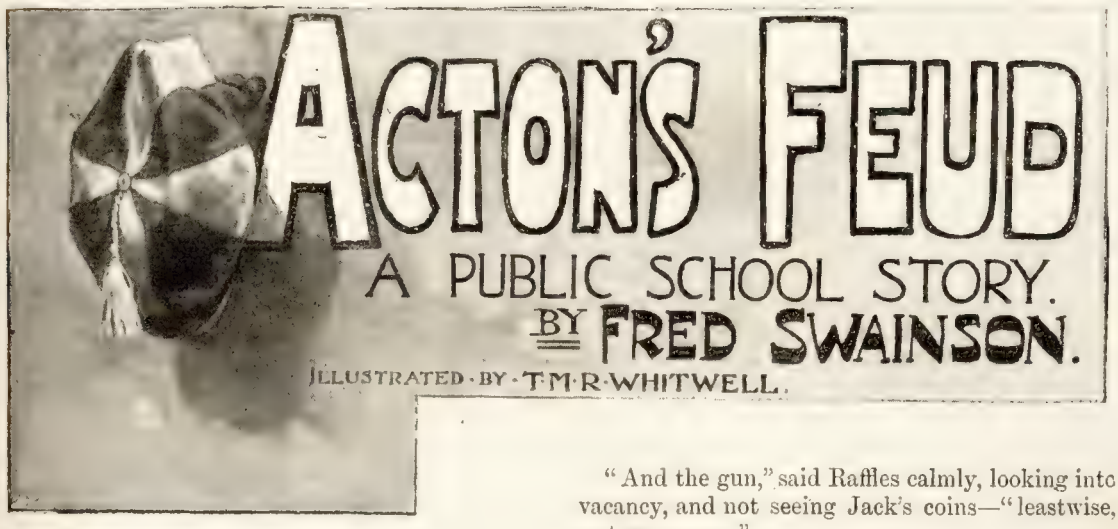
Yet Spofforth used to lie awake at night wrestling with ideas about how to get batsmen out; Alfred Shaw knew what he was doing every ball he bowled; George Lohmann tried some device or other with every delivery.

If the master need think and attempt, plan and wrestle, how much more so the apprentice?

C. B. Fry

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Panax Quinquefolium. — Your measurements appear to me normal and proper. I do not think you need be afraid of over-development; you seem sound and sturdy. It is over-growth in point of height—running to seed, in fact—that is deleterious. Cycling is a fine exercise in itself, but, in my opinion, it is not nearly as good for boys as an all-round education of cricket, football, and games in general. Play games if you have the opportunity. **A lover of "The Captain."**—There is no reason I know of why you should not weigh 8st. 3lb. at your age—fourteen. I do not believe in boys worrying themselves about their weight. Play games keenly; they will see you through. **E. H. O.**—The best time for you to practise running is an hour or so after lunch, that being the time at which your race will take place. But you may run at any time not immediately before or after food. You might run on grass when it is not wet; otherwise, on the road. Dumb-bells are good every morning; use light ones, 1lb. or 1½lbs. each. Before a race, lunch at your accustomed hour; beef or mutton in any form, and a milk pudding, rice, sago, etc. The only cure for nervousness is to take yourself in hand and simply decline to be nervous. Say to yourself "I won't!" and don't; think of nothing else but the ball. **A. F.** (Streatham).—If you must run before breakfast take a glass of milk and a couple of biscuits first; but it is the worst possible time. Can you not manage the evening? A cold bath is good as long as you feel warm after it. **F. W. G.**—Your "spec" is successful. Two and a-half hours is rather long every evening, but if the boys have spells off fielding it might be all right. Could you not manage batches to field for one hour? But it is a matter of whether keenness is kept up; the great thing is to strike a mean between boredom and slackness. I am glad The Captain was so opportune. Mind you recommend it to your friends.



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—VII.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the 'footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit), is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is denied his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians give vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and cheering Acton to the echo. The following term Acton determines to strike at Bourne senior through the latter's young brother Jack. With this end in view he introduces him to a low sporting character named "Raffles of Rotherhithe," who, previously instructed by Acton, leads young Jack Bourne to transgress as many school laws as possible, eventually landing him very heavily in debt.

CHAPTER XI.

It was with hearty thankfulness at the idea of being finally rid of Raffles that Jack walked over to the "Lodestone" by himself on the Thursday, jingling his last few shillings in his pockets. Raffles was waiting for him in the stables, and he was very friendly and familiar, which always annoyed Jack immensely.

"Glad you're in time, sir, and to 'ear the dibs a-rattlin' in your pockets."

"Because they'll rattle in yours, soon, I suppose. I make out I owe you about ten shillings, Raffles."

"'Ow do you make that out, Mr. Bourne?"

"Rabbits, cartridges, and dummy pigeons. I'm about right, I fancy?"

"Right as far as they go."

"As far as they go, of course—not farther. Then here you are."

"And the gun," said Raffles calmly, looking into vacancy, and not seeing Jack's coins—"leastwise, wot was a gun."

"Am I to pay for that filthy article?" said Jack angrily. "Why, it nearly blew my brains out!"

"'As 'e to pay for that breech-loader gun?" said Raffles, laughing softly as at some good joke. "Why, of course you have."

"My opinion is, Raffles, that that gun was rotten. It wasn't worth a sovereign. I don't believe it was ever fit to shoot with, now."

"Of course, *now*," said Raffles with a sneer. "*Now*, when you've got to pay for it."

"I don't know so much about 'have got to pay for it' at all. That grin of yours doesn't improve your looks, Raffles," said Jack, who was rather nettled by Raffles' sneer.

"Well, my bantam cock," said Raffles savagely, "I only 'opes as this 'ere bill won't spoil yours. And let me tell you, young shaver, I want the money."

Jack calmly took the piece of note-paper which Raffles hurriedly fished out of his pocket, and flourished dramatically before Bourne. There was a touching simplicity about Raffles' bill-making that would in ordinary times back have made Jack split with laughter, but, naturally, at the present time he did not feel in a very jovial frame of mind. Hence he read through the farrago with only one very strong desire—to kick Raffles neck and crop out of the stable. This was the bill:—

Mr. burn owes me daniel raffles this money.

To bunneys at sixpence each		2	0
To 50 cartrigges		6	6
To pidgins		1	6
1 *gunn breech loder ... ...*	£7	0	0
totel	£7	10	0

"Now, Raffles," said Jack, in a white heat, "what do you mean by this rotten foolery?"

"There's no foolery about it," said Raffles, sulkily. "That's my bill."

"Why, you unspeakable rascal, did you fancy I'd pay it?"

"I did, and I do."

Something in the fellow's tone made Jack a trifle uneasy, and he considered within himself for a moment what he had better do. That the rascal had made up his mind to be nasty was evident, and when Jack thought that the gun, poor as it was, was destroyed, though through no fault of his own, he thought perhaps he might give his old jackal something as a solatium.

"All right, Raffles! I'll pay you for what I owe you now, and I'll give you a sovereign for the gun. I'll send you that in a day or two. I've no more money with me now."

"That ain't the bill. I want this 'ere bill paid."

"'This 'ere bill' is sheer rot!" retorted Jack.

"Rot or not, it's what I want from you. You pay up that seven odd, or it will be the worse for you. What is seven odd to a young gent like you? Aren't you all millionaires at St. Amory's?"

"Not by a long chalk."

"Well, I don't want to be unpleasant, my buck, but if you won't pay over I'll show you up."

"Show me up, you beast—what do you mean?"

"I'll write to Corker and blow the gaff."

"If you did that," said Bourne grimly, "I'd kill you first day I could do it."

"Or I'd write to your brother."

"And he'd do it now, you skunk!"

"No names, young gent. That won't pay my bill. You don't seem to imagine I mean what I say."

"No, I don't, for you wouldn't be any *nearer* getting the money."

"But then you say you aren't going to pay anyhow, so I may as well touch you up a bit. You've most every time told me not to be so beastly friendly, and I ain't going to be. I'm going to have the seven ten or show you up. That's straight."

"Show me up," repeated Jack, blankly. "You miserable blackmailer!" Bourne felt then the beautiful feelings of being in the grasp of a low-bred cad who could play with him as a cat with a mouse. He sat staring in front of him livid with rage, and Raffles, who was watching him covertly, and with no small anxiety, could see he was digesting the whole situation. Jack would indeed then and there have let Raffles do his worst, and would have stood the racket from Corker—and his brother—rather than be blackmailed by the villain by his side, but he said hopelessly to himself, "How can I do it without bringing Acton into it? When this comes out all his training with the Coon must come out too; perhaps he'll lose his monitorship for not keeping his hand on me, and Phil's done him a bad enough turn already. I can't round on him. Heavens! I can't do that."

This reads rather pitiful, doesn't it, under the circumstances?

Jack at the end of his resources tried a desperate bluff. "I'll put Acton on your track, my beauty, and perhaps he'll make you see—or feel—reason."

"That game's no good, young shaver. I don't want to see Mr. Acting no more than you want to tell him of your little blow-outs. Look here, are you going to pay? Yes or no?"

"I haven't got the money," said Jack, at his wits' end.

"Ho! that's very likely," said Raffles, with a sneer, "anyhow, you could mighty soon get it if you wanted to."

"How?"

"Why borrow it, of course. Ask your chum, Mr. Acting. *He* 'as money. No end of brass, the Coon says."

"I can't do that," said Jack, in utter despair.

"Orl right," said Raffles, seeing his shot had told. "I see you ain't got the money on you now, and I don't want to be too 'ard on you. I'll give you a chance. I'll give you till Saturday to turn it over. My advice is to borrow from Mr. Acting. He'll lend it you, I should think; anyhow, I can't stand shilly-shallying here all night, no more than I can stand the loss of that grand gun, so I'm off. Have the money by Saturday at three, or I blow the gaff, and you can be hung up or cut up for all I care. I'm not going to be more beastly friendly, nor more chummy than that."

Raffles lurched off with a savage leer, and Jack staggered back to St. Amory's.

Jack's life was a burden to him for the next few hours, his head nearly split with the hatching of impossible plans with loopholes to escape the weasel on his track, but the end was as Acton had foreseen. Acton got a note through Grim.

Dear Acton,—Could you give me ten minutes in your study to-night?—Yours,

J. Bourne.

Dear Bourne,—Twenty, if you like.—Yours,

J. Acton.

Jack went, and when Acton put him into the easy chair and noticed his white, fagged face he felt genuinely sorry for him.

"You look seedy, young 'un."

"I hope I don't look as seedy as I feel, that's all."

"What's the matter?"

Jack boggled over what he'd come to say, but finally blurted out: "Acton, would you lend me seven pounds? I'm in a hole, the deuce of a hole; in fact, I'm pretty well hopelessly stumped. I'll tell you why if you ask me, but I hope you won't. I've been an ass, but I've collared some awful luck, and I'm not quite the black sheep I seem. I don't want to ask Phil—in fact, I couldn't, simply couldn't ask him for this. I'll pay you back beginning of next term if I can raise as much, and if not, as much as I can then, and the rest later."

"Oh, you're straight enough, young 'un, and I'll lend you the money," said Acton.

"LOOK HERE, ARE YOU GOING TO PAY? YES OR NO?"

Jack blubbed in his thanks, for he was really run down.

"Keep up your pecker, Bourne. Borrowing isn't a crime, quite. When do you want the cash?"

"By to-morrow, please," said Jack.

"Call in for it, then, before afternoon school, and you can pay me back as you say. I suppose the sharks have got hold of you."

"Yes," said Jack, with perfect truth, though he only knew of one, and he went to bed that night blessing Acton. His gorge rose when he thought of his fleecing, and at this he almost blubbed with rage as he blubbed with gratitude to Acton.

That interesting Shylock, Raffles, was at the farm confidently waiting young Bourne and his coins, and when he saw the young innocent bowling furiously down the road, he sighed with satisfaction. His dream was true.

"Write out the receipt."

"I've already done it, Mr. Bourne."

"Then here's your blackmail."

"Correct to the figure, sir, and I think it's a settle, nice and comfortable for all parties."

"If it's any comfort for you to know you're an utter blackguard you can hear it. A fellow like you isn't on the same level as your filthy mongrel."

"I never said we was," murmured Raffles, as he shuffled away.

Acton now felt pretty safe as regards young Bourne. He held him fast in the double bonds of indebtedness and of gratitude, and with Jack the gratitude was by far the greater. Acton had saved him from disgrace, from a lengthened stringing up, from the scorn of his brother, from the jeers and laughter of the rest of the fellows. Like others, he could have stood Corker's rage better than the jokes of his cronies. He was received back into the fold of his own particular set with more *éclat* than he felt he deserved.

"Here's old Bourne gone and sacked Acton," said Grim.

"Sure Acton hasn't sacked him?" suggested Rogers.

"Best fellow breathing," said Bourne fervently.

"Still, he's Biffen's."

"I don't care whether he's a water-lily or not—he can't help that, you know, poor fellow."

"Why should he? Aren't we cock house?"

"Where would you have been if Acton hadn't lifted you out of your muddy pond, and let you see a little sunlight?"

"You should be his fag," said Grim.

"I'd jolly well like to," said Jack. "I'd black his boots almost."

"He's a dozen pairs," said Grim.

"Write a poem on his virtues," suggested Rogers.

"Shut up this rot," said Wilson. "Let's try a run round the Bender—last fellow stands tea at Hooper's."

"Carried *nem. con.*" said Grim, who was pretty speedy.

And the re-united half-dozen cronies ran the three miles out and ditto home, Wilson subsequently standing tea, for, as he pathetically explained, "I was overhauling Rogers hand over hand when I slipped my shoe, else he'd have had to fork out." Thus Jack became again for a while the common or garden variety of school-boy, and he enjoyed the change.

Phil Bourne came into my room the same evening that saw Jack Bourne released from the toils of Raffles.

"Busy, old man?"

"Not at all," said I, pushing away my books. "Jolly glad you've come in."

"There's a bit of news for you. I've just been in the gym. I fancy the old school will pull off the 'Heavy' at Aldershot."

"Has Hodgson turned out so jolly well, then?"

"Hodgson! Oh, no! Hodgson isn't going to be the school's representative this year, I fancy."

"Why, have you been in form to-night?"

"Look here, old man, you are quite out of it. You sit here reading up all that ancient lore about the cestus, and you could tell me the names of all Nero's gladiators, and yet here at this establishment we've got a gladiator who is going to make history, and you don't know it."

"I thought you were the only fellow who could show Hodgson anything."

"No," said Phil. "I never was as good as Hodgson. I always made a point of making him go all the way to win on principle, but he always had a pull more or less over me. You see, Hodgson is lazy, and he wanted someone to challenge the right to represent the school, or I don't fancy he'd have put in enough good work to stand much chance against the Eton man. Therefore I stepped into the breach, and, by sweating him, have made Hodgson from a very fair boxer into a good one—good, but nothing super-excellent."

"Then who's been lying low all this time?"

"Acton."

"*Acton?*" said I, in utter astonishment. "Why, didn't our dear Theodore dress him down once for losing his temper in the gym.?"

"He did, my boy, and Acton repaid the compliment to-night—with interest. He opened our eyes for us. I'm telling the bare truth when I say that he simply played with Theodore, and at the third round he as good as knocked him out."

I stared into the fire for a minute or two, thinking out this news.

"Eureka!" said I. "I've found it!"

"What?"

"The reason Acton crops up here. He cannot forget an injury. Hodgson humbled him once, and so Acton must needs take away from Theodore his own peculiar pet ambition, which is to represent St. Amory's at Aldershot in the Heavy."

"I wish," said Phil, gloomily, "Biffen's Beauty's schemes always worked out so well for the school's honour. He'll represent St. Amory's without a doubt."

"Is he so very good, then?"

"Super-excellent, old fellow! Prodigious!" said Phil, with genuine admiration. "We'll all sleep with both ears on the pillow when the telegram comes from Aldershot. Such a left! He has a swinging, curly stroke which he uses after an artful little feint which would win the final by itself. Hodgson really seemed trying to catch quick-silver when he tried to get home on Acton. Where did Acton learn all this? The sergeant hasn't got that artful mis-hit in his bag of tricks."

"Don't speculate on Acton's doings or where he picks up what he knows. It's too intricate."

"What a pity one can't go and shake his hand as one would like to do. He is a marvel—this dark horse," said Phil with genuine regret, as always, when speaking of Acton.

"Our *bête noir*," said I without winking.

"You heathen," said Phil, laughing. "That was almost a pun. But I'm afraid I'm a bit selfish in my joy about Acton. Since he's a certainty, I can devote all my mighty mind to rackets. I don't think there is a better pair in the place than Vercoe and self at present."

"Oh, thou modest one!"

"'Toby' always finishes up 'When you and Mr. Vercoe goes to Queen's Club, Mr. Bourne, I advise you, etc.' So, 'Toby' evidently has no doubt who's to go there."

"Toby" Tucker was our racket professional, and when he spotted a pair for the public school rackets, Fenton, the master who finally chose the pair, never said "Nay." "Toby" was incorruptible. With both his little eyes fixed inexorably on merit, the greatest joys of his life were consummated when the St. Amory's pair brought the championship home.

"Congratulate you, old man. If Acton pulls off the Aldershot and you and Vercoe the rackets——"

"If I only felt as confident on our lifting that as I do of Acton bringing off his, I'd go straight-

way and smother 'Toby.' He almost works one to death."

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THEY "'ELPED THE PORE FELLER.'

TODD had found out all the unpainted beauty of public school life without pocket money, and discovered that existence was just possible. A shilling on your watch chain and a shilling's worth of stamps admit of no luxuries, and Todd, through his impecuniosity, even if he had wished, could not have done anything else but work. Taylor's house was supposed to provide a fairly liberal table, but Gus really did miss his after-dinner cup of coffee at Hooper's, and not many fellows would regard long letters to and from home as being the *summum bonum* of the week. Yet Todd had come to regard his mamma's letters—four-paged gossip about his sisters, his brothers, the horses, and the dogs—in the light of luxuries.

Consequently, with nothing to distract him, Gus really did work. His standing in the Fifth sensibly increased. Merishall did not make elaborate jokes on his Latin, and Corker not once let fall the warning eye-glasses preparatory to savaging him for his Greek, formerly called so by a courtesy title. There was a world of difference between his old hap-hazard slip-slop and his present honest attempts in the ways of scholarship.

The half-holidays, of course, dragged dreadfully, for Gus was one of the few boys who have neither any aptitude for games nor a straw of inclination for them, and, being in the Fifth, he could suit himself as to what he did. Generally, he spent the afternoon amusing himself (with Lancaster's express approval) in the laboratory, and so effaced previous bad impressions from the science master's mind; but Gus was honest enough with himself to own that he would rather have had an aimless stroll with Cotton than any amount of "bottle-washing." But Cotton had thrown him over; they rarely nodded when they met, and Jim sometimes was very careful not to see Gus walking in solitary state in the roadway.

As a rule, the laboratory was empty on half-holidays, and Gus used to work through his tables in solitude, but one afternoon he found no less a person than W. E. Grim, the prize fag of Biffen's, doing something very seriously with a green powder.

"Hullo, young 'un! What are you footling round here for?"

"Lancaster has given me this salt to analyse, Todd. I think there's copper in it."

"What have you been up to, that Lancaster has run you in? Half-holiday, too!"

"He hasn't run me in," said Grim, sulkily. "As a special favour he's let me come in here to work a little myself. I did a ripping chemistry paper last week, and——"

"Oh, I see. Are *you* going to give Biffen's another leg up, too?"

"Just as soon as you give Taylor's one," said Grim, who, in common with all the juniors, did not fear the easy-going Todd.

"No cheek!" said Gus. "If I mixed up coal dust and brick dust, how'd you separate 'em?"

"Ask my grandmother for a telescope, and look out the mix through the butt end."

"Quite so," said Todd, chuckling. "I suppose you've given me a specimen of Biffen's latest brand of wit. Well, don't make too big a row in hunting for your copper, and then I'll not chuck you out."

Grim murmured something disparaging Todd's authority for chucking out, but Gus languidly sidled off to his own particular bench, where, out of sight of Grim, he prepared to do an afternoon's quiet work.

Meanwhile Grim's particular cronies, Wilson, Rogers, Sharpe, Poulett, and young Bourne, arrayed in all the glory of mud-stained footer-togs, after vainly waiting outside Biffen's, were seeking high and low for the copper-hunting chemist, who, for many reasons, had kept his afternoon's plan very dark. He knew only too well that his beloved chums would not hear of an afternoon's work, and would head him off either to footer or a run round the Bender. Therefore, immediately after dinner, he had made an unostentatious exit, and reached the laboratory in safety.

"Where *is* Grimmy?" said Sharpe.

"Dunno," said Wilson.

"Did he know of our six-a-side against Merishall's lot?"

"Rather! Said he hoped we'd win."

"*We!* Why, is he backing out, then?"

"Well, we've waited for him half an hour, and there's no sign of him yet—look's like it."

"What is up with him, I wonder?" said Poulett.

"Seemed rather mysterious this morning—rather stand-offish to my idea. Perhaps, though, he's only guzzling buns or swilling coffee somewhere. Let's see."

The quintette thereupon spread themselves out, but every shop was drawn blank.

"Rum!" said Rogers. "Where can the ass be?"

"If we knew, Solomon, would we try to find out?" said Sharpe.

"I say, you fellows—I've got an idea about Grimmy. Didn't Lancaster give him a leg-up for his chemistry the other day? Permission to footle

in the lab. on half-holidays, and all the rest of it? Grim was no end cocky over that."

"Grimmy waste a 'halfer' bottle-washing! Rot! That isn't his form, Wilson."

"If," said Poulett, impressively, "he *has* sunk so low, we must give him an 'elpin' 'and, pore feller!"

"Rather. If Lancaster has put the cover over old Grimmy we must get him out somehow. Let's adjourn to see."

The honourable five forthwith moved over to the laboratory, and Grim received his beloved cronies with hot blushes and a rather nervous manner.

"I say, you chaps, what do you want?"

"What did we want?" said Bourne, as though he'd forgotten it. "What was it, Rogers?"

"A fellow, formerly Grimmy, not a nasty bottle-washer," said Rogers, more in sorrow than in anger.

"But yesterday and Grimmy was an average back, and now he's holding up some filthy brew to the sunlight to see how muddy it is. Oh, my great aunt!" chimed in Wilson.

"How are the mighty fallen!" gasped Sharpe.

"Look here, you fellows——" began Grim with still more vivid blushes mantling his noble face.

"'Ear, 'ear! speech! speech! withdraw! apologise!"

"I'm not ashamed of being here and doing a little chemistry for my own amusement, so there; and you fellows had better cut before Lancaster comes and runs you all in."

"That is all right, Grimmy. Lancaster's sporting a silk tile, so he's off to town. To think of your cutting our six-a-side to puff down a dirty blow-pipe! Come out, you idiot, and get into your footer togs!" said Sharpe.

"I'm not coming, I tell you."

"Insanity in the family, evidently," observed Poulett, judicially.

"Aren't you coming, really?"

"No, I'm not; do get out and leave me alone!"

"Never!" said Poulett. "We'll stay with him and see him through the fit, eh?"

"Rather! We'll never desert you, Grimmy!"

"We'll let the six-a-side slide for this afternoon and we'll help Grimmy with his salt," suggested the egg-poacher, brilliantly; and any amount of hidden meaning was in the word "help."

"We will! we will!" cried the rest, spotting Poulett's idea instanter, with enthusiastic joy; and despite Grim's frenzied declamation and eloquence they all "helped."

For two hours—as lively a couple of hours as ever were passed within the laboratory—Gus lay low behind the far bench and enjoyed the afternoon's performance far more than Grim. The green powder underwent some weird experiments, each of the quintette availing himself of Grim's knowledge and test tubes and acid bottles with the utmost freedom. The analysis of Lancaster's mixture gave various results, but when Rogers "found" rhubarb and black-lead this was held the correct find, and after this verdict the generous five put up the test tubes in the rack. They all said Rogers had settled the matter, and anyway they had had a jolly time.

"Understand," observed Poulett, as he washed away some acid stains from his bare knees, "that Grimmy is not ashamed of his black-lead and rhubarb hunt."

"Why those vivid blushes, then?"

"We never bargained that old Grim would copy that Fifth Form ass, Todd, and chum up with Lancaster, did we?"

"What did you say about Todd?" inquired Grim, suavely.

"Said he was an ass."

"A what?"

"An ass, a jackass, a howling jackass!" cried Poulett, *crescendo*.

"How?"

"Remember Corker pitching into him? Said he wasn't fit for a decent nursery, and Toddy had his mouth open all the time."

"Bully Cotton has given Toddy up. Toddy was too big an ass even for Cotton," remarked Wilson.

"He looks fairly intelligent," observed Grim in a gentle whisper.

"So did you, almost, till you started fooling like this."

Grim artistically kept the conversation on Todd, and Gus learned how like an ass each individual of the quintette thought him. He smiled gently at Grim's astuteness in paying him out so neatly for his previous friendly remarks about chucking out. When the first stroke of the roll-call bell reached the laboratory he emerged solemnly and with state from his retreat, and stalked quietly through the knot of his outspoken critics, who were instantly besieged by a variety of emotions. He closed the laboratory door after him, and, when he saw the key outside, the temptation to repay the left-handed compliments of Poulett & Co. in their own coin was too strong. Gus gently turned the key, and was half way down the corridor before the band arrived at the locked door.

"Let us out!" shrieked Rogers. "We'll apologise—all of us—won't we Poulett?"

"Yes!" yelled Poulett. "Anything! Oh, Todd, do let us out!"

But Todd went on his way, serenely ignoring the frantic appeals behind him, and turned out into the street with a sweet smile on his face.

THE GREEN POWDER UNDERWENT SOME WEIRD EXPERIMENTS, EACH OF THE QUINTETTE AVAILING HIMSELF OF GRIM'S TEST TUBES AND ACID BOTTLES WITH THE UTMOST FREEDOM.

"That beast, Todd, has gone, and Merishall will ladle us out three hundred of Virgil for missing call over," moaned Bourne.

"It's four hundred, if Merishall takes it," said Rogers, with dire conviction.

"Not for me," said Grim, beaming cheerfully around, "I'm all right. I'll tell Merishall that the door was locked, but as for you five idiots, who oughtn't to be here at all. Well—what the dickens did you want to call old Toddy all those fancy names for, you silly cuckoos?"

"Oh, look here Grim, you artful bounder," shouted Poulett, bitterly, "you've got us into this mess. Why didn't you say Todd was behind those back benches?"

"Yes, why?" shouted the rest of the raging fags. "We'll scrag you for this, darling. Cuckoos are we? Scrag him—put him in the scrum."

W. E. Grim had a very bad five minutes, but when he crawled out of the scrum, hot, damaged, and dusty, he said, viciously, "I hope Merishall gives you a thou., you beastly cads. You've

mucked up my afternoon, and I'm hanged if I don't tell Lancaster."

Ten minutes after roll call the janitor let them out, and shortly afterwards a wretched procession of five emerged from Merishall's room with two hundred lines from Virgil hanging over each head for a missed call-over without excuse. Grim worked an artistic revenge on his scrummagers by calling personally the next half holiday to inquire if they would prefer to analyse a green salt or to play a six-a-side against Merishall's lot. In every instance a Virgil hurtled towards his head. Having done his duty to his friends he left them to pious Æneas and the slope of Avernus, whilst he got another salt from the science master, and, with Gus, possessed the laboratory in peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACTON'S TRUMP CARD.

On the Saturday before we should go home Acton was due at Aldershot, and would return the same night, as the fellow's hoped, with his laurels thick upon him. Bourne and Vercoe were staying at school a week later than we, for the rackets did not come off until our holidays had commenced. Toby had begged for this almost with tears in his eyes, for he had a mortal dread of the relaxing process of a week at home.

"You'd have no 'ands, Mr. Bourne, no spring, no eyes, when you toed the mark at Kensington. I'll send you fit if I have you here."

So Vercoe and Phil agreed to stay.

And now Acton determined to put into operation his long-thought-of scheme for the paying off of the score against Phil. It was subtle, and founded on a perfect knowledge of Bourne's character, and a perfect disregard of the consequences to anyone—even including himself. Acton would have willingly martyred himself, if he could have inflicted a little of the torments on Bourne too.

There was one rule from which Dr. Moore never swerved a hair's breadth. Compared to this particular law the stringency of the Old Game regulation for Thursday was lax indeed. He never had departed from it, and he never would depart from it. If any fellow took it into his head to slip out of his house after lights out at ten on any pretence whatever he was expelled. There was some legend in connection with this severity, what exactly none of us rightly knew, but according to the tale the escapade of two fellows years ago, when Corker was new to the place, had resulted in one of the fellows being shot. Twice had he expelled fellows while I was at school—Remington and Cunningham—and I cannot ever forget the old man's deathlike face as he told them to go. Some fellows broke out and were not found out, for Corker wasn't going to have any barred windows as in some places. Anyone *could* break out any night he liked, but he knew what he might expect if he were caught. There was no help. Remington had been found out, and though there had been Remingtons in the school since Anne's reign, Corker was inexorable. He was expelled.

In a word, Acton determined to go to London and to take young Bourne with him, and so risk certain expulsion for both, supposing they were discovered. He had no intention of being expelled, though; for he liked the life at St. Amory's, where incense floated round him all day long, but he meant, when he had accomplished the ruin of Jack, to let Bourne senior know it. Acton gloated in advance over Phil's anger, shame and consternation, and—this was the cream of the joke—his utter inability to do anything except keep silence and chew the bitter cud of hopeless rage against him—the man to whom he would not give the footer cap. Acton never thought of Jack's share in the matter at all, and yet he was genuinely fond of him—all he thought of was what would be Philip's hopeless rage.

Phil, of course, could say nothing to Corker, for he knew it would be hopeless. And Acton knew that Phil's pride could never bear the idea of Jack—a Bourne—being expelled from the old place. Therefore he would keep silence. I don't think I used the wrong adjective when I said it was subtle. The only question was—could he so manage that Jack would go? And Acton for good reasons was pretty certain that he would.

Jack was staidly taking a turn up and down the pavement with Grim when, on passing by Biffen's house, he heard a whistle from one of the windows, and, on looking up, he saw Acton.

"I want you, Bourne, for five minutes—if you can spare them."

"Of course he can," said Grim, *sotto voce*. "Aren't you a monitor? Jack, my boy, Acton wants to knight you—or something. You'll find his boots in the bottom cupboard, if you want to black 'em very much. I suppose, being only a common or garden fag, my feelings aren't to be considered for a moment. When you were—for once—talking sensibly for a Corker fag, you are called away to——"

"Cork all that frivol, old man, till you see me at tea," said Jack, moving into Biffen's yard.

When Jack was comfortably installed in a chair Acton bolted his door, and, somewhat to young Bourne's surprise, seemed rather in a fix as how to start what he had to say. The locking of the door was unusual, and this, combined with

Acton's grave face and hesitating manner, made Jack a trifle uneasy. Whatever was coming?

"I say, Bourne," at last said his friend, "do you know anything about betting?"

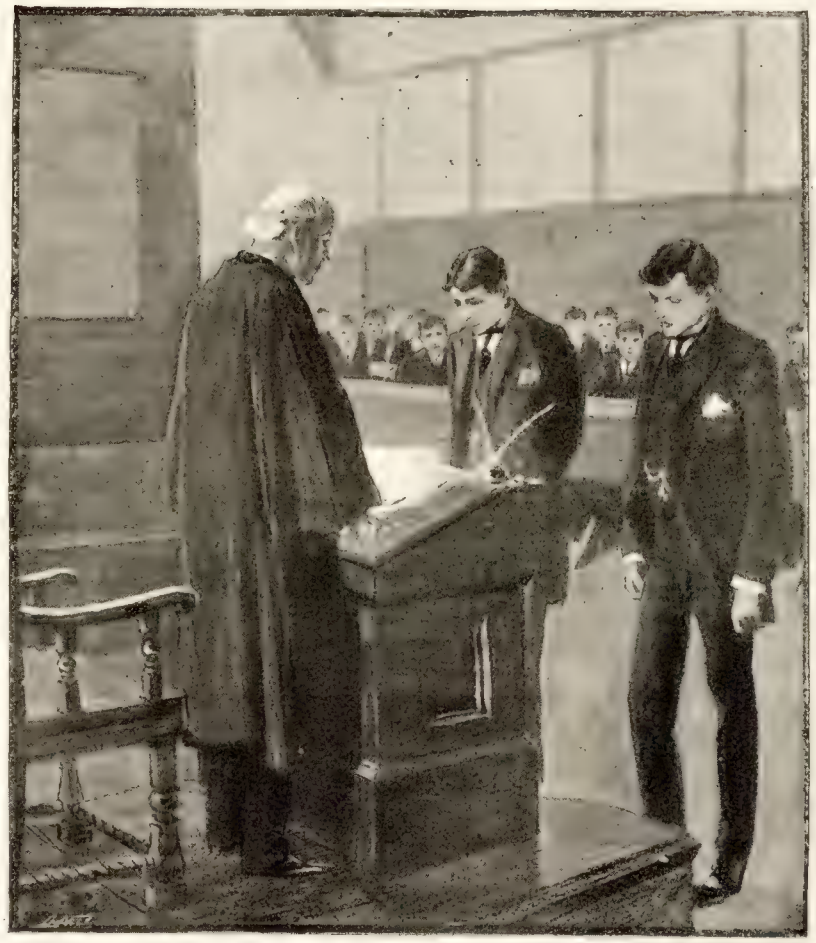
"Betting!" said Jack, with a vivid blush. "About as much as most of the fellows know of it. Not more."

"Well, do you mind reading this?" He handed Jack a slip of paper which contained such cryptic sentences as: "Grape Shot gone wrong, though he will run. Pocket Book is the tip. If you're on Grape Shot, hedge on best terms you can get," etc.

"I understand that," said Jack, "you've — if this means you — you've backed the wrong horse."

"Exactly," said Acton. "I backed Grape Shot for the Lincolnshire Handicap, and he hasn't a ghost of a chance now. Gone wrong."

"I see," said Jack, absolutely staggered that Acton, a monitor, should tell him, a fag, that he was betting on horse racing.



I CANNOT EVER FORGET THE OLD MAN'S DEATHLIKE FACE AS HE TOLD THEM TO GO.

"I see, young 'un, that you seem surprised at my little flutter, but, by Jove! this will have to be my last. Do you know, Bourne, I'm in an awful hole."

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Jack, with no end of concern.

"You see, if Pocket Book pulls the handicap off before I've time to trim my sails, I lose a lot."

"Much," said Jack, "*for you?*"

"Thirty pounds."

"Whew!" whistled Bourne.

"I get a good allowance from home, Bourne, but I'm bound to say thirty pounds would cripple me."

"Rather," said Jack, with a gasp.

"Of course, if the worst did come to the worst I'd have to apply to home, but there would be, as you might guess, no end of a row about it."

"Then you must hedge," said Jack.

"That is it, exactly. I must back Pocket Book for first place. This is a sure tip—I can depend upon it."

"Then send to the fellow you bet with, and let him put you on Pocket Book."

"That is just it, Jack—the bookmaker wouldn't take a bet from me."

"Why ever not?" said Jack, mystified.

"Because I'm a minor—I'm under age."

"Then how do you manage?" said Jack.

"Why, I bet through another man."

"I see," said Jack, for this was but another edition of his own little adventures. "And that man——"

"Is Raffles," said Acton quietly.

Jack bounced out of his chair as if he had been stung. "That beast!" he gasped.

"Raffles?" said Acton, with a slow smile; "I didn't know he was a beast."

"He is the meanest skunk alive," said Jack. He added fervently, "Acton, have no dealings with that fellow. He is an abominable sharper."

"Thanks," said Acton, with a slight grimace at

Jack's advice. "But, all the same, I have to deal through Raffles."

"Then write to the fellow."

"I don't know—I've forgotten his address."

"Well, I'm hanged if I understand it!" said Jack, lost in astonishment. "If you don't know it, and your bookmaker will only bet through Raffles, you are in a hole—a marvellously deep one."

"There's only one way out—find Raffles."

"And that you can't do."

"And that I think I can do by going to London."

"Well, we're off for the holidays on Tuesday, and you can find Raffles then."

"I should be hopelessly too late if I waited till then. It would be almost ruinous to be put on to Pocket Book in a day's time. I must hedge to-night."

"To-night?" said Jack, in a complete fog, "and you haven't found Raffles!"

"No, but I think I know where to find him to-night. You know the Coon is having a match with the Battersea Beauty at the Universal Sporting Club, and Raffles is pretty sure to be there, and I must see him then."

"But that means going to London, Acton."

"Certainly."

"And Corker would expel you—even you."

"Without a doubt—if he finds out."

"There's a chance that he may."

"Certainly, but it's a mighty slender one, and in any case I mean to—I *must*—risk it."

"I'm awfully sorry for you."

"Now, Jack, I want you to listen to me," said Acton, very gravely, and his voice showed his genuine anxiety. "The Coon's match does not commence until eleven o'clock at night, because an awful lot of the Universal Sporters are actors and they cannot get away before that time at earliest. Now there are two entrances for the members into the club, one in Pelican Street and the other in Ridge Street. Raffles must enter by one or the other, and there must be someone at each doorway to give him my note. I can take the one, and the question is—who will take the second doorway?"

"Not I, Acton," said Jack in a blue funk. "Please, Acton, don't ask me."

"Jack, believe me, you were the last person I wanted to ask. I would have asked Worcester or Chalmers if it had been any good, but they would not know Raffles from Adam. It is ten thousand pities, but you are the only fellow who knows Raffles here. No one else has ever set eyes on him."

"Acton, it means expulsion," said Jack hoarsely.

"Certainly for me if I'm caught, but, of course, I've no idea of being caught. Jack, I m not going to ask you to come with me. I shall think no worse of you if you say you won't come, and I cannot take advantage over you to force you against your own wish, because I lent you money. Don't think so meanly of me."

"Acton," said Jack, sweating drops of terror, "it *is* expulsion if we're caught."

"Jack," said Acton, "have you ever known me to fail yet in anything I undertake?"

"No."

"Well, I *will* not fail here. If you like I'll give you my word of honour we shall not be caught, and, if by a miracle of ill-luck we should be, I shall see you through. I'll take every iota of blame on my own shoulders. You'll find yourself captain of the school one day yet."

"If I were expelled, Acton," said Jack with intense conviction, "the pater would kill me first, and die himself afterwards; and as for Phil——"

"Jack," said Acton, "I must see the business through myself. You can't do it, I see. I must lose the £30."

Jack got up and walked up and down the room in agony.

For five minutes Acton watched his wretched prey torn to pieces by his conflicting fears—his shame of leaving Acton in the lurch and his dread of discovery.

"Acton," said Jack at length, "I can't leave you in the lurch. I'll go with you to London."

Acton clasped Jack's hand and said, "Jack, you are a brick. I can only say I thank you." He had landed his fish, as he knew he would. Half an hour afterwards Jack said, almost cheerfully, for Acton had been doing his best to smooth poor Bourne's ruffled feathers, "But how are we to go to town?"

"I've got a plan," said Acton, "but I must turn it over in my mind first. If you'll look in, young 'un, after tea, I'll tell you how we do it. I'm going to see about it now. Once again, Jack, I thank you. You do stand by a fellow when's he's down on his luck."

Acton and Jack went out—the monitor to make arrangements for the escapade, and Jack to Grim's quarters, where he was due for tea, which he demolished with comparative cheerfulness, for Jack's confidence in Acton was illimitable. After he had taken the jump he was not—is not now—the kind of boy to look back.

At six young Bourne left his friend Grim among a waste of empty tea-cups, plates, and jam pots, and went to Acton's room.

"I've arranged all," said that worthy. "I've seen the proprietor of the hotel down at Dring, and he's going to have a smart dog-cart and a smarter horse to do the dozen miles between here

and Charing Cross ready for us at nine. He says we shall be rattled into town within the hour. So if we aren't in time to spot Raffles we are down on our luck with a vengeance. Your room is on the ground floor, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Jack, "overlooking Corker's flower beds."

"Well, pull up the window after supper as quietly as you can, and slip into the garden. Then scoot through the field, and you'll find me waiting for you in the hotel stables. You can pass the word to your chums in Corker's that you aren't going to be on show after supper, and then they won't be routing you out."

"My chums are mostly in Biffen's," said Jack. "Grim and Rogers, etc."

"Good omen," said Acton. "Leave your window so that you can easily shove it up when you come back, and leave your school cap behind, and bring a tweed instead. Got such an article?"

"Yes."

"How's your room lighted?"

"Oh, we have the electric. It is switched off at ten, so that the light will not give any trouble, Acton."

"Well, bolt your door, too. It seems as though the fates were fighting for us, eh, young 'un?"

At nine that night the two, as agreed upon, met at Dring in the hotel stables. There had been no mishaps.

The groom was busy putting the horse into the trap, and, when Jack saw what a really smart turn-out Acton had engaged, his fears began to occupy less of his thoughts and the pleasures of a rattling hour's spin a jolly lot more. Punctually to the minute Jack climbed up beside the driver, the place of honour, and Acton swung himself up behind; the yard doors were flung open, and the gig rattled smartly out. The hotel proprietor had not chanted the praises of his horse in vain. On the level road it laid itself out to go for all it was worth.

The pleasant music of the jingling harness and the scurrying of the wheels made as jolly a tune as Jack could wish to hear. There was a touch of frost in the air, which made the quick motion of the gig bite shrewdly on his cheeks and made him button up his overcoat to the chin and settle his cap well over his ears. Acton threw out jokes, too, from behind, which made Jack feel no end clever to listen to them, and the driver now and then restrained his horse's "freshness" with the soothing mellow whistle which only drivers possess. The farmhouses, hayricks, and an occasional village, drifted past now to the right, now to the left, and occasionally they overhauled a leisurely belated cyclist, who at once began to take an unimportant position in the rear, his lamp growing less and less down the stretch of long white road.

Soon the houses began to come more frequently, then came the streets with their long avenues of yellow lights, and within the hour they were rolling smoothly over the wooden pavements.

"Piccadilly," said Acton. "Drop us at the top of Whitehall, will you? Then you can take the the horse to the mews. Be ready for us outside Frascati's by twelve. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, at Frascati's by twelve! I know the place." A minute or two later the two swung off in Trafalgar Square, and the driver rattled away into the crowd.

Jack was delighted. "Spiffing run, Acton, eh?"

"Glad you liked it, young 'un. Now let us localise the Universal Sporting Club. I know it's about Covent Garden somewhere." Together they went up the crowded Strand, Jack enjoying every minute of the bustling walk to the Garden and imagining that he was a very much daring young desperado to be so far from his little white bunk at St. Amory's. He would have been usually fast asleep by this time.

The Universal Sporting Club was not a difficult place to find, and though all its windows were lighted up, upon its fast shut doors were two little notices: "This door will be open at 11 p.m. None but members and friends admitted."

"Well," said Acton, "We've got about twenty minutes before there's any particular need to begin our watch for Raffles, but some of the members are hanging round now. The early birds get the best perch for the show. On the whole, perhaps you'd better prowl about this door now, whilst I go round the corner and see if I can run our fox to his earth."

"All serene," said Jack, "I'll mark time out here till I see you."

Acton walked round the corner, and Jack perambulated about, peering into the faces of the idlers to see if he could spot the well-known and much detested face of Raffles. He had (of course) no luck.

Five minutes afterwards Acton came back smiling: "Almost first fellow I ran against was Raffles, and I've given him his instructions. He'll hedge for me with the bookie within five minutes."

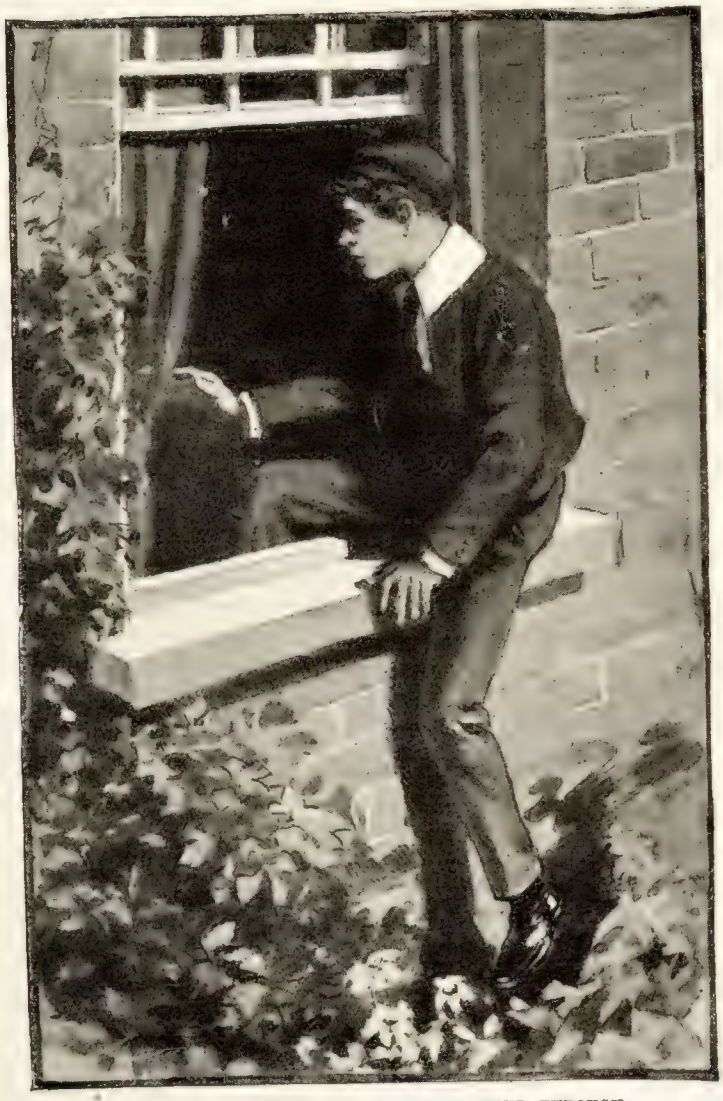
"So you're quite safe now, Acton?" said Jack, beaming.

"Oh, quite," said Acton, laughing. "Now, Jack, you've been no end brickish, and I'm going to treat you. Ever seen a ballet?"

"No."

"Well, you shall."

A hansom flitted slowly up to them, and Acton hailed it. "In you get, Jack. Kingdom!" said Acton to the cabby. They glided noiselessly



HE PUSHED UP THE WINDOW AND CRAWLED THROUGH.

through the lighted streets, and in a minute or so were before the "Kingdom Theatre." The two hurried up the steps, and Acton asked an attendant if the ballet were rung up yet.

"No, sir. Two stalls, sir? Certainly. Twelve and thirteen are vacant."

Jack had never seen a ballet before, and when the gorgeous ballet "Katrina" slowly passed before his eyes, and he followed the simple story which was almost interpreted by the lovely music, when every fresh scene seemed lovelier than all the rest, and fairyland was realised before his eyes, his face beamed with pleasure.

"This *is* ripping, Acton. Isn't Katrina lovely? Jove! I'd hunt for Raffles every blessed night if there was a 'Kingdom' to finish up with!"

His enthusiasm amused Acton.

"It is very pretty, Jack, certainly."

For nearly an hour did Jack sit entranced, and when the orchestra crashed out the last floods of melody in the *finale*, and when most of the audience rose to go, he trotted out with Acton in a dream.

"We'll have a little supper at Frascati's, young 'un, and then home."

Frascati's completed the enchantment of Bourne. The beauty of the supper-room, the glitter of snowy linen, of mirrors, and the inviting crash of knives, and the clink of glasses, the busy orderliness of the waiters, the laughter, chatter of the visitors, the scents, the sights and sounds fascinated him. Acton ordered a modest little supper, and when Jack had finally pushed away his plate Acton paid the bill, and went out to find the driver. He was there, the horse almost waltzing with impatience to be off. The two swung themselves up, and in another minute they were whirling along back to St. Amory's.

The St. Amory's clock could be heard striking the half hour after one when Jack and Acton parted at the corner of Corker's garden.

"Jack," said Acton, "good-night! and you need not trouble about the £7. You've done more for me than that, and I shall not forget it."

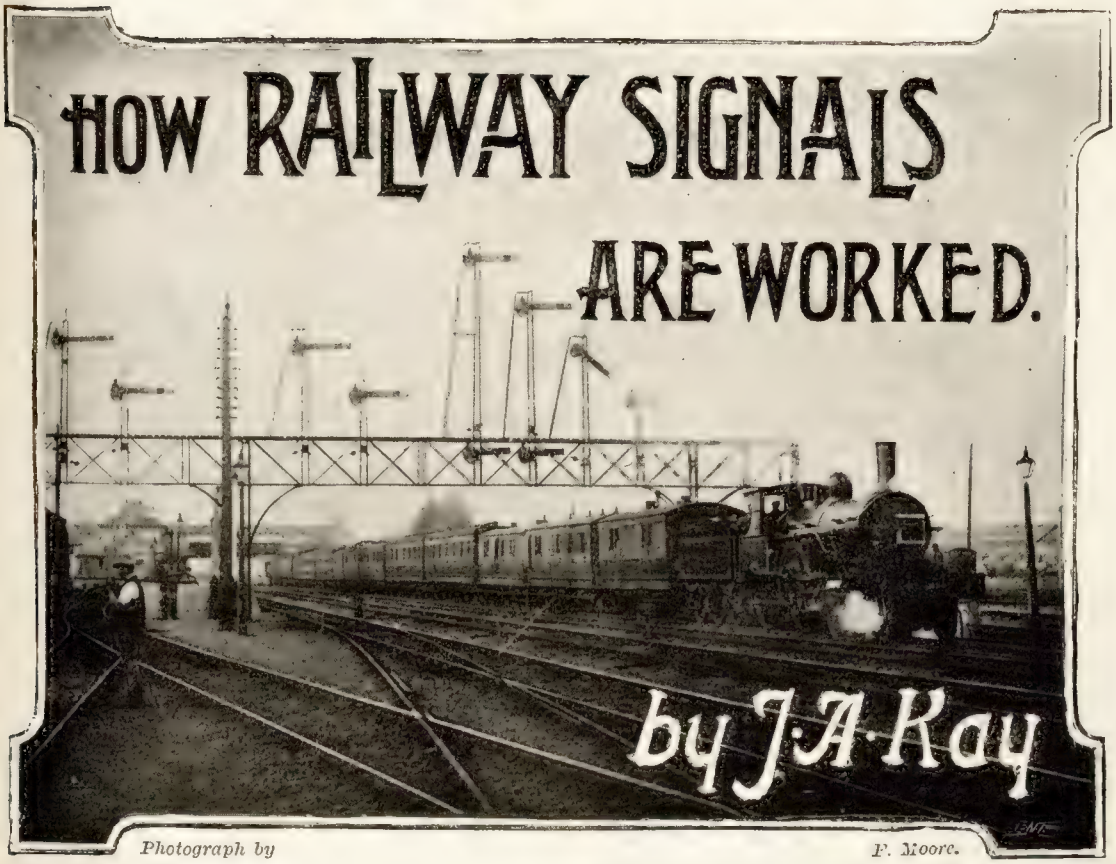
Jack, almost weeping with gratitude, said: "Good-night, Acton!" in a fervent whisper, and scuttled over Corker's flower beds. He pushed up his window, and crawled through, and, seeing that all was as he had left it after supper, he undressed and jumped into bed, and in a few minutes slept the sleep of the just.

Acton had managed his re-entrance just as successfully—did he ever fail?—and the thought of Bourne's hopeless rage, when he should find out about Jack's escapade, made him sleep the sleep of the happy man. He was made that way.

Fred M. Swanson

(To be continued.)

HOW RAILWAY SIGNALS ARE WORKED.



by J. A. Kay

Photograph by *F. Moore.*

"OUT of sight and out of mind" is an old saying that has a deal of truth in it. Particularly so is this the case of the travelling public and railway signalmen. We see the cabins by the side of the line, but not the brain that is ever on the alert inside, and the only evidence to the public of the signalman's existence is the raising and lowering of the signal arms as the trains go thundering past, or, by night, the red and green lights that decorate the line.

Few sights on the railway are more fascinating than a night view of the signals outside some busy station. It seems almost incredible that the huge signal-box close by, with its gleaming rows of levers, and ever-tinkling electric bells, that control the bank of green and red lights, which are ever changing from one colour to the other in kaleidoscopic fashion, should be the outcome of an idea of an ingenious—some people said "lazy"—railway watchman.

That, of course, was many years ago, in the babyhood days of the railway, when what signalling there was was done by policemen who waved little red and green flags by day, and little red and green lamps by night, to let the trains go by. This man, however, had charge of a rather more elaborate signal than this. It consisted of a sort of flat disc, which was mounted on the end of a long pole, and was "turned" to let a train go by. Now this man found it was very unpleasant in bad weather to be continually stepping out from the shelter of his hut in order to work his signal, and, in order to save himself from it, he invented a little mechanism, worked by means of some pieces of wire and string, whereby he could perform his signalling duties without leaving his hut. It is, perhaps, a little uncertain whether this man did actually set the example of working a number of signals from one box situated some distance away, or whether it was thought out independently; but, at any rate, this story is interesting as illustrating how necessity is the mother of invention, and from what little beginnings great things often spring.

It is really surprising what very vague ideas most people have about the meanings of the railway signals they see by the score every time they go on a railway journey. Of course, the intricacies of modern railway signalling are so

varied and complicated that it would take a whole volume of THE CAPTAIN to deal with them at anything like adequate length, and, of course, many treatises longer even than that have been published at different times. The signalling at every big junction and important railway station is managed on a specially drawn up system, and though, of course, in general principles the signalling at different stations throughout the country is the same, yet, as you will readily understand, each one has local considerations which have to be borne in mind, quite different from those to be found at any other station. But, as Mr. Ackworth truly remarks in his work, "The Railways of England," "to commence the study of the block system of signalling at one of the most complicated junctions in existence is as absurd as though a tyro in pianoforte playing were to attempt to master a concerto of Beethoven's. The proper place to begin the study of our English block system is a roadside cabin, with ten or a dozen levers."

Photograph by *F. Moore.*

—THE PRESENT.

THE PAST AND—

The arrangements for signalling in general use before the introduction of the block system were very simple. There were signal-posts and semaphore signals just as we have them now, but with this difference: After a train had passed a certain signal it would be immediately raised to danger. Then, after four or five minutes, according to rules of the line, it would be lowered half-way down, meaning that the next train could proceed on its way "with caution." If no train came along for another ten minutes or so, the signal would be let right down, meaning that the line was clear, at any rate, up to the next signal. This sounds a very straightforward and simple arrangement, but, unfortunately, it was very far from perfect. A train might break down half-way between two signals, but nevertheless, so soon as the regulation space of time had elapsed, the signal which the train had just passed would be lowered and another train allowed to pass. If no one ran back along the line to warn the driver of the following train of his danger, there was nothing except his "look-ahead" to avert a serious collision. It is not surprising that this defect in the old-fashioned system was the cause of many serious accidents. But the "block system" has happily decreased the chance of such occurrences to a minimum. Suppose a train passes a signal which we will call "B." So soon as the train has gone by, "B" is raised to danger just as it was in the old system, but, and here is where the difference comes in, it is *not* lowered until the signalman controlling it hears from the next signalman that the train has safely passed the next signal, which we will christen "C." But even then the "B" signal is not necessarily lowered — not, in fact, until the signalman controlling it receives a message by the telegraph telling him of an approaching train. This, then, in merest outline, is our present "block" system of railway signalling.

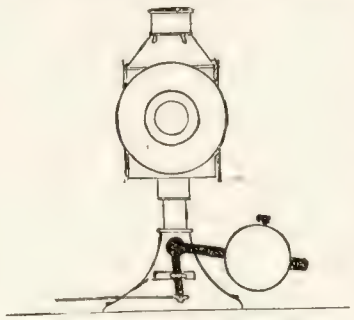


FIG. 1.—SMALL SIGNAL USED FOR SIDINGS.

If you are observant you may have noticed that

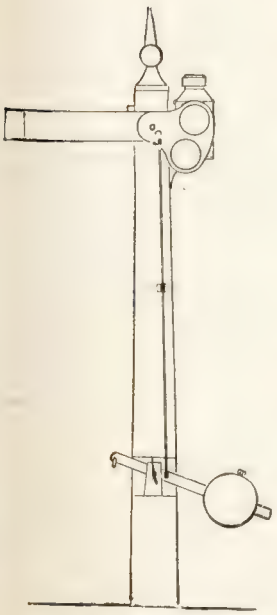


FIG. 2.—"STARTING" SIGNAL.

there are two distinct types of semaphore signals on all railways. One has square ends, as the upper signal in Fig. 3, and the other ends in a swallow-tail, like the lower one. The former are either "home" or "starting" signals, and the latter "distant" signals. Generally speaking, one may say that the "distant" signals act as auxiliaries to the others. If one of these is lowered (or "off," as the railwaymen say), a driver knows that the next "home" signal will probably be "off" too, though drivers are always warned that the "home" signal may possibly be raised before they reach it, even if the "distant" signal was "off." And more than once accidents have occurred through drivers never troubling to look at the "home" signal, after passing the "distant" one.

The signal-post illustrated in Fig. 3 is a type in very general use. The top semaphore, as you see, is an ordinary "home" signal, which, if lowered, signifies that the line is clear so far as the next "home" signal. But as the advent of a train is heralded along the telegraph wire from one signal cabin to another some minutes in advance of the train, it is ten chances to one that the line will be clear for some distance ahead, and that the next "home" signal will also be lowered. Now if a driver knows that in all probability the next two sections of the line are clear, it naturally saves him from much anxiety, and gives him a chance, if the track is a good one, to do a bit of smart running. That is why a driver is so rejoiced when he sees both the signals lowered on a wayside signal such as is illustrated in Fig. 3.

Many people have an idea that if the wire or chain which connects the signals with the signal-box should break, the signal would at once fall to the starting position that signifies "line clear." As a matter of fact, however, this notion is quite wrong, as nowadays practically all signals are so designed that in the event of such an occurrence they would still keep at danger, which is their normal position. The balancing of a modern signal is so arranged that it has to be pulled to be lowered.

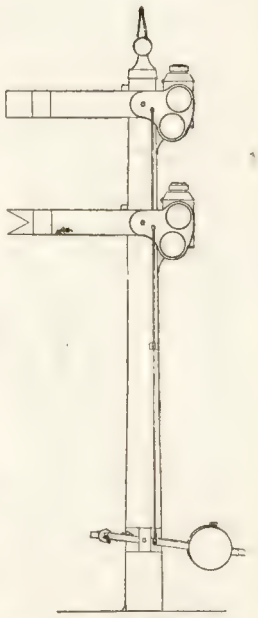


FIG. 3.—"HOME" AND "DISTANT" SIGNALS ON SAME POST.

Quite a long book might be written on the crimes of the last fifty years or so in which our railways have played a prominent part, either as factors towards the capture of the criminals, or in aiding them to make good their escape. But though at first sight it may seem rather a far cry from the subject of crime on the railway to that of signalling, yet there is at least one occasion on record in which the signal-box and telegraph wire were the means of bringing a murderer to book. The signal-box in question was the old one at Slough on the Great Western Railway, erected in 1844. In the following year a terrible murder was committed at Salthill by a man named Tawell, who escaped to London by train.

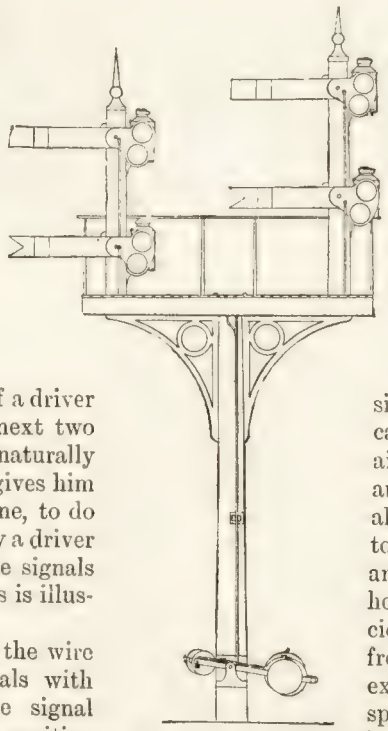


FIG. 4.—TYPICAL JUNCTION SIGNALS.

As he sat in the train, speeding its way towards Paddington, probably brooding over his ghastly crime, and imagining how lucky he was in so easily getting away, little did the murderer think that the story of his deed was being flashed along the telegraph by the signalman at Slough. Such was the case, however, and so ably did science aid justice that the murderer was arrested almost immediately after alighting from the train at Paddington. He was soon afterwards tried and hung. Sir Francis Head relates how, some few months after this incident took place, he was travelling from London in a Great Western express. "Not a word had been spoken since the train left London, but as we neared Slough station a short-bodied, short-necked, short-

nosed, but exceedingly respectable-looking man in the corner, fixing his eyes on the apparently fleeting wires, nodded to us as he muttered aloud: "Them's the wires that hung John Tawell."

Now, a word or two about our illustrations. The two photographs on page 320 illustrate fifty years progress in railway signalling. In the upper one we see an old-fashioned "disc" signal, and in the other, some semaphore signals such as are now in general use in this country. On this page is a photo of a typical wayside signal cabin, and on page 323 a view of the interior of one of the largest signal boxes in the world. It is situated just outside Waterloo Station, London, and all who are acquainted with this busy railway terminus will realise that the task of safely working the continuous stream of trains that daily arrive and start from Waterloo can be no child's play. Practically all the signals are worked through the "A" box here illustrated. The signalman employed therein can easily deal with forty-five trains per hour and the 236 levers comprise no less than 18,000 "lever motions."

On branch lines of railway, having only a single track, some very curious systems of signalling are sometimes employed. Those most up-to-date use what is known as the "electric tablet" system, but many still use the old-fashioned "staff" system. As an example let us suppose there is only a single line between "A" and "B." It is obvious that only one train should be on this portion of the line at the same time; and no driver is allowed to start away from either "A" or "B" without he has in his possession a certain metal tablet, known as a "staff," which is the recognised key to this section of line. As there is only one "staff," it naturally follows that not more than one train can be on the line at the same time.

Apart from the actual working of the signals, one of the signalman's most important duties is the keeping of his "log-book," or journal. This always lies open on a little desk in the corner of the cabin, and in it he enters the exact time at which each train passes his box, with any remarks that he may deem necessary. Thus, in these books records are kept of the actual workings of all the trains on the line, and are useful to the officials who draw up the working time-tables, and for many other purposes. To the average traveller the ordinary railway time-table is often a very puzzling one, but compared with what is known as the "working time-table," which is drawn up

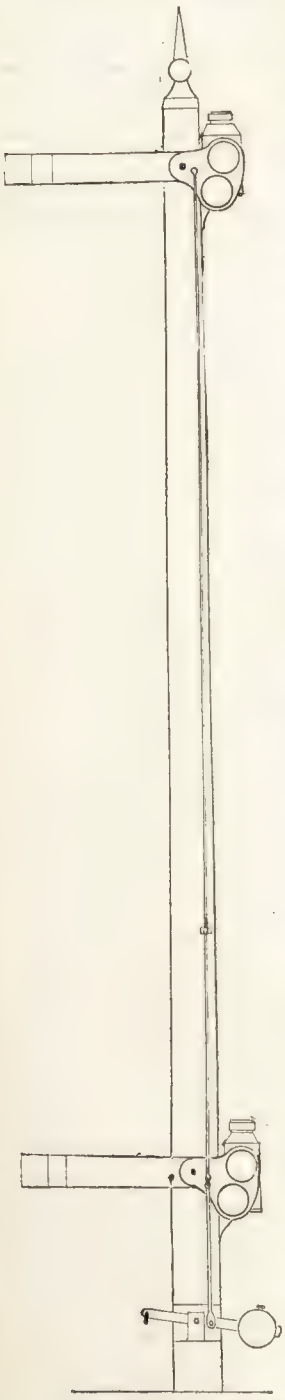
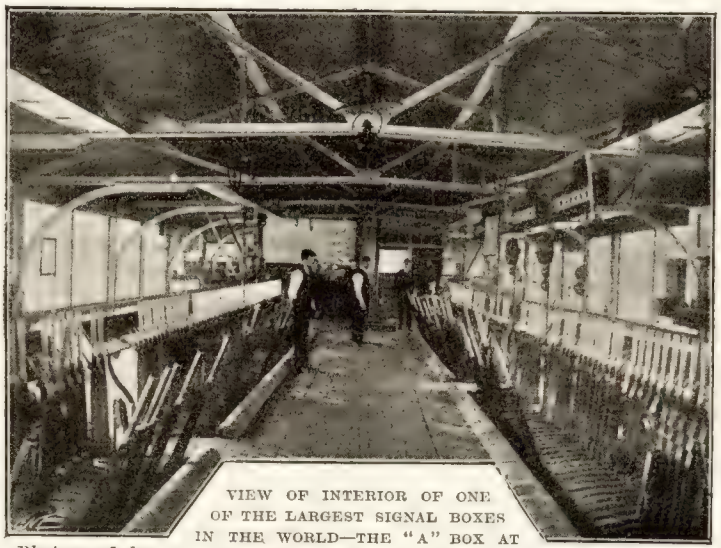


FIG. 5.—WHEN A SIGNAL IS ABOVE THE REGULATION HEIGHT FROM THE GROUND, A REPEAT—OR DUPLICATE—SIGNAL IS PLACED LOWER DOWN ON THE POST IN CASE OF FOG.

Photograph by *R. R. McLaren.*

A TYPICAL WAYSIDE SIGNAL CABIN.

for the use of drivers, guards, signalmen, and other officials, it is the very essence of simplicity. The working time-table is a sort of *vade mecum* for railwaymen, and contains, amongst other information, many particulars about the systems of working important junctions and stations, regulations for working signal-boxes, lists of leading stations and signal cabins, a catalogue of different sorts of engine whistles, to say nothing of the "route indicators," with plans showing the position of signals at junctions and other busy parts of the line. But besides all this useful information the time-tables themselves are much more elaborate than those issued to the public, and contain not only the times at which the trains are due to depart from the stations at which they stop for passengers, but also tell when they ought to pass through wayside stations at which they do not pull up; so as to help drivers and signalmen to keep a proper check on the working of the trains.



Photograph by VIEW OF INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE LARGEST SIGNAL BOXES IN THE WORLD—THE "A" BOX AT WATERLOO STATION, LONDON. *F. Moore.*

If you are observant, you may have noticed that all engines carry one or more lamps in front by night and coloured discs by day, and that they are not arranged in the same manner on all trains. These are not put there merely for ornamentation, but are what are known as "engine codes," and are placed there to enable signalmen to distinguish between the different trains. The following code of locomotive headlights is used on the London & North-Western Railway, and other lines employ systems very similar in most respects.

When a signalman sees an engine bearing two white lights—one over each buffer—he knows he has to deal with an important train, such as a passenger, fish, or fruit express, which must not be delayed on any account. Break-down trains are also distinguished by two white lights, whilst slow passenger trains carry one white light placed over the left-hand buffer. Engines drawing trains of merchandise, which must reach their destination with all possible haste, carry green and white lamps placed over the right and left hand buffers respectively. Nearly all trains of "perishables," cattle, and other live stock, are distinguished by this code. Engines of fast goods trains not having to stop at any wayside stations carry two green lights—one over each buffer, whilst slow goods trains are distinguished by a single green light, which is placed over the left-hand buffer.

The oldest signal box in the world is to be found in Scotland. Some readers may possibly have noticed a curious looking structure with a clock in front, looking rather like a religious memorial, which stands at the top of Cowliars incline, just outside Queen Street Station, Glasgow. This little building, though it is not now used as such, is the oldest signal box in the world, and is preserved more as a curiosity than for its use as a storing place for materials used on the railway.

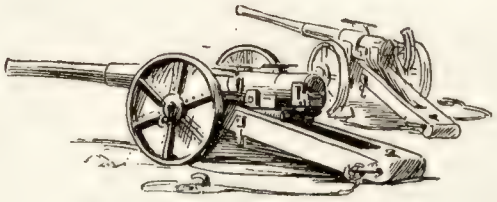
THE TREK.

THE GUNS THAT JACK BROUGHT

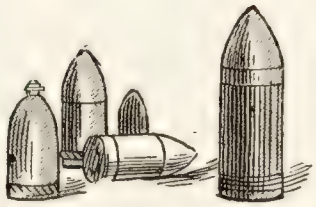
(UP TO LADYSMITH).

By J. W. Joseph.

With sketches by Dodshon, from ideas supplied by P. A. Mairet.



These are the guns that Jack brought.



These are the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought

These are the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brough

These are the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These are the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These are the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought,

This is poor Joubert whose siege went wrong
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These the rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong,
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

This is the grub that was shared among
The brave rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

These the besieged who cared not a song,
If the grub was bad, which was shared among
The brave rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong,
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the gents,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

This is brave Buller who fought his way on,
And relieved the besieged who cared not a song,
If the grub was bad which was shared among
The brave rough riders who fought for long,
And feared not Joubert whose siege went wrong,
Who opposed the officers brave and strong,
Who headed the men,
Who scattered the Boers,
Who potted the men,
Who fired the shells,
That lay in the guns that Jack brought.

Desborough Again

By H. St. John Seamer.

Author of "Desborough's Cheek."

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

I'VE made it up with Desborough again. I had been thinking it all over in the Christmas holidays, and it seemed to me that, although we didn't come back to school exactly at Christmas, yet it wasn't very long after, and, of course, that is a time when everybody ought to be friendly with everybody else. Besides, sixpence is a paltry sum to quarrel over, especially as Desborough always brings back to school with him a jolly big hamper, full of mince pies and cakes and tarts and oranges and things. So I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to let bygones be bygones, and so, when the train came into our station, and I saw him sitting in a carriage all by himself (for he lives farther away from Hyphenham than I do), I went straight up to him, and shook hands with him, and asked him how he was, just as though nothing had happened.

He looked rather surprised at that, but shook hands all right, and made room for me to get in with him, which I did, and we had a good time of it, I can tell you. He had a packet of cigarettes with him, and he offered me one, saying that it was only proper that we should smoke the pipe of peace, but, as he hadn't a pipe, he hoped these would do as well. So I took one, and we both lighted up—and we had a jolly time.

Then, when we had finished them, we threw away the ends, and kept the windows open to blow the smell away (for it wasn't a smoking compartment). And he took a pen-knife, and scratched out the "s" on the label over the seats, so that it read: "To EAT FIVE PERSONS," which made us both laugh. You have no idea how funny Desborough can be when he likes! By that time we had nearly reached the next station—our train was an express, and only stopped once—but there, as luck would have it, a man got in. He wasn't an old man, and he wasn't a young man, but a middle-aged man, about thirty years old or so, very pale and quiet-looking, and wearing spectacles.

As soon as we started again, Desborough looked at me and winked, as much as to say: "Watch me, while I have a lark with this man, and kid him on." And he did that for certain, but I didn't join much in the conversation, for just then I began to feel rather funny. I suppose that my dinner or something hadn't agreed with me properly. At all events I didn't feel much like talking, but only wanted to keep quiet.

In about a minute Desborough began. He took the packet of cigarettes out of his pocket, and said, in just the way that I have heard grown-ups speak:—

"Have you any objection to my smoking, sir?"

"Not in the least," said the man, smiling, "provided that it does not interfere with your own comfort. In fact, I was about to have a pipe myself."

He took out a pipe as he spoke, and began to fill it from his tobacco pouch.

"May I offer you one of these?" asked Desborough, in a lordly manner, holding out the cigarettes.

"No, thank you," replied the man; "I always prefer a pipe."

"I can strongly recommend them," continued Desborough. "They're the very best Egyptian."

"No, thank you," repeated the man, smiling again, and shaking his head.

There was a minute's silence while they lighted their smokes, and Desborough insisted on the man's using his matches. Then, after a few puffs, the man addressed him:—

"Going back to school, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes, worse luck!" replied Desborough. "But how did you guess that?"

"Oh!" said the man, laughing, "this is the time when schools are beginning again, and so, when one meets two boys travelling together alone by train, one naturally suspects that they are going back to school. Besides, your companion"—(by which he meant me)—"doesn't look cheerful enough to be going on a visit anywhere."

"Neither would you look cheerful," said Desborough, "if you had to go back to such a beastly hole as our school is."

"You don't like your school, then?" said the man, in surprise. "What is wrong with it?"

"Wrong?" Desborough spoke with great contempt. "Everything is wrong!"

"Isn't that rather sweeping?" asked the man.

"Not a bit of it," replied Desborough. "Take the buildings, for instance. They were built in 1511, and haven't been touched since—all tumbling down and going to rack and ruin. They're hardly fit for people to live in at all."

This was only his fun. We are very proud of the age of our school.

The man rather opened his eyes at this, but didn't say anything.

"Then take the boys who go there—a measly, low-bred set."

Of course he didn't mean it, but said it out of pure cheek.

"Dear me!" said the man. "But you go there yourself, don't you?"

If he thought he had him there, he was mistaken. He didn't know Desborough. It takes a lot to have Desborough, I can tell you.

"Oh! yes," he replied, "but then, I'm an exception to the rule. That is just what I complain of. If I were like the rest, I don't suppose I should mind so much."

"I see," said the man.

"Then look at the Head," Desborough went on. "There's an awful brute for you. Why, he had to leave the last school that he was head of, because he whacked a boy so hard that he had to be taken to the hospital, and died not long afterwards. That'll show you the sort of man he is."

"Shocking, shocking!" said the man. "I wonder that he wasn't tried and hanged for it. He ought certainly to have been."

"I only wish he were," said Desborough, heartily, "but I shouldn't be surprised if that did happen to him sooner or later, if he goes on as he is doing," he added.

"And what about the other masters?"

"Oh, they're worse than he is, if anything," replied Desborough—I believe that he really enjoyed inventing these things.

"That's a poor state of things," said the man.

"Yes, isn't it? They never have any decent masters there. All we get are old crocks who can't find a mastership anywhere else."

"It must be an interesting school," remarked the man.

"You wouldn't think so if you were in it. There was one master had to leave last term, you know, because they couldn't keep him any longer," (which was true—at least, one did leave last term, and his name was Gray). The man seemed much interested.

"What did he have to leave for?" he asked.

"Oh, he was caught stealing a boy's pocket-money. Of course they all do that, you know, but they don't often get caught. It was the boy sitting there who caught this one at it first—that's right, isn't it?" he asked, appealing to me.

I didn't feel equal to contradicting him just then. Besides, I shouldn't have liked to give him away. So I said: "Oh, yes, quite right," and leant back again. Desborough continued his story (which is about the right name to give it, I think).

"He told me, and we both watched and saw him do it again. Then we went and told the Head, who pretended to be very indignant, and said that he wouldn't believe it, and that we were lying. So we told him quick that we were telling the truth, and that if he didn't dismiss the man, and give us back the money that he had taken, we should put it into the hands of the police."

"And that is why the master left?"

"Yes. The Head was in an awful funk, and begged us not to tell the police. So we got our money back, and the master had to go."

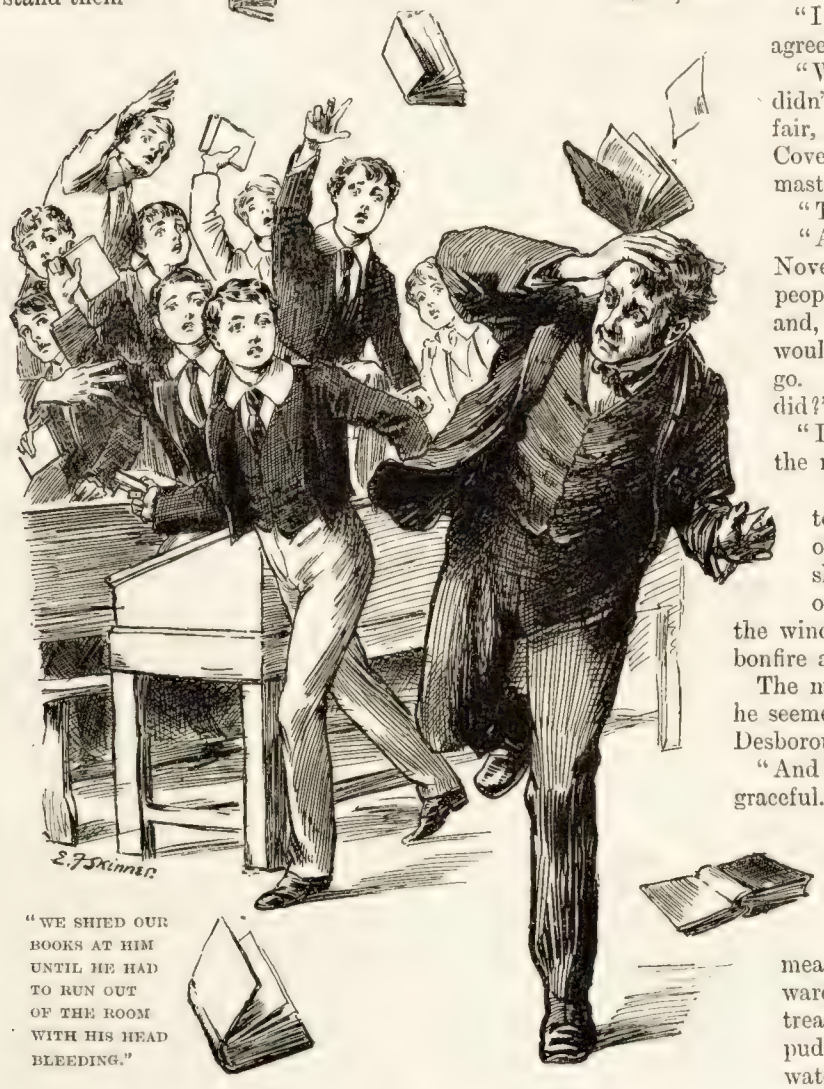
"Quite right, too," said the man.

"But I dare say the new one won't be any better. They never are. If he doesn't do that sort of thing, he will probably do something quite as bad, if not worse."

"I hope not," said the man. "There is always a chance of improvement."

"The French master is another brute," Desborough grumbled on. "He was a socialist, or an anarchist, or something over there. He tried to

blow up the President with dynamite, and had to run away to England to prevent them cutting off his head, or sending him where Dreyfus was—Siberia, isn't it? You should see him when we boys rag him. He dances about, and waves his arms, and says all manner of things in French, so that we can't understand them——"



"WE SHIED OUR BOOKS AT HIM UNTIL HE HAD TO RUN OUT OF THE ROOM WITH HIS HEAD BLEEDING."

"Perhaps that is just as well," interrupted the man.

"Oh, I don't know that. The mathematical master is quite as bad, and, of course, he doesn't know enough of any other language to say things in, and has to say them in English."

"Do the boys 'rag' the masters, as you call it, much?"

"Rather," said Desborough. "Only last term one of them gave a boy some lines that he didn't deserve, and so we hissed him in class, and when he wouldn't take them off again, we shied our books at him until he had to run out of the room with his head bleeding—one of the fellows did that with a classical dictionary, you know. It was too bad of him to shy anything as big as a classical dictionary at anyone, even if he was a master, wasn't it?"

"I should say that it was," agreed the man.

"We thought so, too, and we didn't want to do anything unfair, so we put the chap into Coventry for a week, and let the master come into the room again."

"That was good of you."

"Another time — last Fifth of November it was — the townspeople had a bonfire and fireworks, and, of course, the headmaster wouldn't give any of us leave to go. So what do you think we did?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said the man.

"Why, after we had gone up to bed, we barricaded the doors of our dormitories, tore up the sheets and made rope ladders of them, and then got out of the windows, and went and saw the bonfire after all!"

The man didn't say anything, but he seemed to be thinking a good deal. Desborough continued:

"And the way they feed you is disgraceful. Chunks of bread, and some dirty brown water—nobody has ever discovered whether it is meant for tea or coffee—for breakfast and tea. For dinner you do get a little meat, all red and blue, and, afterwards, a lot of sticky dough with treacle on it—and they call that pudding! Supper is bread and water—ugh! One might as well be in gaol."

We are really very well fed at our school. No matter.

"How very shocking!" said the man.

"Yes, it is, isn't it? If it wasn't that we smuggled in cheese, and tarts, and sardines, and things, and ate them in our dormitories at night we should pretty well starve."

"You don't look much like being starved now," said the man; and Desborough is certainly not what you would call thin.

"I've been spending a month at home, you see, and that makes all the difference. You wouldn't have said that if you had seen me before Christmas. The matron had to put tucks in all my clothes to prevent me dropping out of them."

"I wonder your father allows you to be at such a place," said the man.

"I haven't got a father," said Desborough, which wasn't true. Colonel Desborough is an awfully jolly sort of father to have, I can tell you.

"Poor boy!" said the man—but I don't think that he altogether meant it.

"That is to say, not a proper father," went on Desborough, "nor a mother either."

"What do you mean? You just said that you had been home for the holidays."

"So I have. It's like this, you know—my father died when I was quite a kid" (the man smiled), "and then my mother married again."

"You have a stepfather now, then?"

"Yes. But afterwards my mother died, and my stepfather married again. So that now I have a home, but I haven't any proper parents. My father isn't my father, and my mother isn't my mother, and so they don't seem to care what happens to me."

"What a very curious case!" said the man. "I don't know that I ever came across a similar one."

"It is rather peculiar," agreed Desborough. "I don't know of another like it myself."

"Is this your brother?" asked the man, meaning me.

"No," replied Desborough. "I haven't any brothers or sisters of my own."

"An only child?"

"Oh, dear, no! There are ever so many of us, only we aren't all brothers and sisters, you know. There's myself, first of all," he said, counting on his fingers. "I'm the eldest. Then there are two children, a boy and a girl, who belong to my mother and my step-father. That makes three. Then my step-father and his new wife have two girls and a boy. That makes six altogether. It's rather confusing, you see, because I am no relation whatever to the last three, while the middle two are related somehow to all the rest of us. I shouldn't like to say for certain exactly what the relationship is."

"I think I understand," said the man, slowly, as though he was struggling to grasp the situation. I don't know whether he did or not, but he seemed to be very much amused at something.

"It's very awkward to belong to a family like that," remarked Desborough, after a pause.

"So I should think," agreed the man.

"You see, father and mother—I must call them so, although they are no relation to me at all—have so much to do to look after their own children that I get left out in the cold, because I don't really belong to either of them."

"Ah!" The man suddenly became disinclined to go on talking.

"For instance, neither of them ever thinks of giving me pocket-money."

"No?" He opened his paper, and pretended to begin reading.

"No; and it's awfully horrid to be at school without any pocket-money."

"It must be," said the man, looking up.

"You can't buy cigarettes, for one thing."

"No, nor anything else," said Desborough, not in the least abashed. "But you don't think that I bought these, do you?" he added quickly.

"Well, the evidence seems to point in that direction."

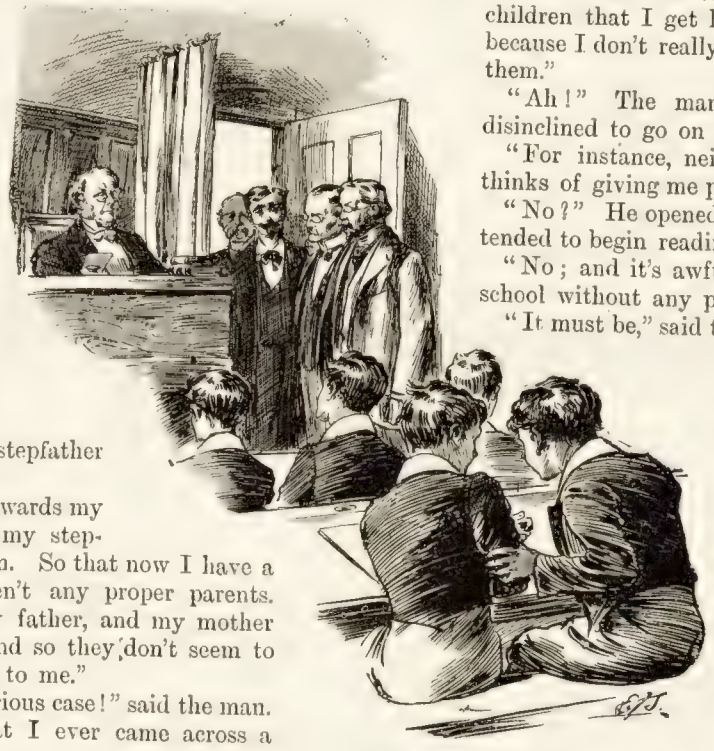
"Then I didn't!" exclaimed Desborough, looking hurt and indignant.

As a matter of fact, I believe—I don't know for certain, mind, but I believe—that he bagged them from his pater or somebody.

"May I ask how you came by them?"

"Oh, they belong to my friend there."

This was too much. I jumped up, and was going to protest, but at that moment we passed something interesting, and I felt obliged to put my head out of the window to look at it. When I drew it in again the opportunity had passed, and I sat down and leant back again without saying what I was going to, but I saw Desborough pocket something that looked very like a half-



"LOOK THERE!" CRIED DESBOROUGH.

crown, and heard him say, "Thank you very much, sir."

The train just then began to slow down, and Desborough called out to me: "Come along. Get your things together, and hurry up, so that we can get a hansom. I do so hate growlers."

"Is this your station?" asked the man. "I get out here, too."

The train stopped.

"Good afternoon, and thank you again, sir," said Desborough, and bustled me out of the carriage and along the platform to claim our luggage in a way that, I am sure, was very bad for a person suffering from indigestion, as I was. At all events, when we reached the school, I wasn't able to eat any tea, and got leave afterwards to go up to bed early.

Next morning I felt better, and they made me get up and go into school as usual. Desborough sat by me at prayers, and asked all manner of questions about my health, which was very annoying of him. Presently the masters walked in in procession, as they always do. Desborough jumped nearly out of his seat, and clutched me by the arm.

"Look there!" he cried.

"Where?" I asked. "And just let go my arm, will you? You're hurting!"

He let go, and pointed to where the masters were all standing in a group around the head master's desk.

"My gracious!" I exclaimed.

There, among the rest, stood the man who had travelled down with us in the train the day before! He was the new master who had come to take the place of Mr. Gray!

"J."

SOME PUBLIC SCHOOL LONG JUMP RECORDS.

In our May number we published a paragraph crediting T. E. F. Turner of Doncaster Grammar School with being the holder of a Public School Long Jump Record, he having cleared 20ft 11in. at the 1899 Sports. Since then we have received the following, all of which show a better performance than that of T. E. F. Turner:—

Merchant Taylors' ...	C. L. Lockton	21ft. 10ins.	...	—
Denstone	J. L. Phillips	21ft. 4ins.	...	1899
Berkamsted	F. C. Crawford	21ft. 0ins.	...	—
Reading	H. B. Corry	20ft. 6½ins.	...	1899
Shrewsbury...	A. Richter	20ft. 6ins.	...	1899
Radley	H. C. Carylon Hughes ...	20ft. 6ins.	...	1900
Highgate	R. A. Blunt...	20ft. 6ins.	...	1890
Whitgift	V. F. S. Crawford	20ft. 4ins.	...	1896
Cheltenham	F. L. Congreve	20ft. 3ins.	...	1900
Leatherhead	R. H. Williams	20ft. 3ins.	...	1897
Mill Hill	A. J. R. Roberts	20ft. 2ins.	...	1899
Finchley	H. P. Margetto	20ft. 2ins.	...	1893
Clifton	R. G. Ritson	20ft. 1½ins.	...	1898

WAR STAMP ISSUES.

THE occupation of Bloemfontein by the British army under Lord Roberts has been quickly followed by the familiar Orange Free State stamps overprinted with the letters

"V.R.I."

and new value in black. At the moment of writing only the three lower values—½d., 1d., and 2½d.—have been so treated, but all values will follow in time.

Collectors at home are apparently to sigh and cry for specimens of this interesting series of provisionals, as the fever to obtain supplies on the day of issue at Bloemfontein rose to such a height that restrictions were put upon their sale. At the post office, it is said, the applicants for the surcharged stamps were simply jostling each other, until one could have imagined that the British army was composed entirely of philatelists!

Mafeking also has its war issue, the gallant Colonel defending the town having issued a special 3d. stamp; but any further details must wait until the unfortunate inhabitants of the beleaguered town are set free to tell us more about their hardships and their stamps.

That other changes will take place as our army enters the South African Republic is certain, and when the war is over the past philatelic history of the two Republics should be an interesting, as well as a valuable one.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

*CEYLON. — The accompanying illustration represents a new 2c. stamp, being the old design in a new colour—chestnut-brown.

CEYLON.

*CHILE.—For nearly twenty years one design has done duty for the postage stamps of this Republic, hence a new type is welcome, which I illustrate. As from the first, the new stamps portray the features of Christopher Columbus. 1c., green; 2c., carmine; 5c., blue; 10c., violet; 20c., black; 50c., brown—all rouletted.

CHILE.

CONGO. — The present Congo stamps are among the handsomest stamps ever issued, and the more of them the better, for they help greatly to popularise stamp collecting. The 5c., 10c., and 25c. values have been changed in colour to conform to the postal union regulations, which require that all stamps of the value of ½d., 1d., and 2½d. issued by countries in the union should be green, carmine, and blue respectively. Hence the three values mentioned will adopt these colours, coupled with the usual black centre.

*FRANCE.—Here is a new 2f. stamp which has just been issued, in the type which has so long been in existence, and which I quite thought was going to be replaced on the opening of the exhibition.

FRANCE.

GERMANY. — In our April issue I illustrated and described the new series of stamps which has been issued, and now I am told they are to be withdrawn shortly, although am not in a position to vouch for the statement. In the meantime the high values have been placed on sale, and you will be glad to learn what the designs represent. The 1 mark stamp has a view of the Imperial Post Office at Berlin; the 2m. is said to represent two ancient German tribes swearing eternal friendship, the inscription under the central design being in English: "Be United — United — United." The 3m. stamp shows the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Emperor William I., at Berlin; the 5m. stamp apparently represents the coronation of William II., the inscription being: "One Empire—One People—One God."

GREECE (CRETE).—I have just received a description of the handsome designs illustrated last month, as follows:—

1 lepton and 50 lepta show an antique coin with head of Hermes.
5 and 20 lepta, from a coin, showing profile of Juno.
10 and 25 lepta, full-faced portrait of Prince George.
1 drachma, winged figure of the giant Tallos.
2 drachma, seated figure of King Minos, with crown and sceptre.
5 drachma, St. George and the Dragon.

The curious surcharge alluded to signifies "provisional," and the stamps so overprinted are available for franking letters to Greece, the unsurcharged stamps being used for postage only, as Crete has not yet entered the postal union.

GUATEMALA PROVISIONAL.

*GUATEMALA.—When I was at school I remember being keen on Guatemalan provisionals, and still they come! Here is the latest, "1900-1—centavo," in black, on 10c., vermilion.

NORTH BORNEO.

*NORTH BORNEO.—The accompanying new addition to the current set of stamps for North Borneo is sure to be popular among boys. It bears an admirable imitation of a gorilla, while in the background are three little gorillas.

*TONGA.—Here is the latest Tongese provisional, the current 1d. value overprinted, "T—L—1st June, 1899."

TONGA PROVISIONAL.

* Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, 391, Strand, W.C.

REVIEWS.

†*The Strand Stamp Album.*—Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, have sent me a copy of a new edition—the fourth — of this popular album. The book, which is printed on unusually good quality paper, is bound in a new and specially-designed cover, and care has been taken in binding, so that when full the very undesirable bulgy appearance of the album is obviated. At the commencement are hints to the beginner, illustrations of watermarks, and several pages of rare stamps—or illustrations of them—and their trade value. The extraordinary part of this new edition is that with each album 100 postage stamps — catalogue value over 8s. — are presented *free*. Surely, at 2s. 6d. for the book and stamps together our boys should go in and conquer!

†*The Imperial Postage Stamp Album.*—Published by the same firm, this is the album *par excellence* for the modern advanced collector. I have so often described the "Imperial" in these pages, that little further description is necessary.

The progress of philately, and maturer study of present-day requirements in the necessary *desiderata* peculiar to the science, have resulted in the production on an up-to-date scale of albums and other accessories which a decade back would not have been dreamt of. The eighth—and present—edition of the "Imperial Album" represents the 20th century aspect of stamp-collecting, and is as near perfection as any album could be.

† *The Strand Stamp Album*, cloth, 2s. 6d.; *The Imperial Postage Stamp Album*, 4 volumes, Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Limited, 391, Strand, W.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Du Rennes asks me the meaning of the mysterious words "plate-numbers." If "Du Rennes" will take a copy of the old British 1d. red stamp, the variety having coloured letters in all four corners, and will then turn it sideways so that the two engine-turned lines of net-work are horizontal, he will find on examination under a microscope that in the centre of each

of these lines are small numbers. These are plate-numbers, which in the stamp described run from 73 to 225, the different numbers varying as to their market value. If "Du Rennes" is not successful after this description he must let me know, and I will endeavour to illustrate the description in a later issue. **H. B. Johnston** wishes to purchase Transvaal stamps in sacks, but I regret not being able to place him in touch with a customer. He might write Mrs. Kruger, but even this source is doubtful. **H. Bradford.**—Many thanks for the card. I have already referred to it in these columns. **H. E. G.**—The value of the 50c, $1, $2, $3, $4, and $5 Columbus stamps used, if fine specimens, should be about face value. The same valuation applies to the 50c. and $1 Omaha issue. **F. G. Bristow** asks what method I would advise of collecting after having a collection of 500. I would advise "F. G. B." to go on as he has started until he has got 1,500 or more, when a larger album might be purchased, say the Imperial, which provides for two sections—Vol. I., Great Britain and Colonies; Vol. II., Foreign Countries. When ready to adopt this plan I will gladly give him further advice. **An Ardent Collector.**—If the post-marks are genuine your P. S. N. Co. stamps are valuable; but it is doubtful, as so many forgeries of these stamps exist. **Newfoundland** inquires the value of a postcard which has travelled round the world? As a curiosity, of whatever value the owner sets upon it. Philaletically, the value of the stamps franking it; (2) I can only value stamps sent for inspection; (3) Ditto; (4) See reply to "Du Rennes"; (5) The mounts you are using are good; I have not seen the perforated ones before. **L. H.**—There is no such thing as a genuine Spitzbergen stamp, unless it is a local. If so, then its value is whatever you set on it in accordance with its connections you detail in your letter. **G. E. Hamilton.**—(1) *Wove* paper, if held up to the light, shows no lines; *Laid* shows close lines running in the texture of the paper, either vertically or horizontally; *Granite* paper has small pieces of thread-like substance in it, which is part of its original composition. (2) The Junior London Philatelic Society. See back issues for address, etc.

"MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION."

(Contributed by readers of THE CAPTAIN.)

MARK TAPLEY.

EVERYONE who reads to any extent, almost involuntarily chooses some particular character in fiction whose trials and fortunes, and the way in which he meets them, rouse sympathy and admiration. This particular one is sometimes elected umpire in questions which one would, perhaps, not care to submit to anyone in the flesh.

When a fellow feels hipped, and things have gone awry, who wants to read of the misfortunes of some chap who seemed to deserve all he got in the way of punishment, and who moans and howls through two hundred weary pages? Who, indeed? Most of us turn up a particular book, confident of finding there some word of encouragement to fight on—and fighting—win!

Of all the characters at whose shrine I have burnt the incense of hero-worship, I think Dickens' "Mark Tapley" comes nearest to being my favourite. Dear old Mark, with your never failing cheerfulness, your sunny unselfishness, your forgetfulness of all your own little—or big—personal worries.

Some people say "Oh, it was no credit to Mark that he was so jolly; it was his nature." Well, he certainly had the happy faculty of failing to see trouble before trouble overtook him, but however jolly a man may naturally be, that quality alone would not enable him to keep such a stiff upper lip as did Mark in those days they saw in Eden, when almost any other man would have felt himself justified in throwing up the game.

There are folks who are jolly enough while the sun is bright; but when the clouds thicken, and they and others have the most need of their jollity, they simply double up. But Mark, faithful and cheerful in fair weather and foul, stuck to Martin, enduring for him what very few men would endure for their best chum—and Martin wasn't that.

He always forgot to reproach when Martin, by his impulsiveness and selfishness, finally landed them in Eden—land of snakes and swamps—a course from which Mark's shrewdness would have steered clear; and it was his example, unobtrusive as it was obvious, which brought to the surface all the good there was in Martin.

Mark will never die; his loyalty, his quaint humour, his exuberant optimism—real and assumed—these qualities alone would immortalise him, if only to present to us a way of discovering in our blackest cloud "the silver lining."

PHILIP A. CURLY.

How Sparkes "Bagged" a Tiger

By H. Hervey.

Illustrated by J. Littler.

(From sketches supplied by the Author).

WE AGAIN dropped across each other, as usual, in the wilds. Not that we did not meet now and then within the precincts of civilisation; we had, and enjoyed ourselves too; but all my more sensational experiences in the company of this sterling good but extraordinary man happened when we were thrown together far removed from the haunts of our fellow countrymen. You see, I held—off and on—charge of a range that followed Sparkes' railway. My work lay along it. I was constantly up and down, marching, station by station, during the cool weather, and travelling by train or trolley when the awful heats or soaking monsoon supervened; while Sparkes, as traffic officer, was "all over the shop"—here to-day, there to-morrow—and it was thus we so often collided.

We had just undergone a curious adventure—I may or may not narrate it later on—in which two ladies, fresh from England, played the heroines' parts, and wherein Sparkes and I pretty prominently figured. For the purposes of this tale, I will premise to the extent of mentioning that my chum had become seized with a longing to present one of these ladies with a tiger-skin, to carry back to England as a memento of the adventure I allude to, and which, by the way, had a most successful outcome. The venue of the occurrence lay in a lone hill fort, a few miles off the railway, whither Sparkes and I had wandered one day, and where we met the two ladies, who had journeyed to the spot all the way from home. But that, as Kipling says, is another story; now for this one.

There was a weird sense of loneliness, a desolation about the interior of this fort that chilled one to the marrow, and an intense silence reigned, heavy in its oppressiveness. There stood the travellers' bungalow, very seldom used since the opening of the railway; large trees environed it, and the undergrowth flourished rank and luxuriant. We took possession of one wing of the house, and summoned the Sepoy or military pensioner in charge to question him on the subject of sport.

"Any wild animals to be had, Sepoy?" I asked the man in the vernacular.

"They say that cheetahs and hyenas lurk in the fort, sir, and though I have never seen either, I have heard them during the night. We are afraid to remain in this lonely place, so, as soon as evening falls, we always go down to the village at the foot of the hill. But there is a tiger, sir; I saw him only the other evening. The animals get through the breaches in the walls, lie hidden during the day, and go down to the plain at night for prey."

"By jingo! it's getting interesting," cried Sparkes. "Look here," he continued to the Sepoy, "has no one ever attempted to kill or capture the tiger?"

"Yes, sir; a few months ago, owing to a complaint by the village folks, the district collector came here to try and catch the beast, which had been destroying cattle for a long time. The gentleman had a trap made, which was baited

with live goats for several nights; but to no purpose; the collector had brought up too many followers. The whole fort swarmed with men, so the tiger took the alarm and was never caught. The trap is lying where they made it, and is in good order."

"And the beast, you say, is still about?"

"Yes, sir."

"By Jove! Hervey, here's a chance for my skin; shall we have a try?"

"Yes; let's go and see the trap this evening."

I instructed the Sepoy to be round about four o'clock to conduct us to the trap and show us over the fort. Sparkes fretted and fumed; and, as was his wont whenever more than usually excited, paced up and down, as if on sentry-go.

"I say!" he exclaimed, suddenly coming to a halt before me, "I don't half like the idea. Hang it all! there'll be no *éclat* in giving Mrs. Kent the skin of a beast I did not shoot in the open; sounds mean."

"What sounds mean?"

"Why, trapping the brute, and then giving him his quietus through the bars of a confounded cage!"

"And the alternative?"

"Shoot the beggar while he's outside—could point to the skin then—spoil of my gun, don't you know—killed him squarely, and all that sort of thing."

"What! risk your life for a mere whim, when you have at hand a perfectly safe and laudable way of satisfying it?"

"Would sound mean, nevertheless," persisted Sparkes.

"Nonsense man! Do you imagine that either Mrs. Kent or her daughter will appreciate the gift the less when they learn that we trapped the tiger, and you shot him safely? Besides, what do they know of the danger of facing these animals—women not a month in the country? A skin is a skin, and you may be sure they'll make much of it among their home friends, and sing your praises right enough, no matter how you procured it."

"All right, all right, hang it! don't grow eloquent over it. You are always preaching prudence, though there's not a year's difference between us."

"Believe me, old chap, 'twill be but common and sensible prudence. Was there no trap available, 'twould be a different pair of shoes; we would stalk the brute, or shoot him from a *machan* (platform made on a tree), or organise a beat; but as it is, let's cage him, and once in I'll stand by to see you send a bullet through his skull."

* * * * *

That evening, after tea, shouldering our rifles as a precautionary measure, and accompanied by the sepoy, we proceeded to inspect the tiger trap. We found it in a remote corner of the fortifications, at the end of a species of *cul de sac*, formed by the bastion wall on the one hand, and a natural ridge of rock on the other. This ridge of granite—evidently left untouched by the builders as too formidable to cut away—was about twenty yards in length, and almost equalling the bastion in height; the two ran parallel, about fifteen yards apart, and the space was shut in at the further end by the rampart proper, which continued at right angles to the bastion aforesaid. There was a lot of trees and undergrowth in and about the place, affording an ideal cover for tigers and their kind. The trap was merely an exaggeration of the ordinary box rat-trap, made of stout timber bars, roughly put together, but quite strong enough for the purpose required. The door was up, kept so by a cross beam, that, playing on a pair of shears, caught on to the notched head of the bait pole which protruded from the interior of the cage through two of the roof bars. The bait would be attached to the nether extremity of the pole; and as the animal, in seizing the meat, would naturally pull towards the exit, such movement would result in the release of the supporting cross beam, and the downfall of the door. We carefully examined the whole apparatus and found it in working order; so we now set about making our arrangements.

"What's the best thing to bait this with, Sepoy?" I asked, indicating the trap.

"A sheep or goat, sir. It had better be killed here, so that the smell of the blood may attract the tiger."

"What would be the proper time to do this?"

"In the afternoon, sir; the tiger has never been seen earlier. He remains hidden in his lair all day, and wakes up, as the sun goes down, to descend the hill in search of prey."

"Which he won't do if he finds something ready at hand to eat nearer home, eh?"

"*Allah* knows, sir; your honours can try."

"Have you any idea where his lair is?"

"No, sir; I don't think he remains in any particular spot. The entire fort is open to him—the cheetahs and hyenas would not dare to dispute with him."

"And there is only one?"

"To the best of my belief, sir; though a second voice has been heard occasionally."

"A tigress, I suppose?"

"May be, sir."

"The tiger is not a man-eater, is he?"

"No, sir; since he has haunted this hill, now more than three years, we have never heard of his attacking human beings."

"I wonder if he's close by now, watching us?" muttered Sparkes.

"Don't suggest the idea!" I exclaimed. "Come along! All right, Sepoy; here's a rupee, buy a goat. Have it slaughtered here, and hang up the carcase as I have shown you; understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Set about it at once, and we will come here again in the morning."

After tiffin, or luncheon, Sparkes and I got into our easy chairs, smoked, chatted, and finally slumbered. I was tired, and my sleep must have been sound, for when I awoke with a start it was to find myself alone, the shadows lengthened out, while the tinkle of cups and saucers in the verandah announced that the servants were laying afternoon tea.

"Where is the gentleman?" I inquired, going out into the verandah.

"We know not, sir," replied my "boy"; "we have not seen him."

"Strange," I muttered, and went round to the back to prosecute my inquiries. No, no one knew—no one had seen my friend. At first, I was not concerned at his absence; I thought he might be near at hand, taking sketches of some of the numerous inscriptions on the fort walls, on slabs, stones, and elsewhere; but when, after my tea, on returning to our room, I noticed that his rifle was not resting in its corner, I concluded that, finding me hopelessly asleep, he had gone off on his "own hook" somewhere, possibly down the hill to get a long shot at "jinka," or species of small deer peculiar to those parts, and herds of which we had already noted grazing on the plain. I put on my cap, assumed my rifle, descended to the hamlet, and asked if our horsekeepers or the people about had seen the "tall gentleman," as the natives usually styled him. No; he had not passed that way. Now somewhat alarmed, I retraced my steps, hoping to find he had turned up in the interval, and if he had not, I determined to

WHEN I SAW THAT THE DOOR WAS UP, I REALISED THE TERRIBLE DANGER MY FRIEND'S HARE-BRAINED RECKLESSNESS HAD PLACED HIM IN.

get together a party and search for him. I began to imagine all sorts of things; perhaps, poor chap, he had fallen—broken his leg or something; he had got into a hole, or—"Hah! I have it!" I exclaimed aloud, as the thought flashed across my brain; "he has gone to see if the tiger is trapped. I'll just go after him." With this intent, therefore, on re-entering the fort gate, instead of proceeding over to the bungalow, I turned off sharp to the left, towards the spot we had visited in the morning. As I went, I became alive to the difficulty of the task before me. It was near sundown, about the time for "stripes" to be waking up, and I was alone. I slipped a cartridge into my rifle, and carried it at the ready. I looked about me cautiously. Given that Sparkes had gone to the trap, where should I find him? Would it not be more than likely that the tiger, attracted by the slaughtered goat, would be in the vicinity of the trap by now, if not actually at it, possibly in it?

I had to exercise the utmost caution. Perhaps Sparkes had hit upon some "dodge" of his own; perhaps he was in ambush somewhere, bent, after all, on shooting the beast rather than allow him to be caged; my summary appearance on the scene might not only spoil sport, but might even jeopardise my friend, or me, or both. I accordingly made up my mind to avoid approaching by the *cul de sac*. I was close to the rampart; I climbed it at a spot where the inner facing had fallen in, and, creeping stealthily along till I came to the bastion, I peered over the crenulated parapet into the blind alley beneath. I could just see the trap; large trees curtailed the view of the ground immediately in front of it; but what on earth was that in the cage? I made out the carcass of the goat, lashed to the end of the bait pole; but there, at its side, kneeling on one knee, with his rifle at the ready, and his gaze intently fixed before him was—Sparkes! I saw him distinctly through the bars of the trap; there was an eager, expectant look in his steady eye; his pose was firm and motionless; his finger on the trigger of his piece.

I marvelled at the sight; but when I further saw that the *door was up*, I realised the terrible danger my friend's hare-brained recklessness had placed him in. The tiger might make his appearance at any moment; Sparkes *might* drop him at the first shot; but the chances were equally to the contrary, for, though a fair marksman, he was at the best but an inexperienced *shikaree* (sportsman). Then again, I knew that, unless struck in some vital part, a wounded tiger—man-eater or not—always charges on being hit; and, breech-loader though he held in his hand, would Sparkes have time to slap in another cartridge before the beast, infuriated with pain, sprang on him through that open door?

All these thoughts raced through my mind like successive flashes of lightning. How could I help him?—how succour him? I had learnt to love that heedless, joyous spirit with more than a brother's love; he had endeared himself to me in a thousand ways; and here he was, within fifty feet of where I crouched, in the gravest peril, and I practically unable to aid him! My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth; I tried to whisper his name, but my voice refused its office; how could I attract his attention?—how place him out of—— Then, as if God had spoken to me, I realised that if that door could only be shut, my friend would be put out of immediate danger; for, with those stout bars protecting him, he might laugh at the tiger, and shoot him down in perfect safety. I again essayed my voice; no, I could not speak. I was on the point of attracting his attention by throwing a small stone at him, when he suddenly jerked his rifle to his shoulder; *simultaneously I raised mine;* there was a dual report, followed by a terrible roar, and when the smoke lifted I saw—what? *the door down;* the tiger, streaming with blood from a wound in the side, rampant on his hind legs against the trap bars, scratching splinters from the stout timbers in futile attempts to reach his enemy within. Then another spurt of flame from the interior of the trap, and the big cat, falling over on his head, gave a few kicks and died. Sparkes' second shot, with muzzle almost touching the brute, had blown its brains to the four winds of heaven!

"Are you hurt, old man?" I asked, at length finding utterance.

"Halloa! it's you. Thought I heard someone fire. Oh, I'm all right; but, hang it! how am I to get out of this? Come down from your roost, Hervey, and help me to raise this confounded door."

Close by was a ruined bit of wall; I hastily climbed down, and in a few minutes released my friend.

"Fortunate that thing dropped when it did," said he, "or I should have been mauled to ribbons, perhaps chawed up entirely. Can you account for it?"

"I think I can," I replied, smiling.

"How?"

"I'll give you a hoist up; go and examine the top of the bait pole."

"What the deuce for?"

"To ascertain what caused the door to come down."

He gave me a look of incredulity as I helped him up. However, he clambered across and stooped over the projecting end of the bait pole.

"Why," he exclaimed, "hanged if there's not a bullet embedded in the wood! Did you fire in this direction, Hervey? When I heard the second report I made sure that the feller—whoever he was—had taken a shot at the varmint."

"I never saw the varmint till he came for you, and reared himself up against the cage."

"Well, why did you fire at this confounded bit of wood? your bullet might have glanced and perforated me."

"WHY," HE EXCLAIMED, "HANGED IF THERE'S NOT A BULLET EMBEDDED IN THE WOOD!"

"Not likely I'd miss such a mark at a few paces."

"No; and you've hit it fair and square; but hang it, man! what made you fire at it at all?"

"To lower the door."

"To lower the door!" he echoed.

"Yes, 'twas a sudden inspiration, in which—as things have turned out—I see the finger of God. At the very moment you pulled the trigger, I fired at that bit of wood; and you know the result."

He understood it now. "That I am unhurt," he said in altered tones, climbing down from his perch, and flinging his arms round my neck, "Dear old chap!" he murmured "you have saved my life; God bless you!"

We were both affected wellnigh to tears, for the tension had been powerful, and the reaction correspondingly unnerving. There, in that solitude, with the dead tiger at our feet, we stood face-to-face, and heart-to-heart; our souls went out to each other, and however strong our mutual regard may have hitherto been, the bond of union that held us was cemented tenfold during those few minutes' indulgence of intense feeling, when one sweet touch of nature made us more than ever kin!

* * * * *

"But what induced you to try on such a mad trick, in spite of my advice too?" I asked, as we wended our way back to the bungalow.

"Well, you see, I thought there'd be really more *éclat* in presenting Mrs. Kent with the skin if I shot the beast in the open instead of first trapping him. I knew you'd try and dissuade me; so when you were comfortably asleep, I just sneaked out unseen by a soul. The rest you know."

"But why on earth did you not lower the door? You could have shot the beast as easily through the bars, and in safety."

"Would have sounded mean," he replied laconically.

I stared at him, and "dried up."

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XII.)

AT the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed. Hugh escapes, and rejoins Geoff. Eventually, they near Pretoria. Bunny has just recognised Hugh, when in walks Geoff in the guise of a Boer.

CHAPTER XIII.

GEOFF THE GENIUS.

"MAD? I should say you are; *raving* mad," replied Jack, trying to be cool and calm, but trembling with excitement almost as much as Bunny himself: "Which—where?"

"The young Boer just come in. It is Geoff, I'll take my oath to it, Jack—do you think I wouldn't recognise old Geoff in *any* disguise?"

"I do believe you're right," said Jack Rosenthal. "Those two have some game on, old man; we must take care not to give it away; we mustn't know them——"

"No, we won't—we won't; but let's get nearer and see if we can learn anything of the game——"

Geoff meanwhile was deep in the midst of a conversation with one of the Boers on duty as warders. He spoke rather loudly and in an animated and excited manner, peering about the while as though to look for someone. He saw Bunny, but made no sign, though his face seemed suddenly to flush and his breathing to pause for an instant. Bunny overheard his words now, having come closer in.

"He was a long-legged, tanned, hungry looking rascal in a trooper's uniform. I spent money on him on the way up, and fed him like a prince; they took him from me at the first railway station, and separated us—there he is, the ugly rascal—I must have my money out of him."

"Go and ask him for it by all means," said the warder.

Geoff approached his brother.

"Now then, you," he said, speaking English with a strong Boer accent, "you'd better settle accounts with me; thought you were going to get off, did you? It's three pounds you've got to give me, and here's the bill."

He handed Hugh a slip of paper, which Hugh glanced at and crumpled up. Then Hugh produced some money and paid it over to his brother, gravely protesting that he had charged him fully three shillings for every one spent, instead of two, as arranged. Geoff said nothing more; he pocketed the money and went out, bestowing a grin and a wink in Bunny's direction as he turned to close the gate behind him. The newly arrived prisoners were hustled away, after the ceremony of registration, to their sleeping places, and Bunny saw nothing more of Hugh until next morning.

Neither he nor Jack slept much that night. Excitement murdered sleep. Neither dared they speak of the matter so close to their hearts, lest others should hear—the absorbing, burning secret must lie and smoulder within the brain of each.

But in the morning the brothers met, when the prisoners strolled—a sad, broken-spirited crew for the most part—about the grounds.

"Come aside and have a quiet chat," Hugh murmured, as Bunny joined a group of whom his brother formed one. "We don't know each other, mind, except casually as fellow captives."

Presently the two strolled away together.

"Tell me everything you can," said Bunny. "First, is mother all right?" And, reassured on this point, he continued: "Now, explain—why are you a prisoner, and how did you get into the Light Horse, and how on *earth* has dear old Geoff contrived to follow you so quickly and not get nabbed?"

Hugh explained everything, telling in brief the story of their enterprise as we know it.

"What, all to fetch me out of here?" said Bunny, with much feeling. "Well, you *are* a pair of bricks! I *am* grateful!" he added after a moment.

"Don't thank me, old chap," laughed Hugh, "for, to tell you the truth, I was rather against it, and told Geoff I considered his plan quite a rotten one at first, but I came round after a while, and agreed. Dear old Geoff is really a genius in the way of mimicry. Great Scott! he's a better Boer than they are themselves—he hasn't once been suspected."

"What's he going to do next? Is there any plan, or do we wait upon opportunity?"

"I don't know much more than you. We were separated before we had had our last talk, but, of course, we couldn't have settled finally, anyhow, until we had seen how the land lay here. It seems to me that this place would be easily enough got out of, if that were all. It's *after* getting out of quad that the real difficulty begins. My idea is that they would rather like fellows to try and get away, in order that they might have some excuse for shooting instead of feeding them. They encouraged prisoners to attempt to escape in the last war, you know, in order to shoot them down the moment they did. It's a favourite Boer trick, like the white flag dodge."

"We shall have to be jolly careful!" Bunny sighed. Then he entertained Hugh with an account of his own capture. "Blithering idiot that I was!" he ended. "If I had managed as well as old Geoff I shouldn't be in this beastly hole, nor you either, old chap; nor would Geoff be in hourly danger of being spotted. You remember Jack Rosenthal, by the bye? Well, he's here too. I wish we could take him on when we escape, if ever we do—he's simply spoiling to get back to the front."

"We're going to take him on—it's part of the plan. By the bye, did I show you Geoff's bill of last night? Don't be seen reading it, though I don't suppose any Boer would understand much of the drift of it."

Bunny took the paper and read. It was an original document, and ran as follows:—

The bill of Pieter Kuyper for to feed the Mr. Englishman who come from Nicholson's Nek to Pretoria into the Lock House there.

AT HARRISMITH.

Beefs and beers and lofes	schillings	18
Many eggs every day but altogether the same	,,	12
The boil-hen at Vrede	,,	10
Milks and veggetubbles 3 days ...	,,	15
To drink for Pieter Kuyper ...	,,	15
Pounds 3 schillings 10		

The Englishman please to remember if there was more. Pieter Kuyper will come back, in three days he will return but sooner perhaps. Mr. Englishman please to remember all he eat and drink. P. K. also tink mit de head. Maybe he remember sometink.

Bunny laughed quietly over this document.

"Of course, he means us to gather that he is working away for ideas, and that we may see him in three days or sooner, and that we are to think too."

After a while, and when a good opportunity offered, Jack Rosenthal was taken into consultation, and the three conspirators paced about the grounds, which were fairly large. Some of the prisoners played football, and others a rough game of cricket, doing their best to forget the sorrows of captivity in thus faintly recalling the pastimes of happier days in the old country. Bunny and the others strolled down to the end of the grounds. There was a plantation of young trees

DOING THEIR BEST TO FORGET THE SORROWS OF CAPTIVITY.

and bushes here, and Hugh made the remark that if it came to changing clothes—which it *must* for him and Jack, at any rate, who were in English uniforms, before they could possibly dream of getting away—this would be the place to do the change.

"Yes," said Jack rather dismally; "when one comes to think of it, there's a deuced lot between us and freedom, even now."

"We haven't begun yet," said sanguine Bunny; "we'll make things spin a bit once we start."

"I daresay; but how shall we ever start? How is Geoff going to help us? He can't even get in when he likes, and if he did, I don't quite see how he's going to bring disguises with him."

"Dash it all, Jack, don't croak!" laughed Bunny. "We can't do anything for ourselves, of course; but old Geoff's outside, and we must trust to him."

"Only we mustn't expect *too* much of him," said Jack; "but there—I won't croak; Geoff's a jolly clever fellow, and I don't know anybody I'd sooner have working our business outside."

During the next couple of days, the three prisoners found it very difficult to make a decent show of composure. They tried to join in the games that went on, and conversed with any who wished to talk.

There was only one subject in these conversations; the war, and the prospect, if any, of exchange. No one spoke of escape, or if the subject were casually mentioned, it was only touched upon as an unrealisable ideality, such as Utopia or the Millennium.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW WARDER.

MEANWHILE, Geoff was not idle. Geoff was not the kind to allow the grass to grow under his feet; he was trying to work out a plan which he had conceived for the escape and retreat of the whole party of four—a task of whose difficulty and magnitude he was quite conscious, though it did not deter him.

First of all, Geoff took the train to Johannesburg, in order to make a few enquiries. He would scarcely have recognised the town. Half the shops and places of business—nay, three-quarters of them—were shut up, together with the dwelling houses attached.

Geoff went straight to the house of the Banker Von Krygkraft, whom he devoutly hoped to find away from home, at the war for choice; for though he was an admirer of the rich banker, and hoped one day to make him his father-in-law, yet everything, Geoff said to himself, should be in its right place, and the right place for Vesta's father at

this crisis was undoubtedly as far as possible from Johannesburg.

Geoff rang at the bell and asked for the young mistress.

"The master is away at the war, is he not?" he added, in a nonchalant manner.

"Oh, yes; been away a month and more," said the servant.

"Tell the young lady one has come from the front who desires to see her," said Geoff. "Tell her she need not fear; I do not bring bad news," he added.

A moment later he received an invitation to walk upstairs.

Geoff entered the room and closed the door behind him. Vesta sat working alone by the table. She glanced up, but did not recognise him.

"Do you bring news of my father?" she asked.

"No, Vesta, I'm afraid I don't," said Geoff.

The girl dropped her work with a little cry.

"Geoff!" she exclaimed.

The next moment she was in his arms, half laughing, half crying.

"Geoff, how could you be so rash?" she sobbed. "I am—oh!—ever so glad to see you. But you have run a terrible risk—you must have!—in coming here."

"I know it, Vesta. But I've come to ask you to help me. Stop—are you alone in the house?"

"Alone, with my old nurse Anna and the servants. Father was commandeered almost as soon as you had gone—he is outside Mafeking."

"Good. I am in a terrible fix, Vesta, and, unless you'll help me, I don't know what I shall do. Shall I tell you the whole story?"

Vesta nodded.

"Well," he continued, "you must know I lost Bunny quite at the beginning of the war. We were scouting, and he got caught and brought to Pretoria. Then Hugh, my eldest brother, and I vowed we would get him back, and invented a plan. The result is that Hugh and Bunny are both prisoners now, and I've got to get them out. I am figuring as a Boer, as you may see by my clothes. Well now, will you help me, that's the question? You needn't even see them, mind you."

"Oh, Geoff! How can I? What can I do? And what would my father say?"

"Your father must never hear of it. You won't refuse to help us, Vesta, I know?"

"Oh, no! I won't refuse. But what is there that I can do?"

"The bank's closed, isn't it?" said Geoff, unexpectedly.

"Oh, yes. All the clerks are commandeered, and the English ones have gone—excepting Mr. Bunsen," she added, with a queer smile. "He is still in town."

"Bunsen here still!" repeated Geoff. "Is he ill?"

"Oh, no! He goes about. He comes to see me every day, and I do so wish——" she paused.

"Yes," said Geoff. "Wish what?"

"Only I wish he wouldn't," laughed Vesta.

"Perhaps if I see him I may persuade him," said Geoff, grimly. "Your father's bank is closed, and the windows all shut up, aren't they? They seemed so in the dusk. Well, I think I can get Bunny and the others out of gaol at Pretoria; but the difficulty is what to do with them when they are out. They can't be seen in Pretoria in English uniforms, that's clear."

"So you want to bring them here and put them into the bank, is that it? But won't they be just as much in prison there as at Pretoria itself?"

"It would'nt be for long. Next day, or in a day or two we should all move south. Come now, Vesta—is it 'yes' or 'no'? You guessed quite rightly. I was going to suggest the bank, but please don't agree if you'd rather not."

"No, no; I will help. They are your brothers, Geoff, and all that I can do I shall do. If I am a bad Boer I may at least prove myself a loyal friend. Now tell me, dear Geoff, how it is all to be done, and what you intend to do afterwards? I can guess that you have been through many dangers already. How frightened I should have been if I had known! Sit down, now, and tell me all."

Geoff sat down, and entered into a full explanation of how he intended to proceed. He felt gay and happy, and made Vesta laugh with his description of his adventures with Hugh.

The old nurse entered presently, but Geoff did not intend that she should recognise him, and, changing his ground, he now launched out into a flowery narrative, from the Boer point of view, of the operations outside of Mafeking.

Then Geoff rose to go, and Vesta herself let him out of the front door. Before leaving her he recapitulated details of the plan as arranged between them in order to make quite sure that she fully understood.

"Not a word to Bunsen, Vesta," he ended. "He is not to be trusted."

Vesta laughed, and declared that Guy was the last person she would dream of trusting. And Geoff assured Vesta very seriously, before he finally left her, that he would never forget her kindness in this emergency.

When Geoff returned to Pretoria he went straight to the prison compound, and offered himself to the chief warder there as an assistant.

"Why are you not at the front?" asked that official.

"Because I brought down a prisoner," said Geoff. "I was at the front outside Ladysmith until my head began to grow confused with the constant noise of the big guns—I had brain fever as a youngster, and have never been up to much since. I think a bit of a holiday away from the front may do me good. Afterwards I shall return and have another shy at the rednecks, if there are any left by that time to be shot."

"Can you talk any English?" asked the Boer. "A man who knows English well, and can pretend that he scarcely knows a word, may pick up from the prisoners occasional scraps of information which may turn out useful."

"Oh, I know English pretty well," said Geoff, "and I think I should be the very man for your purpose. Try me!"

And to Geoff's immeasurable delight the Boer then and there engaged him to go among the prisoners, ostensibly to keep order and attend to their needs, but actually to pick up any scraps of information upon military matters which might possibly prove useful.

Truly the cards of Destiny were shuffled happily for Geoff and his friends this day!

It is probable that three young men have seldom been so utterly amazed by any apparition short of a supernatural visitation as were Jack and Bunny and Hugh when Geoff suddenly appeared at the prison quarters in the capacity of warder.

It was all so unexpected and so wonderful. They were, as it happened, close at hand, when the door of the grounds opened, and in walked Geoff, bold as brass, armed with a rifle, and adorned with a kind of badge in token of his office, and that was all.

When their first surprise was over our three prisoners could scarcely contain the delight which Geoff's newest feat occasioned them.

"For consummate cheek, for sublime impudence, for clever and audacious effrontery," said Jack, inspired by enthusiasm to a splendid burst of oratory, "this takes the bun. You chaps may be proud of your brother."

"I think we are," said Hugh, and as for Bunny, his eyes were following Geoff's movements as he walked about patrolling the grounds, with a kind of dimness in them which may have been admiration.

"He is—he really is—splendid!" said Bunny presently. "How in the world has he done it—that's the puzzle!"

Hugh murmured: "These Boers are pretty sly, too! I suppose the fact is that when impudence and audacity mount to the very highest levels they aren't suspected as such. No one would imagine anybody could display such cheek as this, so they aren't on the look-out for it."

This was, apparently, the sense of the trio, for no one controverted the theory. As for Geoff, he paraded about, occasionally speaking a word to a prisoner here or another there, and once or twice entering into a short conversation with someone.

"There couldn't be any harm in our moving up near him," Bunny suggested. "I'm dying to talk to the old chap."

"Go up close and offer him your tobacco pouch," suggested Hugh.

Bunny did so, walking up as if to pass, then stopping to offer the pouch. Geoff took it and filled his pipe slowly.

"Dear old Bunny," he said. "Here I am, you see—come for you. How have you been—quite well? I told you I'd come if you got nabbed."

"It's wonderful—wonderful!" was all Bunny could say for a minute or two. "I never should have believed you could have done it."

"The funny part is that it has all been so perfectly simple," said Geoff. "I hope the rest will go as easily; but, of course, the most difficult part is only just going to begin."

"Do you mean us to escape to-day? We're ready whenever you like. You must tell us exactly what we each have to do."

"Steady, old man," laughed Geoff. "Not so fast; there's a lot to arrange yet. I shall have to bring in a change of kit for everyone of you."

"Yes, of course. We couldn't escape in our present clothes. We thought of that, and have looked about for a corner where we could change into new kit."

"Good. And is there any place?"

"Among the trees down there in the far corner."

"Very well; that shall be the place, then. To-morrow, or next day, I shall bring in clothes, and deposit them in a safe place among the trees, whenever I can do so unseen."

"How shall you bring them in?" asked Bunny.

"Wear them," said Geoff. "We musn't talk too long, or somebody may remark we're making friends too jolly fast. See you later, old man!"

Geoff proceeded upon his travels about the ground, and presently stopped to watch a game of improvised football. Here Hugh strolled by and took up the tale.

"You've managed jolly well to get taken on," he said. "How did you do it?"

"Simply applied, and was appointed," said Geoff, grinning. "I've made arrangements to get taken in at Johannesburg, where we can lie hid for a bit. Of course, there's the getting there; but I think we can manage that all right at night time."

"Who's going to take us in at Johannesburg?"

asked Hugh, astonished. "Are there English there now?"

"There may be a dozen or two, possibly; but we aren't going to them. Go and ask Bunny who Vesta is," said Geoff, moving away with a grin on his face.

Hugh did so, and now learned for the first time that there was the possibility of a Boer sister-in-law for him.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me Geoff's going to marry a Dutch woman?"

"Wait till you see her. She's a ripping girl," said Bunny. "You'll end by falling in love with her yourself, if you don't look out."

On the following morning, when Bunny strolled up to speak to the new warder as he sat and smoked in a shady corner, Geoff started the conversation by asking if he looked fat?

"Why?" said Bunny, laughing. "Do they feed you so jolly well? I wish they did *us*."

"Well, I've got two suits of clothes on," said Geoff. "When you go into dinner I shall get rid of one."

Afterwards Geoff found a quiet corner among the bushes, and safely deposited the garments.

"I must forbid any fellows coming along this way," he mentally resolved. "I shall say it's against orders to go among the trees where they aren't seen."

Bunny overheard several of his fellow prisoners comment upon the new warder, the general conclusion being that he spoke the weirdest English, but seemed a good chap.

As for Geoff, he handed a daily report to his superiors of all the information which he had contrived to pick up among the prisoners. Some of the communications he thus made were considered rather important by the prison commandant, and were wired to the seat of war, as secrets wormed from the captives by the wiles of those in charge of these unfortunates. These provided excellent reading for the Boer officers at the front, as well as doing credit to Geoff's inventive talent.

During the third day, Geoff announced to Bunny that at dusk that night all three of them must slip out into the grounds and get into the clothes provided for them, explaining the exact spot in which these were to be found.

CHAPTER XV.

GEOFF'S STRATEGY.

BUNNY and Jack contrived to sneak off and conceal themselves in the shady corner of the grounds before the time came for the prisoners' return to the sheds provided for their accommodation, and there they remained after the rest had gone in. Hugh elected to hang about near the door and slip out when no warder happened to be looking.

Hugh looked haggard and ill with excitement, so much so that one of his companions remarked: "You look ill, mate. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing but the longing to get out of this beastly hole," he replied.

"That's a disease that time will cure, I hope!" laughed the other; "meanwhile, it isn't a bit of good moping."

"You're right," said Hugh, "it isn't; but I'm made that way, and can't help it."

Geoff came to Hugh's assistance presently. He had a newspaper in his hand.

"Where are the others?" he whispered, as he passed.

"There—" said Hugh, laconically. "I stayed in case you had anything to say."

"No, nothing; slip out when I get these two chaps absorbed in the paper — luckily, there's a Boer victory. I'll join you there in a quarter of an hour or less. How d'you feel, shaky?"

"Yes, just a bit—it'll pass off once I'm out."

Geoff now got hold of his two fellow warders and secured their attention.

"There's good news to-night," he said. "A telegram from Kimberley. Listen here——"

In a moment the three heads were close together and Geoff had his men absorbed. Hugh took the opportunity of slipping out unobserved, excepting by one or two fellow captives, who remarked upon it one to another.

"I believe that chap is going to make a bolt," said he who had spoken to Hugh a moment before as to his pallor.

"How can he, possibly, in uniform? Dash it, we *all* would if we had civilian clothes!"

"Well, he came here privately with that young Boer, the nice looking one, three days ago; I happened to see him arrive. He paid the chap some money, and he seems pretty thick with him since; I've an idea that he may have squared the chap."

Hugh crept cautiously down to the end of the grounds; but cautiously as he went the two conspirators already there heard him coming, and stopped their very breathing lest he should be the wrong man and they be discovered. The consequence was that at first Hugh could not find them, and was obliged to give the family whistle—in a whisper—before they would make sign or sound.

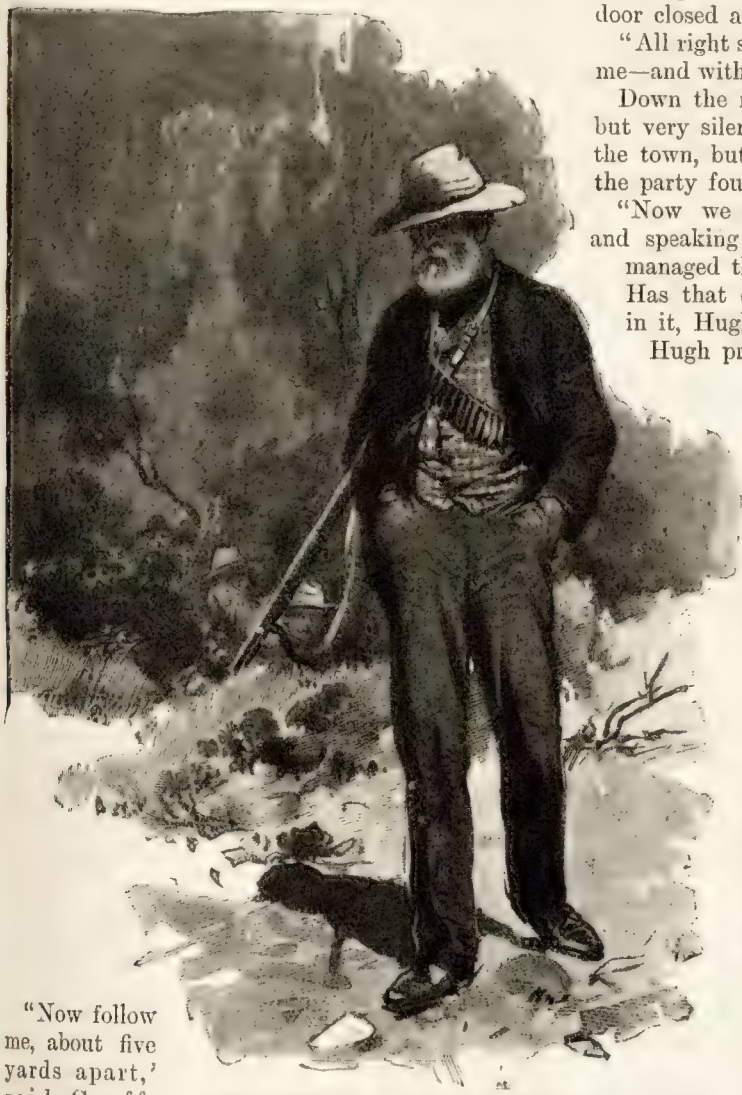
"Is it you, Hugh?" said Bunny, whispering softly.

"Yes, all right," the answer came; "Geoff's coming in ten minutes. Where are the clothes?"

"Here—coat, trousers, and slouch hat, and a

flannel shirt—put your things into this pit and we'll cover the whole lot up with earth and twigs and things. Look sharp, old man!"

When Geoff arrived, a quarter of an hour later, all three were ready for him. Each was in plain Boer clothes, the uniforms and Bunny's English garments having been concealed as well as possible.



ONE OF THE BOER GUARDS WAS WALKING ACROSS FROM SHED TO OUTER GATES.

"Now follow me, about five yards apart,' said Geoff, "and don't make more noise than a cat; and if you see me lie down or stop, stop or lie down too, like a shot."

Four hearts were beating high, though they felt sick with hope and anxiety, as the little procession started across the grounds. Once Geoff suddenly lay down flat, when about half the distance had been traversed, and was instantly imitated by the rest. One of the Boer guards was walking across from shed to outer gate. They heard him open the door in the wall, shut it and lock it, and pass heavily down the street. He had not seen them. Up got Geoff, the rest automatically following his lead, and this time the gate was safely reached. Geoff unlocked it and looked out. It was nearly dark and the road outside was empty. "Come on," he whispered. In a moment all were out and the door closed and locked behind them.

"All right so far," said Geoff, cheerily. "Follow me—and without a sound, mind."

Down the road the procession passed, quickly but very silently. Geoff did not strike towards the town, but right away from it, and presently the party found themselves in a wood.

"Now we may breathe," he said, stopping and speaking half aloud. "Thank Heaven we managed that tricky little business all right! Has that emergency flask of yours anything in it, Hugh?"

Hugh produced the flask; it was half full, and he passed it round. Each man took a sip.

"I'm dying to know something of the programme, Geoff," said Bunny presently. "What have you arranged—anything? We're going to Johannesburg, I know—but how? We shall be missed and pursued, I suppose. That's certain, isn't it?"

"As to that I know no more than you. Now listen. I'm not going to Johannesburg with you—I shall follow later. This is my plan; if you can improve on it, any of you, do, for I know it isn't perfect. I'm going to take you to a spot near here, where most of the goods trains for Johannesburg and the front stop to shunt. Hang about, watch your opportunity, and board one of the trucks of the first train. Travel as far towards Johannesburg as you can while it's dark; but you must be out of the train and in hiding somewhere near the line before daylight. It may take you one night, and it may take you two, or three, to get there. There's a packet with slices of tinned meat in each man's pocket. When you get to Johannesburg go to the Krygkraft Bank. Here's the key. There'll be food there, and all you want; but it's shuttered up, so you musn't give any sign that life is going on within. Wait there for me as long as you can. Of course, if anything happens to me I sha'n't turn up, and you must go on as best

you can without me. But—what's to-day?—Thursday? Well, if I'm not there by Monday night I'm never coming. Now, is all clear?"

"I should just like to know why you're going back to the prison, old man? Isn't it a bit risky?" said Hugh.

"It might be; but I don't think so. I've thought it all out. You see, if I go back I sha'n't be suspected of having had anything to do with your escape if that is discovered. But there are so many prisoners, that I'm hoping they may not notice that any have gone—at any rate, for some time, until the roll is called. If I see any suspicion in the other warder chaps, I shall be the first to discover your escape, and shall do my best to persuade them that it would be better for us warders to say nothing about it."

"It seems to me you're having more than your share of the work—and of the risk, too!" said Hugh. "Don't do anything dangerous that can possibly be avoided."

"You bet!" laughed Geoff. "As for the risk, though, don't flatter yourself you're not going to have as much of that as you'll care for—especially you two non-Dutch-speaking fellows. I haven't a notion yet how we're going to get on after Johannesburg. It'll take a lot of thinking, and you must all work your brains meanwhile to devise some plan. It's going to be a ticklish job for us all to get safely out of the country, and we must be prepared for a pretty lively time. Now, if you're all ready, we'll make a start for the shunting-station. Let's trot; we shall get there quicker. It's nearly three miles out."

The shunting-station was safely reached, and here a convenient hiding place was found, and the party waited until a goods train from Pretoria came along. This was successfully boarded—the three fugitives climbing into a truck half full of sacks and boxes of stores for the front.

"If you're discovered you'll have to do the talking, Bunny, mind you," said Geoff. "You are all Boers, of course; but the others must be too fast asleep—or too drunk—to be conscious of what's going on. You might be taking them back to the front after a holiday, and have missed the train because they were drunk."

This expedient was adopted, as no one could think of a better.

"Farewell all, for a couple of days. I hope it won't be more," he added. "I shall wait about and see you safely off, and then go."

"Do take care of yourself, Geoff," said Bunny, wringing his hand. "I'm awfully afraid you're taking too much risk."

"On the contrary, I'm the most cautious fellow going," replied Geoff. "I err from excess of caution. It's you that must look out for squalls."

Geoff waited for half an hour, till he had seen the train get into full swing and pass right away and out of sight. Then he returned to his own quarters, and was at the prison early in the morning as usual.

During the night, on thinking over the matter, he had decided that it would quiet his mind, and add nothing to the dangers already incurred, if he should take the bull by the horns, and be the first to discover the escape. He would then be in a position to know immediately what, if any, steps were to be taken for the pursuit of the fugitives—in which case forewarned would be forearmed.

Therefore, Geoff confided that morning to one of his fellow warders that he had strong grounds for fearing that one, at least—and, he thought, possibly two of the prisoners entrusted to their care—had, in fact, bolted.

"*Almachtig!*" exclaimed the other. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, I can't find the fellow I brought in—my own prisoner," said Geoff. "It may be a serious matter for us—if we say anything about it, that is."

"Ah! if we do. But *must* we? There are so many that, perhaps, he won't be missed."

"The danger would be if he—or they—were caught and brought back; then the commandant would want to know how they got out."

"Yes. Whereas if they were not missed, and not followed, they might get safely away. I see! Really, Piet, I think if we are wise men we shall let the rascals go. If someone catches them again, and they come back later, we needn't say they had been in before."

"Good! Let them go. It was a clever idea of yours, Conrad. Shall we say anything of this to Yunker?"

"No; he won't observe anything—a fathead like him! Let him be."

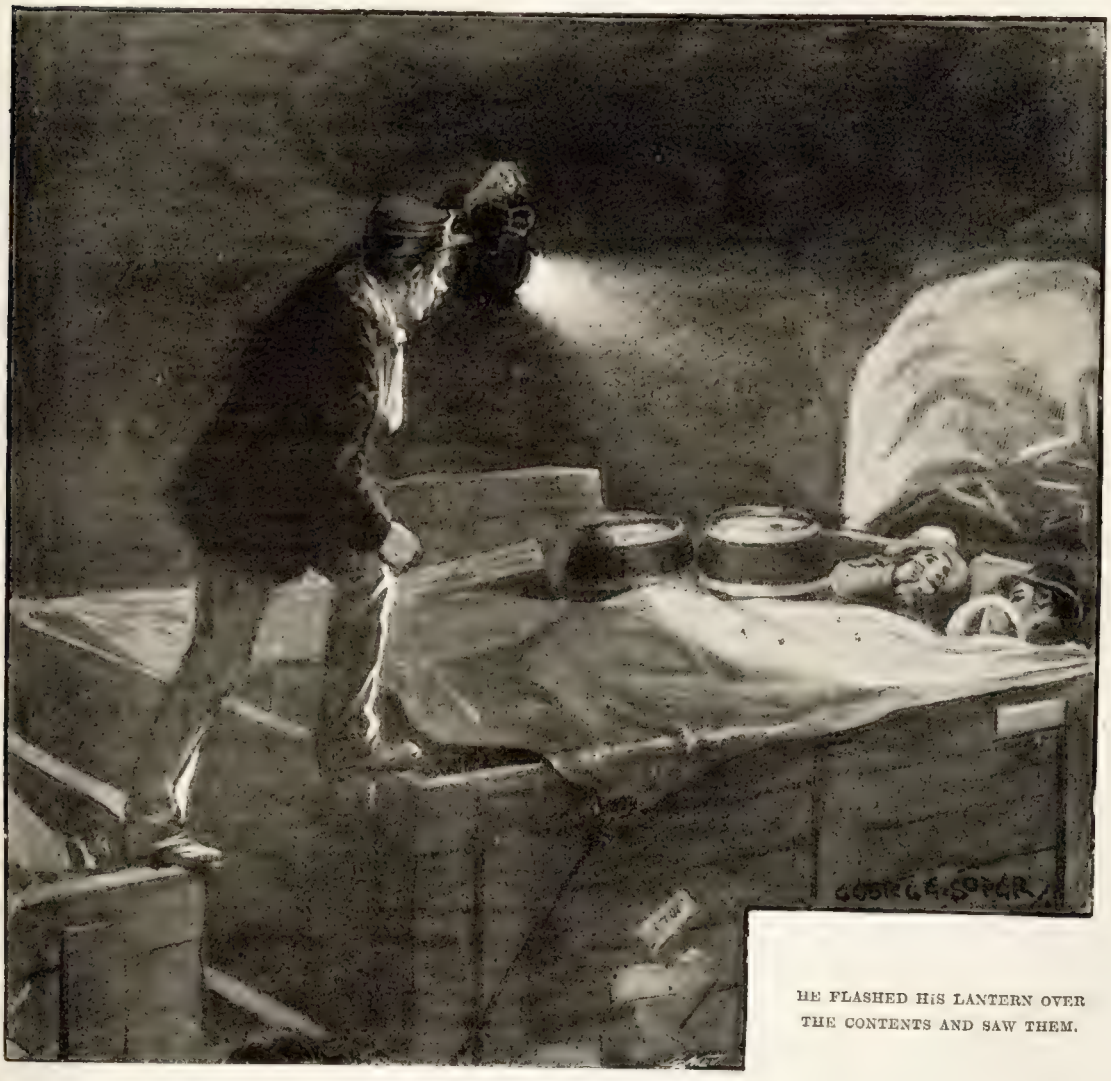
So it remained; and nothing was said about the escape.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUNSEN!

MEANWHILE the little party of fugitives covered the greater part of the journey between Pretoria and Johannesburg in safety, but at a small wayside station, where the train stopped for some shunting, they had a scare.

A man with a lantern passed along the trucks, peering into each to see that all was right with the cargo. When he came abreast of the open truck



HE FLASHED HIS LANTERN OVER THE CONTENTS AND SAW THEM.

in which our friends lay crouched among the sacks and chests, he flashed his lantern over the contents and saw them.

"Heaven's blue!" he ejaculated, "what's this? Who are you?"

"Don't give us away, friend," said Bunny. "We're trying to get back to the front after a short rest that we were allowed, but we've had a bit of bad luck. The fact is, we missed our train, and were obliged to come on as we could; these fellows, my companions, both having been so drunk that I couldn't get them to the station in time."

"They look as though they hadn't recovered yet!" said the fellow.

"They haven't. Wake them, if you can—I can't."

"Come—wake up—you!" said the man, shaking Jack by the shoulder. Jack snored and muttered something, but did not open his eyes.

"I tell you it's no use," said Bunny. "You'd better just let us go quietly on."

"I can't do that without leave. I should catch it from my superior."

"Well go and ask him, like a good chap; see here, I haven't much left in the way of cash, after my little holiday, but I'm good for a drink or two——"

"No, no, keep your money; if I can get you leave I will. Stop, you're not fugitives, are you? Let me look at your face!". He flashed his lantern in Bunny's face. Bunny had a beard of over a fortnight's growth; his hair was long and unkempt; he did not look like a smart Englishman, neither did the other two; besides, his Dutch was good.

"Fugitives!" laughed Bunny. "What a queer notion. Do we look like it?"

"Looks don't go for much—I don't know that you do, and you're probably all right, as you say; but I think I'll fetch the station-master and hear what he has to say on the matter."

Away trotted the guard, or porter, or whoever he may have been.

"Come, boys," said Hugh, "I think it's time to get out of this train and wait for another."

All three were out in the twinkling of an eye, and away down an embankment into the fields by the side of the railway. Here, behind a hedge, they crouched and hid themselves, not dreaming that they would be followed or discovered.

But the man with the lantern must have received stringent orders from his superior with regard to the stowaways, for he hurried back to the truck to find and doubtless to turn them out or bring them forthwith before the station-master to answer for their conduct.

When he found the truck empty, he felt anxious as to the passengers. What if they really were fugitives? Yet the idea was absurd; they could not possibly be so.

Nevertheless, he ran down the embankment, hoping to find his men, and, perhaps, capture them for enquiries; at the bottom he waved his lantern to and fro until he found their track. Then he followed it, laboriously seeking each footmark with the light. The fugitives watched him.

"Confound the rascal, he's following on our scent, like a hound!" exclaimed Hugh, under his breath. "If he comes within reach, I'm going to jump on him. Have a handkerchief ready, someone, to gag him—he mustn't shout."

In a moment the fellow was upon them.

Then out sprang Hugh from his ambush, seizing the startled Boer by the throat, and bearing him to the ground on the back of his head. The fellow had no time to shout, for Bunny was upon him in an instant with a handkerchief, which he wound tightly over his mouth, gagwise, as well as over his eyes.

"Now let's get to the other side of the hedge where the ground's harder!" whispered Hugh. "Come on." Away ran the three, leaving their man gagged upon the ground and with his wrists tied behind his back.

"I hope they'll find him before he starves, poor chap," said Bunny.

Bunny need not have fretted, for within a very few minutes the gentleman concerned had recovered the use of his voice, it appeared, if not of his hands, and was shouting back to the station for assistance at the very loudest pitch of that organ.

"Run boys, for all you're worth!" said Hugh. "We're on grass, now, he won't track us here."

"Bear round towards the station," suggested Bunny. "Why not board the train again? It would be the last thing they'd expect us to do."

There were shouts behind, now, in more than one voice. The porter had been reinforced.

"Wait a second, and see which way they go to look for us!" said Hugh.

The chase seemed to be tending straight across country, and the light of the lantern—extinguished when its bearer fell—now flickered and waved in the same direction.

"Yes—back to the station—round here!" cried Hugh; and within five minutes the party had reached the abandoned platform and, having first chosen a truck convenient for hiding purposes, had crept under a tarpaulin, snug and safe. Presently the pursuers returned, arguing hotly. The station-master did not believe the porter's story, and abused him roundly for keeping the train on account of some silly nightmare.

When next the train stopped, a little way out of Johannesburg, at the junction, the fugitives slipped out of their truck on the far side. It was still quite dark, and they had no difficulty in getting safely away from the station. Bunny recognised the place, and, knowing the country well, was able to guide the party to a quiet spot at the foot of a kopje, where a small stream ran amid rocks and boulders. Here, in the dawning light, all three men bathed and made their breakfast of tinned meat and sweet water, and when they had finished their repast, two slept while the third watched, taking turns in this way throughout the greater part of the day. It was five miles from the city, and when darkness set in again, they started on foot and soon reached their destination.

Johannesburg, especially at night, was at this time like a city of the dead. The whole of the Outlander, and the greater part of the Boer population were absent. Houses and streets were deserted; buildings shut up and boarded.

Bunny knew every inch of the city, and had no difficulty in guiding the party, so that by a very early hour in the morning they safely reached the large building which, in happier days, had been used as the headquarters of Van Krygkraft's bank, one of the most prosperous in the town.

Here they found food prepared for them, and wine, and blankets—there were even books to read. On the table lay a paper with these words: "Please—no lights, no noise, no smoking."

"Who did all this for us?" asked Hugh. "Upon my word, it's been jolly well managed! Of course, Geoff inspired it, but who did it—that Boer girl of his?"

Bunny declared that he imagined it to be extremely likely.

HALFWAY BETWEEN THE DOOR AND VESTA STOOD BUNSEN HIMSELF.

The following night — after the three late prisoners had spent twenty-four hours in the house in a condition not falling far short of luxury—Geoff appeared. He was in the very best of spirits, and brought a good report. He described how he had arranged with his fellow warders that nothing need be said about the escape. They had not observed it until he pointed out that one or two captives were missing. There would be no pursuit, because there was no suspicion of anything wrong.

"Won't it look fishy *you* being away?" asked Jack pertinently.

"I explained that I was off for a couple of days to Potchefstroom to see my best girl," Geoff laughed.

"For Potchefstroom read Johannesburg, and the tale was pretty true, you sly old rascal!" said Hugh. "Well, your best girl has done us well here, and I'm thinking of giving you my blessing with her, after all."

"Has anybody thought of a plan for getting away to Natal?" asked Geoff, ignoring the remark. "It's time we fixed on something; we can't stay here till the end of the war."

Jack had. It was that the party should travel by night only, and should avoid every railway, every town, every village even. Mafeking might be their destination, being, perhaps, the nearest point at which the British lines could be entered.

"But who are we, if asked, and where are we going?—and two of us can't speak Dutch," said Geoff, pertinently. "Why not?"

"We must try and think of some practical reply to these questions which we are *sure* to be asked," he added presently, since no one seemed to have a solution ready to the problem put to them.

When evening began to fall cool and dark Geoff left the house.

"There are a lot of things to arrange outside, and as I'm perhaps the best Boer of the party I'd better see to them," he explained. "I shall be back in about an hour."

Bunny winked at Hugh when he had disappeared.

"Gone to see Vesta," he said.

Hugh nodded sagely.

"No hurry about getting out of Johannesburg, eh," he said, "so far as *he's* concerned?"

Geoff went straight away to the Krygkraft mansion, as was most natural and proper. He went to thank Vesta once again for the kind and complete arrangements she had made for the comfort of his party. Vesta had done all this herself, carrying everything with her own hands and by night.

The two lovers spent a happy hour together, and presently Vesta told Geoff, half jesting, that Guy Bunsen laid constant siege to her heart. Nothing would keep him away from the house, and nothing discouraged him.

"Why is he here?" said Geoff, angrily. "Has he a right to remain in the place? He is no longer ill, I suppose, if he ever was."

"If only Mr. Kruger would kindly turn him out," Vesta laughed, "how happy I should be!"

"I should go and smash him," said Geoff, "but he must not know I'm here, for, as you know, he hates me, and he's quite capable of venting his spite upon me in some dastardly way, such as——"

Geoff was interrupted in his sentence by a little cry from Vesta. He looked up surprised, and his eyes suddenly grew cold and stern, for there, halfway between the door and Vesta, stood Bunsen himself.

"How long have you been there, you sneaking hound?" said Geoff furiously, barely restraining himself from falling upon the eavesdropper.

"Long enough to hear your last sentence, my friend. What you say is quite true; I *do* hate you, and I *am* capable of getting you into trouble—venting my spite upon you, as you express it; in fact, I have every intention of doing so!"

The little party of three at the Bank House began to grow nervous as the night wore on and Geoff did not return.

Eleven o'clock, twelve—one o'clock came, and still he was absent.

"Can he have got nabbed?" said Bunny, his teeth all a-chatter with agitation. "I think I'll go out and scout around—I don't like it."

(To be continued.)

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

WAR LITERATURE.

Ladysmith: The Diary of a Siege. By H. W. Nevinson. 6s. (Methuen).

The Relief of Ladysmith. By J. B. Atkins. 6s. (Methuen).

Hector Macdonald: The Private who became a General. By Thomas F. G. Coates. 1s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

Baden-Powell: The Hero of Mafeking. By W. Francis Aitken. 1s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

Four Months Besieged: The Story of Ladysmith. By H. H. S. Pearse. 6s. (Macmillan).

The War to Date (March 1st, 1900). By Arthur H. Scaife. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin).

Khaki in South Africa. Part I. 6d. fortnightly (Newnes).

With Roberts to the Transvaal. 1s. (Newnes.)

FICTION.

Among the Man-eaters. By John Gaggin. 1s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin).

The Fighting Lads of Devon. By W. Murray Graydon. 2s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

The Boy from Cuba. By Walter Rhoades. 2s. 6d. (S. W. Partridge).

Ivanhoe. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by J. Higham, M.A. 1s. 6d, (A. & C. Black).

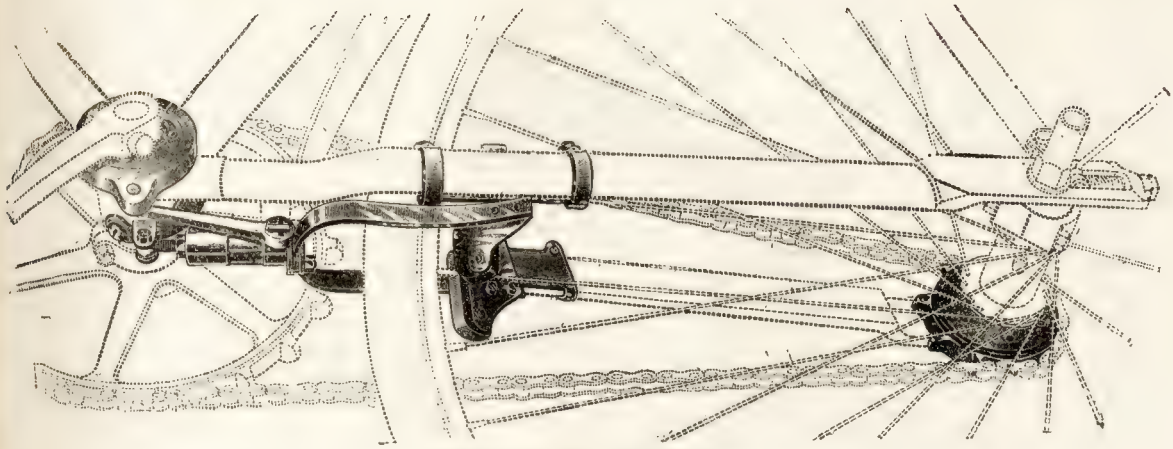
MISCELLANEOUS.

Hurrah for the Life of a Sailor! By Vice-Admiral Sir William Kennedy., K.C.B. 12s. (William Blackwood & Sons).

The Story of the Alphabet. By Edward Clodd. 1s. (Newnes).

Hints from Sandow. By the Rev. R. L. Bellamy, B.D. 1s. (James Nisbet & Co.).

Mr. Thomas Atkins. By E. J. Hardy, M.A. (Chaplain to the Forces). 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin).



WILKINSON SWORD FREE WHEEL.

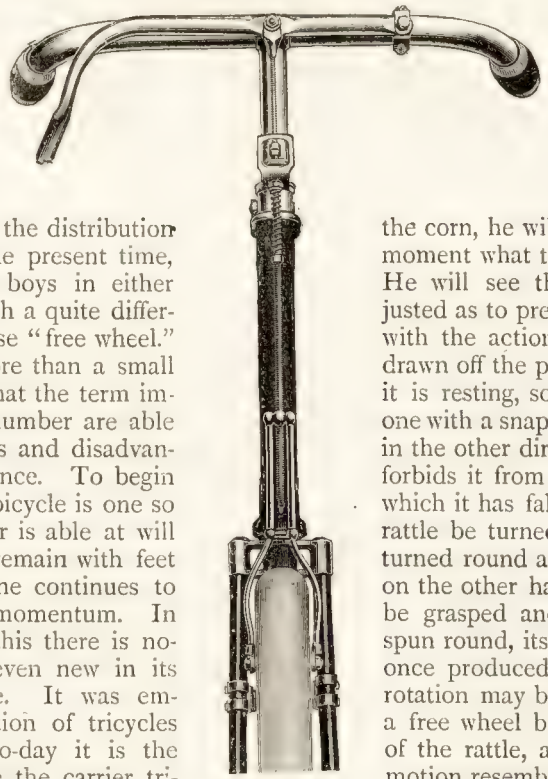
THE FREE WHEEL:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT DOES.

By Haydon Perry.

IT is recorded of an American schoolboy that when asked if he was in favour of the free wheel he promptly replied that he guessed he was.

The slang of America uses the word "wheel" to mean the whole machine—a practice I hope every English boy will do his best to discourage—and the youth in question thought he was pronouncing in favour of the distribution of bicycles gratis. At the present time, there are probably few boys in either country who do not attach a quite different meaning to the phrase "free wheel." Yet it is unlikely that more than a small minority know exactly what the term implies, while a still lesser number are able to speak of its advantages and disadvantages from actual experience. To begin with, then, a free wheel bicycle is one so constructed that the rider is able at will to cease pedalling, and remain with feet at rest while the machine continues to run forward by its own momentum. In the broad principles of this there is nothing new. Nor is it even new in its application to the cycle. It was employed in the construction of tricycles many years ago, and to-day it is the commonest thing to see the carrier tricycle of the errand boy slipping down a slope, his feet remaining motionless, while a loud clicking noise is usually heard proceeding from the machine. This is caused by the ratchet running over the teeth of the ratchet-wheel, just as they do in the crow-boy's rattle. Indeed, if anyone will examine one of those rattles, which are made for the purpose of frightening crows from the corn, he will see and understand in a moment what the action of a ratchet is. He will see that the ratchet is so adjusted as to press upon the ratchet-wheel with the action of a spring. It can be drawn off the particular tooth upon which it is resting, so as to fall upon the next one with a snap; but it cannot be pushed in the other direction, because the spring forbids it from mounting the tooth from which it has fallen. If the handle of the rattle be turned round, the rattle will be turned round also, but quite silently. If, on the other hand, the haft of the rattle be grasped and the body of the rattle spun round, its characteristic clatter is at once produced. Now the first kind of rotation may be likened to the driving of a free wheel bicycle, while the handling of the rattle, as commonly used, gives a motion resembling that of the running of a free wheel when, instead of driving it,



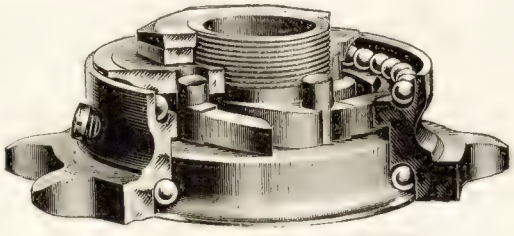
THE LINLEY BRAKE.

the pedals and chain are at rest; for there is an arrangement of a somewhat similar kind concealed within the hub of the bicycle.

Among the illustrations to this article various makes of hubs are shown dissected, so that their hidden mechanism is laid open for inspection. The Whippet free wheel is a good example to examine. It will be evident that when the outer portion is turned in one direction the ratchets must receive a thrust by which driving force will be imparted. But if this driving ceases, the inner portion can still go on turning, so that the whole wheel which is built upon it runs as a free wheel.

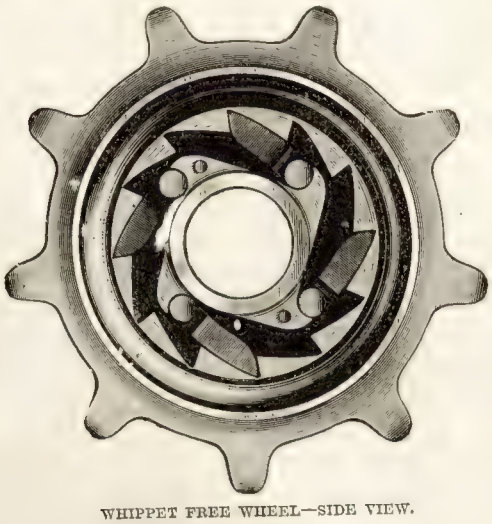
CHATER LEA FREE WHEEL.

But this freedom is not always obtained by a device like that of the Whippet, or that of the Raleigh, which will be seen to closely resemble it. The plan adopted in the Chater-Lea machine involves an inner driving mechanism with fixed projections; the moveable parts being here found in the outer ring.

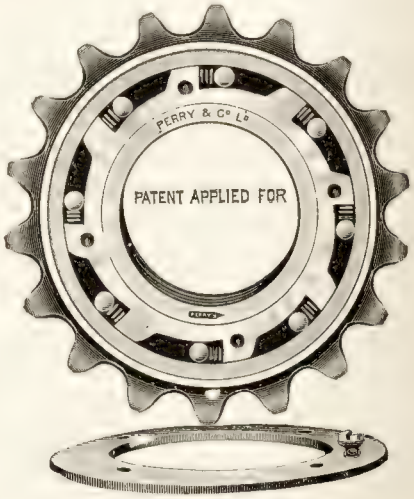


WHIPPET FREE WHEEL—DISSECTED.

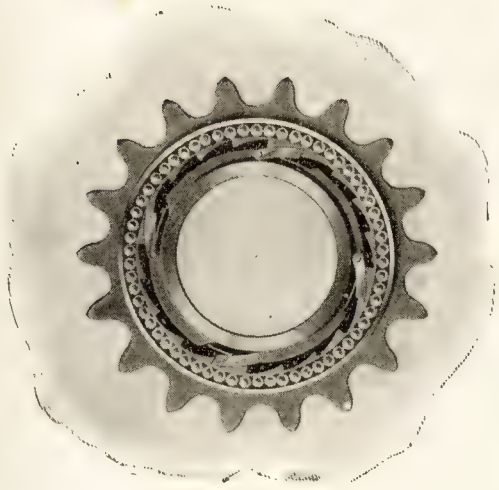
It will be noticed that these parts can retire into their recesses in order to slide over the projections when the wheel is running free, and that the little springs will force them out again when they are required as a purchase for driving. Again, in the contrivance manufactured by Perry & Co., both the inner and the outer portions are fixtures. But between them is an arrangement of rollers, shown as small circles in the illustration. These rollers are confined in little chambers, which upon examination will be seen to be narrower at one end than at the other. It is clear that, when the outer portion of the mechanism is turned in one direction, the rollers will jam at the narrower end, make fast a connection with the inner part, and so convey driving force to it. When the wheel is running free this jamming is relaxed. This is only a variation of the device marketed by the Enfield Cycle Co., but the illustration in the former case is, perhaps, a trifle clearer and



WHIPPET FREE WHEEL—SIDE VIEW.



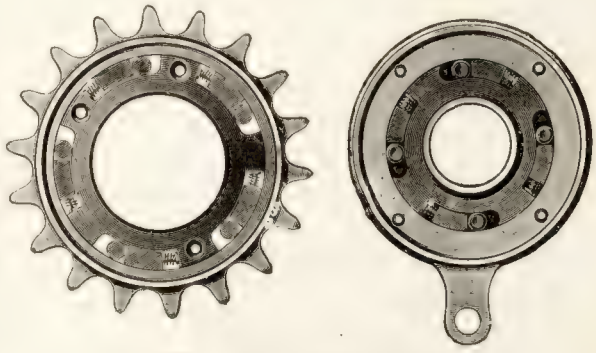
PERRY & CO'S FREE WHEEL.



RALEIGH FREE WHEEL.

more self-explanatory. There is no need to dwell upon differences of mechanical detail in the various other devices depicted here. A careful inspection of any of them will show that all depend upon the principle of an inner and an outer system of mechanism which can be bound together for driving purposes, and more or less completely disconnected at times when it is desired that the wheel shall run free. The "Pall Mall" clutch of the Wilkinson Sword Co., and the Bradbury Co.'s "Free Wheel at Will," are no exceptions, although the illustrations to these show their special arrangements less dissected out. So much, then, for what the free wheel is; let us now for a space proceed to the consideration of what it does.

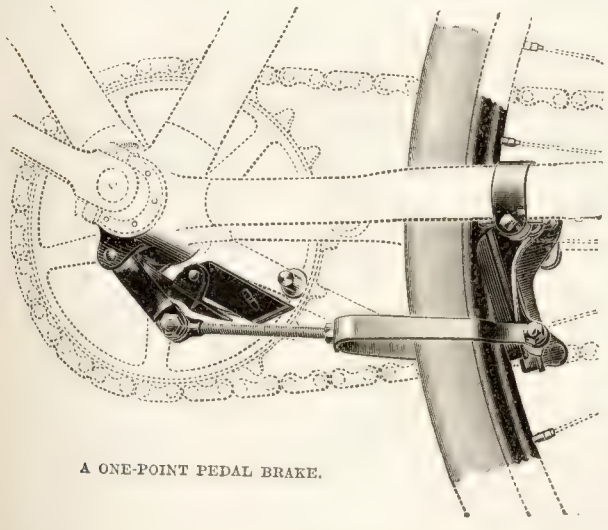
The most obvious power it confers upon the rider is that of shooting hills with the feet at rest upon the pedals. On an ordinary machine only an expert rider can keep his pedals when flying down hill at very high speeds, even with a very high gear and a therefore relatively slow rate of pedalling. True, he could employ foot-rests; but one of the first things the free wheel demonstrated was the superiority of the pedals as rests, both on the score of comfort and on that of safety. The position when pedalling is a natural one—that is, if the rider has chosen a machine of such design that it shall be so. It somewhat resembles the position when walking. But the posture of a rider using foot-rests on the forks, or on the fork-crown, is unlike that of either walking, standing, sitting, or any other accustomed attitude. Moreover, it redistributes the weight, and a good machine is constructed to take the weight best when the rider is in his pedalling posture. If your saddle is exactly right for riding, it very often seems wrong for coasting "feet up." That, of course, is never so with the free wheel. And what is more



ENFIELD FREE WHEEL, REDDITCH.

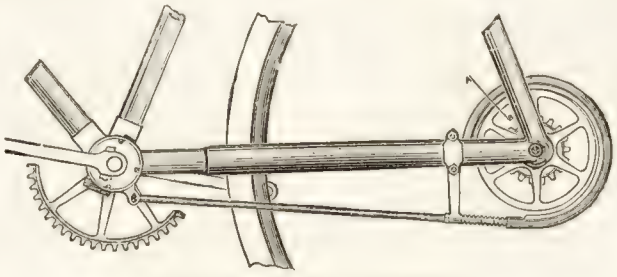
comfortable is also safer, because in any sort of emergency it is very important to have a firm purchase on the saddle. It may therefore be said that the free wheel permits of faster coasting than it would be prudent, under like circumstances, to indulge in on an ordinary bicycle.

But it is not only upon hills, recognised as such, that the free wheel is an advantage. In a fairly level-looking road there are all sorts of gradients that are noticeable to the cyclist. The free wheeler instinctively takes advantage of them by knocking off work for a space. Similarly, with a high wind behind him on a level road he can simply sail along; but, of course, this condition of thing is so rare that no one would have a special device such as the freed wheel for that alone. It is the ordinary ups and downs of every-day cycling that weigh most in the balance, and it is here that the free wheel brings cycling one point nearer to the art



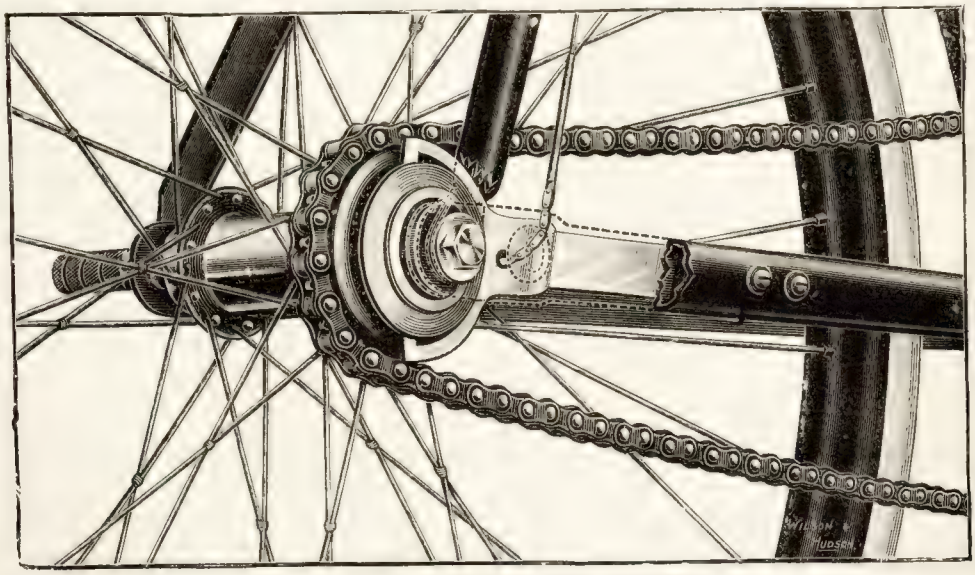
A ONE-POINT PEDAL BRAKE.

of flight. Note, however, the price at which this advance is gained. The art of back-pedalling is lost. This fact is sufficient to make it necessary to revise the whole system by which the speed of the machine is controlled. I daresay every rider is able to call to mind hills down which he knows he can go depending upon back-pedalling only; and every rider who uses a brake knows hills that he can descend in safety while relying upon the brake alone. But he also knows of declivities upon which the machine cannot be held in check without resort to both means of holding it in. It is clear that hills of this kind cannot be ridden down by a free wheeler without terrible risks, unless he is provided with better braking power than has been usually applied to the bicycle. This opens the whole question of brakes, which there is not here space to discuss. Suffice it to say that inventors have easily risen to the occasion, and have produced appliances sufficiently powerful to bring a runaway machine to a standstill in the middle of the steepest hill. All the best of these powerful brakes are applied to the rim, and not to the tyre, so that they in no way depend upon the tyre being inflated, and cannot by any possibility injure it. A brake of this description is calculated to be eight times as effective as one of the ordinary plunger pattern. None the less, it is unwise to trust youself entirely to it. You see, in the ordinary case if a brake for any reason fails you can still back pedal. With the free wheel, if the brake fails you have nothing to fall back upon. Therefore it is wise to have two brakes—one on each rim. It is a moot point whether or not both of these should be controlled by hand; but one of them certainly should, namely, that on the front rim. The Linley brake, of which an illustration is given, is a truly admirable example of this class. If the brake on the back wheel is a pedal-worked brake, it should be one of those that can only be put on when the pedal is in a certain position, and not one of those which can go on at any point.



ENFIELD FREE WHEEL, REDDITCH.

Thus equipped with two good brakes the rider can descend almost any declivity, and all his downhill work may be done at far higher speeds than would otherwise be prudent, for he has in reserve a practically perfect control. The free wheel, therefore, makes travelling over hilly ground much faster than it used to be. In traffic, and over muddy or greasy surfaces, it also makes riding safer, because the absence of any of the sideplay caused by the alternate



BRADBURY FREE WHEEL AT WILL, OLDHAM.

pressure of the feet allows of steadier and more accurate steering. Further, in all round riding it saves labour, which means that one can ride farther and faster than heretofore without putting forth any additional effort. The amount of labour saved will vary much with the nature of the district. Taken altogether the labour saved, although considerable, is probably not so great as some free wheel enthusiasts have made out. It has been argued that if you only pedal four miles for every five miles traversed you save one-fifth of the work. But it must not be forgotten that in ordinary circumstances the mile of ground favourable to easy running is not one on which an average fair share of work is being done. Still, if only one-tenth, or even one-twentieth, of the work of driving is done away with, the free wheel stands established as in advance of its rivals. There is one kind of work which it cannot help saving, though that is a matter which only the bad rider will appreciate—the saving of the work unconsciously done by a bad pedaller against himself. This does not retard the progress of a freed wheel in the way that the "backlash" of the chain does an ordinary bicycle. All the same it is well to bear in mind that good pedalling is highly desirable with the free wheel, for if the foot is not picked up neatly and prettily with the rising pedal it counterbalances to some extent the pressure on the falling one, and to that extent is a cause of wasted effort.

To sum up, the disadvantages of the free wheel may be named under the headings of increased complication, increased weight, and increased cost. Against these we may set the advantages of increased ease of driving, increased speed, increased comfort, and increased safety. After such a summing up it is not difficult to guess what the final verdict will be.

LETTER TO YE OLDE FAGGË.

O Capitaine! It is to thee
I sing!
Accept felicitations frome one
That noth old English but a
littel thing.

The Capitaine is to the bords with fun,
The dainty maid, who boist'rous games doth shun,
Finds as much pleasure in thy varied pagë
As any boy, al be he dull or sagë.

To thee, O Ancient Fagge, I nowe do turnë,
Lat my stele penne, y-tempered in inke—
(With parfit gratitude my hart doth burnë,
But I can doe withoute the blod, I thinke)
Praise thee, of all parfettion the pink,
For having given me a beauteous prise—
Allas! 'tis spent now—hear my heavy sighs!

O Ancient Worker! (if you like, "Olde Faggë")
Bear with this ryme which I indite to thee;
Lat not thine interest, I prie thee, flaggë,
But lat my littel poem seem to bee
As any lettre which thou motest see,
From any friend or ladye Capitaine,
In prose or poesy, what loss or gaine?

And one thing, O. F., which has wonne my hart,
Is that to evrie storie, sadde or gayë,
Thou chuseth men who something know of art
To illustrate it. That is nat the wayë
Of many bokës at the present dayë.
The artists I like best are Whitwell, Browne,
Gillet—and Soper, too, I must put downe.

Laste, but nat leste, my praise to Maistre Gooch,
Most certinly a fetis man of parts,
For unto him noon other one can touch.
He has wonne al young stamp collectors' harts.
I collect stamps, and therfor to the marts
I ofttimes stray—but ever wish a guide,
And so I keep his writings by my side.

Farewell, Olde Fagge, an thou hast read as much,
My "burble" may han made thee cry or laugh;
But, howsoe'er, now no more mot I touch.
My love and compliments to all the staff
(Altho' at messages I s'pose they chaff?)
My love for thee, t'express I woll nat tryë—
Remember me, thine dotty

Eyed Awry.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

FOR SALE.—Three white mice, trained and tractable. Have won prizes. Must be sold cheap.—Apply, Jones, Llanymachylwnch, Merioneth.

The above advertisement was conspicuous on account of the ink and pencil marks around it. It appeared in a popular journal lying open upon the library table at St. Kilda's Grammar School, and it had already attracted the notice of every boy whose fancier instinct had been developed by a sojourn in the Fourth Form.

The Fourth Form at St. Kilda's was a hotbed of fanciers. Boys who had in the Lower School shown no more striking partiality for natural history than an occasional interest in rat-catching, became the most ardent collectors of wild animals and reptiles as soon as they came to breathe the air of Bunder's room. There was something irresistibly intoxicating about that air, and from the Rev. John Bunder downward to the latest remove, every soul in that class-room was a fancier.

John Bunder had been master of the Fourth for twenty-five years. He had come direct from a country living, accompanied by his wife, his children, his dogs, and his Dorkings. The former were accommodated in the dingy residence allotted to masters of the Fourth; the latter had new and luxurious apartments in the kitchen garden; and the Fourth Form from that day took upon itself the study of bulldogs and Silver Dorkings as subjects included in a modern college curriculum. For twenty-five years John Bunder reigned supreme over the Fourth Form, translating Cæsar until he forgot there were any other Latin writers, and demonstrating the first book of Euclid until he failed to remember that the talented author had composed other works on the same subject. He accepted his duty, and did it to the last detail. But his ambition lay with his Dorkings, and the prospect of John Bunder ever occupying a higher position in the scholastic world than the mastership of the Fourth Form at St. Kilda's was not only remote, but absolutely non-existent.

With such an example before them, then, what wonder is it that the whole Fourth Form became possessed of that fancier spirit that can only be satisfied by an overdose of unsavoury surroundings? Biggs Major—the present head of the form, who lived in daily fear of a remove to a higher estate—kept homing pigeons, and spent the best part of his time between lessons in manufacturing a cypher code for use in despatching messages. Wilkins "Mi." kept rabbits in his study for six weeks, and it was only after the whole of the drains in the house had been opened that the cause of the disagreeable odour was discovered and removed to the gardener's tool-shed. Little Tipkins made a pet of a hedgehog that had been picked up in the road after being run over by a cart, and it was only after a month's coaxing to get it to eat that it was discovered to be dead, after which Tipkins purchased a cheap lizard from the boot-boy. Brown Major's fancy was sparrows, and Snooks "Terts" owned a tame squirrel that suffered from an incurable disease very similar to mange. Snobson-Jay, whose father owned race-horses, was the proud possessor of a lame

tortoise, and among the other wild beasts that claimed the patronage of the Fourth Form were a performing toad, two blackbirds, a jackdaw, three diseased bantams, a canary that died and was renewed regularly every month, and a guinea-pig that had never got over an accidental immersion in a bucket of cold water, and suffered from a racking cough. But there was not a single mouse!

"If that canary goes and dies again," exclaimed Biggs "Mi.," the owner of the ungrateful bird in question, "I'm blest if I don't go in for these mice!"

The threat, uttered in the school library, was received in silence, save for a gasp of astonishment from some of the juniors, and a sneering laugh from Biggs Major, who was becoming jealous of his brother's notoriety, and contemplated poisoning one of the homing pigeons unless something speedily turned up to justify his right to distinction.

"He's looking pretty seedy now," continued Biggs "Mi.," referring to the canary, "and the book says he hadn't ought to live above four days after that, so it wouldn't be a bad idea to send now, would it?"

"I should, Jimmy," said Cooper "Terts.," his bosom friend, decisively. "You never know who's after these things, and, as it's a bargain, I wouldn't be surprised if there's hundreds of applications. You send now and get the first chance."

"Where do you think you're going to keep 'em?" asked Stimson, who shared a study with Biggs "Mi.," and prided himself on the exclusiveness of his own blackbird.

"Oh, don't worry!" said the hero of the hour, pompously. "When I need your opinion I'll ask it; and we don't want any connection with blackbirds. Me and my white mice can take care of *ourselves*. Lend us a pen-nib, Tipkins, and I'll write off at once."

Biggs Minor sat down in the midst of an admiring crowd and penned a letter to Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, asking for the price and particulars of the three white mice, which Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, supplied by return of post. The price was five shillings for the three, and they were dirt cheap. So said Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, and such an authority was not to be doubted. Accordingly, a postal order for that amount was despatched, and two days later there arrived a box addressed to "Mr. J. Biggs, St. Kilda's Grammar School," on which the said Mr. Biggs was requested to pay one shilling for carriage before it passed into his possession.

The parcels van always arrived at an awkward time at St. Kilda's. On the present occasion the Fourth Form were just going into morning school, and Biggs Minor was confronted with the alternative of leaving his precious box in the corridor, or taking it with him into the form room. He was not long, however, in deciding upon the latter course, and with his books arranged to protect the package as much as possible from the gaze of the inquisitive, he took his seat and fell to work upon his Latin translation.

The Rev. John Bunder was making out his poultry accounts that morning, and fortunately he was too much engrossed in averaging the egg production of the Silver Dorkings to notice all that happened in the class-room. Consequently, Biggs Minor, suddenly looking up from his translation and taking in the situation, remembered that the mice must be hungry, having travelled from Mr. Jones, of Llanymachylwnch, which must be a great distance. He had half a dozen Osborne biscuits in his pocket, and he decided that if he could remove the lid and insert a few crumbs for the benefit of the prisoners he would be doing an act of mercy, and relieving the tedium of the morning lesson at the same time. The lid was nailed upon the box, and there were one or two holes for breathing, which would have sufficed for the insertion of crumbs had Biggs Minor been pressed for time. But he was not, and he determined to make the task an interesting one to himself as well as merciful to the mice. So he drew his clasp knife.

A slight creaking noise caused the Rev. John Bunder to look up from his poultry accounts. A louder creak, and then another, in the corner, drew his attention in Biggs Minor's direction. Then there came the sound of splitting wood, and the boys in the vicinity started with surprise as three tiny white mice leapt apparently from the lap of Biggs Minor and ran along the desk. At the end they came to a stop, and sitting bolt upright, looked about on their surroundings.

The Rev. John Bunder rose from his chair and grunted. Then he rapped his desk so loudly that the three white mice started and scampered back towards their rightful owner.

"The boy who owns those mice stand up!" he snapped, in his blunt way.

Biggs Minor rose upon his feet, leaving the box upon the form out of sight.

"Do these things belong to you?" roared John Bunder.

"They are not things, sir—they're mice!"

"Mice! Of course they are," bellowed the master. "Do they belong to you, or don't they? That's what I want to know!"

"Yes, sir!"

"And where did you get them?"

"That's what I can't make out, sir! It begins with two I's, and it's a long name."

THE FIRST DECISIVE BLOW WAS STRUCK BY THE CAPTURE OF ONE OF THE MICE BENEATH THE MORTARBOARD OF JOHN BUNDER.

"Fifty lines for making a fool of yourself!" thundered John Bunder as the class began to titter.

"Please, sir," pleaded Biggs Minor, "I bought them. They're prize winners, and I'm going to breed champions."

"Prize winners!" exclaimed Mr. Bunder, his interest awakening. "Catch them at once and let me look. I ought to know something about the points of mice," he added to himself, "and if these should happen to be good ones we shall be able to make some very interesting experiments."

The mice had evidently suffered severely from their previous incarceration, for they absolutely refused to be caught. Biggs Minor bumped his head four times against the desks before he asked for reinforcements, and even when a detachment was told off to hold the principal passes the three white mice evaded pursuit by taking the most difficult paths between desk legs and under cupboards. A force was then raised and posted with sheets of paper to stop the career of the fugitives; but all efforts proved fruitless, and at last the remainder of the form, with John Bunder at their head, took the field with books, baskets, and all manner of weapons. The first decisive blow was struck by the capture of one of the mice beneath the mortarboard of John Bunder; a second was secured and nearly crushed to death between the heels of Biggs Minor himself; and the third, seeing that the game was up, calmly walked into a waste-paper basket trap and allowed himself to be carried off to his fellows.

The Rev. John Bunder wiped the perspiration from his brow and endeavoured to reassume his dignity and composure. Within the dusty and battered mortarboard in his hand reposed the three white mice, covered with a handkerchief. It was a trying moment for the master. His curiosity to look more closely at the mice almost overcame his sense of duty. But only for a moment. The next he had opened the top of the desk, imprisoned the mice in a far corner, and shut it again with a slam.

"I shall impound these creatures until I hear further reason for their presence in this classroom," he panted, with some show of pomposity. "It is most unseemly to bring live stock, or any indication of live stock, into school hours, and if I discover any more such evidences of a desire to turn St. Kilda's into a permanent menagerie, I shall report the case to the Doctor. Biggs Minor, you will bring me one hundred lines instead of fifty, and an essay on 'White mice from an exhibition standpoint.'"

He had scarcely sat down, and Biggs Minor had hardly realised the injustice of the sentence, before the door opened, and the Doctor himself entered, followed by two of the governors. Then it suddenly dawned upon the Rev. John Bunder and the whole Fourth Form that this was *viva voce* day—one of those occasions when the Doctor unexpectedly swooped down on the school and tested them in the work of the past month.

Now the Doctor hated animals. Horses in cabs

and tramcars were the only creatures on four legs he could tolerate, and his contempt for John Bunder's dogs and Dorkings was most bitter. He was a scientist, a linguist, a mathematician, and a veritable mechanical encyclopædia; and he never troubled to discover the reason why the rest of mankind, and especially boykind, did not show the same anxiety to acquire knowledge that he had done throughout his life. John Bunder he trusted, because he always passed his boys through their exams. By the school he was respected for his knowledge, and feared for his ignorance of the cutting power of thin canes, and likewise for his cold, hard-hearted eccentricity. Beyond that, the Doctor was an enigma.

"Good morning, Mr. Bunder," he said, looking over the tops of his spectacles at the class, "I'm glad to see you all so hard at work. Thanks, I'll take your desk for a time," as John Bunder rose from his seat. "The last time I was here I believe we had some trouble over a trifling translation from the Latin attributed to Livy. Biggs Major, will you turn to that passage and let me hear your views on the subject?"

Mr. Bunder had placed seats for the two governors, and Biggs Major, being engrossed in examining the heavy gold watch chain of one of the gentlemen from a distance, did not catch the drift of the Doctor's remark; but, conscious that he had been addressed, and associating it with the recent mouse hunt, exclaimed:

"Please, sir, it was my brother!"

The brother in question, having heard the Doctor's words, and fearing to explain matters, put on a most innocent look, and buried his head in a book, which happened to be a work on the management of gold fish, lent him by a companion. Discovering this, he hastily smuggled it out of sight and, looking up, embarrassed, caught the eyes of the Doctor fixed upon him.

"Where is your Livy, sir?" was the harsh question.

"Can't find it, sir."

"Can't find it! Then do you come to school laden with books, and yet forget the one you need the most? You will bring me a hundred lines of Livy to-morrow morning at twelve, and in the meantime I must borrow the book from Mr. Bunder."

John Bunder started and turned pale. He would have rushed to grab the Doctor's arm and tell him his own book was at home. But it was too late! The Doctor had lifted the top of the desk. There was a rustle and scamper from some dark corner, and out into the light rushed three white mice. They careered around the desk among the pens and paper, and then, as the Doctor dropped the lid with a bang, they sat bolt upright in a row and looked down upon the whole Fourth Form.

There was an ominous silence.

"What means this unseemly conduct?" came in a deep sepulchral voice. "Who owns these unclean creatures?"

There was no answer for a moment. The Rev. John Bunder was turning over matters in his mind. He foresaw the expulsion of his beloved dogs and Dorkings, and he was constrained to make some plausible excuse. Then there flashed into his mind a thought of George Washington and of how comfortable is the feeling when one has told the truth, like George did. That settled it.

"They are pets, sir," he confessed boldly.

"Pets! pets! pets!" exclaimed the Doctor, rattling the words out on each other's heels. "You call these pets, sir—these—these odious vermin?"

"Pet mice, sir," reiterated Mr. Bunder, calmly, "belonging to one of the boys."

The Doctor tore off his spectacles and dropped his books, whereupon the two governors, who were local business men, and were not quite sure whether the mouse incident was one of the ordinary events of school life or something to be wondered at, became more interested, and stooped to gather up the fallen pages.

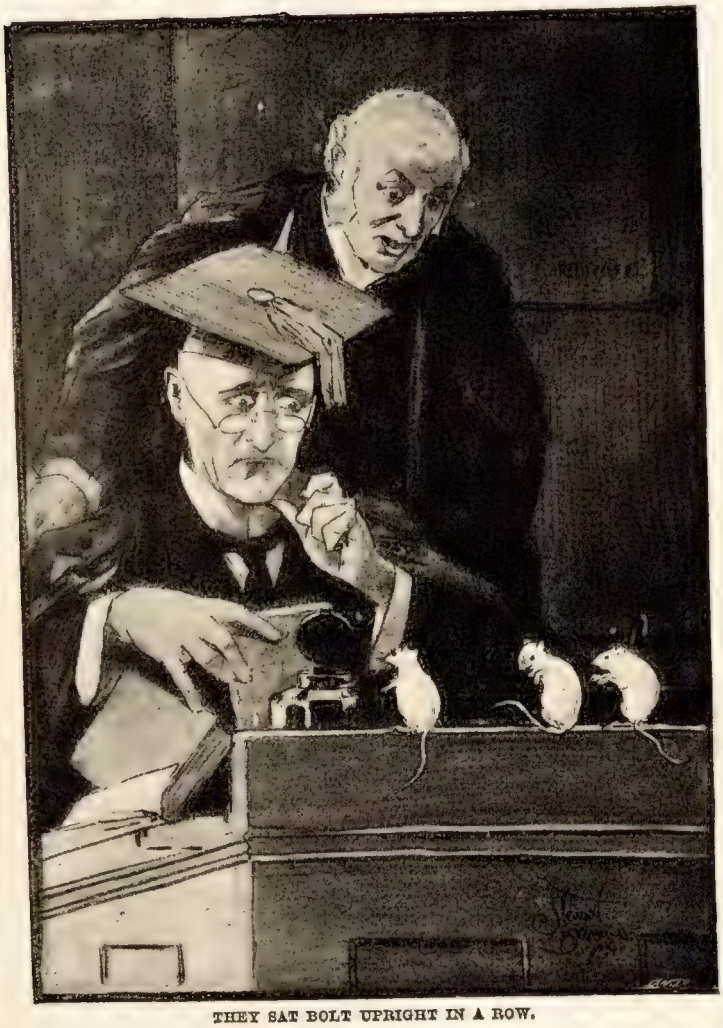
"What boy owns these—these pets?" asked the Doctor in his dreaded croak.

There was no answer. Biggs Minor had been outside the door when the last culprit was being birched, and the screams rang in his ears still. So he turned his head and dexterously hid the mouse-box behind the leg of his desk. He, too, had heard of George Washington, but thought him very much out of date, so he kept his mouth tightly closed.

Biggs Major glanced in his brother's direction and took in the situation immediately. He saw the angry flame that raged in the Doctor's eyes, and he wondered if its burn would cause so much pain after all. He thought of his homing pigeons, and his failures in the compilation of a translatable cypher code. Here was the chance of fame in his very grasp. Here were three white mice going begging. Biggs Major, too, had read of George Washington, and had come to the conclusion that truth telling was by no means unprofitable. He turned the situation over in his mind once more—the possession of the white mice and the fame that attached thereto, the risky confession of ownership, and the almost certain caning that would follow as a reward. Then he decided.

"Please, sir, they're mine," he said.

The Doctor glanced at him for a moment, peremptorily ordered him to report himself at the



THEY SAT BOLT UPRIGHT IN A ROW.

study after morning school, and hastily left the room, followed by the two astonished governors.

Biggs Major shunned his fellow creatures as soon as he got out of morning school. The three white mice had already been recaptured, packed in an empty chalk box, and despatched to the Doctor's study. And thither Biggs Major followed them in a very uncertain frame of mind. He had, so to speak, risked everything on this one throw of the dice, and the gamble was now to be decided.

The Doctor sat at his desk as he entered the study, and there was a look upon his face that Biggs had never seen before. He immediately associated it with the leers of hardened tormentors, and he rubbed his hands in anticipation. Anyone else, knowing less of the Doctor, would have declared it was a smile.

"You own these things?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!"

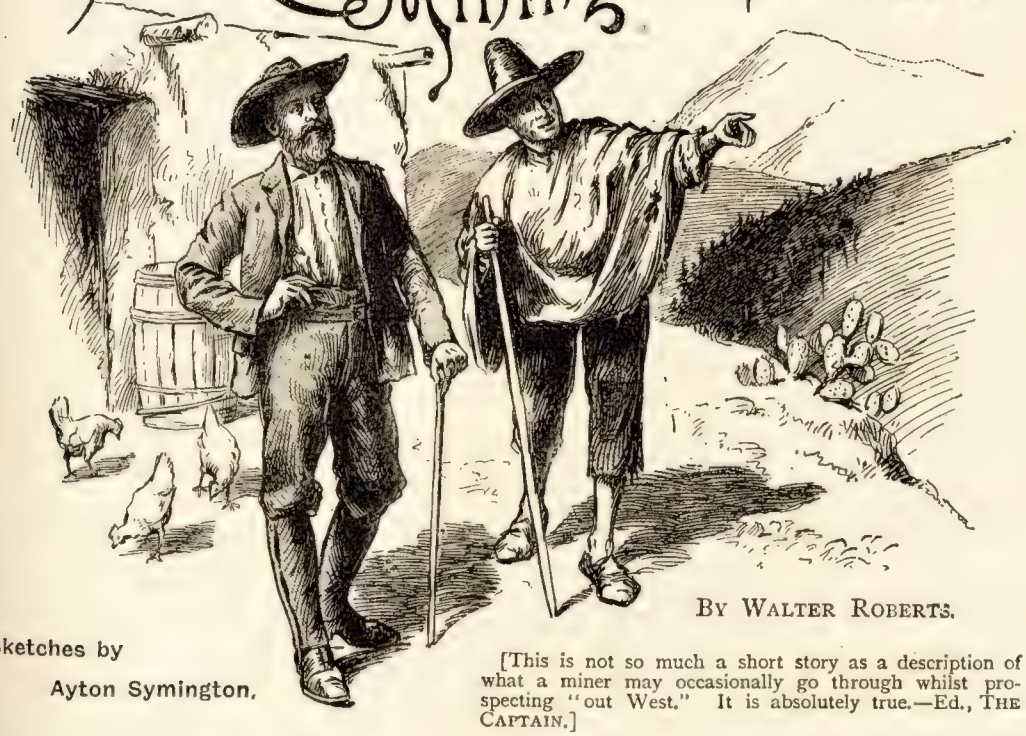
"Then take them away and keep them where I may never see them again!"

There was an ominous look in his eyes as Biggs Major backed humbly but joyfully from the room, but the moment the door was shut the pedagogue rose from his chair and burst into one of the uncontrollable fits of laughter that he reserved for private life alone. It may have been caused by the ludicrousness of the mouse hunt; or, perhaps, the two astounded governors were responsible. Who knows?

Outside a crowd of boys greeted Biggs Major as he emerged from the dreaded chamber. There was not a boy in that assembly who did not wish him well of his hard-earned prize, with the exception of Biggs Minor, and his complaint was but a formal one. On principle, he said, he objected to the whole proceedings. He was the lawful owner of the mice, and entitled to be their lord and master. To which Biggs Major retorted that virtue had been suitably rewarded, and the valuable lesson of George Washington's excellent example fully justified. Whereupon Biggs Minor raised further protest, and Biggs Major again pointed out the immensity of his act of self-confession.

The result was a compromise, and the present registered owners of the three white mice are Biggs Brothers, still in the Fourth Form at St. Kilda's. The Rev. John Bunder occasionally pays visits to inspect the mice, which are the pride of the school, but in the presence of the Doctor he is dumb on the subject. And as for the learned Head himself, he chuckles sometimes when he looks at a small chalk box upon his study shelf and goes over the history—or what he knows of it—of the three white mice.

A Real Mining Experience



Sketches by
Ayton Symington.

By Walter Roberts.

[This is not so much a short story as a description of what a miner may occasionally go through whilst prospecting "out West." It is absolutely true.—Ed., The Captain.]

Some years ago I was acting as travelling correspondent for an important mining journal in the United States. I had to visit the various mining districts that were then most attracting public attention, and to write special articles about them, giving what independent information as to their merits and prospects I could gather. That my articles attracted some attention was attested by the fact that I received frequent letters from people who were entire strangers to me asking for fuller information in many cases, and, in some instances, inviting me to visit particular mining properties.

At the time of which I write there was great interest taken in gold-mining circles in some rich developments that had taken place along the Great Mother Lode in the Sierra Nevada of California, more especially in the counties of Tuolumne and Mariposa, in both of which very extensive operations were in progress. English readers are for the most part tolerably familiar with Mariposa and Tuolumne counties as the scene of some of Bret Harte's earlier and most delightful stories of Californian mining life. I had been for some time in "Bret Harte's country," and had made myself entirely familiar with all that was going on, and had written a great deal about it for my own journal and also for San Francisco daily papers.

For a time Hornitos, in Mariposa county, was my headquarters, and there one afternoon the driver of the mail stage-coach brought me a lengthy communication from a wealthy mining speculator in San Francisco, whom I did not then know personally, but whose name at the time was a household word in mining camps. The letter contained an introduction from my managing editor in the shape of one of his visiting cards, on which was pencilled, "Do all you can for Captain Pascoe, who will explain matters."

Captain Pascoe's letter explained that he had taken an offer of an old "prospect," where a shaft had been sunk in the early 'sixties. It was said that when work was abandoned in the shaft for want of money to continue it, at a depth of sixty to eighty feet there was a "good showing," and as the situation of the property was right on the line of the Great Mother Lode, Captain Pascoe felt inclined, in view of recent discoveries, to spend a little money on further exploratory work. As for myself, he did not

wish me to make an "expert" report, but only to visit the place, make a general investigation, and advise him by wire if I thought it worth his while to send up a mining engineer and a crew of men to thoroughly prospect the vein. The old shaft had been sunk by Mexicans, and what information Captain Pascoe had was derived from some of them after a lapse of thirty years. Mexicans' information about mining property in the sale of which they have a direct pecuniary interest is, to say the least of it, of more than doubtful value when fresh; when it has the romance of a generation superadded, it is of a kind to make Ananias turn in his grave and groan with envy.

I knew where the old Mexican mine was situated, though I had never been actually on the spot. It lay some two or three miles south of an old trail that led from the Merced River to Coulterville, an important new mining township on Maxwell's Creek, and was distant not more than twenty miles from where I was at Hornitos. Accordingly I telegraphed to Captain Pascoe that I would visit the mine and let him know the result from Coulterville.

A rancher who happened to be passing through Hornitos gave me a lift in his wagon and set me down not more than four or five miles from the old Mexican shaft. The country thereabouts ran out into the foothills that stretch along the lower levels of the great Sierra Nevada. It was bare of large timber. Here and there were a few stunted trees and bushes, but the view was open for miles. In the background lay the great sierras, tier upon tier of dark and ever darker purple, receding on the horizon in filmy white—either snow or clouds, it was hard to tell which. In front lay the great fertile valley of the San Joaquin, with its vineyards, orchards, and farms; while Mount Diablo, in the dim distance, stood sentinel over the valley, and Stockton, the "City of the Sloughs."

It was blazing hot as I walked along. What grass there had been was eaten bare on all sides by sheep, whose tracks ran in every direction. Coming upon a more than usually well-beaten track, I followed it for some distance till it brought me to a miserable broken-down-looking shanty, occupied by a Mexican shepherd and his family. They spoke little English, but enough to indicate the way to the old mine, which was on the top of a little hill, remarkable by the fact that there was on it only one small stunted tree, and that was within a few yards of the mouth of the old shaft.

The Mexican shepherd said I should find it a long walk, and advised my riding, for which purpose he offered to sell me his horse, as owing to the dryness of the season he had no feed for it. I eventually bought the horse, saddle, bridle, and green-hide neck-rope, for twenty-five dollars, and arrived at the old shaft about two hours before sundown. I tied my horse securely with the green-hide neck-rope to the one solitary tree, and then set about investigating the old mine.

On the "dump," as the pile of rock that comes out of the mine is called, I had no difficulty in discovering some rather nice-looking quartz. It was "sugary" ribbon-rock, apparently free-milling, and even without a magnifying glass I could see fine specks of gold. I judged it to be rock that might average ten to twelve dollars of gold to the ton—good enough, if only there were sufficient of it. To form some idea as to that, I had to go down the shaft. The top was covered with some old rotten boards. These I easily removed, and then threw a few stones down. They fell with a "plump" into water at the bottom, and, judging by the sound, I estimated the depth to water level at about fifty to sixty feet. Of course, the depth of the water at the bottom I could not even make a guess at.

Taking off my coat and soft felt hat, I folded them together, and put them down near the shaft, with a chunk of rock on top to keep them from blowing away. I had with me a very small geologist's hammer, a couple of candles, my pipe and 'baccy, and my matches, in a water-tight box. This was my outfit as I prepared to descend the old shaft. As I have before remarked, timber was very scarce in the locality, and I found that what timber had been used by the Mexican miners in the shaft was of the worst description, being what miners call "round stuff"—the limbs of trees and trunks of small saplings from which the bark had not been removed. It now hung in ghastly-looking strips, or had fallen to the bottom.

The ladder by which I had to descend was a very primitive affair. For uprights it had saplings fastened to the walls by wooden pins, and the rungs were pieces of round branches about two feet apart. Weighing something in the neighbourhood of sixteen stones, I looked at that ladder with great disfavour. However, there was no help for it, and I started down, trying each rung of the ladder carefully with one foot before I leant my full weight on it, and holding on by the uprights with my hands.

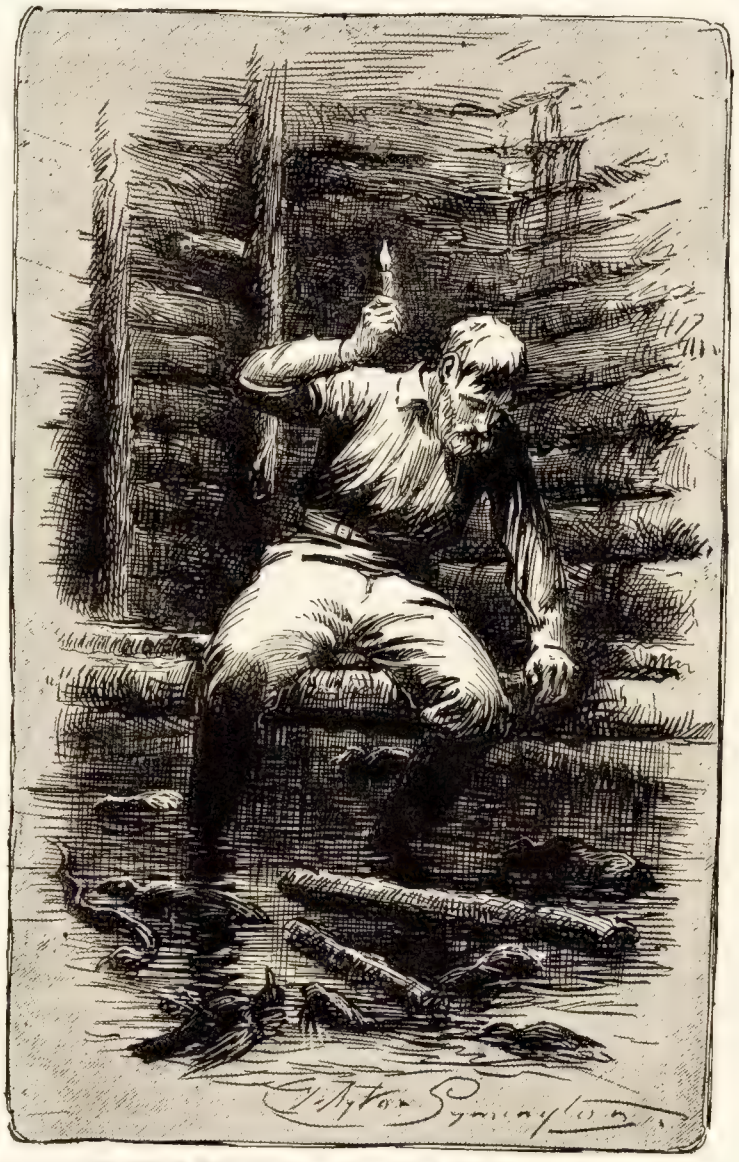
I had got down about eight or ten feet when away went one of the rungs. I held on like grim death to the uprights, but out came the pins, and away they went too. I dropped about six feet and caught one of the lower rungs. It held me for about a second, and then carried away. I grabbed frantically at a lower one, and it came too. Then another, and another, my

velocity all the time increasing, till I came "souse" into the water, having stripped nearly every vestige of the ladder away in my descent, not to mention a ton or two of dirt and gravel. I went clean to the bottom of the "sump," as the foot of the shaft where the water lies is called. It was about ten or twelve feet deep, and I got to the surface as quickly as I could struggle through all the *debris* that had littered down the shaft. I managed to fix two poles transversely a little above the water, and, scrambling on to them, sat down to consider the situation.

The "proceedin's struck me as bein' highly irreg'lar," as an eminent Californian judge remarked when a disappointed litigant knocked him off the Bench with a volume of the statutes. I was scratched and bruised from head to foot, but a careful examination disclosed no broken bones. I still had my little geologist's pick in my belt, and my candles were safe. It was night by this time, and, looking upwards, I could see the stars over the mouth of the shaft. They seemed quite low down, and just above it.

I lit one of my candles, and made a more careful survey. When I looked down I got rather a shock. The old shaft seemed to be a favourite suicide ground for the animal creation. There were five or six dead rattlesnakes, a couple of coyotes, some crows, an owl, and several other birds, all in various stages of decomposition, floating in the water amongst the broken sticks. Fortunately their perfume was lost upon me, as a bump on the nose in my fall had temporarily unfitted that organ for business purposes. I collected all the sound sticks I could gather, and began to build a scaffolding across the shaft. Then I built another about seven feet above that, and passed the timber of the lower one up on to that, drawing up the last of it with my waist-belt and some string I happened to have in my pocket.

About daybreak, judging by the light at the top of the shaft, I was getting on famously, and must have been about thirty feet above the water when I got into bad holding ground in the sides of the shaft. I leant my weight on a transverse stick, and about a ton of earth came away with it. I followed the earth after a moment's delay, went to the bottom of the "sump" again, and on coming to the surface renewed my acquaintance with the rattlesnakes, coyotes, and other carrion.



I LIT ONE OF MY CANDLES, AND MADE A MORE CAREFUL SURVEY.

I was a bit discouraged, but after a smoke—fortunately my tobacco, being "plug," was not so wet that it would not smoke, and my pipe, though broken, had still enough stem left to get

a "draw" out of it — I recommenced the laborious work of platform-building. My efforts were not attended with success, and I again went into the "sump" in a hurry. It was getting beyond a joke, for it was near the second night out, and it might be weeks before anyone came that way. I had tied up my horse so firmly that there was small chance of his breaking away and going back with the saddle on to the Mexican ranche, and thereby giving the alarm. I was hungry too—and sleepy. I ate a bit of my second candle, had a drink of the water that all the carrion was floating about in, and then, strange to say, slept like a top on half-a-dozen saplings which I fixed across the shaft about two feet above the water.

I must have slept for a long time, for the sun was shining into the shaft when I awoke. I was breakfasting frugally on a small piece of candle, when I heard the most welcome sound I ever heard in my life. It came from the surface, and it was a human voice that called: "Hello, there?"

"Hello," answered I.

"What the deuce are you doin' down there?" came the voice.

"Waiting to get out," said I.

"How did you get in?" queried the voice.

"Fell down the shaft," was the answer.

"More fool you!" was the comment. "Wait here till I come back."

"I won't run away. Don't fret about that," I answered, and then, with a feeling of great inward satisfaction, I lit a fresh pipe with my last match.

It seemed hours before my discoverer came back. He rode my horse over to the Mexican ranche, where he got some green-hide ropes and enlisted the services of the Mexican. Between them they pulled me to the surface, taking a turn of the rope round the little tree and "yanking" me up a few feet at a time.

THEY PULLED ME TO THE SURFACE, TAKING A TURN OF THE ROPE ROUND THE TREE, AND "YANKING" ME UP A FEW FEET AT A TIME.

My rescuer was good old Jim Arkell, a veteran prospector and pioneer in Mariposa and Tuolumne counties. He had seen my horse on the previous day when he passed along the trail some distance away. Seeing it still in the same place next day, he surmised that something must be wrong, and on coming over to the mine found the boards off the mouth of the shaft, and my hat and coat lying on the ground.

Old Jim came along with me as far as Johnny Grapes's vineyard, where we had a time of rejoicing. I believe that nothing short of the Jackass brandy of local production would have taken the taste of the water in that infernal pit out of my mouth. I made a report to Captain Pascoe in which I pointed out that I had gone thoroughly into the mine, and had prospected it right to the bottom more than once. On the strength of my report Captain Pascoe bought it. Last time I saw him he said he was satisfied with his purchase. As he turned it into a company of "Eastern Investors," I can well believe he is. But I should like to hear their views.

THE AMERICAN'S REVENGE

by Eugene Mouton.

ON HIS return from Cochin China, where France had not then set foot, one of my friends came to dine with me one day, as well as Congourdan, the captain of the corsair, *La Bonne Mère*. As usual, the new arrival took the lead in the conversation. He described the manners of the Siamese, and, in due course, came to the strange and horrible punishments which, as everybody knows, are among the most marked peculiarities of this very remarkable people.

When a subject of this kind is introduced into a conversation, you know how difficult it is to drive it away—a sort of mysterious attraction always brings it back again. In despair I had recourse to the worthy captain.

"What do you say to those charming traits of national character, captain?" I asked. "To listen to these stories makes me think that it would be better to fall into the clutches of a gorilla or a monster octopus, as you have done, than into the grip of a man!"

"You are right," he replied; "*I've* bought that knowledge at a heavy price."

"You have fallen into the hands of the Siamese?"

"No; into the hands of one of my enemies. But, white as he was, he treated me in such a way that your Siamese and Cochin Chinese tortures are mere ticklings in comparison with what he made me suffer."

I could not help saying, pressingly: "Tell us about it." To which he replied:—

"My dear friend, you cannot imagine what the life of a sailor is. It is not only the accidents of the sea he has to count with. You make a good passage—all goes well; you don't so much as break a hawser; you land your cargo—not a bale damaged. You re-load, and put your bill of lading in your pocket. Good back freight; good crew. You pat yourself on the chest, and say: 'Marius, my boy, you've done a winning stroke of business.'

"Oh! it always comes upon you when and from where you least expect it! A tile as big as a house falls crash upon your head. That's just what happened to me at Mobile, about eight o'clock one fine November morning, and you'll see whether I could have been on the look-out for it.

"My vessel was at the lading-quay. I went on shore over a single plank, almost always alone; for my crew, with the exception of two men to keep watch, were about in the city or its neighbourhood. It was not too hot; it wanted two hours of breakfast time, and I said to myself:—

"'Suppose you go and see the consignee?'

"This gentleman, who was a Marseillais, and whom I knew well, lived about half-a-league out of the city. The way to his house was along the river on a well-kept road, shaded with trees and bordered with country houses and gardens.

"I had gone about a third of the way without having seen anybody besides a sort of red-headed giant, dressed as a hunter, who had followed me out of the city. He passed me once or twice, then fell back, then advanced again. These tactics were beginning to annoy me, because in that country, as you know, one must always be upon one's guard. Continuing my way, and without seeming to do it purposely, I turned round and looked at him, at the same time moving my hand towards my revolver and glancing at my belt, to see that my knife was within easy reach.

"I had not time to raise my head, my dear friend, before I was stretched upon the ground like an ox, half-strangled by a lasso, which the scoundrel had thrown over my head. I put up my hands to save my throat; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he dragged me into a garden, the gate of which slammed to behind him, and I became unconscious.

"When I recovered my senses I was seated in a chair, my arms and legs free, in the midst of a garden filled with flowers. Before me stood a group of evil-looking men, foremost among whom I recognised a tall rascal of an American sailor, who, three years earlier, had almost caused my crew to mutiny. But I had made him pay dearly for his freak, by first giving the wet and then the dry hold.

"You don't know what the wet hold means? You are lashed along a spar, then drawn by a pulley up to one end of the main-yard, from which height you are three times dropped into the sea and hauled under the ship's keel. For the dry hold, you are three times made to drop upon the deck.

"He had begged and prayed, and thrown himself upon his knees before me like a child; but I never go back on my word. When he came out of the water the third time he was mad with fear and anger. When they began to haul him up for the dry hold his yells were so frightful as to make the whole crew shudder—I even saw some of them inclined to snivel; but I looked at them, and that *didn't* last long, I tell you! Then he uttered such threats against me as I have never heard in all my life. As you may suppose, I merely shrugged my shoulders—but that did not prevent my keeping a close eye upon him all the rest of the voyage, during which he did his work without incurring any further punishment.

"I RECOGNISED A TALL RASCAL OF AN AMERICAN SAILOR."

"At the end of the passage, when we landed at Havre, he came very respectfully, hat in hand, to settle his account; but, when he had signed a receipt and pocketed his money, he clapped his hat upon his head, and, seizing my hand, said to me:—

"'Now that you have no more power over me, captain, if you will take a word of advice from me, never let me meet you out of France!'

"I was not much disquieted by this threat, though I determined to bear it in mind, knowing that he was quite capable of carrying it into execution. But in the long run one forgets things, and I ceased to remember him, though I had written conspicuously on the cover of my log-book, on the front page of my pocket-book, and on the outside of my case of charts: 'Beware of the American.' So that, on seeing him before me surrounded by his pals, I was astonished only at one thing—to find myself still living; but I quite understood that that fact did not go for much.

"'Captain Marius Congourdan,' he asked, 'do you remember me?'

"'Enough of that,' I replied. 'You want to assassinate me—do it out of hand. But you are

a coward, and I despise you; and you don't make me fear you in the least.'

"I rose, with the intention of advancing up to them, but felt myself held back, and then perceived that I was fastened by a leathern belt and a long rope to an enormous balloon, secured by four ropes to as many trees.

"'Wretches!' I cried. 'At least you are not going to hang me?—it is only thieves or traitors that are hanged, and all that I have done in this world has been done openly and boldly!'

"The American advanced a step, and replied to me:—

"'Captain Congourdan, the punishment which is about to be inflicted on you is of my invention, and does not in any way resemble the penalties known on earth. For three years I have suffered by your order, and unjustly, for I was innocent. I have spent days and nights trying to invent a torture by which I could bring you to death through sufferings unknown in the history of man's ferocity. At length I have discovered *this!*'

"And he pointed to the balloon.

"'You need not trouble yourself to explain your purpose,' I said. 'You are angry with me—you have me in your power, and I cannot defend myself. Ah!—thousand millions of thunders!—if I only had you for five minutes on the deck of *Bonne Mère*—you and your crew of ruffians!'

"To this outbreak he paid no heed whatever, but bowed his head as if in an effort to concentrate his thoughts.

"'In the first place,' he said, 'understand that, in what I am going to do to you, I shall be carrying out a sentence regularly pronounced on you in accordance with Lynch Law. The men you see about you are American citizens, my friends, and it is in virtue of the verdict found by them that you are going to be punished.

"'As I wish you, if it be possible, to exhaust the measure of what a man may suffer,' he went on, 'you must be made to know, in advance, what is going to happen to you. Do not be afraid of dying too quickly. You just now asked whether we were going to hang you. Bah! that would be mere child's play! I might have had you broken up limb by limb, flogged to death, or inflicted on you one of those Chinese punishments, the mere recital of which makes one feel all goose-flesh; but that would not have satisfied me, and I have found something better. Without shedding a drop of your blood, without touching a hair of your head, I am going to make you pass through terrors and agonies unheard of in the history of human suffering!'

"'I am not afraid of pain,' I said. 'No living man can boast of ever having made me fear him, and that honour will not be yours, scoundrel that you are!'

"To tell the truth, my dear friend, I felt my heart sinking. He appeared to be so sure of his purpose, and the balloon had something about it so strange and mysterious, that, in spite of myself, I changed colour. He perceived this, and I saw in his face a smile of infernal satisfaction.

"'Perhaps you'll be better able to judge as to that presently,' he said. 'To assist you, I'll describe to you some of the torments you will have to pass through on your way to death. You will be slung by a stout belt of buffalo-hide beneath a balloon filled with gas. Shortly, when I give the word, the four ropes by which it is held will be detached, and it will rise, carrying you away with it into the air. It will continue to mount until, distended by the reduction of atmospheric pressure, it will burst and let you fall from a terrific height.

"'You will first feel your feet lifted from the ground, then sweep the points of the grass. Your arms and legs will agitate in space, and your body will swing over the abyss, growing from moment to moment deeper and deeper. You will feel yourself drawn into and absorbed by the void—terror, cold, stifling agony, will hold you for long hours suspended between all that there may be most terrifying in life and death! Now you are going to start! But, first, we'll walk you about for a few seconds to enable you to take leave of the earth. Look well at these trees, these flowers, this beautiful country, and, more than all, at this green sward, on which it is so pleasant to tread. In a few minutes you will have quitted all that, and you will never see it again!'

"At a sign made by him, four men detached the ropes holding the balloon to the trees, and all, keeping their distance, began to move away slowly. A sudden jerk threw me off my balance, but I was held up by the cord by which I was fastened to the machine.

"Then began a scene the mere memory of which makes my flesh creep. In the movement given to the balloon, it rose and fell, making the cord which sustained me now too short, now too long; now taking me off my feet, now causing my knees to bend under me; then jerking me up into the air miserably, like a marionette at the end of a string, the monsters who were inflicting this torture on me laughing all the time till their sides ached.

"Seeing this, I had for a moment an idea that the whole proceeding was nothing more than a bad joke, and that when they were tired of it, they would let me go; but the face of the American did not long allow me to deceive myself.

"When he had gloated on the sight long enough, he cried in a loud voice: 'Stop!'

"The four men halted, and I regained my feet. He then called to one of the gang, who brought him a big bottle, a large piece of roast beef, and a loaf of bread in a net bag. Two men held me by the arms, while a third fastened the bag to my belt.

"'As I don't know how long you will take to die,' he said, 'I should be sorry to leave you to expire of hunger and thirst. Here you will find food and drink for three days. By the way, don't hope to make yourself drunk—the bottle only contains water with a little bandy in it, sufficient to keep up your strength and prolong your existence. Now you have half-an-hour to think of your spiritual affairs—that over, your sentence will be carried out.'

"I cannot describe to you, and you cannot imagine, my dear friend, the horrors of that half-hour! At length he looked at his watch.

"'Let go one rope,' he cried. Then, after a pause, which seemed to me not more than a fraction of a second, he shouted again, 'Another! Another!'

"Held now only by a single rope, the balloon began to sway, but was held down by four strong men. Then, as if to enjoy my agony for the last time, the American came slowly towards me, with one of his gang. He placed himself in front of me so near as almost to touch me. I could easily have seized and strangled him, but I said to myself:—

"'Who knows? There is still, perhaps, a spark of pity in his heart. If I make a gesture he has but one word to say.' He said it!

"Suddenly, as if moved by a spring, he raised his head, flashed at me a glance of triumph, made a sign for the rope to be released, and said to me, with a laugh that could only be uttered by a demon:—

"'Good voyage to you, Captain Marius Congourdan—we are now quits!'

"'Not yet,' I cried, and, seizing him by the hand, I carried him up with me. My American struggled, tried to force open my fingers, but found the attempt to be useless, and as the balloon was rising, was only able to clutch the hand of the friend who, as I told you, was at his side. But the balloon dragged him upwards. Fastened as I was by the waist-belt, the weight of these two men caused me to hang with my head downwards and my feet in the air. But that position, awkward as it was, gave me the free use of my two hands, and I seized him with my other hand. He could do nothing, and hung between the friend he was holding and myself, who would not let him go.

"LIKE A MARIONETTE AT THE END OF A STRING."

"'Courage, Marius!' I said to myself; 'so long as you hold on, the balloon will not mount far, and there may be time for help to arrive!'

"At that moment I heard a frightful crash on the side of the garden gate—the wooden barrier flew into splinters, and a dozen of my sailors, led by my little cabin-boy, Benoni, dashed across the flower-beds. But the balloon swayed upwards so much that the friend, feeling

ground no longer under his feet, cried to the American: 'I must leave you.'

"As he spoke he opened his hand, but the other gripped it only the more tightly.

"'Let go, or I'll cut your hand away!' cried the friend, at the same time drawing a keen-edged bowie knife, and slashing at the American's fingers, which instantly relaxed their hold, and the balloon, lightened by 150lbs. weight, took flight. All this needed only a few seconds to enact. When my sailors came up, the balloon was yet not more than fifty feet from the ground, and, as the rope was thirty feet long to which I was fastened, and the American was hanging below me, we were only a few feet out of reach. But I was beyond assistance, and could only call out to my men: 'Good-bye, lads!'

"Up, up went the balloon. Below me I saw my sailors turn for a moment, mad with rage, to the spot whence the balloon had mounted; then, like a troop of tigers, they dashed upon the gang of scoundrels, who, with their noses in the air, were thinking only of the American.

"In spite of the frightful position in which I was placed, I could see the whole of the two parties gathered as if into a black ball, out of which issued a dozen pistol-shots. But I had other things to think of. I still clutched the American with both hands. The wretch writhed like a shark on a hook, and roared frightfully. But it was all of no use; no power in the world could make me quit my hold on him; my hands were riveted to his.

"'Mercy! Mercy!' he cried.

"'Mercy? You are a nice fellow to ask mercy of *me!* I shall let you go—but not just yet. Do you understand what I mean by that?'

"'Save me, and I will save you! Hold me by my wounded hand, and leave the other free. I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make a rent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"MY HANDS OPENED, AND I SAW HIM GO DOWN."

"You must be hanging five hundred feet in the air to realise what one feels on hearing that word 'earth'! In a moment I seized his left hand and let go the other. He drew his revolver and fired. But we had not taken into account the swaying of the balloon, which was untouched, and went on mounting higher and higher.

"He let his revolver fall, and again seized me with his freed hand; but the blood of his wounded hand was gradually making it slip through my grip. I had no strength to hold him; I was exhausted.

"My hands opened — he uttered a shriek—and I saw him go down, turning over in the void, like a bale of merchandise thrown into the sea.

"Down to that point I had remained conscious of my situation, though I had begun to feel dizzy, owing to the flow of blood into my head; but, on returning to an upright posture, I felt like a drunken man become sobered. But, then!—but, then! Hanging face downwards, by my belt, I could have sworn that the earth was above me! I stretched out my hands, my feet, in a mad effort to clutch it—to hold on to it!

"At the same moment, something more terrible still, perhaps, happened to me. Whether it was owing to a rising of the wind, or to the lightening of the balloon by the fall of the American, I began to feel a rolling movement, becoming more and more violent, till my body swayed backwards and forwards over a space of fifty or sixty feet. Every time I reached the highest point there was a jerk which nearly broke my back, and I said to myself: 'The rope will break!' And, indeed, I do not know why it did not snap asunder. As often as I felt the upward sway beginning I shut my eyes and murmured: 'It's all over!'

"How long this went on I cannot tell you, for after a while I lost consciousness—happily, or otherwise I should have gone mad.

"With the recovery of my senses, I began to

"I STILL CLUTCHED THE AMERICAN WITH BOTH HANDS."

think of all that I could possibly do in my situation. First, I noticed that my girdle had shifted considerably below my waist, and that fact suggested to me the idea that I might be able to get it still lower—into such a position that, by clinging to the rope to which it was attached, I might turn it into a seat. After many efforts, I succeeded in achieving this change of posture, and so obtaining enormous bodily relief. My spirits rose, and, after resting for awhile, I said to myself:—

"'Courage, Marius! You'll be able to save yourself after all, perhaps! You have got a seat instead of being hung. None of your bones are broken; you have a stout rope between your hands—and a sailor can do many things with a rope. You don't want for food, and—talking of victuals and drink—a moment, just now, would be well spent in tasting the contents of your wallet.'

"A quarter of an hour later, after having eaten a good lump of roast beef, washed down with three or four mouthfuls of grog, I had recovered my usual *sang froid*. Looking up at the balloon above me, I said to myself:—

"'You'll do nothing by staying down here at the end of a rope that is bound to break under you sooner or later.'

"I tried to draw myself up to the balloon, hand over hand; but it was beyond my exhausted powers. Half-a-dozen times I repeated the endeavour, but vainly; and the last time my remains of strength suddenly deserted me. I lost courage—relaxed my hold, and fell back, groaning:—

"'I'm done for!'

"If my legs had been straightened out, I should have slipped through the belt, and all would have been over; fortunately, they were hooked at the knees, and the shock which I sustained when they caught in it told me that I was not yet lost.

"As you may imagine, my dear friend, I did not allow myself to remain long in that position; in a very few moments I regained my sitting posture.

"'Thousand thunders, no!' I said to myself, after resting awhile, 'it shall never be said that Captain Marius Congourdan lost his life through being unable to swarm up thirty feet of rope. But what you have first to do is to recover some of your strength, and then to find some means of resting on the road, while you are hauling yourself up hand over hand.' That problem posed me; for I could see no possible way of re-fastening my belt to the rope higher up with less than the use of three hands.

"I believe I fairly howled with rage on coming to this conclusion; I even went so far as to seize the maddening rope in my teeth and to dig my whole thirty-two ivory nippers into it. Miracle! I had found a third hand in my jaws!

"I GRIPPED ONE OF THEM."

"I lost not a moment in setting to work. I advanced gently; one, two, and a grip of my teeth; then, letting the rope go with both hands, I untied the knot at my belt, drew in the slack, and, as well as I could, re-tied the rope, of which there was now three feet less above me. I then resumed my sitting posture, and rested a bit.

"Three times I repeated this operation, and at last found myself hanging only two feet below the cords of the net—near enough to seize hold of them. I gripped one of them, and in a few moments was touching the balloon. In that position I felt almost reassured, and began really to hope that I should be able to save myself. The solid machine, which hid a portion of the sky above me, seemed like a sheltering roof.

"I scratched with my nails the material of which the balloon was made, and found it much stronger than I had imagined it to be; it was coated with a hard varnish, and was so tightly stretched that it was impossible to make any impression on its surface.

"'The thing to be done now is to make this big ball descend,' I said to myself; 'but how?' More than ten times in succession I repeated, as a way of encouraging myself, the words of the American: 'I have a revolver—I will fire into the balloon—make a vent for the gas to escape—and in a quarter of an hour we shall reach the earth!'

"I repeated those words like a madman. Oh

once again to see trees, flowers, houses, men!—to feel gravel crunch under my feet! Ah, my poor ship—my *Bonne Mère!* To be once more on her deck in fair weather at sunrise, my crew lying right and left of me and singing gaily, while I, lounging on my quarter-deck, with a good cigar between my lips, hum some little Marseillais air. Ah! though I have to tear it open with my teeth, I must—however I do it—make an opening in that great bag of gas!'

"I plunged my right hand into one of my pockets and drew forth my knife—a dagger knife, with a blade sharp enough and strong enough to rip open a rhinoceros. I opened it, and plunged it into the balloon. Misery! I struck the point against one of the knots in the netting—the blade snapped and fell into space, leaving the handle in my grasp. For a few moments I felt petrified, then, seized with despair, I was strongly inclined to release my hold, and so at once to put an end to my sufferings.

"But I am not a man to give in so easily as that. I soon regained my courage, and searched amongst all the objects I had about me for something with which to pierce the balloon. I broke a franc piece between my teeth; but it was not pointed enough. For a moment I thought of breaking my bottle and using the foot of it for a knife, but I reflected that I should deprive myself of the drink which had sustained me, and of which I might still have need.

"After once more vainly searching in all my pockets, with a feeling of despair I passed my hand round my waist-band, and felt a sharp prick in one of my fingers—the buckle of my trousers! With an almost frantic movement I tore it from the band to which it was attached, and found that it had three sharp prongs. These I plunged into the balloon as high as I could reach. Three hisses burst from it, swelling into a whistle like that of a blacksmith's forge. The balloon had begun to empty itself! To say that it began to descend was more than I knew, for it did not seem to change its position in the least. At the end of a few minutes, however, I felt positively that the cold was diminishing, and that I could breathe more freely.

"A fresh uneasiness overtook me. The material of which the balloon was made was rent, and the slit was perceptibly growing longer and longer.

"'If that goes on,' I said to myself, 'the balloon will open from bottom to top, and you and it will fall in a mass!'

"Fortunately, the meshes of the net afforded me a little hope, for on reaching the cord the opening appeared to stop. That calmed me somewhat, and I took advantage of the relief to look below me.

"I assure you, my dear friend, if I had not been in such a cruel position, I should have thought the spectacle which met my eyes one of the most beautiful a man could look upon. All about me was brilliant sunlight, unbroken by the least speck of mist. Beneath me—three or four hundred feet—rolled a sea of clouds, half black, half fire-red, as if I had been descending into a blazing coal-furnace. In a few minutes we reached it and were enveloped in a mist, first white, then grey, then nearly black; then I heard a dull, booming sound, and felt a furious gust of wind: then came a frightful burst of lightning and thunder, with torrents of rain and hail, the stones as big as pigeons' eggs. One flash of lightning passed through, so that I could see as plainly as in broad daylight.

"I was horribly alarmed, as you may easily imagine—and yet, when I think of what I then saw, when I recall how I was dazzled by those morsels of ice, illuminated by the lightning flashes, falling like a shower of inflamed pearls

"A FRIGHTFUL BURST OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.'

and diamonds, I wish I could see it all again—but not from the cords of a balloon.

"The thunderstorm lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then gradually subsided, the clouds becoming every moment lighter. A warm breath of wind shook the balloon and turned it round. The mist grew thinner and thinner, and, by degrees, as through a gauze veil, I perceived beneath me an immense stretch of green and yellow—it was the earth.

"At sight of the earth I went out of my senses. I shouted, I wept, I sang songs, I flung my limbs about as if I had been dancing. Alas! my good friend, my joy was not to last long.

"I felt a burning and powerful wind, and concluded from that that the balloon would be carried swiftly before it. Looking at the sun, which was getting low, I saw that we were going towards the north-west. I was making these observations when, twice in rapid succession, I heard a 'Slish! slish!' and, looking up, saw with alarm that the rent I had made in the balloon had increased over the space of two meshes of the net, and had become at least a foot and a-half long. The discovery filled me with apprehension of the machine descending too rapidly. Against that there was no remedy—I could only trust to fortune, and pray that Providence would not, after all, abandon me.

"On we whirled. The space below me changed colour; one part became a pale and unbroken plain of blue, another a dark green streaked with deep yellow or light brown. I comprehended that the blue part was the sea, the other the land. The balloon gave a fresh 'Slish!' followed speedily by two more.

"The sounds sent a thrill of terror through me, but, on looking up and seeing the increased rent, I only said: 'Split if you must—I can do no more!' But I still hoped that we might reach the ground before the rent extended from bottom to top. At the rate at which we were being sent along, the end of the voyage could not be far off; for I felt the hair of my head lifted by the air through which we were driven. Every moment the colours beneath became more positive; every moment objects separated themselves from the plain. Ah!—a mountain!—a wood!—a rock!—a prairie!—a lake! The lake grew wider—wider; trees sprang up on the borders of it—became enormous. The balloon descended towards it—lower, lower. A flight of birds sped across the water. Sounds came up from the earth—the cry of beasts. The wind made the balloon deviate a little from its course, and it was so violent as nearly to prevent my breathing.

"I WAS SAVED!"

"On, on we are whirled. We are not more than sixty feet from the water! The wind grows stronger, we fly more quickly; but the gas is escaping, the balloon is splitting—is falling lower and lower; we are within thirty feet of the water! Another thirty feet and we shall touch the shore; twenty feet more and I am in the water! A furious gust raises the balloon a few feet; one more—and I am saved!

"The gust exhausted itself. The balloon continued to descend, the wind driving it to within two paces of the shore at the foot of a ledge of rock. I drew my body out of my belt, and, swinging myself with my hands, dropped into the water, swam to the rock, and clutched hold of it. I was saved!"

T. CROMWELL LAWRENCE

SOME SCHOOL FOOTBALL RESULTS.

RUGBY.

SCHOOL	Matches				Points For	Points Against
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn		
Blundell's	11	8	3	—	303	48
Bromsgrove	11	7	4	—	?	?
Carlisle	5	2	2	1	56	51
Christ's College (Blackheath)	12	12	—	—	339	30
Denstone	11	10	—	1	383	13
Durham	9	5	3	1	?	?
Epsom	10	4	6	—	175	119
George Heriot's (Edinburgh)	15	12	2	1	153	32
Glasgow Academy	16	13	3	—	280	32
Kent Coast College	26	18	6	2	90	36
King's College School	13	9	3	1	195	51
Launceston	21	15	6	—	76	37
Llandovery	9	1	7	1	38	104
Merchant Taylors'	22	13	8	1	?	?
Mill Hill	16	7	9	—	204	183
Newcastle Modern	12	9	2	1	130	53
Oundle	8	5	2	1	?	?

ASSOCIATION.

SCHOOL	Matches				Goals For	Goals Against
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn		
Aldenham	17	10	4	3	52	42
Bradfield	12	4	6	2	27	24
Brighton	14	6	4	4	42	31
Carpenters' Company's Technical Institute	17	11	5	1	70	51
Cheltenham (Dean Close)	18	11	6	1	73	33
Chester (King's School)	19	12	5	2	107	30
Chigwell	15	12	3	—	66	19
Earl's Colne	15	13	—	2	73	11
Highgate	11	3	7	1	21	35
Lancing	16	8	6	2	44	40
Oswestry	9	7	2	—	50	9
Owen's (Islington)	15	13	1	1	97	12
Portsmouth	15	7	7	1	39	42
Prior Park (Bath)	13	9	2	2	53	18
Reading	12	9	3	—	65	24
Repton	9	6	3	—	34	19
Stonyhurst	6	1	4	1	17	25
Wantage (King Alfred's)	17	10	7	—	48	35
Woolston	29	14	10	5	?	?

These lists were compiled with great difficulty, owing to the unbusinesslike way in which secretaries sent in their results. Returns which have come in since this number was sent to press will be published in our August number.

DRESS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THINKING that the public mind might be interested in the above at the present moment, we have made inquiries at four of the great schools, and append results:—

ETON.

Here a boy wears top hat, "Etons," and a black tie; his trousers must *always* be turned up. He must stick to black boots. When he reaches the height of 5ft. 5ins. he dons a black swallow-tail coat, a low collar, and a white tie. Also his great-coat collar must *always* be turned up.

The first eleven and the "boats" may wear white flannels and white ducks respectively; for all others grey flannels are *de rigueur*.

RUGBY.

Black coat and waistcoat, and black tie are compulsory. No one may wear brown boots, fancy waistcoats, or scarf pins.

CHARTERHOUSE.

The costume is as follows:—Black coat and waistcoat, ordinary trousers, black tie. This must not even have a pattern on it for the first two years of a boy's time. None but black boots are allowed. Even when going home for an *exeat* no "first year" boy may wear coloured tie or button-hole, or carry a stick. No scarf-pins are ever worn, and no fancy waistcoats. Top hats are never used, but bowlers only. All caps have to be worn with the peak behind, except by the first eleven.

HARROW.

All boys in the Sixth and Fifth have to wear a black tail-coat, just like an evening dress-coat. In the Lower School they wear black "Etons." Waistcoats generally black; those that launch out in this line are promptly restricted. The hat is a shallow straw, held by an elastic at the back, and this is worn all the year round. No brown boots under any circumstances. The eleven wear a speckled straw instead of white.

(FROM THE *Eastbournian*.)

BILL STICKERS.

Apropos of a young lady, on seeing the notice "Bill Stickers will be Prosecuted," asking what the poor man had done.

I.

WHO knows not of the "Wandering Jew,"
Pursued till life's lamp flickers?
But sweet his fate compared, I ween,
With Stickers—William Stickers!

II.

He lurks in grimy, smoky lanes
'Mid fumes of noisome "*vickers*."
Where man abides no peace can be
For persecuted Stickers.

III.

In Fashion's parks, where nobles stride,
And swells with golden "tickers,"
The blood-red letters meet the eye—
"Beware! O William Stickers!"

IV.

No saving influence reaches him,
No curates, rectors, vicars;
And headlong, free from fear of sin,
Goes heedless William Stickers.

V.

Some name him low, immersed in gloom,
While quaffing noxious liquors,
But never yet has Christian seen
Ubiquitous Bill Stickers!

VI.

He's never caught, though often seen,
Close leagued with pocket-pickers;
Himself must rest in mystery,
We know him but as "Stickers."

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

I MUST ask contributors to bear in mind that they must only send *original matter* for publication in these pages.

One year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN is this month awarded to HARRY LEVEN, Ivy House, Farndon, Byfield, Northants, for his poem entitled "Rugger Recessional."

Rugger Recessional.

There's a field among the elm trees
  Where my fancies often stray,
And I hear the fellows shouting
  On a sunny winter day.
With their—
  "School! School!
Oh, well run sir; nicely done, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOOL!"

And I draw my arm-chair closer
  Whilst I poke the fire again,
And once more I find the touch-line,
  And I hear, amidst the rain,
Echoes—
  "School! School!
Well picked up, sir; well kicked up, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOOL!"

Ah! those days are far behind me,
  And my hair is turning grey;—
Far away the chaps are shouting
  Where the stately elm trees sway.
With their—
  "School! School!
Oh, well passed, sir; neatly grassed, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOOL!"

And I might grow sentimental
  As I see that happy crowd,
If I did not hear an echo
  Of a cry—once shrill and loud—
With its—
  "School! School!
Play the game, sir; just the same, sir.
  WELL—PLAYED—SCHOO-OO-OOL!"

HARRY LEVEN.

A Cycle Tour.

"A. K.'s" inquiry in your April number raises the query, "How, when, and where?" as the cost of the tour is so much enhanced if one stays overnight at fashionable resorts in the height of the season.

A friend and I had a very enjoyable tour through the Scottish Highlands last July-August, and perhaps some particulars may be of interest to "A. K."

Starting to ride from Dundee, we spent about a fortnight, breaking the journey at the following places: Pitlochry, Kingussie, Inverness, Fort William, Oban, Arrochar, Largs, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. Excepting the steamer from Helensburgh to Greenock we rode all the way over good roads. We took a complete change of clothes for each, in a small trunk, which we sent on every morning by rail, and found waiting our arrival in the afternoon. Being members of the C.T.C., we got a discount of 2d. or 3d. in the shilling off our hotel bills, and the total cost of the tour averaged 8s. per diem. This included bedroom, dinner, and breakfast at the hotels, and for lunch we had oatcake and butter with milk at a farm-house *en route*.

ROBERT DAVISON.

With the Mails to the Fleet.

When the Diamond Jubilee Fleet was assembled at Portsmouth, I was enabled, through the agency of friends, to make a trip on torpedo boat No. 72, which was at the time I mention engaged in carrying the mails to the foreign vessels of the immense armament then lying at Spithead. The mail bags were lying in confusion about the deck, each being labelled with the name of the vessel for which it was intended. They were extremely light, and could not have contained more than half a dozen letters each. Passing through the lines of British ironclads, we reached the foreign line, and made our first call at the cruiser that represented Siam. A rope was thrown us, to which the mail bag was attached; it was then hauled on board. We also received in return another bag containing the letters of the crew. This cruiser, which is used as the Emperor's yacht, was beautifully ornamented and fitted up; her officers carried daggers in the place of swords. Next, we ran alongside of the large Italian battleship. "That is the finest vessel in the fleet," observed one of our crew. Well, so she certainly was to look at, but I could not help thinking that all her elaborate gold decoration and beautiful fittings would not stand for much in an engagement.

Passing the Japanese battleship, painted grey, with the peculiar flag of her nation—bearing a

SENT BY ALFRED FELL.

crude representation of the sun—flying at her yard-arm, we called upon the cruiser of the "Dons," and were not prepossessed in her favour by the extreme tardiness of her crew in throwing us a rope, which, in spite of the angry hails and demands of our crew, was quite five minutes before it arrived. This incident, I thought, was characteristic of the Spanish nation. After this we arrived at the U.S. cruiser *Brooklyn*, an extremely fine vessel painted entirely white; her crew were squatting lazily about the deck. She afterwards played an important part in the Hispano-American war.

Passing the French cruiser with her long ram showing above water, and also the Norwegian, Danish, and German vessels, for which there were no letters, we made our final call on the large Russian cruiser *Rossio*, which, having four funnels, greatly resembles *H.M.S. Terrible*. We now returned to the dockyard jetty, and thus ended a very enjoyable and interesting trip.

H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Impression of the Music of a fine Organ.

(Written after losing a sovereign.)

Splendidly loud, grand, and strong.
Majestic, full, and slow,
Like a golden dream the melody stream,
Entranced my heart in its flow.

And as throughout that mighty hall
Thundered the stately roll,
The undefined rose in my mind
And surged in my swelling soul.

Methought I saw dread ghastly strife
Rush shrieking from her den,
Mad with wrath, shrieking forth
Her lust for the blood of men.

Methought I heard the agony gasp
Of weary, straining flight;
Then the swift blast came roaring past,
Glorying in his plight.

Etc., etc.

TOBY.

P.S.—I have just lost £1; it makes me feel awfully soft.

Hidden Places.

Have you read my book? (river).

I should do better than Ethel (island).

Can you take Carl to Newton? (town).

The Cyclists' Touring Club (river).

He came last night, and gave to Ned endless presents (four rivers).

SPHINX JUNIOR.

According to Circumstances.

An Englishman and an Irishman met one day, and the former, wishing to have some fun with Pat, asked him if he was good at measurement?

"I am that," said Pat.

"Then, could you tell me how many skirts I could get out of a yard?" asked the Englishman.

"Well," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you get into."

P. LOGAN.

UNVEILING OF JUDGE HUGHES' STATUE AT RUGBY SCHOOL.

Presence of Mind.

This incident, which has the additional value of being true, clearly shows what great advantage presence of mind gives to the possessor.

Years ago, when my grandfather was a young man, a gentleman friend, who had been studying hard to be a solicitor, called in to spend the night with him and his brother.

They thought that the gentleman appeared very funny during the evening, but had very little idea of what was to follow.

During my grandfather's absence from the room, the gentleman took out a large pocket knife and showed it to my uncle. He gripped him by the wrist and said: "Wouldn't this be a nice knife to cut a man's throat with?"

My uncle replied that it would be splendid, and offered to sharpen it on his own knife.

The gentleman, thoroughly taken in by the straight face which my uncle was keeping, handed over his knife.

My uncle, after searching his pockets, exclaimed:—

"Oh, dear me! I've left my knife upstairs; let me go and fetch it." He then left the room, keeping his eyes fixed on the lunatic as he did so.

When he had got clear, he rushed up to my grandfather, who was very athletic. It was some time before they got the gentleman to bed, but at last they succeeded in doing so, and locking the door on him.

In the morning the gentleman was sent to an asylum.

N. R. Rawson.

A COMPLETE SENTENCE IS GIVEN IN THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATION. WHAT IS IT?

(Guy Centaro, Florence.)

More about that Hektograph.

(In reply to "K. R. W.")

The first thing to do is to soak 4ozs. of gelatine (such as used for cooking purposes) or good glue in an ordinary jam jar (gelatine is better, as it gives a much clearer copy) until it is *quite* soft; then strain off the water, leaving just enough, say three per cent., in ratio to the gelatine. Then put the mixture in jar into a saucepan nearly full of water, heat the whole until the water is quite boiling; then add 16ozs. of glycerine, and mix thoroughly, leaving the mixture to get quite liquefied (stirring the whole time); after that, pour in tray and leave in a cool place to set.

The ink is made by mixing: 1oz. aniline dye and nearly 3ozs. of glycerine and water.

Hoping that those whom I have inconvenienced will excuse my mistake, which I did not notice until it was pointed out, I remain, tendering apologies,

T. H. D.

P.S.—The copy will die out in about four hours' time if the ink is made by the last recipe.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

R. Bruce Chambers.—Your verses display distinct ability, but here and there they are halting. Your "Midshipmite" in the May number pleased me very much, and possessed the "swing" which this poem on Ladysmith somewhat lacks. Do not try to climb too high at first. Be simple, natural, and melodious, and never go out of your way to coin loud-sounding phrases. Wait till a poem "bubbles" out—don't *force* the Muse.—**W. W. Goalen.**—Have handed your letter to the writer of

THE SCOTS GREYS IN EDINBURGH.

(Photograph by Robt. Ewald.)

the article. Your steamships are delicately drawn. —**H. E. Inger.**—Kindly inform me whether the anagrams you sent were original or not.—**H. A. Dawson.**—Your writing makes me wink. If a contribution is worth sending, surely it is worth your while to write it clearly in good black ink on nice clean paper. **Ethel Day.**—A little more time, trouble, and pruning would have improved your verses. Next time put each poem on a separate sheet of paper. Your "Lullaby" is the best of the three. Touched up here and there it might be suitable for setting to music. Thanks for your charming letter. **H. B. W.**—"Kelpie" very fair. Try again—something simpler. **T. C. Judson.**—Your hand-writing is considerably improved. I will print your little poem next month. **M. D.**—M'yes! I'm rather tired of poems on the war. Why not write one on "How I Stormed the Stale Cakes in the Refreshment Rooms at Kew Gardens"? **A. Cornali** (Bordeaux).—Sorry can't use the puzzle. Glad to hear French boys are taking to football so enthusiastically. **W. M. W.**—You seem to have had a lively afternoon. See measurements in June number. **A. E. Jones.**—Send a short, simple puzzle. The one you submit would take up too much space.

Contributions also received from: A. de Bear, A. B. Fearnley, S. H. Hodge, H. G. Garland, "H. L. D.," Ralph Wells, A. B. Rosher, J. K. Rankin, "Second Mate," John Cox, L. R. P. T., R. Adams, Charles Eastbury, "Bob-o'-Link" (Ontario), "Beacon," Arthur Maunder, R. C. Tharp, W. Nettleton, H. Barnshaw, "Scriptograph" (no name), J. G. Brown, R. West-Symes, "Quindecim," J. L. Rayner, H. Kitching, Francis English, W. Nunndey, "Oxford," C. Clarkson, M. Child, Crocodile, Dudley Morzley, Ernest Watson, T. V. B., Archie Adams.

N.B.—*Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number. Some accepted contributions, crowded out of this number, will appear in future issues.*

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 12th.

No. 1.—"**Mixed Lines.**" Put in their right order the following lines, which I have taken from a London evening paper. This is a more "mixed" paragraph than that one which related to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Three "Swan" Fountain Pens will be the prizes.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

summer, tired though he may feel from
about that in this case work means
when the time has come for him to
mering on the anvil had, and so it comes
over go into his garden and amuse
The village blacksmith rises early, and all
rake, working perhaps as hard at this
cease his labours at the forge in the
about it to that of his constant ham-
why? Because it is a "change," it is
his amusement, his brain is occupied with
his monotonous work, the chances are
work which has a different "smack"
work as he has been working at his forge,
that he will after his "day's work" is
himself with his spade, his hoe, or his
but this sort of labour does not tire him.
day long he wields his heavy hammer.
in a kind of way, "rest" to him.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"**Fags' Competition.**" A Cricket Bat (selected by Mr. Fry) will be awarded for the best essay on "Fagging." Not to exceed 400 words.

One class only ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"**Portrait of a British General.**" Three Sets of Drawing Materials will be awarded for the three best portraits of a British General, in pen, pencil, or colours.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 4.—"**My Father.**" Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best essays (not exceeding 400 words) on your father (or guardian).

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"**Description of Kruger**" Competition. For particulars see back of frontispiece.

No. 6.—"**Photograph Comp.**" Three Handsome "Mounting" Albums (for preserving photos in) will be presented to the readers sending the three best photographs of *people* (groups or single figures).

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

"**The fault** of all modern labour lies in the fact that there is no heart in anything we do—we seldom love our work for work's sake—we perform it solely for what we can get by it. Therein lies the secret of failure." — MARIE CORELLI.

"**Manners Makyth Man.**" — This is the Winchester motto. Some years ago a friend of mine—a newspaper reporter—went down to report an Eton *v.* Winchester match, played at the latter school. He found that a table had been supplied for the Press. He sat down, and the match started.

Presently a big Winchester boy, followed by a crowd of small boys, approached the table. The big boy felt that he was a very big boy—the small boys, that they were very small boys.

"Oh—ah!" said the big boy. "Are you a reporter?"

"Yes," replied my friend.

"Ah! Do you write for papers?"

"As a rule," said the Old Fag's friend.

"Ah! Shall you send a report of this match to the papers?"

"Yes," said my friend.

"*What* papers?"

"Oh, the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Standard*, and a few more."

"Oh—ah! Does it cost much money?"

"Yes, a good deal of money."

"Oh—ah!"

Then my friend looked up at the big boy.

"Oh—ah!" he said. "Are you a Winchester school-boy?"

"Yes, I am at Winchester"

Photo by R. F. Megginson.

"Indeed! And have you ever observed the motto of your school?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"The motto," said my friend, "is 'Manners Makyth Man.' When an impertinent school-boy looks over a gentleman's shoulder and asks him impertinent questions I like to remind him of that motto."

And the story goes that the big boy went away feeling considerably less big, because the small boys laughed at him.

Black and White Work.—As I am constantly receiving queries on this subject, here is a general reply to "One of the Old Brigade," "A. J. Judd," and many others. (1) Work in line — pen and ink — on Bristol board. A drawing is generally made larger for reproduction. (2) Yes; always enclose a stamped envelope, or stamps to cover postage, and always write your name and address on the back of sketches. (3) I advise you to work in line, as so many artists go in for wash drawing, and line will pay best in the long run. For wash drawings use Whatman's board. (4) When you have made a pen drawing, shade very lightly with a blue pencil the part on which you wish a tint to appear. The tint is put on by the engraver; but you should not get into the habit of using it too much, as it is apt to give the drawing a flat appearance. (5) See advertisements in the *Artist* or the *Studio* for the addresses of Schools of Art.

"**Reviews** of School Magazines" are held

OFF TO THE FRONT!
Sent by Gordon Barnsley.
(Each face represents a person well known to you.)

over till next month, as their space is occupied by "Football Results."

General Buller, you will be interested to hear, is probably the only living general—possibly the only British officer—who was educated at Eton *and* Harrow. "The fact is," writes "Harrovian," "he was here for two terms first, after which it was thought better that *his education should be continued elsewhere,* as he broke so many windows—and rules." So he went on to Eton, and the Thames air made him a much better boy.

Tallest Schoolboy.—A Marlborough boy writes: "Last term we boasted a collegiate whose height was *no less than 6ft. 8½ins.*! The most ponderous of the collegiates turns the scale at 14st. Surely this speaks well for the life and dietary that we enjoy here."

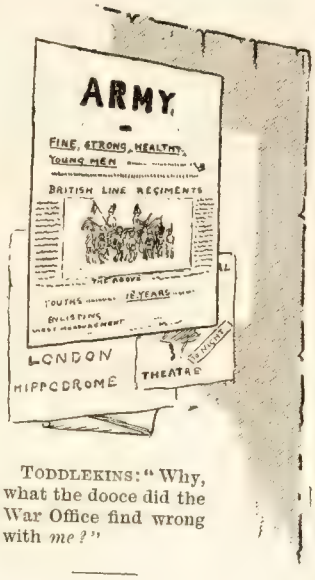
Father Christmas O.F.—During the first year of its existence THE CAPTAIN has awarded to his crew a total of 241 prizes. There have been 199 money prizes, which amount to £140 13s. 6d., and 110 volumes of THE CAPTAIN and other magazines. Readers have also been enriched by 1 brooch, 3 cricket bats, 1 watch, 9 fountain pens, 1 kodak, 1 gramaphone, 3 sets of drawing materials, 1 case of scent, 1 study clock, 1 silver-mounted blotter, 1 autograph or stamp album, 4 stamp packets, 8 stamp albums, and to 6 readers he has sent THE CAPTAIN free for one year. These prizes have been awarded in 119 comps.

[The above particulars have been forwarded to me by "Second Mate." I hope he has had something himself off this Christmas-tree.—O.F.]

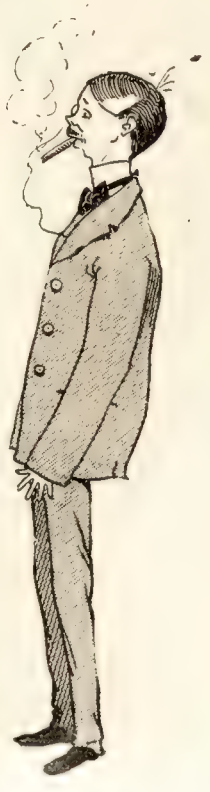
Stock Exchange Cricket Champions.—In the history of the Stock Exchange which Mr. Charles Duguid, of the *Westminster Gazette,* has compiled for the handsome *souvenir* of the institution which has just been issued, there are many references to the athletic and sporting proclivities of the members. A run to the top of the Monument and back to the Stock Exchange was arranged between two members on one occasion, and on another a walk to Brighton. But it is in cricket that the "House" excels. Amongst celebrated cricketers who are members of the Stock Exchange are the Hon. Ivo Bligh, Mr. C. J. Burnup, Mr. Stanley Christopher, Mr. A. P. Lucas, Mr. Gregor MacGregor, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, and Mr. K. J. Key. How many people know that all these are members of the Stock Exchange?

Public Schools and the War.—

DEAR SIR,—You will be interested to hear that even Clifton's splendid record of O.C.'s at the front (to which you draw attention in the current issue of THE CAPTAIN), is surpassed by one of our leading South African schools. St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, has no fewer than 230 of its sons fighting in the war. The Imperial Light Horse, on which the brunt of the hard fighting fell in Natal, was largely recruited from Old Andreans, a company of whom shared with the gallant Gordons the



TODDLEKINS: "Why, what the dooce did the War Office find wrong with *me?*"



By J. Dale.

honour of being the first to gain the crest of the ridge at the Battle of Elandslaagte.—Yours faithfully,

W. OWEN JENKINS
(Headmaster, Dio. Coll. School).

P.S.—THE CAPTAIN is much appreciated by our South African "Boys and Old Boys."

A Charity which boys should support is that known as the "National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children," 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London. Over 12,000 poor boys have benefited by the society, which supplies the crews for the training ships *Aretheusa* and *Chichester*. I think many schools might send one Sunday's chapel collections per annum to Mr. Henry G. Copeland, the secretary of this society.

British Amateur Literary Association.—I have been asked to make it known to "Special Pagers" that the above-named association has been established to stimulate literary activity among those who are devoted to literature, either as a hobby, or with the more serious view of ultimately adopting it as a profession. The annual subscription to the association is 3s. 6d. The "B.A.L.A." is in no shape or form a money-making concern—it is honestly and competently conducted, and the officials by whom its affairs are managed have been elected by the membership, and are strictly honorary. Further particulars can be obtained from Mr. E. James, "The Trosachs," Egham, Surrey.

A GOOD ALL-ROUND MAN.
Drawn by Reub. Cohen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ellis says that if you turn the May CAPTAIN upside down and look at "W. G.'s" left foot, there is the face of another cricketer. I have done this, but the face is that of a sleepy Japanese girl, I should say, rather than of so wideawake a person as a cricketer ought to be.

H. Huggins.—If you wish to be a cadet-apprentice you must obtain your parents' consent, and then apply to any of the large shipping firms for particulars. Although you have given up the thought of being "an honest citizen," I hope you will make a ruly honest sailor.

A Girl Captain says she may belong to the "weaker sex," but she isn't very weak for all that, seeing that, though only fifteen years of age, she is 5ft. 6⅜ins. tall, and weighs 10st. 3lbs.!

Afsa Horner.—(1) You may typewrite your solutions if you like—it doesn't matter. (2) In criticising handwriting one requires to know the age of the writer. As a person grows older, his or her writing becomes more formed. I am not an expert, but I think yours shows character. It is pleasant to read, and so is your letter.

W. O. S. McGowan sends me a photograph of the Royal School, Dungannon, Ireland, and tells me that it is one of the biggest and oldest of the Irish schools, having been founded by James I., in 1604. Many thanks.

Bunny.—I sent your "slaughtering" post-card to the printer. He was very alarmed, and begged me not to give you his address. Unhappy man! But he won't put a wrong page number on "back of frontis." again.

Dorothy Cromey.—I wrote in your album. The verse was inspired by painful memories of indigestible cakes and ill-made beds.

Cyril H. B. (LEEK).—(1) Your stock of rabbits has indeed increased most *rabbitly!* (2) "Butterflies, Moths, and Beetles," by W. F. Kirby, from Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, W.C.

V. Dashwood (SOUTHBOURNE).—(1) Both "MacDonald, V.C.," and "Wardour, of Greyhouse," were in the present war in South Africa. (2) I hope the June cover satisfied your military tastes. (3) No CAPTAIN cover would be such without a touch of red in it; that is why the "Old Grey" was given a red instead of a khaki coat.

L. S. Holmes (ANFIELD).—Send 1s. 9d. to the publisher for a case in which to bind Vol. II.

"Darby."—For all entomological requisites write to Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, London, W.C.

A Paisley Buddy says our covers give him the jumps and keep him awake at night. Hurrah! Better they should do that than send him to sleep, as some magazine covers would.

C. J. Miller.—Comps. don't go astray in the post. Go on trying and sending in until you see yourself down for a prize or "Hon. Men."

C. A. Rinson.—Your age (16) is just about right for an apprentice. You should apply by letter to some of the large London or Liverpool shipping companies. Enclose a stamped envelope, and they will send you all the particulars you require. The dates of departure of all the largest sailing ships are advertised in the newspapers. A knowledge of navigation will always be of use to you. Why not try and ship out of Hull, where, perhaps, you would know someone? No! I won't advise you to go to sea; but, at the same time, if you really think you would like the life, there is many a worse profession. I cannot think of a good firm just at the moment, but if you experience any difficulty in this matter write again.

Mr. Tom Lloyd has presented the boys of the training ship *Arethusa*, at Greenhithe, Kent, with Vols. I. and II. of THE CAPTAIN, and intends to take it in and send it to them every six months. I think this is very kind and thoughtful of Mr. Lloyd.

E. F. I. (West Hartlepool).—All the books you mention are entirely out of print, and you can only obtain them—if, indeed, they are to be obtained—by advertising in the *Bazaar Exchange and Mart*, or perhaps you may be able to pick some of them up at a second-hand bookseller's.

B. L. B.—The headquarters of the Boys' Life Brigade are the Sunday School Union, Ludgate Hill, E.C., from whom all particulars may be obtained.

BARMOUTH BRIDGE.
Sent by J. N. Arnfield.

C. E. L. (Sheffield).—(1) The best book you can really buy is the volume on "Tennis," in the Badminton Library. The price of this is 10s. 6d., but Messrs. A. & F. Denny, of the Strand, supply it for 7s. 11d. (postage about 5d. extra). I should advise you to get this. (2) We shall have articles on the subjects you mention in time.

Lil.—I will perhaps publish a "Portfolio of English Schools" one of these days.

J. K. H.—(1) Don't smoke; you are much too young to begin yet. (2) Send a stamped envelope to Mr. Manning Foster for the names and addresses you require.

Toby, writing from Germany (and writing well, considering that he has broken his thumb at cricket), supplies me with the interesting information that Dr. Jameson, of "Raid" celebrity, was educated at "Toby's" old school—the Godolphin, Hammersmith.

F. W. B.—Certainly, original photos are accepted for publication in The Captain.

Sydney J. Moses.—(1) Exercise, fresh air, and healthy living will make you grow; this is the only "recipe" I can give you. (2) Tell your pretty cousin to send her photo in for our "Pretty Cousins' Page."

Vernon Jones, of University College School, seems to be a well-built fellow. He is 6ft. 0¾ins. high, 38½ins. round the chest, and weighs 11st. 2lbs.

A. S. S.—I will think over "practical" comps.

A Young Angler.—"The Book of the Dry Fly," by G. A. B. Dewar, is published by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Henrietta Street, London, to whom write for further particulars as to price, etc.

"Fives."—The next time it occurs, use Sanitas Embrocation.

Teerbohm Bree.—I have read your maiden epistle, and I beg to say that if I couldn't walk twenty miles in a day I *should* be a poor Old Fag.

CHALET OVERLOOKING SHANKLIN CHINE.
Taken by "Camera."

Afrikander says Mafeking is pronounced "Māf-e-king," the "e" hardly being sounded at all.

D'Artagnan.—(1) Congratulations on passing the Cambridge Senior! Why not choose "John Halifax, Gentleman," for your prize? (2) My dear chap, I really cannot tell you how to cure yourself of being timid at hockey. Just play up as hard as ever you can, and don't think about yourself; in the excitement of the game quite hard knocks are often passed unnoticed. (3) You don't want to send your back numbers to South Africa because you like them so much yourself? Then I'll tell you what to do. Send your back numbers to Tommy Atkins, and buy a volume for yourself—or win one in a competition. (4) Your 1837 fourpenny-piece is worth, if in good condition, about 6d.; if at all worn, not more than 3d.

D. L. G. (Navy).—I have handed your letter to Mr. Manning Foster.

Scape-goat.—Send a stamped envelope.

A. J. Judd.—Right! Go up top!

Cliftonian tells me that Clifton has now 280 old boys at the Front.

"Give the Boers beans."—You must "wait for weight." Meanwhile, fresh air, exercise, a cold bath in the morning, and good food will make you muscular, and by putting on muscle you put on weight. Nobody expects a boy who has grown fast to be anything but lean. A good many fellows would give a lot to have some of your inches. Be proud of your height—don't deplore it. Don't smoke, use dumb-bells, and write again in six months' time.

V. H. Jones.—(1) Hints to artists in this number. (2) If you tack another name on to yours, you have to advertise the fact in the principal daily papers. (3) Certainly I will put my name in your autograph book.

Wally.—Send a stamped envelope.

R. T. H. (Marlborough).—I got your correspondence *re* "Old Boys," but had no space wherein to publish it. Many thanks.

Enterprising.—(1) Two articles on "Something in the City" appeared in Nos. 3 and 4, May and June, 1899. (2) An article on "Pets" is coming along. (3) Your writing is very neat and readable.

"Nota Bene."—You should obtain the "Student's Guide to the University of Cambridge," published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons at 6s. 6d.

"**Pyrotechnics.**"—(1) Get "The Complete Art of Making Fireworks," by Thomas Kentish, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus at 5s. (2) THE CAPTAIN is published on the 22nd of each month—that is, for the following month. This, the July number, will be on sale on the 22nd of June.

C. R. Harris.—The "Greyhouse Tales" will probably be published in book form in the autumn. Further details as to price, etc., will be announced in due course.

Banns, H. B. Chapman, N. Y. Westall, R. H. Southern, An Old Boy, L. W., Sir Kenneth, A. G. Martin, M. S. Dyer, A Public School Boy, "B. B. J. J. S. S.," "Two Tom-Boys," R. G. Weil, T. P., and our old friend "Smite-them-Hip-and-Thigh," all send letters touching on the qualities of girls and boys. I think I will publish a page of extracts from the best of these next month.

Moralist.—Send some more particulars and a stamped envelope, and I will help you if I can.

Strive Aright.—I will take the question of THE CAPTAIN badge into consideration. I am glad to know that I have such a warm supporter as you at Marlborough. By all means consider yourself the official representative of THE CAPTAIN.

J. W. Campbell.—I do not know whether *Truth* published a key to the pictures. You had better order their Christmas number and see.

Centre-half.—You are a grateful boy, I must say.

Also letters from: E. Walter Bligh, "L. M. N.," R. Osborne, A Present Cliftonian, "Fifteen Years Old," "Dark Blue," R. Walker, Skinny (idea for comp.), "Mimosa," "Swift," Gordon, "Bobs," "R. D. G.," "Solitaire," Theodore Priestman, John R. Shires (photo of Ashville College, Harrogate), "Transport," E. Payn le Sueur (Canada), "Ariel," "B. G. S. (photo of Batley Grammar School), L. M., and many others. I thank them all for their kind wishes.

A number of answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—Best List of "Probable Inventions of the Twentieth Century."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 7s.: W. H. SUMMERS, 13, Barbican Terrace, Barnstaple, Devon.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 7s.: THOMAS PARNELL, West Haddon, Rugby.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. H. B. Clark, Albert S. Livingstone, M. A. Langley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: FAL. M. BIRKS, 48, Weston Road, Gloucester.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: DANIEL A. MCGHEE, 96, Bowman Street, Glasgow.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Nettleton, W. E. A. Harris, John H. Jones.

No. II.—Best "Map of Canada."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: WILLIAM LOGAN, c/o Raeburn, 15, Spottiswood Street, Edinburgh.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry Locker, Irene Pettey, Ruth Chignell, E. M. Webb, Alice L. Korchlin, Mary Moreton, Maude F. A. Curran, E. Thompson, Henry Marle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: FRED INKSTER, 30, Lutton Place, Edinburgh.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. V. Wheeler, Cherry Pettey, M. Long, Hilda Gilling, H. D. Mundell, S. F. Sweeting, Evelyn Cossart, Florence Macnab, J. F. Harris, W. R. Lawton, Janet G. Mouifaws, S. A. Goodwin, Arthur Kellas, Harold Owen, John Wood, R. Leatham, Violet Duke, H. G. Lee, R. N. Boequet, Marjorie Goodwin, Madge Guild, Thomas Linton, G. E. R. Smith, A. N. Ruddock, P. M. Fremlin, F. Kathleen Mathew, George Kilby.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)
WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: FRED C. PORTER, 40, College Street, Southampton.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Bertha Williamson, Kitty Low, Charles E. Vowles, May Ladell, C. Langslow, Dorothy M. Falkner, M. Hauptmann, Hilda Johns, Dorothy Stewart, H. S. Stokes, G. L. Field, Ethel L. Edwards, Bessie D. Mann, V. S. Longman, Esther Low, Daisy Tennings, H. R. Hodge, H. S. George Maxwell, Henry D. Yates, Amy Hodgson, A. Ibbotson, Alma Uffindell, G. R. Grieve, John Gauld, C. Lister, Robert H. Collins, J. D. P. Collins, Hugh Thomas, Alex. B. Clements, S. W. Grose, A. W. G. Kidd, Mary Stedman, J. Greenwood, Hannah Low, Ethel Gowler, Fred S. Eyden.

No. III.—"A Mixed Line Paragraph."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. W. CLARKE PITTS, "Fernholm," Brixham, Devon

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: SYDNEY F SWEETING, 17, Westbury Road, East Croydon; DAVID LOUGHNAN, 1, Rock Terrace, Launceston, Cornwall.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Janie A. Gillespie, Violet Oliver, Reginald W. Fox, J. Drury, F. Morley Ward, Violet C. Andrews, Arthur J. Head.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: O. JANEMIAN, Rue Sagh, No. 1, Pera, Constantinople.
CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro; SIDNEY POSGATE, 54, Darnley Road, Gravesend, Kent.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Gurney, Bertram Hardy, Charles T. Winters, Alfred E. Birmingham, Charles D. Green, F. Higgins, A. S. Webster, Leopold A. Field.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: EDWIN BALDWIN, 14, Milton Road, Widnes, Lancashire.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: S. H. MELLOR, Kerridge End House, Rainow, Macclesfield.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Kitty Hirst, William C. Drummond, Charles L. Wood, Margaret Rose, Frank Rogers, Stanley W. Brown, Gladys Harman, Edith A. Anthony, C. Sladen.

No. IV.—"Gentlemen *v.* Players."

As the teams chosen to play in this match will not be known until July 9th, results cannot appear this month.

No. V.—"Best Sketch Out of Doors."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 7s.: EDITH MARY PORTER, 10, Vanburgh Park, Blackheath.
HONOURABLE MENTION: James Mulligan, C. Claude D. J'Anson, G. W. Brown.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 7s.: SYDNEY FRANK SWEETING, 17, Westbury Road, East Croydon.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MADELINE MATHER, "Oakhurst," Cheltenham.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Kathleen Rogers, T. A. Chaplin, Sybil Haines, W. J. Daly, Maude F. A. Curran, F. V. Acton, W. S. McNair, E. B. Flynn, B. L. Towle, A. Barker, G. D. Cragges, S. Montgomery, S. O'Neill.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: J. PIKE, St. Lawrence College, York.
HONOURABLE MENTION: L. MacDonald Gill, Agnes M. Parsons, Will Lendon, Marion Hunt, Gladys Lee-Warner, Violet Streatfield, Marion Monson, Helen C. Stone, A. S. Atkinson, John Todds, K. W. Hirons, T. W. Watkins, Victor Glenmore, Douglas Weaver, R. G. Thorn, Esther B. Mackinnon, Ernest Legard.

No. VI.—"Sphinx's Puzzles."

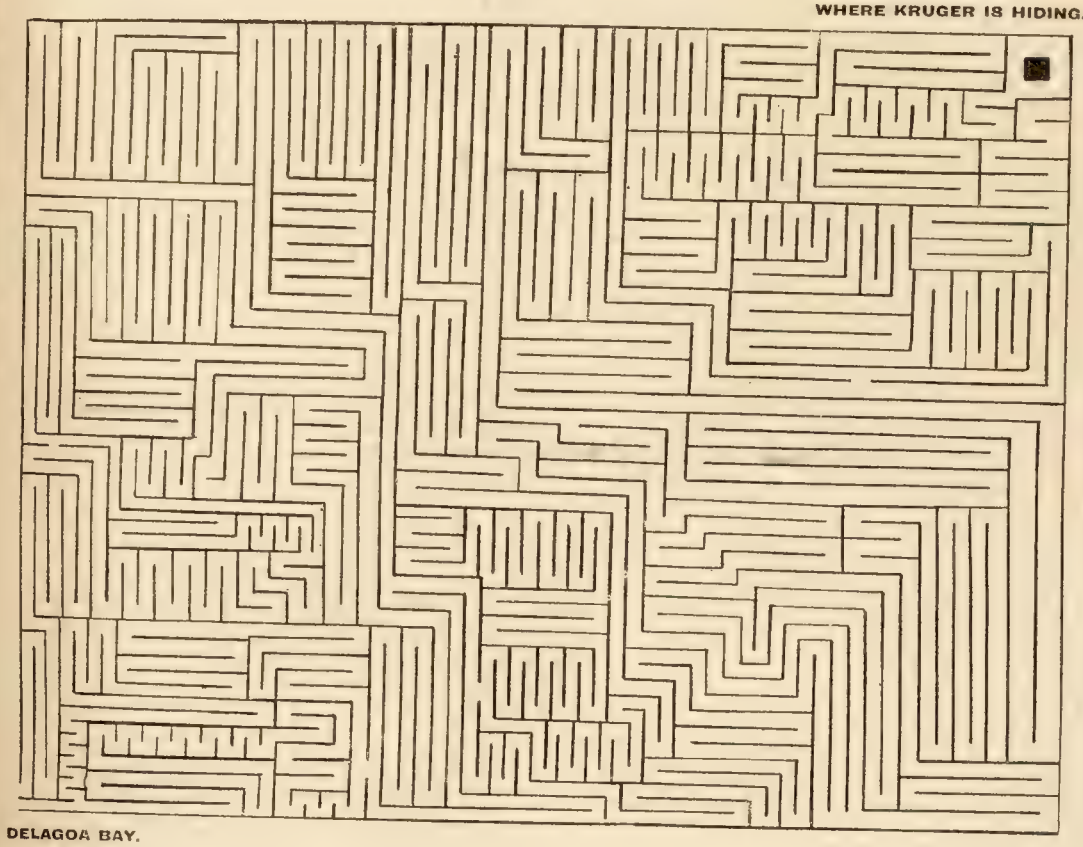
(*Vide* "CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," p. 303.)

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Strand," "Wide World," or "Captain."

"THE CAPTAIN" HOLIDAY PUZZLE.

KRUGER'S ESCAPE.

WHERE KRUGER IS HIDING.



DELAGOA BAY.

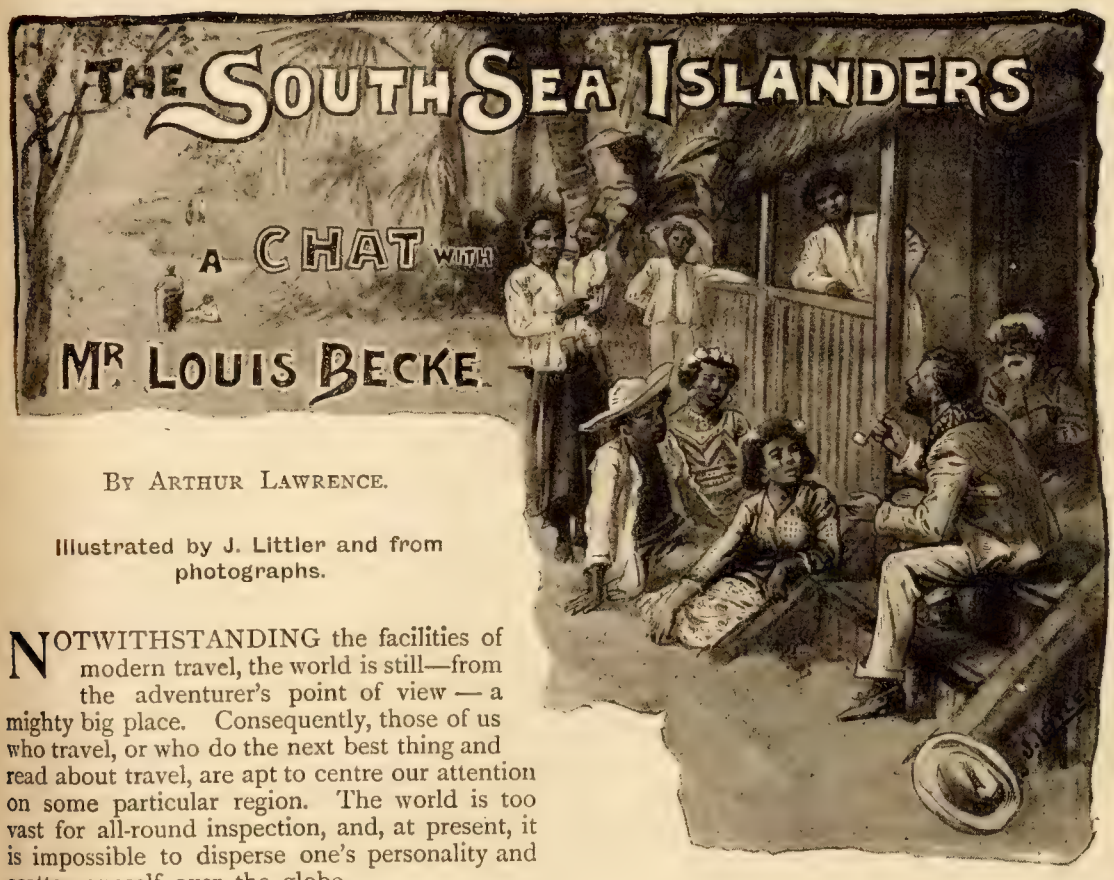
If the black square represented the place where Mr. O. P. Kruger is in hiding, what would be that gentleman's shortest route to get to Delagoa Bay without crossing any of the lines?

There will be no prize for this, as the "Old Fag" does not wish his readers to destroy their copies.

Specially drawn for THE CAPTAIN

"HIS DUTY DONE!"

by Colbron Pearse.



By Arthur Lawrence.

Illustrated by J. Littler and from photographs.

NOTWITHSTANDING the facilities of modern travel, the world is still—from the adventurer's point of view — a mighty big place. Consequently, those of us who travel, or who do the next best thing and read about travel, are apt to centre our attention on some particular region. The world is too vast for all-round inspection, and, at present, it is impossible to disperse one's personality and scatter oneself over the globe.

One is by turns fascinated by the glamour of the Arctic and Antarctic; of ships bursting into unknown, ice-girdled seas; of Africa, with perilous adventures into the heart of the Dark Continent, where the lowest of savages, the fiercest of animals seem to be leagued with the forest and jungle against the hardy invader; or one is entranced by the multitudinous charms of the Islands of the South Seas—

> The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
> The lightning flash of insect, and of bird . . .
> The league-long roller thundering on the surf

of the Pacific. Personally I vote for the Pacific.

No aborigines in the world are more interesting in their variety and distinguishing characteristics than those of the islands of the Pacific, from the good-looking and mild-mannered brown Polynesians, to the less amiable woolly-haired black Melanesians, and the intervening varieties who inhabit the atolls and islands, which you will see on the map, scattered like dust over that huge expanse of ocean which, on the west, washes the coast of Australia and China, and, on the east, the coast line of America.

One is so used to small maps that it is not always easy to realise that these islands, many of them large and important, looking like mere spots on the atlas, comprise—exclusive of Australia and New Zealand—some million and a half square miles of territory, with some millions of highly-variegated inhabitants.

The fact that the population of the Pacific is thinly spread over many hundreds of islands, some of them distant thousands of miles from others, would require of a man that he should give up the best part of his days if he would even claim an acquaintance with each group of these islands. It is for this reason, in part, that one's library gives one but scant information. Many of the books written are based on mere hurried excursions. The modern "explorer" touches certain of the better-known islands, so that he gets a view of the coast-lines of many, and, maybe, a week or two's acquaintance with two or three of them. Of course, many Europeans have settled down here and there, but, unfortunately, are either not qualified or do not have any incentive to record their views and experiences.

Louis Becke stands alone in this respect, that he has spent the greater part of his life in the Pacific, has touched at most of the islands, and has resided for a year or two at a good many of them. To quote Lord Pembroke's prefatory note to one of Mr. Becke's books, Louis Becke knows the Pacific "as few men alive or dead have ever known it."

For the last year or two he has resided in England, never stopping long in one place, and his visits to the metropolis are few and far between. It is not surprising that after the fashion of the suggestion that he who "hears the East a-callin', never heeds aught else," that Mr. Becke told me that he intends finally to return to the land of palms. Would he not sigh after the fleshpots of civilisation? was the question. "Nary a sigh," was the immediate rejoinder. But this by the way.

It is but in the nature of things that one should find him at the seaside, although a surf-beaten reef is scarcely suggested by a rectitudinous and well paved esplanade.

It is after a delightful day with one's host, during which all sorts of subjects have been discussed, that the writer suddenly remembers that he has not come down to obtain information for his personal benefit, but with the notion of extracting from the victim a biographical sketch of himself, and some talk of the natives, for THE CAPTAIN. Imagine, therefore, that at a late hour of the night, which the interviewer's persistence protracts to the small hours of the morning, that the unwearied host, whose placid courage is equal to the inquisitiveness of the predatory journalist, returns good for evil by communing with the inquisitive guest to the accompaniment of the pipe of peace and refreshment of the sort best suited to the occasion. One of many charts of the Pacific Ocean lies on the table by the way of solving any geographical difficulties.

MR. LOUIS BECKE.
Photographed in Sydney.

Louis Becke was born at Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1848, which by a simple calculation puts his age at fifty-two, although, possibly due to a good constitution and so much outdoor life, he gives one the impression of being a dozen years younger. When he left school at fourteen he made up his mind that he must go to sea. It was impossible to keep him at home, so an uncle sent him, with an elder brother, to take up a berth in a mercantile house in California. They sailed for San Francisco in a veritable tub, which, for over a month, drifted about in front of storms on the sea between New Zealand and Australia, the old barque being dismasted and leaking. The crew mutinied, and it was not until a call had been made at Rurutu, in the Tubai group, and fresh food had been obtained, that they permitted the captain to resume command of the ship. They were nearly five months in making the Californian coast.

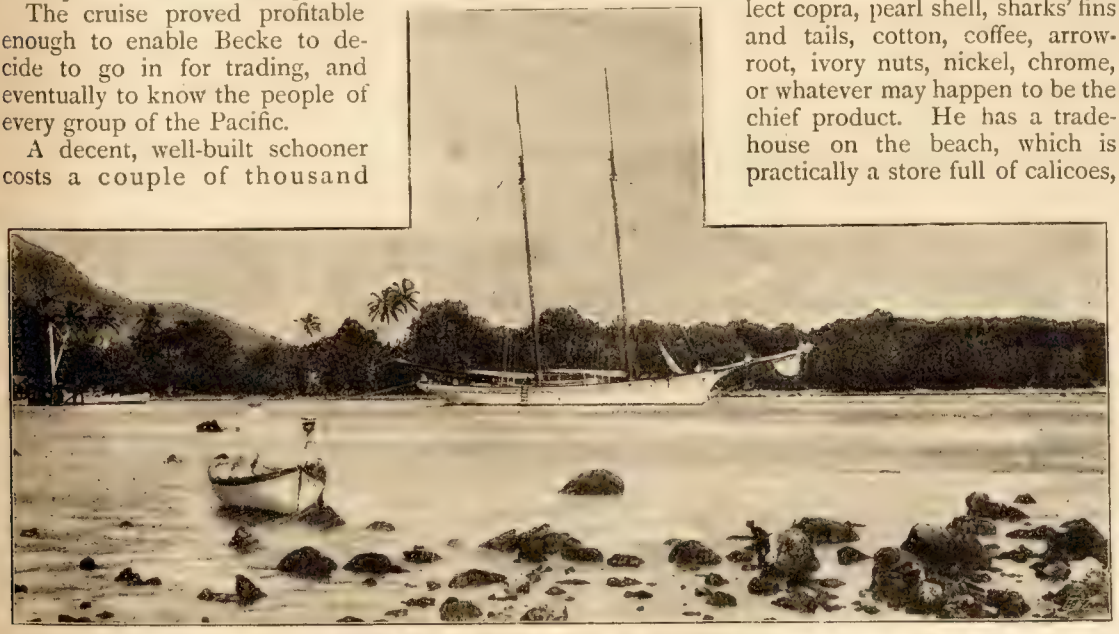
Undeterred by this unpleasant experience the younger brother left the merchant's office, obtained a berth as clerk in a steamship company, and traded to the southern ports of California. In about a year's time he had scraped enough money to take a passage in a schooner bound on a shark-catching cruise to Christmas Island and Palmyra Islands in the Northern Pacific. The life was as rough as need be, but was full of excitement. His next trip was a trading venture amongst the Western Carolines, the Pelew group. Becke had put in £200 with the skipper who owned the schooner. They were the only two white men on board. As usual, there was more excitement. The old man was a good chap. He had only two faults: First,

though a splendid seaman, he knew nothing of navigation; and, secondly, he knew a great deal too much about drink. It took but a week or so to find themselves stranded amongst the Marshall Islands, and the old skipper in a state of delirium. Becke and the native sailors ran the ship into a little uninhabited atoll, and for one pleasant week had to keep the captain tied up to prevent him killing himself. At last they got him into his senses again, and stood out to the westward. They fell in with a big sailing canoe from the Marshall Islands, which had been blown out of sight of land, and drifted six hundred miles to the westward. Thirty out of the seventy natives were dead. The remainder were soon cheered up with provisions and water, and were left to make Kusaie Island, then in sight, but not until Becke and the native chief had sworn Marshall Island brotherhood with one another. Years afterwards, when he came to live in the group, the chief proved his friendship.

VIEW OF KUATO ISLAND, ON THE SOUTH-EAST COAST OF BRITISH NEW GUINEA.
The hills in the background show the mainland of New Guinea.

The cruise proved profitable enough to enable Becke to decide to go in for trading, and eventually to know the people of every group of the Pacific.

A decent, well-built schooner costs a couple of thousand pounds, and, although steam is taking the place of sail, at present these craft do much of the carrying. The schooner is filled with all manner of European goods at Sydney or Auckland, and then makes for her various calling places under a white skipper and her supercargo, possibly a white mate, and a crew of natives, who are admirable sailors. The firm which owns the schooner has agents dotted about here and there all over the islands — solitary men whose business it is to collect copra, pearl shell, sharks' fins and tails, cotton, coffee, arrowroot, ivory nuts, nickel, chrome, or whatever may happen to be the chief product. He has a trade-house on the beach, which is practically a store full of calicoes,



AVARUA HARBOUR, ISLAND OF RAROTONGA.
The vessel was then the Countess Festetic's yacht, *Tolna*—she is now a trader.

From a PREPARATIONS FOR A DINNER PARTY IN A SAMOAN VILLAGE. *photograph.*

gaily coloured fancy stuffs, knives, tomahawks, tobacco, spirits, wines, tinned meats, sewing machines—in fact, a regular store of dry goods.

After being supercargo on several ships Becke now became trader, living for a year or so in one or other of the islands. To make money for himself or his firm a trader must be considerably cute. He must keep good friends with the natives, although some of the older traders seemed to think it good business to abuse the confidence of the natives in many respects. He must, as the phrase goes, be able to keep himself company. Mr. Becke says he has been as long as a year in one of the islands without seeing a white man. He seems to have suffered nothing by the seclusion. The house of thatch and boards is comfortable enough; the food is excellent. The tinned meats afford a most varied dietary; fish in any quantity to be had for the catching; bush pigeons are most appetising and dainty; fowls cost nothing; turtle and turtle eggs are plentiful; the pork is excellent. For recreation there is fishing, shooting, canoeing, and bathing. News only comes with a schooner, or in former years by a passing whaler, perhaps. Books are thumbed to pieces, but at night the natives come in, and, gathering round the door, tell stories, or sing, in the cool tropical night, to the humming accompaniment of the ocean, and with the light of the "Scorpion" and other stars—unseen in our own hemisphere—overhead.

There is another side to the picture, and travellers who have been roughly handled by natives are apt to suggest that while the pictures drawn by Louis Becke may be true enough as he saw them, that many people do not find island life quite so idyllic. They forget that, to use an old axiom, "you are apt to find what you bring with you," and Mr. Becke—as a few hours' conversation will tend to convince one—takes with him a singularly clear brain and level head, an equable temperament, courage which is never of the aggressive or bombastic order, and no little tact. By the use of the last word one does not mean cunning, but in his case a habit of dealing with the natives as you wish them to deal with you, together with a sympathy which is only worth anything if it be genuine and in no way worn as a garment. The simple, child-like native is an excellent hand at detecting anything like humbug.

There is nothing about Mr. Becke—herculean proportions, or anything of that sort—to suggest exceptional physical strength, but in this he is not lacking, coming of a robust, deep-chested family, with hard muscles and sound lungs.

In regard to this and his brother, who went on a ranche some thirty years ago, and whom he has not seen since, though he hears from him, Mr. Becke mentioned one or two items well worth recording.

"That is a portrait of my brother—the one who went to California with me," he said to me, "and when we were boys together he used to give me many hammerings. We were allowed plenty of freedom, but for some time my parents could not imagine how it was that

my brother seemed to possess so much spare cash. One day he came home with one eye closed, his nose injured, and one or two other disarrangements. Asked for an explanation, he told a cock-and-bull story of being run over by a cart! It turned out that, under an assumed name, he had been frequenting a place exclusively patronised by gentlemen interested in the noble art of self-defence, where he would 'take on' all comers, sometimes receiving twenty pounds odd in payment for a performance, and had managed to maintain his position as best man at the game for some considerable time. On the occasion of his being 'run over by a cart,' he had really met someone of somewhat superior fighting ability."

Whatever skill the younger and much-hammered brother may have as a fighter—and he is a crack shot, by the way—one can judge by his conversation and history that he hasn't an ounce of the braggart about him, and this will account partly for the fact that he is alive and flourishing to this day. Speaking of this, one thinks of that historic figure—who, for two years, was Becke's companion—Captain, or "Bully" Hayes, who was really a singularly skilful pirate, adapting himself to modern conditions. Mr. Becke assured me that, unlike Pease, another of somewhat similar avocation, but a cut-throat of the most barbarous type, Bully Hayes' memory has been much maligned, and that, although Mrs. Grundy would regard him as a monster of impropriety and other things, he was not guilty of many of the deeds imputed to him. Boldrewood's "A Modern Buccaneer" is founded on Becke's log-book, and one of these days Mr. Becke will probably write a full account of the doings of the redoubtable pirate. Suffice it to say, that for some time Becke sailed with Hayes as his supercargo, and that, after being shipwrecked on Strong's Island in the notorious brig *Leonora*, they parted company. The attitude Bully Hayes assumed towards these peaceable islanders did not fit in with Becke's notions, in reply to an expression of which Hayes threatened to shoot him. To put it mildly, there ensued a great deal of unpleasantness. Hayes eventually departed with his spoil, leaving Becke on the island, to settle down with the natives until taken off by a man-of-war, which was actually searching for Hayes. So much Mr. Becke told me, but one may add how the life of Bully Hayes came to an end.

Hayes was in 'Frisco when he fell in with a simple-minded person who was about to take a trip to the islands in his yacht, which was lying in the bay. "I'm your very man," said Hayes, only too truthfully; and being a very genial fellow he soon made himself master of the situation. They were all aboard, when Hayes said that he had forgotten to bring his chronometer, and begged the yacht-owner to get it. He did, but when he returned the yacht had sailed away without him, but with the owner's good wife on board. The story goes that they got on very well for a while, and then began to quarrel bitterly. One day Hayes had a row with the steward, named Jenssen. Yet again Hayes uttered his threat anent shooting, and disappeared down the hatchway for his revolver. "Kill him, Jenssen," suggested the lady, who had also had a tiff with the hot-tempered fellow. Jenssen picked up an iron bolt, and when Hayes' bald head appeared, clove in his skull. This was the wind-up of an embroidered career. Hayes had

From a photograph.

NATIVE CARRIERS.

JENSSEN PICKED UP AN IRON BOLT AND CLOVE IN HIS SKULL.

made himself so objectionable to the German authorities, and had evaded capture so often, that the German-protected islands went into rejoicings at the news of his death, guns were fired, and flags waved amidst general excitement, whilst Jenssen was looked upon as a hero. Mr. Becke tells me that not long afterwards Jenssen was drowned.

It was at Samoa that Becke first set up as a trader on his own account. Subsequently he and a Manhiki half-caste bought a cutter and went into partnership, trading throughout the group. Twice the cutter was seized, as at that time the natives were fighting. It was when in charge of a trading vessel, which he took to the Marshall Islands, that Becke fell in with Hayes, to whom he had sealed orders to hand over the craft. After two years' cruising the incident at Strong's Island happened, which has been already recounted, ending in Becke's sojourn on the island for the space of five months. The natives treated him with great kindness. Subsequently Becke travelled to the Carolines, sailing to Eastern Polynesia, living in the Gambiers, Paumotos, and Easter and Pitcairn Islands. In this part he picked up an abandoned French barque on the reef, floated her, and loaded her with cocoa-nuts, intending to sail her to New Zealand with a native crew, but she went ashore and he lost everything.

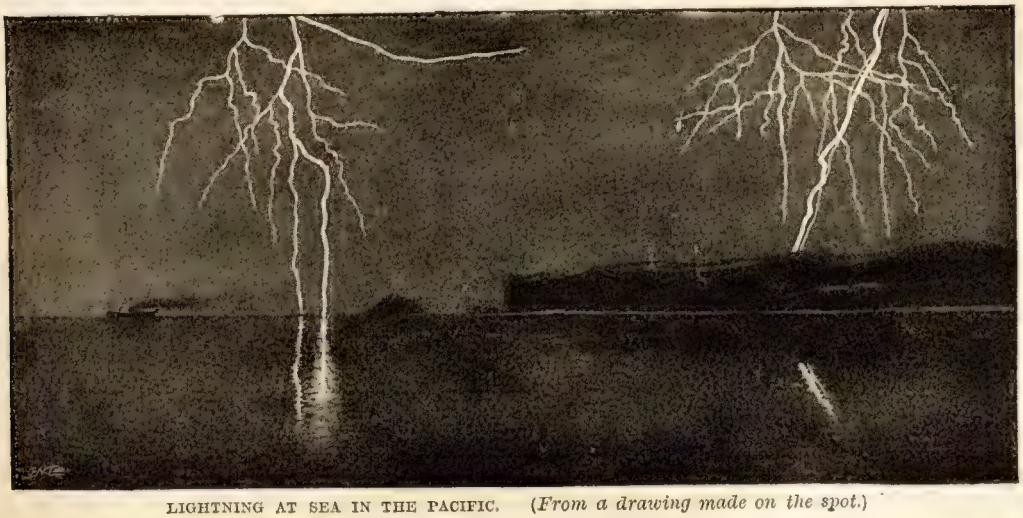
Meeting with the managing partner of a Liverpool firm, he took service with them as a trader in the Ellice and Tokelau groups; finally settling down as a residential trader. He travelled again to the Carolines, and was wrecked on Peru, one of the savage Gilbert Islands, again losing everything he possessed. But of the islands he has visited and lived in, and the adventures he has had, are they not briefly alluded to by Lord Pembroke, from whom I have quoted, and at more length and very graphically in the many books which this interesting "Wanderer" has written? Suffice it to say that "Lui," knowing the languages and dialects, and acting straightforwardly, was liked and trusted—although it is not he who says it—throughout the islands. He has more literary work in hand than he can find time for, and from the writing point of view is in the enviable position that he has not yet told a third of what

he has experienced, whilst he has an enormous mass of material, which he will put in order for publication when he has time to attend to it. At the time of our meeting he had just completed and sold a long story, which by this time will be appearing in serial form in a contemporary.

His knowledge of the different island dialects used to entitle Mr. Becke to the post of bargainer-in-chief in dealings with natives. If danger was apprehended the proceeding was as follows: Becke would be in the foremost boat, which would approach within easy speaking distance, and then there would always be the "covering" boat, which remained some little distance away, with rifles in readiness. On one such occasion he found the natives wildly excited, refusing to have anything to do with them. The Scotch skipper in the "covering" boat received the translation of their remarks from Becke very calmly. "Talk to them again," he adjured him. "Have patience, my boy, patience!" Becke renewed his conversation with the natives, but had to duck promptly to avoid the bullets and stones with which these one-sided negotiations were received. "Patience!" said the old Scotchman grimly. But at this moment Becke received a bullet in the neck which ran round to his spine and caused him some inconvenience for days. Several stones struck the "covering" boat, and one of them hit the skipper. The natives use a sling with great dexterity, in the manner of David's attack on Goliath. Becke sheered off, and the Scotchman no longer cried "Patience!" but brought the ringleader down with his gun, and both boats returned to the ship without any unnecessary delay. Treatment of this sort nearly always indicated that German labour vessels — commonly called "black-birders" — had visited the natives recently; the Germans invariably conducting themselves in a way which brought on reprisals, in which the innocent sometimes had the measure which might have been better applied to the guilty.

photograph.

NATIVE OF S.E. NEW GUINEA WITH HIS SON'S SKELETON.



LIGHTNING AT SEA IN THE PACIFIC. *(From a drawing made on the spot.)*

By permission of *"The Book of Cricket.*

HUGH TRUMBLE.

(Knowledge is Power.)

APROPOS OF SOME BOWLERS.

By C. B. Fry.

THE question as to who should be reckoned the best bowler ever seen is debated over and over again among first-class cricketers. I have heard many great players of experience make quite long speeches on the subject. On the whole, the balance of expert opinion leans towards F. R. Spofforth. He was surnamed the "Demon," on account of his Satanic skill and the "devil" in his deliveries. It is a common error to attribute his *soubriquet* to his terrific pace, but Spofforth was never a fast bowler in the proper sense of the term. Occasionally he used to put in a very fast ball, which was generally a "yorker" and often proved fatal, but his standard pace was medium to fast-medium, a little faster, perhaps, than G. T. Hearne's. He was complete master of every detail of the bowler's art. Tall, thin, lanky, loose-limbed, and very long in the arm, he took a lengthy run and delivered the ball right over his head, following through with his body till his head was almost level with his waist, and taking a couple of long strides down the pitch. He put his whole soul into every ball. He seemed to find in every batsman his most hated foe, whose downfall was a sworn and sweet vendetta. W. L. Murdoch, who was captain of the Australian side when Spofforth was most successful, says: "That 'Old Spoff.' never went on to the field in an important match without a complete plan of attack formulated in his head for every batsman opposed to him—the great bowler knew, in fact, exactly how he intended to get each man out, and precisely how the field was to be placed in each case in order to compass this object. He used to lie awake at night cogitating and maturing his plans. He had an absolutely marvellous command over the ball. He used to be able to bowl balls of all paces, from quite slow to very fast, without altering his action—the same run, the same delivery, the same everything, but the ball might be a fast yorker or a slow off-break. Naturally he used to take batsmen in completely." "W. G." says: "That Spofforth was the best bowler he ever knew at controlling his break. If the wicket was sticky, Spofforth could make the ball break a yard. But he used not to do this every ball; he used to modulate his break, sometimes only putting on a couple of inches, sometimes only six inches. And," adds "W. G.," "every ball, whether it broke an inch or two feet, if you missed it, hit the sticks." Most bowlers, when they find they can make the ball break, do nothing but try how much break they can compass, and few have any control over the amount of twist they put on—it is a yard, or nothing. Spofforth knew better, did better, and had his reward in wickets. "That lanky devil," said a well-known batsman, "bowls at me all anyhow—head over heels! But I'm hanged if I know what pace the ball is coming, and every ball is on my blind spot; and I can't watch the break, and I don't care if I never see him again."

Spofforth achieved his results by hard practice, hard thinking, and wonderful natural ability. He is to this day a remarkably fine bowler, who, though he has given up first-class cricket, would be the best bowler on most county sides.

Alfred Shaw, besides being the most accurate bowler who has yet appeared, always allowed his mother-wit to have a chance. On one occasion he was playing in Gents. *v.* Players at the Oval. The wicket was absolutely perfect. The Players lost the toss. Shaw, as usual, walked out with a view to business, and made a careful inspection of the wicket. He had a ball or two down and discovered that he could make the ball break just a trifle, just enough to beat a batsman who was not watching the ball. Of the two batsmen who opened the innings one, Shaw knew very well, was fond of playing forward as much as possible. "So I said to myself," tells Alfred, "if I can get him to think I can't make the ball break he'll lunge out careless like at everything. So I bowled him two overs of straight, good length balls, which he played forward at in fine graceful style, quite beautiful; but he didn't happen to get a run, because he played each time straight to a fielder. Seeing he was now easy in his mind and confident, I bowled him next ball one a bit slower and with all the off spin on it I could get. He came out just the same, so graceful, but the ball broke in just an inch or so, enough for him to play outside it, not watching it, you know, and it hit his middle and leg. He was out for nought. Now, if I had bowled him that ball in the first over he'd have played it, because he was on the look out; he would have said 'Hallo!' and likely made a hundred runs, for he was a fine bat on a good wicket. He was very angry."

By permission of *"The Book of Cricket."*

TOM RICHARDSON.

(A Surrey Idol.)

This little story is worth thinking over. Notice that Shaw took the trouble to find out what he could do, and then made use of it with some cunning. He not only took the state of the wicket and his own powers into account, but also the style and temperament of the batsman. That is how good bowlers get good men out on good wickets.

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GEORGE LOHMANN as a bowler was an artist. He followed the Australian methods, first perfected by Spofforth, of varying his pace without varying his delivery. He had a curious power of bowling a ball that made the batsman feel it was coming right up to him, which, however, dropped much shorter and often found the batsman straggling all over the place. Lohmann's artifices were very subtle and scientific. He used to prefer diddling a man whom he could have bowled neck and heels. On one occasion he was beating a certain batsman every ball, but could not get him out, for the batsman failed to touch the balls off the wicket, but somehow or other fluked his bat in the way of the straight ones. "How's this, George?" said the batsman. "I ain't batting well—can't see you a bit—but you can't get me out." "No," said George, a bit nettled; "you are not batting well enough to get out." "What do you mean?" said the other. "Why," was the reply, "if you could put your bat where you mean to, and try to, you'd have been caught twenty times and clean bowled ten." In fact, Lohmann was casting his pearls before swine. The batsman was too ignorant to appreciate the delicacies of destruction the artist bowler was providing. In common with most great bowlers—at any rate, medium-pace and slow bowlers—Lohmann had very sensitive hands, and a very delicate touch. This quality of hand is the same as that of a violinist, a pianist, or a painter. No doubt it is a gift that enables its possessor to use his hands with great effect. Lohmann once told me that he never could bowl his best after making runs, as grasping the bat seemed to deaden the feeling of his hand—in fact, spoilt his touch.

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HUGH TRUMBLE, the Australian, is a bowler who gets most of his wickets by using his head. He is not, except on a very sticky wicket, a difficult bowler to play, but he is always extremely likely to get you out. When a batsman comes in, Trumble tries, for an over or two, to bowl him, or get him caught at the wicket, but if not successful he changes his tactics, alters his field a little, and sets himself to feed the batsman with balls that suit his best strokes. Trumble's principle is that on a good wicket a batsman in good form is more likely to get himself out in trying to force a ball or bring off a stroke than he is to be clean beaten. He, of course, tries to bowl in such a way that the batsman may be tempted to try a stroke for which the ball is nearly, but not quite, suited. For instance, for Ranjitsinhji Trumble puts two or more short-legs, and then deliberately bowls straight, good length balls at the leg-stump. Now, in an ordinary way, there is no ball Ranji likes better, for he takes four off it nearly every time. But to have it deliberately served up ball after ball is disconcerting, and he feels inclined not to try his natural stroke at the ball, for fear of accidents. My best stroke is a straight drive over the bowler's head. So Trumble puts an out-field in the right place, and tosses up balls easy to hit pitching on the middle and off. Not to have a dash at these requires self-control and worries me. No batsman likes being fed and nursed by a good bowler; it is disconcerting. Instead of playing naturally, you begin wondering what you will do, and the result is a mistaken stroke.

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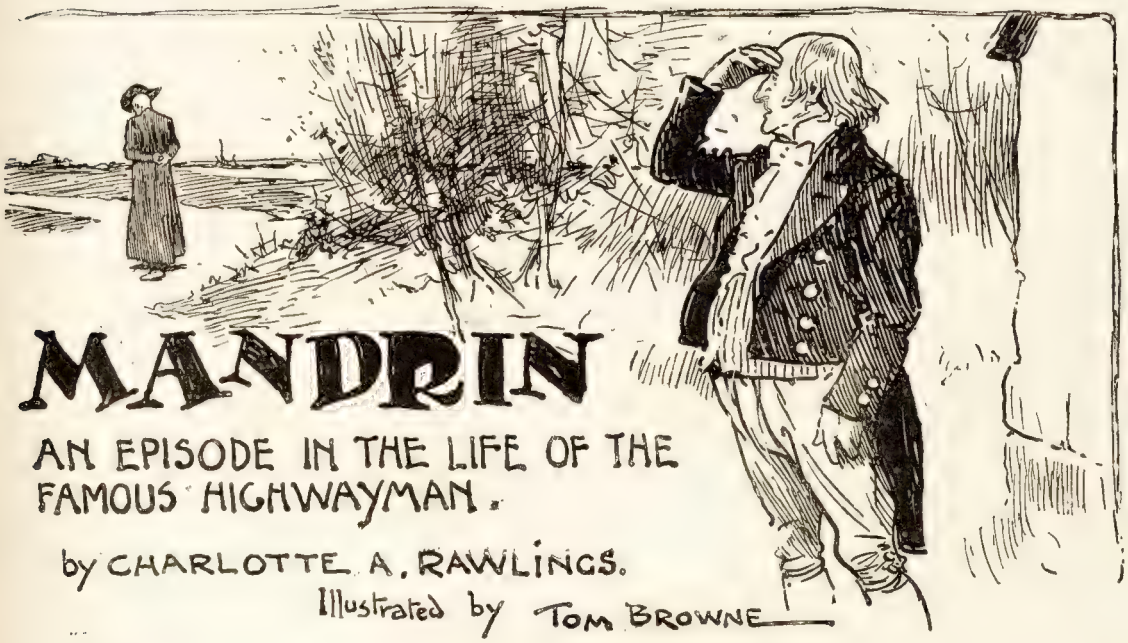
Once upon a time a gentleman came to me at the Oval during Gents *v.* Players and interviewed me for an illustrated weekly. He asked me, among other things, whose bowling I disliked most. I told him that on the whole I thought that Tyler of Somersetshire presented me with more difficulties than any other. "But," said he, "What about Tom Richardson?" I said Tom was magnificent, but for some reason or other I personally liked fast bowling better than slow. He did not seem to think I was right in my head, and transferred his impression to paper to the effect that I had said I found Tom Richardson quite easy. This I did not say at all. A short time after I was playing in a Surrey town and missed a catch in the out-field. "Booh, booh!" shouted a spectator. "Who said Tom Richardson can't bowl? Bowl yer any time he likes." Which little anecdote shows how wary one should be in giving opinions. But the gist of it is that the best bowler on a side is not always the one most likely to get a particular man out. Therefore, it is just as well to give a thought to the question of who among your bowlers is likely to present most difficulties to a batsman. Many batsmen are almost "dead un's" to certain bowlers when they first come in; but if you let them get their eye in upon other bowlers who suit them better,

they are able to meet their *bête noir* with confidence and success.

Nearly every boy worth his salt has lately read Major-General Baden-Powell's book on scouting. Well, exactly the same use of the wits that makes a good scout makes a good bowler, always supposing the bowler has certain natural ability and takes the trouble to practise. It is just the little points that make the difference. Try to apply your minds to the problems of the cricket field as "B. P." applies his to the problems of the veldt. It is the way to succeed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. Harrop.—How to get along without funds is a problem upon which much ingenuity has been exercised; it has puzzled wiser heads than yours. I do not know the circumstances or style of your club, but I advise you first of all to go to the clergyman of your parish, or some gentleman who is well known there, explain to him your difficulty, ask him for a letter in support of your object, and then go round with a book and endeavour to get subscriptions from householders and others. People will generally help a boys' cricket club. I may point out, however, that before actually starting a club you should find out for certain whether you can really finance it. **H. L. Ismay.**—You did not send a stamped envelope. Size No. 5 would suit you. **Scorer.**—In scoring six balls to the over simply put two dots in the middle of the square instead of one. Join the dots into the form of the capital letter M for a maiden. There is no difficulty. In any case a scorer can score as he likes, so long as he can make out his own analysis. **Dorothy Armstrong.**—I do not much like the name you suggest for your cricket club, but I expect you have christened it by this time. A club is best named after its head-quarters. Why not "The Rectory C.C."? As for a motto, "*Vi et armis*" is a bit heavy, though it goes well with Strongarm—I am afraid your enemies, if you have any, may tease you by quoting a rhyme about "Strong in the arm and thick in the head." A good motto for a girl's club would be "*Capiamus*" (if you must have Latin), which, being interpreted, means "Let us catch." Thank you very much for your good wishes. **S. B. S.** cannot play football or hockey, and wants to know how to keep his muscles elastic in the winter with a view to cricket. He had better try light Indian clubs. **C. H. D.**—See answer above to "Scorer." You can get a small scoring book at a low price at almost any shop where such articles are sold. You can get one for tenpence by writing to the Post Office, Dyke Road, Brighton. **W. Maybin.**—I do not know how to add anything to what I wrote in THE CAPTAIN about training. You must avoid doing too much by fits and starts. You can safely go in for the races you mention. If I were you, though, I should train for the short distance and chance the long one. Paper-chasing is not good for sprinting, but it depends when you run; a month before does not matter. **O. H.**—Have you read the articles on cricket I wrote in the back numbers of THE CAPTAIN? Lack of space prevents me going into detail here. Stand close to your block; never run away an inch towards square leg; put your front foot close to the ball when you play forward: always watch the ball all the way till it meets your bat. Your brother should use a small ball. Eighteen yards is quite long enough. **G. M. F.**—It is a very vexed question whether or not dumb-bells are good for cricket. The truth is, that for cricket you want quickness and elasticity of muscle—not sheer strength. Therefore light dumb-bells, carefully used, are probably good; a careless use of any bells, and the use of heavy bells, is bad. **Du Rennes.**—I did the same thing to my shoulder once. It took some time to get well. Give it a good rest, plenty of rubbing, and then try using very light Indian clubs. **A. Goetes.**—You are well developed for your age and well proportioned. You need not trouble about yourself. I expect your heart is as right as possible. Your trade will do no harm to your development. Of course, the more general the exercise you take the more all round is your muscular growth. **G. E. C. B.**—Oil is supposed to be bad for binding and for splices, but I do not think it makes much difference as long as you do not put too much on. The way to oil a bat is to wipe the face with an oily rag. Boys generally put far too much oil on their bats. **W. F. Little.**—This answer will not, I fear, be in time for you. Your daily scheme is all right, but ought you not to do some running? I have absolutely no knowledge of your sort of race, and have no notion either of the average pace adopted or the number of rests usually taken. I expect everyone has to find out what he can do and make his plans accordingly. But you cannot arrive at this till you have tried several races. **S. Scarlett**—I made inquiries, but could not find out much. "Wanderer," of the *Sportsman*, kindly promised to make some further inquiries for me. You might write to him—c/o *The Sportsman*, Fleet Street. I think there is a club at Upton that would suit you. **R. B.**—No; better not use gloves for swimming. **Captainophilos.**—(1) Three times a week in dry, hot weather; twice in wet weather during the season; once a fortnight in the winter. (2) Raw linseed oil. (3) They are the same. You can get a chart from Sandow, Ltd., Victoria Embankment, W.C.—it costs a shilling, I think. Write and ask. (4) Persevere, but do not drive yourself too hard on any one occasion. **A. K. Hardy.**—The man is out, bowled off his leg, just as much as if clean bowled. **Prac-Joker.**—You had better use light dumb-bells and light Indian clubs, and get as much outdoor exercise as possible. From your description I should say your blood was poor, and that you required feeding up; but you should consult a doctor. **F. Skinner.**—Perhaps some day an article such as you suggest will appear. I will hand your request to the Old Fag. Rather; go back as far as you can without breaking your wicket. Of the two I would rather have F. S. Jackson. Your master's proceedings were unorthodox. **A Lover of Cricket.**—Why not write for a CAPTAIN bat? I think you could use one size less than full size. Makers' prices vary. About 12s. 6d., I should say. Go to a good maker—such as Wisden or Surridge. **G. M. K. Foster.**—The size of your leg is not of any account. Many fine runners have small calves, but yours is quite stout enough as it is. **Periwinkle.**—Last, but by no means least. I am glad to hear from so keen a cricketer. Your brother's performances are good, decidedly, and from the atmosphere of your letter I fancy he stands an excellent chance of doing well. It is a great pity there are not more of your sort.



MANDRIN

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE FAMOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

by CHARLOTTE A. RAWLINGS.

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE

THE "Auberge de St. Jean" was an old-fashioned inn, situated in a picturesque valley in the mountains of Burgundy. It was the "half-way" house on the high road between the towns of F—— and C——, and was renowned as a resting place for travellers and their horses.

Business, however, had been very slow for some while, and Maître Clément was standing outside his inn, watching more particularly the southern end of the road, from which quarter he was evidently expecting some arrival. At last—to his delight—he saw a four-in-hand coach and outriders coming round the turn of the road towards him. He hurried into the house, announcing the good news, and hastily changed his ordinary coat for a better one—and, rubbing his hands with satisfaction at the prospect of a good "job," came to the doorway just as the fine equipage pulled up in the court-yard.

To his astonishment, he heard the new arrivals talking English, and he soon saw that it was some grand personage and his attendants. He was just wondering how he could make himself understood, when a gentleman got out of the coach, and in a very proud, disdainful manner, though in broken French, asked if they could be provided with refreshments and rested for a few hours.

"*Ah, oui, milord, mais certainement!*" said the innkeeper, rubbing his hands in his excitement, and bowing profusely. "I can prepare dinner at once for milord and his party, and his horses shall be properly attended to."

Then he disappeared, calling his few attendants, and many imaginary ones—wishing to impress his foreign visitors with the grandeur of his establishment. The servants appeared, and the new arrivals were shown to their rooms.

They seemed to be a merry party, laughing at the quaint old pictures round the room. Among these were one or two portraits of celebrities of the day, one of which especially attracted their attention, and seemed to amuse them very much.

Presently, the innkeeper came in and, seeing them gathered round this picture, remarked: "That is the portrait of Mandrin—and a very good likeness, I am told."

"Mandrin?" asked Lord E——, "who was this Mandrin?"

"What! Is it possible milord has not heard of our famous highwayman? Why, I thought he was known all over the world! He is very famous in our country, milord. Always kind to the poor, and good to his men—not one of whom has he ever lost—often risking his life to save theirs." Then, lowering his voice, he approached nearer to the visitors, and said: "Do you know, gentlemen, one of his men *has* been caught lately; the authorities have had him locked up secretly in the dungeon of the old prison, not far from here, and to-morrow the man is to be tried. I am expecting the judge and his

party every moment—and Mandrin will be clever if he saves his man this time!"

"Ah! thank you," said his lordship; "that is very interesting!"

At this moment Lord E—— was interrupted by his coachman, who came to tell him he had discovered that the axle of the front wheels had been damaged in the journey there, and that he feared it would prevent their going on till the next day.

"Dear me! That is most annoying. You know how anxious I am to get on to G——. I don't the least know what I am going to do with myself in this poky, uninteresting little place. See that the repair is done as quickly as possible, Donald."

"I will do my best, my lord."

The travellers all seemed much put out at the news brought by the coachman, and the curious little innkeeper said:—

"I hope nothing serious has happened, milord?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Lord E——. "Something has gone wrong with the front wheels of my coach, which is most unfortunate, as we wanted to be at G—— this evening to meet some friends, and now I fear we must remain here for the night. Can you manage to put us up?"

"*Mais oui, milord.* The 'Auberge de St. Jean' is at your disposal. We will do our best to make you comfortable."

"Thank you. But what am I going to do with myself all these hours? How long will it take to prepare dinner?"

"One hour and a half or two hours to make milord a good dinner. Will milord not take a walk, and go to see the prison? It is famous, though this is a small place."

"Well, perhaps I had better. It will be something to do while dinner is being prepared."

"Yes, milord—a very nice walk. And now that milord remains until to-morrow, he will, of course, like to hear the trial? Everybody will be there to see Mandrin's man condemned. I know the mayor very well, and if milord likes I will ask him to invite him to the trial. It will take place early in the morning."

"Oh, I suppose I may as well hear the trial, as I have to be here; but I am not a bit interested in your Mandrin and his men. I wanted to be with my friends, who will be expecting me. But tell me, in what direction is the prison?"

"Oh, I will soon show milord!" and, leading the way to the front of the inn, the landlord pointed out the road, and his lordship started off at once. At first the innkeeper watched him out of pure curiosity; then he suddenly lost sight of him, and presently all he saw going along the road was a priest.

"Bah!" said Monsieur Clément. "He has taken a wrong turn somehow. However, I must hurry in to cook their dinner, or it will not be ready in time."

By-and-bye his lordship returned, and he and his friends sat down to dinner, which they thoroughly enjoyed. When the meal was over, the innkeeper brought in a book containing the history of Mandrin's life, and many exciting adventures, which he thought the gentlemen might like to read to pass away the evening. Then he said:—

"A messenger from Monsieur le Maire has come, and begs me to tell milord that he will be delighted to see him and his friends at the trial to-morrow."

"That is very courteous and kind," said Lord E——. "Pray give the mayor my compliments and thanks, and say we have much pleasure in accepting his invitation."

The next morning Lord E—— and his friends went to the *mairie*, or town hall, and were received very courteously by the mayor, who gave them the seats of honour next to him.

Soon the trial commenced. The prisoner, accused of murder, was brought in strongly guarded, and, as was the custom in those days for such criminals, riding a donkey, his face towards its tail.

Witnesses were called, all of whom bore testimony that they had seen the prisoner among others, who had escaped, attack the coach of the Duke de S. and deliberately shoot him. Many other things were said to prove that he was not only one of the famous gang, but Mandrin's chief man, and the one of all others whom he would least like to lose. All the evidence was very strong against the prisoner, who, however, continued to declare his innocence, and said that he did not even know Mandrin by sight.

The Judge: "How do you account, then, for having been seen among the gang?"

Prisoner: "They only *say* they recognise me, your lordship, but I declare it is a mistake! I am not the man they say! I am innocent! I was never at the place of the murder—but the only man who could save me from the law, by proving where I was, must be far away by now! It was a foreign gentleman—an Englishman, I believe—who was touring through France."

The Judge (sarcastically): "Ah, indeed! This is very interesting. And what had this 'foreigner' this 'Englishman,' to do with you? Where did you and he meet?"

Prisoner (sadly): "Ah, your lordship, you do not believe me! But I was walking on the bridge at D—— when I noticed a runaway equipage, the horses galloping towards me, and saw that if they crossed the bridge and tore down the crowded thoroughfare I had just lef. loss of life would

"I AM SAVED! I AM SAVED! HE IS HERE, MY KIND BENEFACTOR!"

result, so I made up my mind to try to stop the horses. This I did by jumping on the neck of the nearest one as they were dashing over the bridge, and was carried some little way before the frightened creatures could stop. The gentleman got out of the carriage and thanked me for what he called my 'great bravery.' He gave me a gold piece, and asked me for my name and address, which he wrote down in a pocket-book, promising to send me more money the next day. I only wish I knew where he was, I know he would speak for me—but it's no use! You are all determined to condemn me, an innocent man!"

The judge, who at first listened with a scornful expression on his face, became moved as the man went on with his story, which he had told so simply and modestly that all who heard it felt pity for him. But all France was full of the fact that at last one of Mandrin's men had been, not only caught, but kept safely locked up till the day of his trial.

It was a triumph for the police—a triumph for the judge, who, with his colleagues, had come there so convinced he was the right man, that he must be convicted and punished as the law ordained. So, hardening himself against the growing feeling of sympathy for the prisoner, the judge once more assumed his grave expression, and addressed him as follows: "That is a very nice story, my man, and I wish I could believe it; but, you see, the evidence is so strong against you—you are so exactly like the portrait we hold of Mandrin's chief man, that I fear I still consider you guilty of the charge against you. Nevertheless, I would not be human if I did not give you a last chance of clearing yourself. Look round the court and see if you can find your 'friend.'" (Murmurs of approval from all present.)

The prisoner rose slowly and thanked the judge; then, with an utterly hopeless expression, began to look round at the assembled people. When at last his eyes lighted on the face of the English nobleman—whose presence, from his position hitherto, he had not been able to observe—his face lighted up with joy and surprise, and he threw up his arms, crying: "I am saved! I am saved! He is here, my kind benefactor!" Then, overcome by all the excitement he had gone through, he sank down on the floor in an unconscious state.

There was now intense excitement in court. After all, then, they had got hold of the wrong man! All eyes turned to where the prisoner had pointed.

And the English nobleman, what of him? There he sat, erect and proud, much vexed, apparently, at being made the object of such ardent gaze. Then he turned to his friends, and, speaking in English, asked them questions, pointing to the prisoner, and they all seemed to agree with him. As soon as the judge had recovered from his surprise, he said in broken English:—

"Will the English gentleman kindly tell us whether he, or either of his friends, knows anything about the prisoner, whether he has ever been at D—— on a tour through France, and whether he really *is* the gentleman whose horses ran away and were stopped by the prisoner, as he related?"

Lord E—— rose and, bowing to the judge, said: "I have much pleasure in answering your lordship's questions, especially now that I recognise the prisoner, who, I see, has let his beard grow a little. At first sight he was apparently a complete stranger to me and my friends here. Then, gradually, as he proceeded with his story—the event of which is so fresh in my memory—I became aware that the accused was no other than my brave rescuer at D——. Now, your lordship, I am prepared to swear, as also are my friends here, that he is what he represents himself. My horses did run away over the bridge at D——, but as I always keep an account of each day's doings, the simplest thing will be to refer to my pocket-diary; then I can find the actual date on which I was there, and the name and address of my rescuer. Thus, we shall soon see whether he has told us the truth."

With these words, his lordship took the book out of his pocket, and, opening it, deliberately looked back page by page to find that on which he had described the accident at D——. During this time, there was great excitement in court. The judge's face and that of his colleagues being full of excitement, not unmixed with disappointment, and the prisoner's gaze, full of confidence and hope, was rivetted on the face of his unexpected deliverer.

"Here it is," said Lord E——, "and the date, I find, is the 17th of July last. Is that the date of the robbery, and that given by the accused?"

"It is, your lordship. Pray let us hear your account. This is indeed marvellous!" exclaimed the judge.

"Most extraordinary!" chimed in his colleagues, putting up their hands in their astonishment, and looking at each other for sympathy.

"Well," continued Lord E——, "that day's account is as follows:—'Another pleasant day at D——, which might have turned out very disastrous to me but for the bravery of a sturdy little Frenchman. Had been over the cathedral, and was driving to see the old castle, when, suddenly, some clothing fell out of a window and was carried by the wind into the middle of the road. Horses reared terribly, then bolted—coachman losing all control. While we were dashing over the bridge, towards the Rue St. Joseph, a brave man threw himself on to the neck of one of the front horses, and, soon stopping them, saved us, no doubt, from a terrible accident. A most prompt and courageous deed! Got out as soon as I could, shook hands with the good fellow, and thanked him, giving him a louis. Asked his name and address, which were: "Jean Robinet, Rue de la Lyre, No. 9," and promised to send him more money to-morrow.'

"That, gentlemen, is all the account, but you are welcome to see it for your own satisfaction," said Lord E——, handing the open book to a gendarme, who took it to the judge.

One of his party, who understood English, translated the account, and found it corresponded perfectly with the man's evidence.

The excitement and sensation in court can well be imagined. The judge pronounced the accused not guilty of the charge brought against him, and he was formally acquitted—the people assembled all showing great satisfaction and pleasure at the release of the prisoner.

Lord E—— shook hands with him before he left the court, and, wishing him "good luck," gave him a good sum of money to pay his "expenses home and to make up for lost time from his work." So, with many grateful thanks, and a glad heart, Jean Robinet left the court a free man once more.

After the people had left the court, the mayor came forward and shook hands with Lord E——, and thanked him for his courtesy in giving such opportune evidence, and being the means of saving an innocent man. He, personally, "had never been so deceived in a case before, and quite thought they had at last captured one of that famous gang," etc. Then he invited Lord E—— and his friends to luncheon, which was gladly accepted. It was really a most sumptuous repast—the choicest wines and champagne being served in honour of the English travellers.

After the meal was over, and having thanked the mayor for his kind hospitality, Lord E—— and his friends returned to the inn, where they found everything in readiness for their departure. Before leaving, however, his lordship wrote a letter, and sent for the innkeeper.

"Monsieur Clément," said he, "after we have gone, I want you to take this letter to the mayor with my compliments. There is no need to hurry about it, as it is of no great importance."

Then, giving the innkeeper a handsome purse, filled with gold, Lord E—— said: "I hope this

will repay you for your good care of us during our short stay," and bade him farewell.

Monsieur Clément took the letter to the mayor, who was entertaining a few friends who had been at the trial.

"The English milord begged me to give you this letter myself, with his compliments, monsieur. He left us an hour ago."

"Ah, indeed! Have they gone already? Well, it is very polite of him to write. I wonder what his lordship has to say."

The mayor hastily tore open the envelope, quite proud to receive a letter from the English nobleman. As he read the contents, his friends were much astonished to notice a rapid change of expression in his face. He turned first deadly white, then suddenly red, which assumed a purplish hue, in his growing excitement and rage . . . . He crumpled the letter up in his hand, rose from his chair, and tried to speak, but at first his voice failed him. He paced up and down in his fury, to the utter amazement of his friends and the consternation of the innkeeper, who rapidly made for the door.

"I have been deceived—*duped!*" he yelled, at last, choking with rage. "We have *all* been made fools of! I have actually shaken hands with, and entertained royally, no other than Mandrin!"

"What?" "Mandrin?" "Impossible!" cried the various friends, and the little innkeeper included. "That charming Englishman, *Mandrin?*"

"It cannot be!" they all exclaimed, now nearly as frantic as the poor mayor, and following him round the table, with more frightened and incredulous expressions.

"I tell you I am *duped;* it *was* Mandrin saving his man again! Read *that!*" said the mayor, his hands shaking, as he pulled open the now much-crumpled letter.

His nearest friend eagerly seized it, and while the rest crowded round him, read out the contents, which were as follows:—

To his Worship, the Mayor of L——.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you again most cordially for your kind hospitality, and to express my gratitude to you for having so effectually assisted me in saving my man—whose life, up to almost the last moment, I despaired of rescuing!—Yours most faithfully,

MANDRIN.

"I HAVE BEEN DECEIVED—*duped!*" HE YELLED, AT LAST, CHOKING WITH RAGE.

* * * * * * *

The innkeeper rushed out of the room, and hastened home with the great news, telling it to everyone he met. Mandrin had been amongst them! The innkeeper and his household secretly enjoyed the turn affairs had taken. They quite understood *now* why there had been so much fun among the "English" visitors while looking at Mandrin's portrait, and after Monsieur Clément had brought them the book relating to his life and adventures.

Arrangements were made at once to send a messenger to the nearest town with the news, and to order a strong body of mounted gendarmes to pursue the fugitives. But by that time Mandrin and his men were miles away, and once more safe from the clutches of the law.

In order to save his man it had been most important for Mandrin to see him *before the trial,*

and to accomplish this he arranged the following clever plan :—

First he procured and filled up a pocket diary up to date, which contained a brief history of his "tour through France," and the important event at D—— on the date of the robbery. Also, he carefully wrote down on a separate piece of paper what he wished his man to say at the trial. Then he cleverly arranged with the innkeeper to show him the way to the prison (though he knew every inch of the road), and, as will be remembered, was lost to view for a while, during which time he went to a particularly sheltered spot, where he had ordered one of his attendants to place a certain parcel for him. This he found and quickly opened. It contained the long gown and hat of a priest, and a pair of plain shoes. He put these on —the gown over his handsome suit, and, cutting a "staff" off a tree was now completely disguised.

Then he walked to the prison, where, being a "priest," he would easily gain admittance as confessor to the prisoner to say "a few prayers for his soul."

The keeper took him unhesitatingly to the dungeon. As soon as the door was safely closed and locked, the would-be "priest," who had made signs to the prisoner to keep silent, rapidly told his plan for saving him to his surprised and delighted follower, and showed him the prepared "diary"; then gave him the written part of the plot, which he was carefully to learn and *act*.

He had just completed all his directions when they heard the step of the returning gaoler, who, when he entered, found them both devoutly kneeling, the priest praying out loud in a monotonous voice for the forgiveness of this "sinful and penitent soul." Gruffly warned that "Time was up!" the monk rose and left the dungeon.

Thus it was that that daring Mandrin prepared his man for the evidence at the trial, and was the means of saving his life!

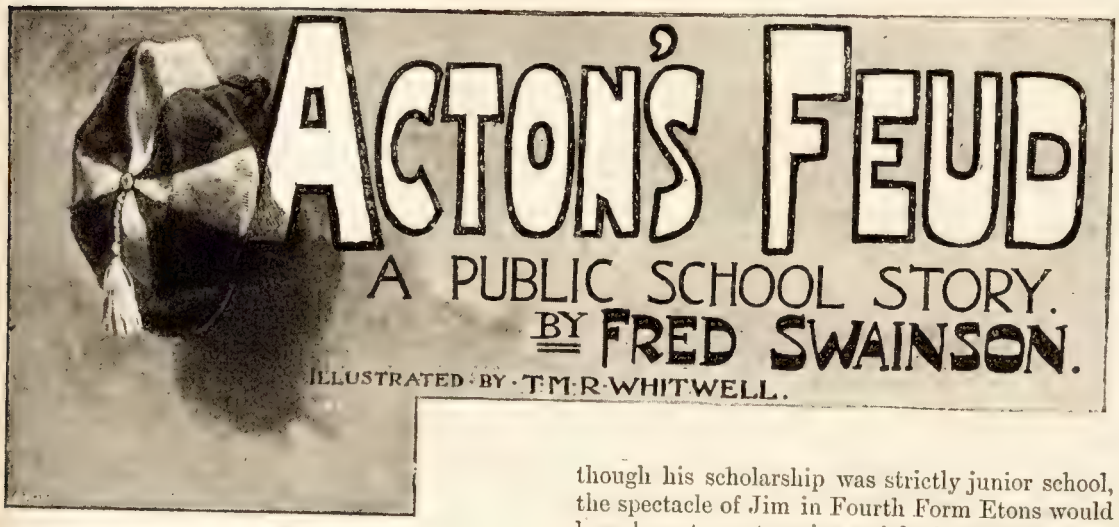
[NOTE.—Mandrin was a gentleman by birth, highly educated, and was master of several languages. He possessed most charming manners, as well as a wonderful power of impersonating any character he chose, so that, although an outlaw, he managed to move in the best society whenever it suited his purpose. For daring adventures and perfect horsemanship, he was the "Dick Turpin" of France, and beloved by all who knew him intimately. He was remarkable for *never* losing one of his men, for if ever one was caught, which was rare, he always managed in some wonderful way to save him.—C.A.R.]

HOW TO BECOME A SHORTHAND CLERK.

(Reply to A. M. G., and others.)

AMONG the numerous and varied queries that reach me week by week, none is more common than the question of how to learn shorthand and typewriting quickly and efficiently. I have replied to this question so many times over that correspondents who are thinking of writing to me upon this subject will save themselves and me much trouble by following these instructions. To learn shorthand without the aid of tuition, obtain copies of the following books: "Pitman's Teacher" (6d.); "The Manual" (1s. 3d.); and "The Reporter." A dictionary would also be useful. The self-reliant student will also find it of assistance to spend a few pence in one of Messrs. Pitman's monthly publications, to be obtained from the Metropolitan School of Shorthand, Southampton Row, W.C. When these books have been thoroughly mastered, constant practice will still be necessary to make perfect. Having become thoroughly conversant with the system, speed practice now commences. That is one way.

But by far the easier, better, and pleasanter way is to attend a school of phonography. I am not concerned with the excellences of rival systems of shorthand, but I speak from practical knowledge when I say that Messrs. Pitman's Metropolitan School of Shorthand in Southampton Row, London, W.C., is unrivalled, not only for its good results, but also for the care and pains taken with each individual student. A person who cannot learn shorthand at Pitman's School can assuredly learn it nowhere else. The weighty words of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and many other prominent men, as to the satisfactory results obtained at this school, will be sufficient to support my point. I therefore advise "A. M. G.," and the many other correspondents who have written to me on this subject, to take a course of instruction there. Terms can, I believe, be arranged to suit everybody.—A. E. M. F.



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XIII.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the "footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit) is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is censured his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians give vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and cheering Acton to the echo. The following term Acton determines to strike at Bourne senior through the latter's young brother Jack. With this end in view he introduces him to a low sporting character named "Raffles of Rotherhithe," who, previously instructed by Acton, leads young Jack Bourne to transgress as many school laws as possible, eventually landing him very heavily in debt. Thus he is forced to borrow a loan from Acton, who explains to him that it is necessary for someone to accompany him to London, with reference to a betting transaction after "locking-up." Jack, in return for the loan, cannot refuse, though to be found out would mean expulsion. The journey to London and back is made in safety, and Acton lays awake imagining what will be Bourne senior's rage when he hears of Jack's escapade.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PENFOLD TABLET FUND.

THE Easter term had been one of unadulterated discomfort for Jim Cotton. He had felt the loss of Gus's helping hand terribly, and he had not yet found another ass to "devil" for him in the way of classics or mathematics. Philips, a former understudy to Gus, was called upon, but with unsatisfactory results, and Cotton, *mirabile dictu*, was compelled in sheer desperation to try to do his own work. Frankly, the Fifth of St. Amory's was beyond Jim's very small attainments, classical or otherwise. He had been hoisted up to that serene height by no means *honoris causa* but *aetatatis causa*. Jim was verging on 6ft., and he filled his clothes very well into the bargain, and though his scholarship was strictly junior school, the spectacle of Jim in Fourth Form Etons would have been too entrancing a sight for daily contemplation. Hence he had got his remove. Thrown over by Gus, unable to discover a second jackal for the term so far, he had been left to the tender mercy of Corker, Merishall & Co., and Jim was inclined to think that they showed no quarter to a fallen foe. Corker had been distilled venom on the particular morning with which this chapter deals on the subject of Jim's Greek. Herodotus, as translated by Jim with the help of a well-thumbed Bohn's crib, had emerged as a most unalluring mess of pottage, and Dr. Moore had picked out Bohn's plums from Jim's paste with unerring accuracy. Whilst Cotton was wishing the roof would fall down on Corker's head and kill him, the other fellows in the Fifth were enjoying the fun. Gus Todd, though, felt for his old friend more than a touch of pity, and when old Corker left Jim alone finally, Gus very cleverly kept his attention away from Jim's quarter. When Corker finally drew his toga around him and hurried out, Jim Cotton gathered together his own books and lounged heavily into the street, sick of school, books, Corker, and hating Gus with a mighty sullen hate. For Jim had remarked Gus's sprightliness in the Greek ordeal, but was not clever enough to see that Gus's performance had been only for old friendship's sake. Jim, however, put down Todd's device as mere "side," "show-off," "toadyism," and other choice things, all trotted out specially for his eyes. When he reached his room he flung his Herodotus into the nearest chair, and himself into the most comfortable one, and then beat a vicious serenade on his firegrate with the poker until dinner time.

In the evening, while Jim was moodily planted before a small pile of books, he received a visitor, no less a personage than Philips, Jim's occasional

back. "Well," said Jim, surlily, "what do you want?"

"I'll tell you in a minute, old boy. Can I have a chair?"

"Can't you see I'm busy?" said Cotton, unamiably.

"You look like it, more or less, certainly."

"Well, I've no time for any oratory to-night, Philips, and that is all about it."

"I'll give you a leg-up for Merishall in the morning if you're decently civil."

"All right then," said Jim, thawing instantly. "What's the matter?"

"Ever heard of Penfold?"

"No, what was the animal?"

"Well, he was the brightest and most particular star that Taylor ever had in his house; that is, until you pitched your tent among us."

"Don't rot, Philips. What has the Penfold done?"

"Made a chemical discovery which stamps him as one of the first half dozen chemists in the world."

"Oh," said Jim, wearily; "most interestin', very."

"Here only ten years ago, and, 'pon honour, this was his very den."

"Have noticed the place to be stuffy," said Jim, with no enthusiasm, "and now that is explained. Suppose he lived with his nose in books and test-tubes?"

"And," said Philips, ignoring Jim's heavy wit, "the Fifth and Sixth Form fellows in Taylor's think we ought to take notice of it somehow."

"Now, I wouldn't," said Cotton, critically; "I'd keep a thing like that dark."

"You heathen!"

"If he'd pulled stroke at Cambridge, or anything like that——"

"We thought a tablet on the wall, or something of that sort, would meet the case. Corker's dining hall is lined with 'em."

"Get to the point," said Jim, grimly.

"A sub. of five shillings among seniors, and half a crown among the kids, would meet the case, I think."

"And did you think I'd spring a crown for a marble tablet to a mug like Penfold?"

"Rather," said Philips.

"Well," said Jim, "life would be worth living here if it weren't for the unearthly smugging, but as it is St. Amory's is about as lively as a workhouse. I'm not forking out on this occasion. Taylor's smugs must do all that is necessary to be done."

"Well," said Philips, "all the other fellows have given in their names, bar you and Todd."

"Oh!" said Jim, with sudden interest, "you've asked Todd, have you?"

"Of course. Gus seemed rather waxy that he should be called upon. One might almost fancy he hadn't got the five shillings."

"Todd evidently is a miserable miser," said Jim, with a bitter smile at the thought of Gus' insolvent condition. "He isn't the same fellow he used to be."

"Jove, no!" said Philips; "he's come on no end this term. He's an improvement on the old Gus."

"Yes," said Jim, angrily; "the beaks have got him into their nets. But he ought to subscribe to the Penfold, when he's the biggest smug in Taylor's."

"And you ought, too, Jim, since you've the biggest money bags."

"All right," said Jim, "I'll subscribe. 'Twill look better if we all subscribe."

"You're a funny ass, Cotton. I thought I was going to draw you blank. What's the reason for your sudden change of mind?"

"I don't want to be bracketed equal with Toddy."

"That's settled then," said Philips, who was puzzled at Jim's sudden change of front. "And now let's see to Merishall's work for the morning."

The subscriptions for a tablet in the great Penfold's honour were not hard to obtain, the upper form fellows in Taylor's dunning the rest of the house without mercy, and, to the great wonder of all, the foremost of the duns was James Cotton, Esq. The way he squeezed half-crowns out of the fags was reckoned little short of marvellous, and before the week was out every Taylor fellow had subscribed bar Gus. Jim's exertions were rewarded by the office of secretary to the Penfold Fund. "We'll get a house list, Philips, and pin up a proper subscription list on the notice board. The thing will look more ship-shape then. By the way, what was it the Penfold did? Is he dead?"

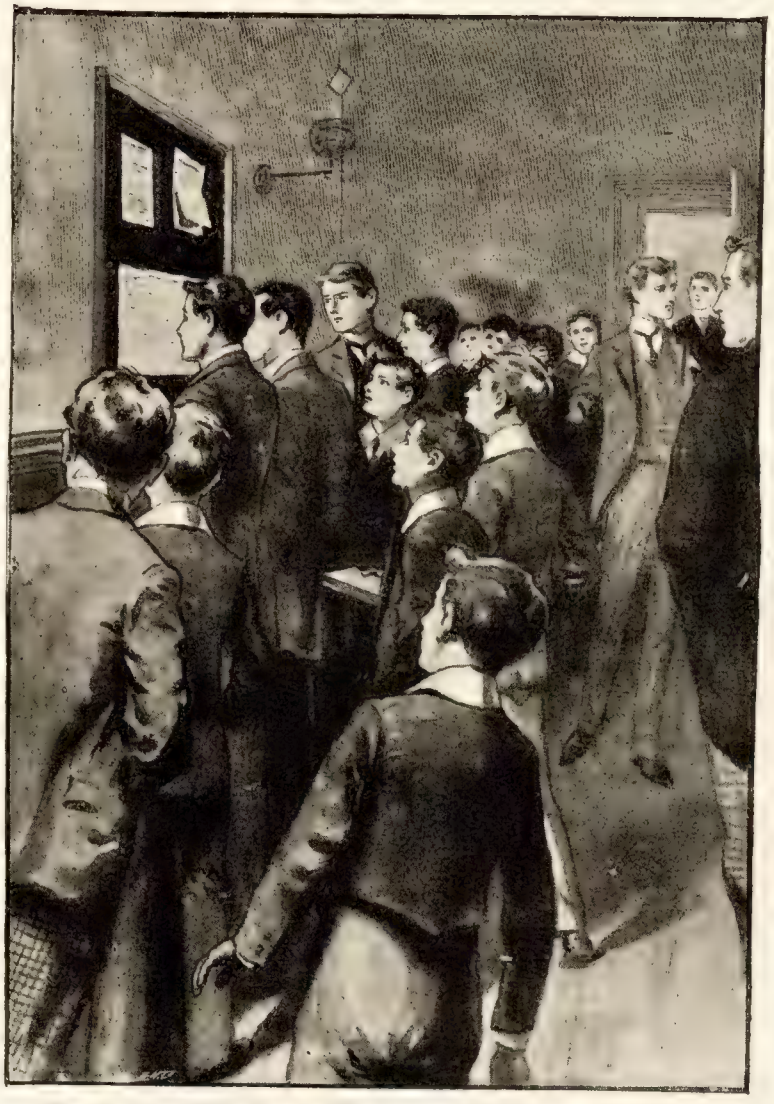
"You are a funny fellow, Cotton. Here you are sweating the half-crowns out of the fags and you don't know why you're doing it."

"That is just what I do know," said Jim, smiling serenely.

When the list was pinned up on the board and opposite each fellow's name appeared the half-crown or crown he had contributed, it made a brave show. Towards the end of the list opposite the name of Todd, A. V. R., there had occurred a dismal blank thoughtfully filled by secretary Cotton with a couple of beautifully even lines ruled in staring red ink. This vivid dash of colour on the white paper gave poor Gus quite an unsolicited advertisement, and since none of the

other fellows knew of Gus' circumstances, it practically put him in the pillory as a tight-fisted old screw. This result was exactly what Jim Cotton had in his mind when he fell in with the tablet scheme so enthusiastically. Pretty mean, wasn't it?

When Gus saw the staring red abomination for the first time it made him feel that he would like to pour a little boiling oil over the secretary of the fund, for to a fellow of Gus' temperament the chaffing remarks of his acquaintances and the knowing looks of the juniors made him shiver with righteous anger. He did not like being pilloried. He had desperate thoughts of going and publicly kicking Cotton, but he remembered fortunately that Jim would probably only make one mouthful of him. But he paced his room angrily, and except that he really meant to keep himself to his resolution of honourable poverty to the term's end he would have written home. Not to do so cost him a struggle.



THE LIST WAS PINNED UP ON THE BOARD; AND OPPOSITE EACH FELLOW'S NAME APPEARED THE HALF A CROWN, OR CROWN, HE HAD CONTRIBUTED.

There was someone else who eyed this plain manifesto of Gus' position with anger, and that was the Rev. E. Taylor himself. The house-master had not been a house-master for years for nothing, and he guessed pretty shrewdly that someone was writing off a debt with interest against Gus. The house-master made a still shrewder guess as to whom this might be, for he had watched the dissolution of the partnership of Cotton and Todd with great interest.

Thus it was that Philips was called into Taylor's room for a quiet little chat on house matters. "Your idea of a memento to Penfold was an excellent one, Philips, and the house seems to have taken it up very heartily."

"Oh, yes!" said Philips, naïvely. "The fellows have taken any amount of interest, especially Cotton."

"Cotton's is rather a case of Saul among the prophets, isn't it, Philips?"

"This sort of thing didn't quite seem his line before, sir."

"No; I never thought so myself, but it is very pleasant to make a mistake, too. I see Todd, who is the best chemist in the house, does not subscribe at all."

"Most of the fellows thought it rather strange."

"And said so, no doubt?" said the master, looking abstractedly at his finger nails.

"H'm!" said Philips, feeling uncomfortable at this thrust. "They may have."

"You see, Philips," said Taylor, gently, "there ought to have been no quizzing of Todd, for a contribution to a matter like this ought to be entirely voluntary—most emphatically so, I think. And if Todd does not see his way to subscribe—

and he is the sole judge—there ought to be no remarks whatever."

"I see, sir," said Philips, dubiously.

"I was much annoyed to see that Todd's name has been prominently before the house for the last day or so."

"You mean on the notice board, sir?"

"Yes. I can quite see why it is. The honorary secretary has not had much experience in this clerical work before, so he has fallen into a great mistake. In fact," said the house-master, bluntly, "the secretary's taste is not to be depended on."

"I don't think Cotton meant anything——" began Philips.

"Well, perhaps not," said the Rev. E. Taylor, doubtfully; "but in any case will you take down the present list, and draw up a fresh one—if you think one at all necessary—with only the names of subscribers upon it? A house list should not have been used at all. Please tell Cotton I said so, and I hope he will see the fairness of it."

Philips took down the offending list, and told Cotton the house-master's opinions. Jim Cotton had not very quick feelings, but contempt can pierce the shell of a tortoise; and as Philips innocently retailed the message, the secretary of the Penfold Tablet Fund knew there was one man who held him a cad.

CHAPTER XV.

A RENEWED FRIENDSHIP.

THE following morning Gus was much astonished to receive a letter containing a blank sheet of notepaper enfolding a postal order for £1. This was properly filled in, payable to A. V. R. Todd at St. Amory's Post Office, but there was not the slightest clue as to the sender. Gus looked at the blue and white slip in an ecstasy of astonishment. Now Gus knew that no one was aware of his bankrupt exchequer save Cotton, and he knew that Jim was not likely to have said anything about it for one or two very good reasons, and would now keep it darker than ever. If it were known that Gus had been practically pilloried for being penniless by the fellow who had lifted his cash, Cotton would have heard a few fancy remarks on his own conduct which would have made his ears tingle. Gus pondered over this problem of the sender until he felt giddy, but he finally came to the conclusion that Cotton had regretted his polite attentions to an old friend and had sent the order as a kind of *amende honorable*. Gus instantly regretted the fervent wishes about the boiling oil and the public kicking for Jim Cotton, and he also determined to go and thank his old patron for what he was sure was his anonymous gift.

So after breakfast he cashed the order and, with pockets heavier with coin than they had been for some time, he went to Jim Cotton's room. Jim received him with an odd mixture of anger and shame, and when Gus handed over to him two half-crowns, Cotton, in some confusion, told him to hand them over to Philips, who had initiated the subscription for the Penfold tablet.

"Thought you were the secretary?" said Gus.

"No! I'm out of the boat now. Philips is the man," said Cotton, sulkily.

"And, by the way, Jim, it wasn't half bad of you to send me that order. It was no end brickish, especially after I had left you more or less in the lurch."

"What order?" said Jim, looking curiously at Gus.

"What's the good of trying to pass it off like that, old man? It could only be you."

"I don't know what you're driving at. You seem to be talking rot," said Cotton, angrily, for he fancied that Gus was fooling him in some way.

"Well, I've got an order for £1 this morning, envelope stamped St. Amory, and it could only come from someone who knew I was stumped, and you're the only fellow who knew that, unless, indeed, you've been kind enough to tell some of the fellows."

"I've told no one; and anyway, I didn't send the order."

"Oh, rot!"

"Thanks! I don't tell lies as a rule, and I say I know nothing whatever about your order. I think you'd better cut now instead of wasting my time with this rotten foolery."

"You didn't send it?" said Gus, finally, with more than a dash of irritation in his voice at the continued boorishness of Cotton.

"No, I tell you! Shall I get a foghorn and let you have it that way?"

"Then look here, Cotton. If you didn't send it, your underscoring of my name on the house list because I couldn't subscribe was the act of an arrant cad."

Cotton winced at Gus's concise definition, but he said, "Oh, get out you fool!"

"Fool, or not," said Gus, becoming more angry every moment as he thought of his wrongs, "I'm not an underbred loafer who cleans a fellow out of his cash and then rounds on him because he can't pay his way. Why, a Whitechapel gutter-snipe ——"

"Can't appreciate the allusion," said Jim; "I've never been to Whitechapel. But anyhow, Todd, there's the door. I think you had really better go."

"Not till I've said you're the biggest bounder in St. Amory's."

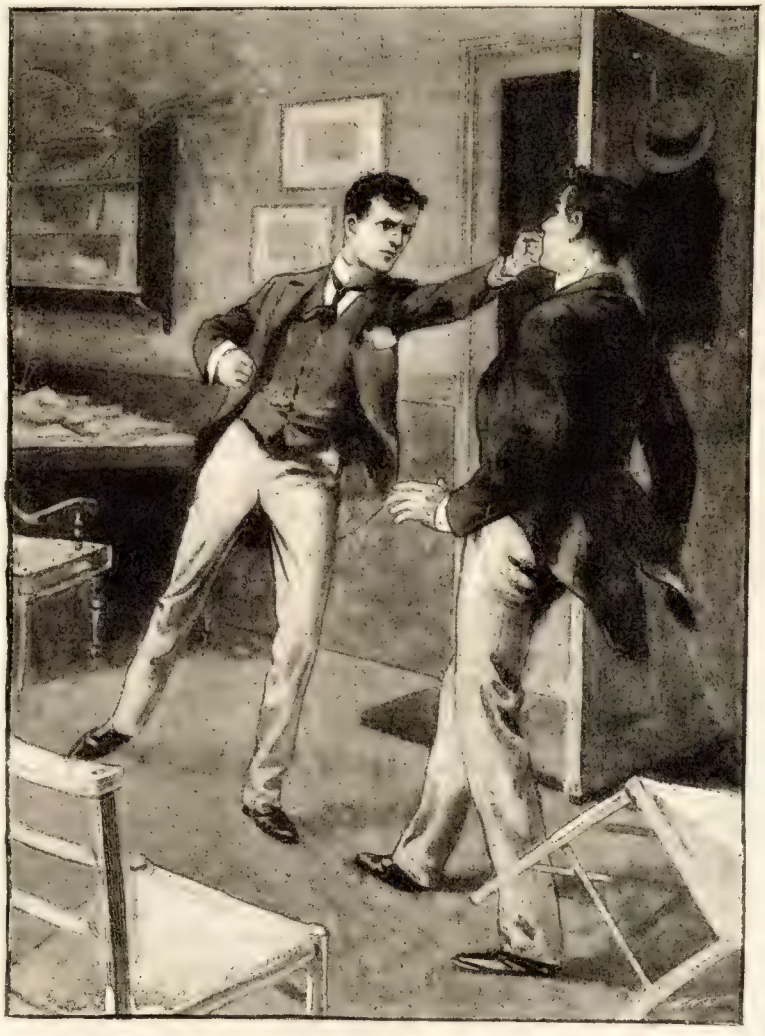
"Now you've said it you really must go, or I'll throw you out!"

Gus was too taken up with his own passion to notice that Cotton was also at about the limit of his patience, and that Jim's lips had set into a grim and ugly sneer. Todd was furiously trying to find some clinching expression which would quite define Jim's conduct, when that gentleman took one stride forward and caught him by the collar. The grip, the very touch of Cotton's fingers maddened Gus beyond all bearing. His anger broke loose from all control; he wrenched himself out of Cotton's grasp and passionately struck him on the mouth.

Cotton turned grey with passion as bitter as Todd's, and repaid Gus's blow with interest. Gus dropped to the floor, bleeding villainously. Cotton thereupon jerked him to his feet, and threw him out of the room.

Gus picked himself up from the corridor floor and went to his own room, his face as white as a sheet and his heart as black as ink. What Gus suffered from his passion, his shame, his hatred, and the pain of his old friend's blow, for the next few hours words won't tell. He attended morning school, his head in a whirl of thought. Cotton was there too, and, could looks have killed, Jim Cotton would not have been in the land of the living for very long. When Merishall went, Gus waited until all the form had filed out, and, still dizzy and sick, he wearily followed suit and turned in at his own door. As Gus came into the room someone rose up and faced round to meet him, and Todd found himself once more face to face with Cotton.

Now the blow which had tumbled down Gus so heartily had, so to speak, tumbled down the striker in his own mind just as thoroughly. Jim Cotton's mind was not a subtle one, but the minute after he had floored Gus and shut the door on him, his better mind told him distinctly that he was a cad. Why? Because when he struck Gus the feeling was as though he had struck a cripple. Gus had doubled up under the weight of his hand as though he had been a leaf. Cotton dimly felt that for a fellow of his build and weight to let Gus have the full benefit of both was not fair. "That is how it must feel, I suppose, to strike a girl. My fist seems unclean," he said in huge disgust. "I'd give Todd his three sovs. back if I could recall that blow. I wish I'd left the fool alone, and anyhow, it's my opinion I don't shine much in our little squabble. Todd has been playing the man since his Perry cropper, and I've been playing the cad just because he was once useful to me and I did not want to let him go." Cotton devoted the next few hours to a little honest unselfish thinking, and the result was



HE WRENCHED HIMSELF OUT OF COTTON'S GRASP AND PASSIONATELY STRUCK HIM ON THE MOUTH.

that he came pretty near to despising himself. "I'll go and apologise to Gus, and if he shies the poker at my head I'm hanged if I dodge it."

That is why Gus was received in his own room by the fellow who had so lately knocked him down. Gus stared at Jim, his swollen lip trembling with anger and his eyes blazing with indignation.

"I say, Gus, old man, I am an utter out-and-out cad, and I've come to apologise."

Gus murmured something indistinctly.

"When I knocked you down I did the most blackguardly thing that even I have ever done, and, you may believe me or not, I am now about disgusted with myself. I felt that there was only one thing that I could do, and that was to apologise."

Jim was so obviously cut up by remorse that Gus thereupon buried the hatchet. He did not throw the poker at Jim's head, and you may be surprised to hear—or you may not—that Gus and Jim Cotton took their after-dinner coffee at Hooper's, as in the old time. The conversation was *staccato* at first, but interesting.

"But who sent the order?" said Gus.

"Dunno, really, but I could almost bet my boots that Taylor is the criminal."

"Taylor! What does he know of my affairs?"

"Well, that beastly house list with your red raw agony column made him most suspicious, and I believe he knows to a hair exactly how big a cad I've been."

"Go on, old man, leave that."

"He sucked Philips dry about the Penfold tombstone, and although he said nothing to me personally, Philips gave me to understand that I'm not in favour with the parson. Taylor is the man who's provided your sub. for the Penfold, take my word for it."

"He's not half such a bad fellow, Jim."

"No," said Jim, with an uneasy laugh; "Taylor's all right, but he'll make me squirm when he has the chance."

The friendship of Cotton and Todd was thus renewed and cemented—with Gus' bluest blood. Gus gave Jim some good advice about the schools, which made Jim feel a bit dubious. "Chuck your Bohn's cribs and your keys under the grate, and show up your own work."

"Footle, you mean, Gus."

"All right, footle, then. I know all our own private personal beaks would rather have a fellow's own work, if of fair quality, than all the weirdest screeds from any crib whatsoever."

Jim made the experiment, very gingerly be it said, but did show up his own work, and from Corker to Merishall all the beaks were civil to him. Gus' reputation a sa prophet was established, for Corker himself seemed pleased with the Cottonian version of Herodotus.

"Rather rough in parts, Cotton," said the old man, beaming on the shrinking Jim, "but at least you've not been ploughing Herodotus with the help of your old ass, Bohn."

Jim's effort, however, came too late to affect in any degree his position in the Fifth. When the lists of the Easter term were published, Cotton was the last, deservedly, of the form, but A. V. R. Todd was the seventh. This was an eye-opener to many in the form, but the result sent Gus into the seventh heaven of delight. Taylor came specially into Todd's modest sanctum to congratulate him, and Corker sent an extra special letter to Todd senior, saying all manner of sweet things about Gus. He put the highest mark of his favour upon the delighted Gus by asking him to dinner—a very great honour, but a dreadful ordeal. Gus was wonderfully nervous as he commenced his soup. How do I know? Well, I had been asked, I believe to give the bewildered Gus a little countenance. Gus went home, a day or two later, to the bosom of his family, where he was treated with the utmost honour. He redeemed the watch from the jeweller, and fulfilled his own promise to that worthy man. All through the holidays he basked in the smiles of his proud father, and rode that gentleman's pedigree hack. Corker's highest mark of appreciation was to give you a dinner; with Gus' father it was to let you ride his own horse.

CHAPTER XVI.

BOURNE *v.* ACTON.

JACK had gone to London with his patron on Thursday. On Saturday morning Acton went to Aldershot, carrying with him the hopes and good wishes of the whole of St. Amory's, and at night the school band had met him at the station. They (the band) struggled bravely—it was very windy—with "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" in front of the returned hero, who was "chaired" by frenzied Biffenites. The expected had happened. Acton had annihilated Rossal, Shrewsbury, and Harrow, and in the final had met the redoubtable Jarvis, from "Henry's holy shade." The delightful news circulated round St. Amory's that Acton had "made mincemeat" of Jarvis. He had not, but after a close battle had scrambled home first: he had won, and that was the main thing.

As Acton walked into chapel on Sunday morning with Worcester, Corker got scant attention to his sermon; the fags to a man were thinking of

Acton's terrible left. The gladiator lived in an atmosphere of incense for a whole day.

As Phil Bourne was finishing breakfast on Monday morning his fag brought him his letters, and, after reading his usual one from home, he turned his attention to another one, whose envelope was dirty, and whose writing was laboriously and painfully bad amateur work.

"Rotherhithe," said Phil, looking at the post mark. "Who are my friends from that beauty spot?"

I give the letter in all its fascinating simplicity.

Rotherhithe
Sunday.

Dear Sir,

I was sory as how i did not see you on thursday night when you came with Acting to Covent garden to do a small hedging in the linkinsheer handicap. I think since you and a fare settle about thee gunn and pade up my little bill like a many you would deserve the show at the "Kindumm" and the blow out at that swell tuck shop as Mister Acting said he was going to treat you to for coming with him to londoy. i hopes you enjoyed em and As how that stiff necked old corker your beak — won't never find out.

As you gave him the Propper slip and no Error your beastly Chummy daniel raffles

The letter had evidently been meant for Jack, but had naturally reached Phil, since the envelope was directed to "Mr. Bourne."

Bourne, when he had struggled to the end of this literary gem, dropped the letter like a red hot coal. Was it a hoax, or had Jack really gone up to town, as the letter said?

The "Mister Acting" made Phil's heart sink with dire forebodings.

"Go and find young Bourne, Hinton, and tell him to come here to my study at once, or as soon as he's finished breakfast."

Jack came in whistling a jolly tune; he was in full bloom, for had he not now left all his cares behind him?

"You can cut, Hinton; and, Jack, take a chair and give me an explanation of this letter."

Jack read Raffles' letter through to the bitter end, and wished he had never been born. Phil eyed his young brother, who had turned deathly white, with the horrible certainty that Jack had gone up to London.

"Then it's true?" he said.

No answer.

"Jack, I know you could speak the truth once. Look at me. Did you go to London on Thursday night?"

"Yes," said Jack faintly.

"Did Acton take you?"

"Yes."

"You know that if Dr. Moore hears of it he will expel you."

"Yes."

"You went to oblige Acton?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever think what pater would think if he heard about this?"

Jack, as a matter of course, had thought many a time of what his father would think about the business, and when Phil in that level voice of his recalled him to this terrible point he broke down. "Phil, do not tell pater; he'd never forgive me! Nor Corker. Cut me into ribbons if you like, only don't let me be expelled."

"Here," said Phil, "I don't want any snivelling in my room. Cut, you miserable puppy, to your own quarters, and when school is over keep to them till I come. You're a contemptible little puppy."

Jack hurried out, crunching Raffles' letter in his fist. He went straight to Acton's room, and, bursting in whilst Acton was drinking his last cup of coffee, blurted out the dismal news. Jack was almost hysterical in his rage against Raffles.

"Acton, I believe that filthy blackmailer meant Phil to get that letter: he wanted to round on me and get me into trouble. Oh!" said Jack in a very explosion of futile rage, "if I could only pound his ugly face into a jelly."

"Well, perhaps you'll have that pleasure one day, Jack. I hope so, anyhow. Now straight,

"CUT, YOU MISERABLE PUPPY, TO YOUR OWN QUARTERS."

Jack, you need not be frightened of your brother saying a word. He could never risk Corker hearing of it, for he could not bear the chance of expulsion, so he'll lie low as far as Corker is concerned, take my word for it. He may hand you over to your father, but that too I doubt. He may give you a thrashing himself, which I fancy he will."

"I don't mind that," said Jack. "I deserve something."

"No you don't, old man, and I'm fearfully sorry that I've got you into this hole. But your brother will certainly interview me."

"I suppose so," said Jack thoughtfully, even in his rage and shame. "I hope there is no row between you," for the idea of an open quarrel between Phil and Acton made Jack rather qualmish.

"You'd better cut now, Jack, and lie low till you find out when the hurricane is going to commence."

Jack went away, and as the door closed softly behind him Acton smiled sweetly, "Well, Raffles has managed it nicely, and carried out my orders to the stroking of the t's. He is quite a genius in a low kind of way. And now I'm ready for Philip Bourne, Esq. I bet I'm a sight more comfortable than he is." Which was very true.

I, of course, knew nothing of all these occurrences at the time, and the first intimation I had that anything was wrong was when Phil Bourne came into my room and gave me a plain unvarnished account, *sans* comment, of Acton's and young Bourne's foolery in London.

"I'm awfully glad, old man, that I am able to tell you this, because, although you're Captain of the school, you can't do anything, since Acton is a monitor."

(It is an unwritten law at St. Amory's that one monitor can never, under any circumstances, "peach" upon another.)

"Well, I'm jolly glad too Bourne, since your brother's in it."

"What has to be done to Acton? Jack, of course, was only a tool in his hands."

"Oh, of course. It is perfectly certain that our friend engineered the whole business up to and including the letter, which *was* meant for you."

"Do you really think that?" said Phil.

"I'm as certain of it as I can be of anything that I don't actually know to be true."

"Why did he do it?"

"Do you feel anything about this, old man?"

"I feel in the bluest funk that I can remember."

"Then that's why."

"You see, I cannot put my finger on the brute."

"He has you in a cleft stick. Who knows that better than Acton?"

"I'm going to thrash Jack, the little idiot. I distinctly told him to give Acton a wide berth."

"Jack, of course, is an idiot; but Acton is the fellow that wants the thrashing."

Phil pondered over this for fully five minutes.

"You're right, old man, and I'll give—I'll try to give—him the thrashing he deserves."

"Big biz," said I. "You say you aren't as good as Hodgson; Hodgson isn't in the same street as Acton; *ergo*, you aren't in the same parish."

"That's your beastly logic, Carr. Does a good cause count for nothing?"

"Not for much when you're dealing with sharps."

"I see *you've* inherited your pater's law books. The school goes home to-morrow, doesn't it? Well, my Lord Chief Justice, in what relation do you stand towards the school to-morrow? Are you Captain?"

"No," said I, in my best legal manner. "There

is no school to-morrow—*ergo*, there cannot be a Captain of a non-existent thing. To-morrow is a *dies non* as far as I'm concerned. Why this thirst for knowledge, Phil?"

"Because I want you to be my second against Acton, and I didn't want your Captaincy to aid or abet me in a thing which is against rules."

"I see," said I, warmly, "and I will sink the rules and all the rest, and trust to a little rough justice being done on an arrant scamp."

"Thanks," said Phil. "With you as second and a good cause, I ought to teach Acton a little genuine lesson."

"I'd rather trust in a good straight left."

"All right, then. I'll see Acton now, and bring him to the point."

"Do, and let me have the result."

Phil swung off in that cool, level-headed fashion which is peculiarly his own. He had thought the matter out thoroughly in that five minutes brown study, and now that he had put his hand to the plough he would not look back. I liked the set shoulders and his even step down the corridor. Surely something must reach Acton now! He walked down the street, turned in at Biffen's yard, and mounted up to Acton's room. He knocked firmly on the partly open door, and when he heard Acton's "Come in," walked solidly in.

Acton smiled amiably when he saw his visitor, and with his half foreign politeness drew out a chair.

"No, thanks," said Phil, icily, "but if you've no objection, I'd like to close your door. May I?"

"By all means."

"My opinion of you, Acton——"

"Why trouble about that, Bourne; I know it."

——"is that you're an unmitigated cad."

"Gently, friend, gently," said Acton, half getting up.

"You, by your foul play, have disfigured poor Aspinall for life——"

"Bourne, you're a monomaniac on that subject. I've had the pleasure of telling you once before that you were a liar."

"And you did not get your 'footer' cap for it, which seems such a paltry punishment for so villainous a crime."

"That is stale, stale," said Acton, coolly.

"You entice my brother to London, which means expulsion for him if it is found out by Dr. Moore."

"I believe that's the rule."

"The expulsion of Jack would bring disgrace on an honest name in the school and give pain to an honest gentleman——"

"The pity o' 't," said Acton, with a sneer.

"And so, since you, by a kind of malicious fate, seem to escape all proper punishment ——"

"You should be a parson, Bourne."

"I'm going to try to give you your deserts myself."

"An avenging angel. Oh, ye gods!"

"Do you mind turning out at the old milling ground at seven sharp to-morrow morning?"

"The mornings are chilly," said Acton, with a snigger. "Besides, I don't really see what pressing obligation I'm under to turn out at that time for the poor pleasure of knocking you down."

"I never thought you were a coward."

"How charitable!"

"But we must bring you to book somehow. Will you fight—now?"

Before he had time to avoid the blow Phil had struck him lightly on the face. For one half second a veritable devil peeped out of Acton's eyes as he sprung at Phil. But Phil quickly backed and said coolly, "No! no, sir! Let us do the thing decently and in order. You can try to do all you wish to-morrow morning very much at your ease. I apologise for striking you in your own room, but necessity you know ——"

"Bourne, you'll regret that blow!"

"Never," said Phil, emphatically, and with cutting contempt. "I have asked Carr to second me. I daresay Vercoe would do the same for you. He has the merit of being a perfectly straightforward fellow, and since he does not go home like the rest to-morrow ——"

"Thanks. Vercoe will do excellently. He is a friend of yours, too!"

"I'm glad to say he is."

"Well, you may now be pretty certain there will be no foul play, whatever else may follow. I'll teach you wisdom on your front teeth."

"I daresay," said Phil, as he coolly stalked out, and left Acton curled up on his chair like a cobra balancing for its stroke.

Quietly and without any fuss the few details were arranged, and next morning four of us filtered down to the old milling ground, on whose green sod so many wrongs had been righted in the old times, and where I sincerely hoped Phil would yet redress, however imperfectly, another.

Of course, we all know fisticuffs are not what they were; for every strenuous mill of to-day there used to be fifty in the old days, and the green turf which formerly was the scene of terrific combats between fellows of the Upper School now only quaked under the martial hoof of, say, Rogers, the prize fag of Biffen's, and Poulett, the champion egg poacher of Corker's, and other humble followers of the "fancy." Milling as an institution in the schools may write up "Ichabod" above its gates.

I tossed with Vercoe for corners, and when I won, I chose the favourite corner, the one King

PHIL'S ARM FLASHED OUT, AND WITH A BLOW THAT WOULD HAVE FELLED AN OX HE CAUGHT ACTON BETWEEN THE EYES. ACTON DROPPED TO THE GROUND LIKE A BLUDGEONED DOG.

had when he fought Sellers with a broken wrist, and beat him, too; which Cooper had when he stood up to Miller for one whole half-holiday, and though beaten three or four times over, never knew it, and won in the end, which mills and the causes thereof, if some one would write about them, would make capital reading. Anyhow, it is a lucky corner, from the legends connected with it, and I thought we should need any luck that might be knocking about so early in the morning.

Phil was as cool and calm as though he were going to gently tund a small fag for shirking. Acton was outwardly calm, but inwardly seething with hate, rage, and blood-thirstiness. His proud soul lusted for the opportunity to repay the flick on the face he had received from Phil, with interest. I watched the sparkling fire in his eye, the unaffected eagerness for the fray in his pose, and thought that even Acton had not quite the skill to cater for such a large and lusty appetite. Vercoe and I set our watches, and agreed to call time together, and then we moved each to our corner. Phil peeled as quietly as though he were going to bed, Acton with feverish haste, which perhaps was his foreign blood working out; beside Acton's swift, impulsive movements Phil's leisurely arrangements seemed sluggish indeed. "Time!" said Vercoe and I in chorus, and I added in an undertone to my man, "Go in and win."

It was obvious from the start that Phil was not as good a man as Acton as far as skill was concerned, but when it came to well-knit strength there was no doubt that Phil had the pull. Acton's eagerness was a disadvantage against one so cool as Bourne. In the very first round, Acton, in his overwhelming desire to knock Phil out in as short a space as possible, neglected every ordinary precaution, and, after a spirited rally, Phil broke through Acton's slovenly guard, and sent him spinning into Vercoe's arms. We called time together, and to my intense satisfaction the first round resulted in our favour.

After that, thoroughly steadied by Phil's gentle reminder, Acton dropped all looseness, and began to treat Phil with the greatest respect, never taking any risks, but working in a scientific fashion, which poor Phil found hard enough to parry, and when he could not do that, hard enough to bear. But he never faltered; he took all that Acton could give him in imperturbable good temper, working in his dogged fashion as though he were absolutely confident of winning in the long run, and as disregarding present inconveniences because they were expected, and because the ultimate reward would repay all a hundredfold.

There was also something else I noticed. Acton did not do so much damage as he ought to have done, and I found him constantly "short," but when Phil did score there was the unmistakable ring of a telling blow. I was puzzled in my mind why Acton was so "short," but I think now it was because he had never done anything but with gloves on, and fisticuffs, which were more or less familiar with Phil, were unknown to him. They don't fight, I believe, in France or Germany with Nature's weapons, but occasional turn-ups with the farmers' sons and the canal men had, of course, fallen to Phil's share.

On each occasion that Phil got home, Acton answered with a vicious spurt which did not do much good, but only tired him, and at the end of the seventh round I was astonished to think that Phil had stood the racket so well. Phil's lips were puffy, and one eye was visibly swelling, and he had other minor marks of Acton's attention, but he was in excellent condition still. Acton was damaged above a bit, and Phil's first-round reminder showed plainly on his cheek.

Acton began to think that unless he could make Phil dance to a quicker tune pretty soon, he himself would be limping round the corner of defeat, for he was very tired. When we called them up for the eighth round he had evidently determined to force the fighting. Much as I disliked Acton I could not but admire his splendid skill; he bottled up Phil time and again, feinted, ducked, rallied, swung out in the nick of time, planted hard telling blows, and was withal as hard to corner as a sunbeam. As I sponged Phil at the end of the eighth I felt that three more rounds as per last sample would shake even him, so I said, "Try, old man, for one straight drive if he gives you a ghost of a chance. Don't try tapping."

Acton came up smiling, in a twinking he had Phil at sea by his trickiness, and was scoring furiously. Then, for the first time, Phil backed, shortly and sharply. Acton sprang forward for victory, and a huge lunge should have given Phil his quietus, but it was dreadfully short, and stung rather than hurt. Phil recovered the next moment, and was on the watch again cool and cautious as ever. Then Acton, following an artless feint which drew Phil as easily as a child, ducked the blow and darted beneath his guard. I gave Phil up for lost. How it happened, though I was watching carefully, I cannot say, but Acton seemed to slither or stumble on the turf as he rushed in, and for one second he was at Phil's mercy.

At that very instant Phil's arm flashed out, and with a blow which would have felled an ox, he caught Acton between the eyes. Acton dropped to the ground like a bludgeoned dog.

Phil, like a gentleman, backed a yard or so away, waiting for Acton to get up again, but he made no sign. Vercoe and I then counted him

out with all due formality, and Phil had won at the very moment he was about to be beaten. We did our best for Acton, who was unconscious, and just when we began to despair of bringing him round he opened his eyes with the usual vacant stare. In a minute he recovered his thoughts, and said eagerly, "Then I've won."

"Not quite," said Vercoe, grimly. "You've jolly well lost."

Acton tottered to his feet blind with rage—diabolic rage—but hate and fury couldn't give him strength to stand. Vercoe gently caught him, and laid him quietly on his back, and sponged his face where the awful force of Phil's blow was becoming plainer every moment.

He compressed his lips with rage and pain and looked at Phil with such a look of deadly hatred that Vercoe was disgusted.

"Now come, Acton. You've fought well, and, by Jove! you ought to lose well. Bourne fought like a gentleman, and you've been beaten fairly. What is the good of bearing any malice?"

"Look here, Acton," said Phil, "I'm jolly glad I've thrashed you, but all is over now. Here's my hand, and we'll let bygones be bygones."

"Never!" said Acton. "I'll get even with you yet."

"So be it," said Bourne; and he turned away and got into his coat, leaving Vercoe and Acton on the field of battle. "Don't care to mention it, old man," he said to me as we got to his room, "all the same, I thought I was a gone coon just when I knocked the fellow out."

I went for my holidays that morning, and Acton, escorted by Vercoe, got into the same train. He was white and almost scared looking at his defeat, but there was on his face still that unfading expression of unsatisfied hate and lust for revenge. I buried my face in my paper in utter disgust.

So you see Acton departed from St. Amory's at the beginning of the Easter holidays in a slightly different mood from that which he enjoyed at Christmas, when the young Biffenites had cheered him till they were hoarse and he was out of hearing.

Toby was almost beside himself with consternation when Bourne and Vercoe turned up at the Courts in the afternoon.

"Your 'ands, Mr. Bourne, and your eye! What have you been a-doing of?"

"I have had the painful necessity to thrash a cad, Toby."

"But you did thrash him, sir?"

"I fancy so," said Bourne, grimly.

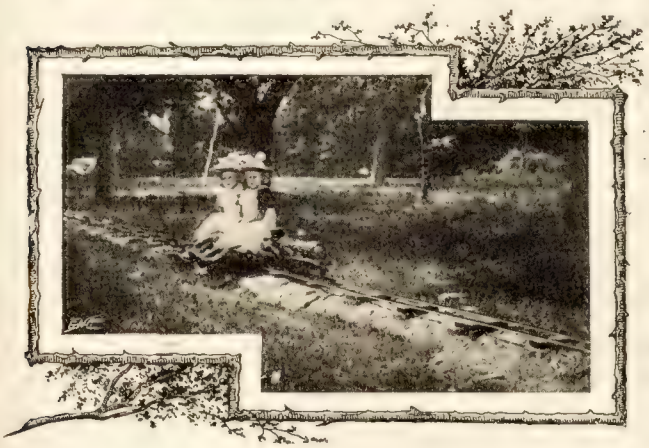
Jack went home in the evening a sadder and wiser boy. When he saw his brother's closed eye and swollen lip, and the angry patches on his cheeks, he was cut to the heart; he took his thrashing like a man, and when all was over felt he loved and respected his brother more than ever. "What a beastly little pig I've been," he said to himself.

Vercoe and Bourne were the victorious finalists at Kensington in the rackets. It was, as the papers aptly remarked, "Quite a coincidence that Bourne's right eye was beautifully and variously decorated in honour of the occasion."

I don't expect many finalists, at rackets anyhow, turn up with black eyes.

(To be concluded.) Fred M. Swanson

The Lilliput Railway Company, Limited.



By A. Williams.

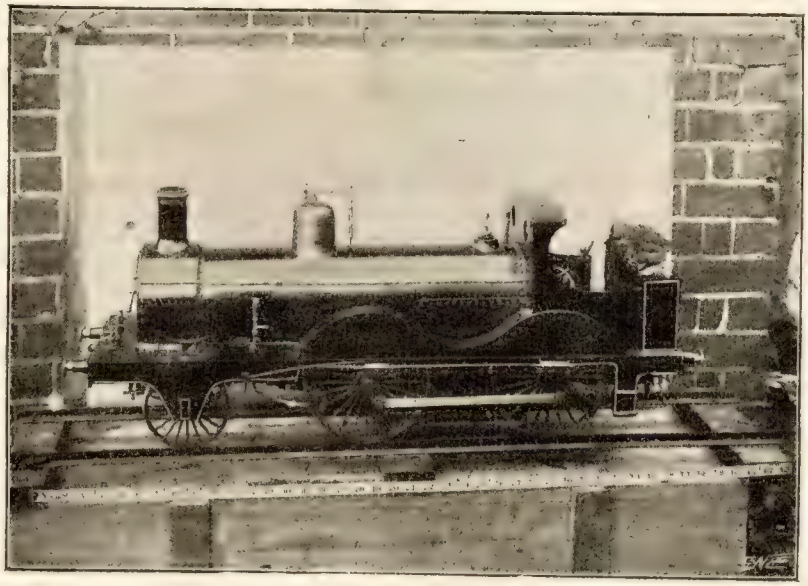
Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.

IT may be said of railways in general that they afford excellent illustrations of that great principle of economics—the division of labour—which gives to each man his particular last, and asks him to stick to it, so that, by combining with other kinds of employment, his own labour may be most effective.

There is, however, one railway in existence which is an example of the opposite process—one of concentrating many duties into the hands of a single man, till his powers rival in number those of Louis XIV. or of a Cæsar.

That railway is the Lilliput Railway, strictly Limited, running from Appletree to Lilliput in the County of Berkshire, through a district given up to apples and poultry. Its gauge is 6½ins.; its total length 80ft. The metals, as will be seen in our illustrations, are partly on the transverse system, partly on the longitudinal—a satisfactory enough compromise. Five stations in 80ft. would seem to be a generous number, but that is the allowance. The most important station is Appletree (otherwise known as Crawl-inside), where the inevitable advertising fiend has been at work. Then come in succession Henley, Bunker's Hill, Duckworth and Lilliput. At the first and third of these no stoppages are given in the company's time-table, and as Duckworth is only an inverted biscuit tin, and Henley equally primitive, it is, perhaps, as well so. The truth is, the ducks and fowls, through whose country the railway passes, have from the first opposed the engineer. Hens, especially, have a delight in scraping holes in the ballast, and laying themselves out to be generally disagreeable.

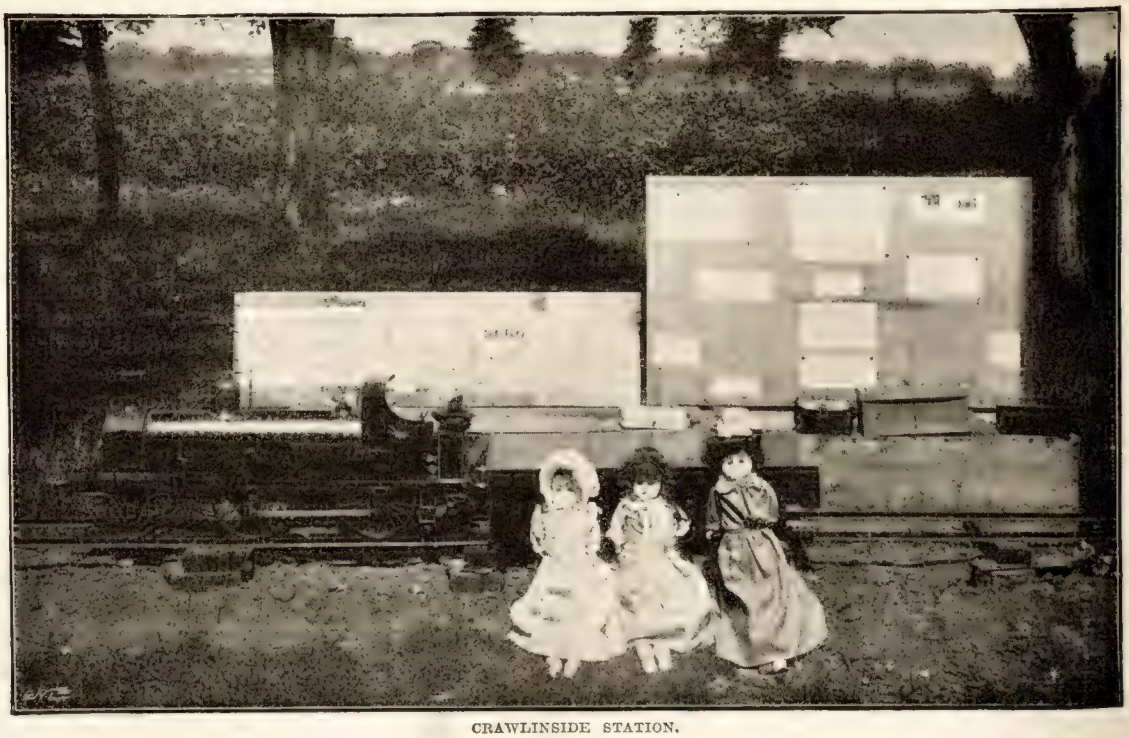
On more than one occasion, too, ducks have been in peril of their lives through straying on to the metals with an aggravating air of ownership. It was, therefore, thought diplomatic to name one station after each of the



"THE NEW CHUM."

tribes, placing Bunker's Hill in the middle as a coaling depôt. We say *coal*ing because the "New Chum" *does* burn coal. It is an engine built for real passenger traffic, able to trundle itself, truck, and ten stone of humanity—a total of 16sts.—with the greatest ease. When in a good humour it will attack even heavier loads. Has it not towed the village policeman (15sts.), the churchwarden, also a man of weight, the parson, and other lesser lights, besides women and children?

To go into exact measurements—the engine is 38ins. long over all, 9ins. wide, 14ins. high.

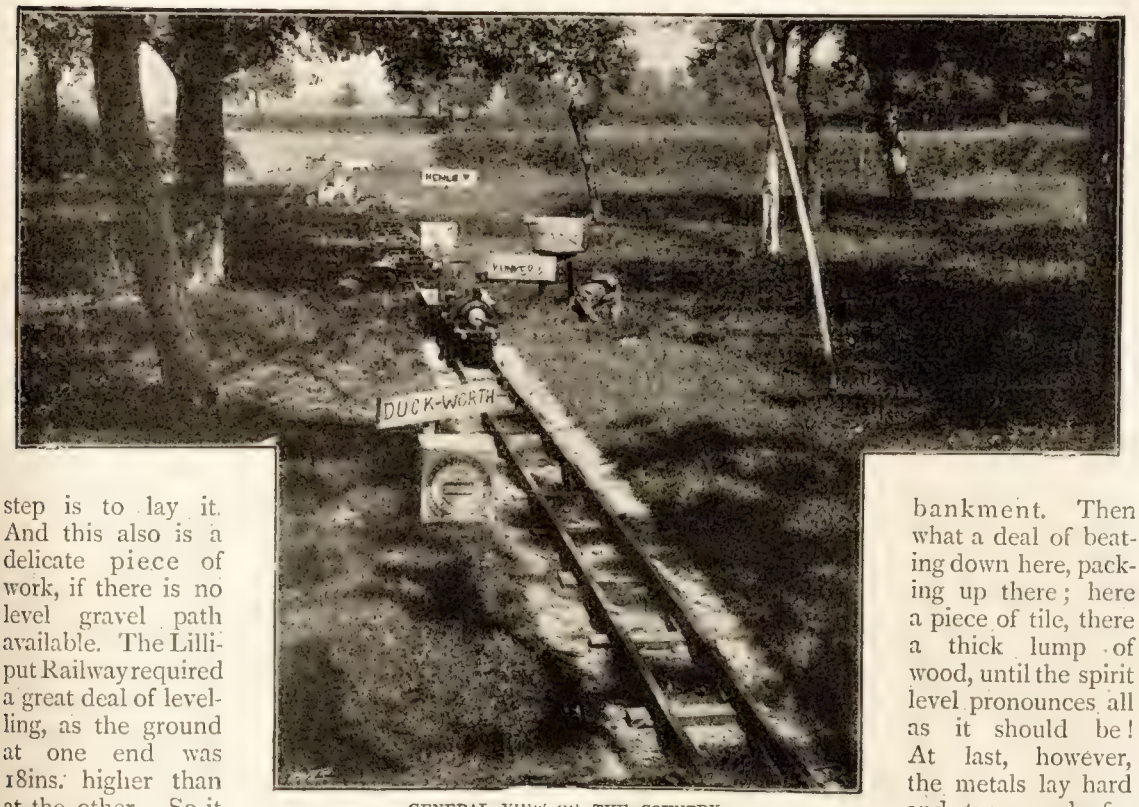


CRAWLINSIDE STATION.

It weighs 60lbs., and, owing to the 7½in. "drivers" being coupled, the amount of grip it gets is great. No such thing as a slipping of the wheels ever occurs, and with 30lbs. of steam the engine will move an ordinary person from rest without the least difficulty. It might be supposed that 6½ins. would afford a very unstable base. On the contrary, the passenger is able to shift about a considerable amount *en route*, provided he does not go too far fore or aft, which would mean a "tip up," as the truck wheels are well underneath. Timid travellers as a rule sit very rigid, with a look of anxiety lest the slightest movement might cause a general undignified collapse. Familiarity, however, breeds contempt, and after a while the fact drives itself home that 6½ins., if properly used, is ample for ordinary purposes.

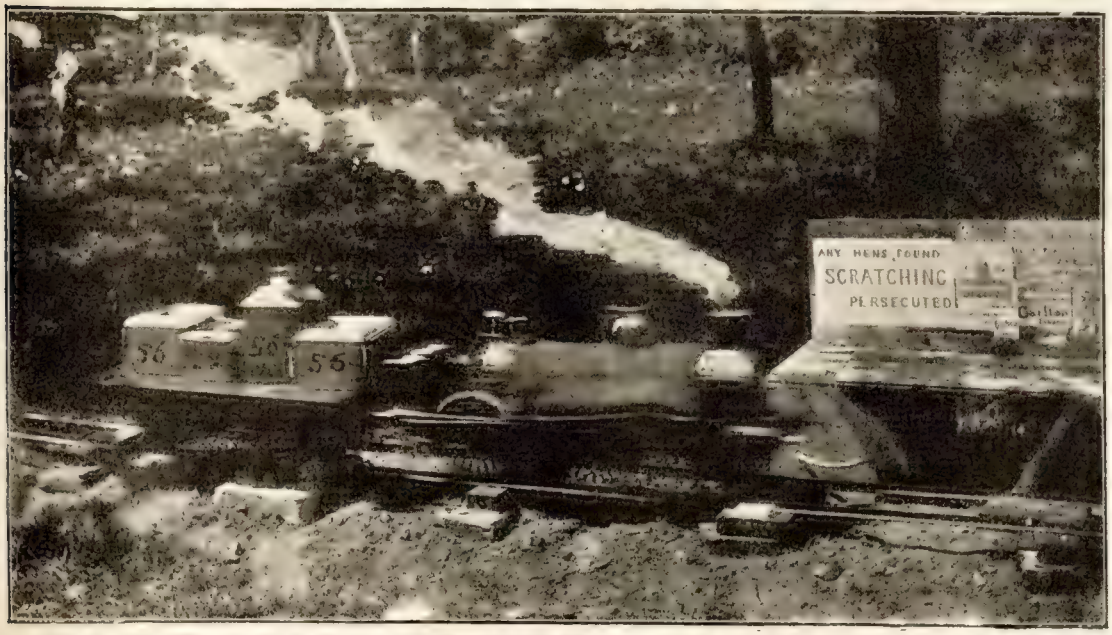
The construction of a model railway and rolling stock is no light undertaking. To begin with, it demands a considerable money outlay, which becomes even formidable if the owner is not his own engineer, and if he intends to work on a rather large scale. All model fittings require such delicate workmanship that their price is out of proportion to their size, and there are few amateurs who are not driven to the model shops for taps, gauges, etc. Having at the cost of much time, thought, and labour, constructed an engine and truck, there comes the question of a permanent way. This is a more difficult matter than it might appear. It is evident that accuracy of gauge is above all things necessary, and the writer well remembers his despair when confronted with many feet of twisted T-iron, which had to be sawn into lengths, and bent this way and that until it lay evenly between its extreme points. The lengths, exactly paired, were then screwed down to sleepers, and the transverse portion of the rails was complete. On the whole, the system of wooden rails topped with strip iron is as satisfactory as the other, and it has the advantage of being much easier to construct, and cheaper too.

Assuming that our track is finished, the next



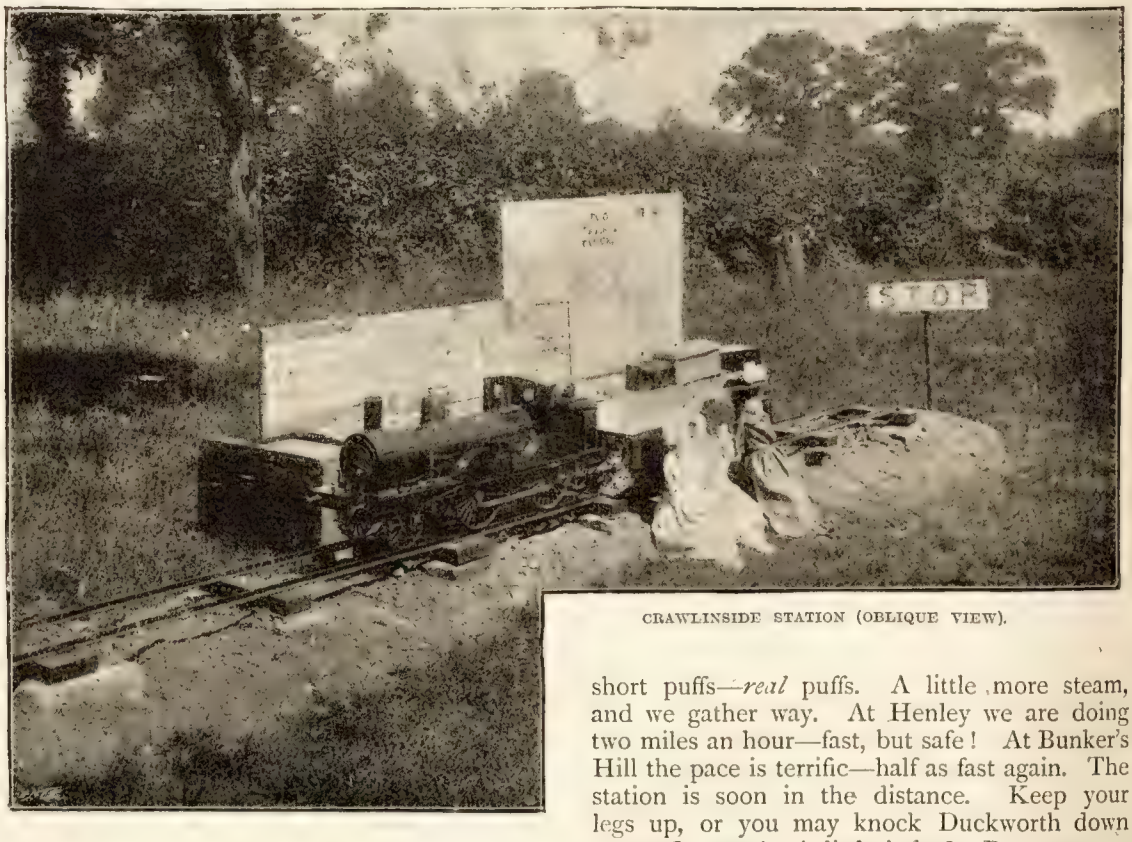
GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY.

step is to lay it. And this also is a delicate piece of work, if there is no level gravel path available. The Lilliput Railway required a great deal of levelling, as the ground at one end was 18ins. higher than at the other. So it was necessary to make a cutting at Lilliput and run the earth towards Appletree to form a substantial embankment. Then what a deal of beating down here, packing up there; here a piece of tile, there a thick lump of wood, until the spirit level pronounces all as it should be! At last, however, the metals lay hard and true, ready for traffic, and warranted not to "whip" unreasonably anywhere, fowls permitting.



THE "NEW CHUM" PULLING THREE ½-CWT.; ONE ¼-CWT.; TRUCK, 2 STONES ITSELF, 4 STONES. TOTAL IN MOTION, 20 STONES.

Now for the engine and truck. Why, anyone can put the water in and light a fire, and—but not so quick, my young friends! When you have to do with an engine burning *real coal*, not a half-guinea spirit lamp on four wheels, you must treat it like a real engine, and real engines require a little humouring. Come with me for a run down my railway and I will explain all. We stroll up to Appletree Station, where wonderful advertisements meet the eye, *e.g.*, "Blair's Pills keep the feet dry," "Carlton Tobacco for baby," "All who desire a soft skin should use Hinde's Hair Curlers." Note, too, the warning: "Hens found scratching will be persecuted."



CRAWLINSIDE STATION (OBLIQUE VIEW).

Here is the "New Chum," glorious in green paint. We pour a gallon of hot water into the boiler, screw down the manhole, and half fill the furnace with glowing charcoal. Then a pair of bellows set in motion underneath creates the needful draught until, in a minute or two, the "blower" begins to fling beads of water into the air. That is the first sign of energy. Then the hand on the steam-dial moves a little and the noise of the blower becomes louder and louder. The charcoal is glowing more brightly than ever from the suction of air through the five one-inch tubes. On with some coal! There, isn't that something like smoke, real, smelling, enginy smoke? We must oil up a bit before starting. Don't forget the cylinder cups and the axle bearings. Is the feed pump all right? Yes! The safety-valve is beginning to fizzle, and the dial shows 20lbs. Then we may as well be getting on. There is room for two, and nothing to spare. See that the reversing lever is forward, and let him have his head—half an inch of regulator. Well, if you *did* give a gentle push with your foot it would not be amiss, as there are two of us, and we don't want to strain anything. We are off, to the tune of some smart, short puffs—*real* puffs. A little more steam, and we gather way. At Henley we are doing two miles an hour—fast, but safe! At Bunker's Hill the pace is terrific—half as fast again. The station is soon in the distance. Keep your legs up, or you may knock Duckworth down as we fly past! A little jerky? But you must remember that this truck has no springs. So we run with a fair track to within a few yards of the terminus, and then the driver shuts off the regulator and turns on the steam brake. It grinds on the wheels, and, 25secs. after the start, we glide into Lilliput Station. Ticket, please!

In conclusion, the writer would say that, whatever the difficulties encountered in railway construction may be, they are more than counterbalanced by the satisfaction that comes when all is finished.

HOWELL'S BIG HIT

By
H. St. John Seamer.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

PEOPLE made a lot of fuss last summer about a fellow at Cheltenham, or Clifton, or wherever it was, who hit up a big score in a house match.

He was at the wickets for about a week on end, but we don't hear of any big hit during his innings; in fact, somebody wrote to apologise for the narrowness of the boundaries. There was nothing to touch Howell's performance a season or two back, before he got his place in the second eleven, where he plays now. That was a big hit, if you like, although it wasn't reported in the papers, and he didn't have letters written, or presents made to him, either. And he deserved them, if anybody did. It was what the papers call "the beginning of his cricket career." That was the funny thing about it. He had never done anything much in the cricket line before. He couldn't bowl a bit, and his batting wasn't any better. I don't think he cared much for the game, to tell you the truth, for he always got out of playing if he could. But from the day that he made his big hit he began to improve steadily, until he became the best bat in our Division—better even than Martin or Dawson Tertius. Next season he was tried for the second eleven, and got his place, too; and now they think of putting him in the first, when the summer term comes round again.

It happened one Wednesday afternoon in a Division match. All the boys, you know, who are not good enough to be in one of the school elevens are divided up into Divisions, pretty equal in strength; and the eleven best boys of each Division play matches, on half holidays, with one another to see which is Head of Divisions—that is, the eleven which has won most matches by the end of the term—and everybody, of course, wants his Division to be head, so that we have jolly exciting games, I can tell you.

Division IV. was playing Division III. (that's the one that I belong to) in the Little Field, where all these matches take place, because it isn't big enough for the school elevens to play in properly, and we had Barclay Primus to umpire for us. He was an awfully good bowler in the first, but he had hurt his wrist and couldn't bowl, so that they didn't want him for that afternoon. Deeks was umpiring for Division IV., because he was no good—at playing cricket, I mean.

Division IV. were awfully coxy just then, because they had beaten Divisions I. and II., and it was very important that we should beat them.

so as to prevent their getting enough games to make them head outright. They had a jolly good bowler in Wills Secundus, who bowled fearfully swift, and as straight as anything; while Crawford had made thirty-six, not out, only the Wednesday before, so that it wasn't going to be an easy job. However, we had two good bats in Martin and Dawson Tertius, and we hoped to get the better of them that way.

Their captain, Wills Secundus, tossed up, and Dawson Tertius, who was ours, guessed wrong as usual. It's a funny thing, but he always does guess wrong if he can. He has a way in school if he isn't certain of the termination of a word (and no one ought to be expected to know all those horrid terminations. I don't believe the masters themselves would if they didn't have the book) of writing it down both ways at once —sort of half-and-half—or making a sound that might mean either. Old Timson knows this, and when he sees, or hears, him doing anything of the kind, he drops on him sharp, and says, "Which do you mean, Dawson?" Then he splutters a bit and makes a shot, but it is safe to be the wrong one, so that it doesn't help him much. But he does it as regular as clockwork, and of course he guessed wrong this time.

So they decided to go in first, and we had to go out to field. I told you that our bowling was weak, but luckily their batting wasn't much better, except in the case of Crawford, and he was soon given out "leg before," by Barclay; which was awfully good of him, for Crawford declared that he was not leg before, and I don't believe myself that he really was. He wouldn't go out at first, and Barclay had to tell him that he was a cheeky brat, and that he would punch his head for him if he didn't go. So he went out at last, because Barclay Primus is a big chap, and although he had hurt one hand he could have whacked Crawford as easily as anything with the other. Of the rest, Wills Secundus was the only one who made double figures, and he ought to have been caught first ball, if that silly duffer Browne Secundus hadn't dropped it. Minkley made a duck, for Wills ran him out almost at once, and he was awfully wild about it. Four were bowled, and there were eleven byes and things. Altogether, they made forty-seven. So that we went in with forty-eight to get to win, and forty-seven to tie.

Martin and Dawson Tertius opened the batting for our side, and Wills Secundus and Minkley bowled. But we had no luck from the very first. In the second over Dawson hit out at a straight ball from Wills, and missed it, so that one wicket was down for three. Browne Secundus took his place, and managed to survive the next over or two, although he didn't do much in the way of making runs. Then Martin began to slog, just as he always does when he has made a few runs, and fancies that he is "set," as he calls it. The consequence was that he spooned up a ball right into cover-point's hands, and two wickets were down for nine—our two best bats, too.

I followed, but I didn't stay long, for that ass of a Browne Secundus must needs run me out in my first over. We ran two byes off my first ball, and I had put the second to leg, when he called out "Come on!" Of course, I started off down the pitch, but before I got half-way he shouted, "No! Go back! Go back! Leg's got it!"—and tore back again to his own wicket. I couldn't stop myself, and so we were both at the same end when the ball was returned, and the wicket-keeper knocked off the bails, and I was out. I didn't mind for myself so much, for I took care to wait for young Browne, and jolly well punched his head after he had finished his innings, but it made three wickets down for eleven runs at the most critical part of the game.

I hadn't long to wait, for he got bowled by Minkley almost before I could get my pads off, and serve him jolly well right, too.

Things were looking serious. Our four best wickets had fallen, and the score only stood at fourteen—we still required thirty-four runs to win. Division IV. were coxier than ever. They made sure of winning now, and the airs that that Wills Secundus put on were perfectly insufferable. And still the rot continued. Parker—who had taken my place—Roberts, and Browne Tertius succeeded one another, and only added another five runs—two out of the five were byes. Dawson Tertius was nearly tearing his hair with vexation; the rest of us had fallen into a state of stony despair. As the Latin grammar would say: "*Actum erat de divisione quarta.*"

Then Howell went in, with Poole for his partner. And there he stuck. He seemed to have only one stroke—a straight down sweep over the block-hole. But it answered its purpose. Wills Secundus and Minkley did their best, but they couldn't get him out. He just stood there, and stopped the straight ones, while he let all the others go by. Poole made one or two, but there was nothing but an occasional bye got from Howell's end. Then Poole was bowled by one of Wills' swift ones, and Francis took his place with the score at twenty-three. We were still twenty-four runs behind, and there was only little Pettit to go in. It was awful!

Dawson shouted to Howell to hit out, but he shook his head, and went on just as he was doing before, his bat moving up and down over

the block-hole in the most provoking way. Another bye was run. Francis broke his duck with a single, and then allowed himself to be stumped off the first ball of Minkley's over. He ran out to meet it, and struck all round it, the little duffer! Nine wickets for twenty-six runs!

Little Pettit wasn't ready, and so Dawson Tertius walked out to Howell, and implored him to do something, he didn't care what. Runs were what were wanted, for it was no use trying to play for a draw. He came back when little Pettit ran down to the wicket—he would run, in spite of Martin's telling him that it wasn't the proper thing to do. He was only a little chap, and as funky as anything. We could see his knees trembling from where we sat, as he took his stand at the crease and got ready for the second ball of Minkley's over. It pitched a little wide of the off stump, and little Pettit ran forward to hit it. Fortunately he only just managed to touch it with the edge of his bat. It flew high over short-slip's head, for they had all come in close, as he was such a little chap, and one run was scored—twenty-seven runs, and twenty-one to make to win.

Then came Howell's big hit.

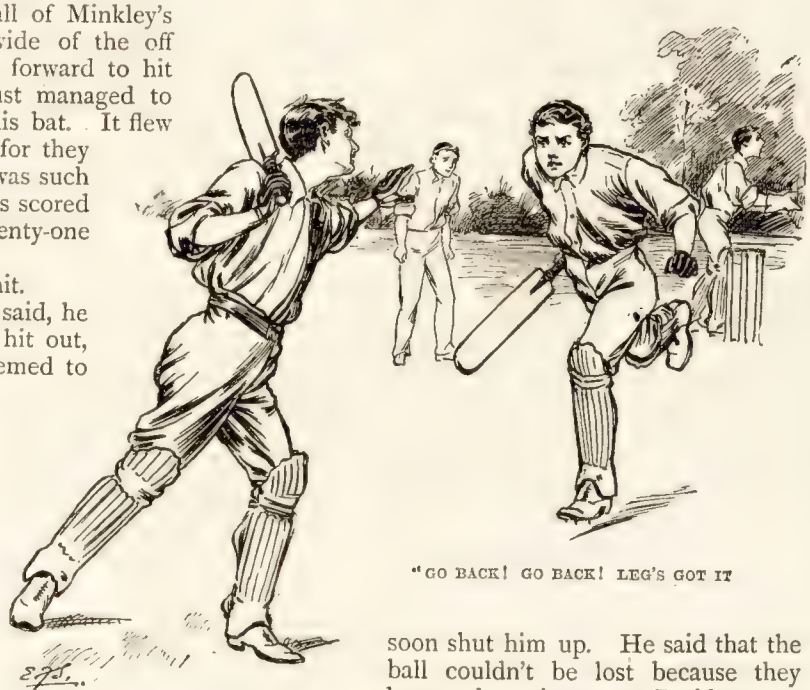
After what Dawson had said, he was evidently determined to hit out, cost what it might. He seemed to wake up all of a sudden, and made a fearful swipe at Minkley's next ball, a wickedly bad stroke. The ball went up in the air straight for long-on. Long-on missed it, and—it disappeared

That sounds funny, doesn't it? But it is really what happened. In the Little Field we didn't play with boundaries; the boundaries were the hedges and so on all round, and we ran every hit right out. Across one corner of the field was a sort of drain, and into this the ball rolled after long-on had missed it.

Long-on didn't notice where it had gone, and was hunting for it in the grass beyond; but the others had seen, and began shouting directions. Still he couldn't find it, and Minkley left the wicket to go and show him where it was. But he couldn't find it either, and the other man in the long-field went to join in the search. Finally, all the fielders, except Wills Secundus, left their places to hunt for the ball. And it was discovered that it had rolled into a pipe—where the drain passes under a place made level to allow carts and things to go across—and they couldn't get hold of it to get it out.

Meanwhile Howell and little Pettit were running like anything, and we were cheering them like mad. They had made five when Wills Secundus called "Lost ball!" Then they stopped, but our umpire, Barclay Primus, who had also gone to where the ball had disappeared, shouted, "No, no! Go on running! It isn't 'Lost Ball' at all!" and they went on running again—which shows the advantage of having a good umpire who isn't afraid of anybody. I think Barclay Primus is an awfully good umpire to have.

Wills Secundus got awfully waxy at that, and began to argue the point, but Barclay Primus



"GO BACK! GO BACK! LEG'S GOT IT

soon shut him up. He said that the ball couldn't be lost because they knew where it was. Besides, you could see it if you knelt down and looked up the pipe; and you could feel it if you stuck your arm up. Wills Secundus was furious. He called long-on all the names he could think of; and then, as that didn't mend matters, tried to get the ball out himself, but, of course, he wasn't any better able to pull it out than the others. And Howell and Pettit kept on running. So at last he sent off Crawford, who was the fastest runner on their side—he won the junior hundred, and junior two-twenty, and was second in the junior quarter last sports—to get a pole from the pavilion in the big field to poke the ball out.

And Howell and Pettit kept on running.

He was an awful long time away, for it turned

out that the captain of the first eleven caught him taking the pole, and smacked his head, and wouldn't let him have it. So he had to explain all about it, and what it was for, and then they laughed at him, and allowed him to bring it.

All this while the runs were mounting up, but the batsmen were getting so fagged that they could hardly trot up and down the pitch. Already they had made sixty-two when the pole arrived and the ball was poked out. Wills Secundus caught hold of it as it rolled out into the open ditch, and began running towards the wickets.

"One for the throw!" we shouted, and Howell and Pettit began staggering down the pitch once more.

This made Wills so waxy that he lost his head, shied at the wicket and—missed. Of course all the field had gone down to see the ball got out of the pipe, and there was no one to stop it. So we made five for the overthrow before the wicket-keeper got hold of it again.

Altogether that made sixty-eight or sixty-nine for Howell's hit, counting the overthrow—we couldn't be quite certain which, because in the general excitement the umpires and the scorers lost count. However, we put it down at sixty-eight so as to be on the safe side. And it only just came in time, for Wills sent an awfully fast "sneak" down to little Pettit and bowled him with the first ball of the next over. It was horribly mean of him, for Pettit is such a little chap, besides being done up with all that running; but we couldn't do anything because the umpires let it pass.

ALL THE FIELD HAD GONE DOWN TO SEE THE BALL GOT OUT OF THE PIPE.

There was a scene, I can tell you, when they came out. We shouted and cheered them like anything, till the master on duty and the prefect came to see what was the matter. We hoisted Howell on our shoulders and carried him round the field in procession, and that made the other side more waxy than ever.

We had made ninety-five in all, which gave us a majority of forty-eight on the first innings; and, of course, that was the only one that counted, because the second innings could not be finished, and it was only a single-day match.

From that day Howell began to take an interest in cricket, and improved out of all knowledge. He is in the second eleven now, and plays a jolly good game, I can tell you; but he has never made another hit like that which helped us to be Head of Divisions two seasons ago.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

CONDUCTED BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

No. XI.—HOW TO PASS THE INDIAN CIVIL.

SOME HINTS BY A SELECTED CANDIDATE.

Indian Civil," you continually hear said, "is the hardest of all exams." And this is true, for two very good reasons. First of all, because the competition is big; it is acknowledged to be the finest service in the world, both as regards prestige and pay, and, naturally, there are yearly a number of men who are anxious to enjoy both. Secondly, the standard is very high indeed, for under the present regulations, setting aside all other comers, the best men from Oxford and Cambridge compete.

A very smart man will get into the I.C.S. in the ordinary course of events if he has the inclination to do so; but a man of fair ability need by no means despair, as is proved in the case of the writer. It is to such men that the following hints are offered, in the hopes that they will considerably lighten their task, and eventually land them in the haven where they would be.

Most readers of THE CAPTAIN will have formed an idea of what they are going to be two or three years before they leave school. If they want to go in for the I.C.S., they should begin betimes, so as not to be flurried, or hurried, or scurried when they get to within a year of the exam. First of all, get a book of the examination papers; this you can order from any bookseller. In it you will find the regulations, scope of the exam., the papers in full, tables of marks, and some significant statistics. The actual papers you need not worry about; they may frighten you, but a careful perusal of the other matter will make you familiar with the idea of the exam., and show you what kind of marks you may expect. Here I may mention that, except in English essay and mathematics, the actual marks obtained are the result of your marks in each subject less 100, multiplied by 5-4. In other words, you must make 100 before you can count at all; anything over is multiplied as above.

Now as to the subjects you should take up *while still at school.* You will, of course, have a strong subject, on which you will eventually get a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge. Classics, mathematics, and science are equally paying *per se*, and if you are any good at any one branch, you ought to score at least 1,000, as you will see from the marks in the book. Being a classical man, I, of course, plump for classics, as a good classic ought to write a good essay, answer his history, law, and philosophy in good English, and score well in French and German. Put your back, therefore, into your strong subject, and make sure of your scholarship.

Again, while at school, exercise yourself in essay writing. You will see that everyone takes up the English essay in the exams. You will also be struck by the disparity of the marks. If by the time you go to the 'Varsity your essay is good, you should make at least 300. But be assured of this, that you can't "cram" the art of essay writing at the last minute. You must begin early.

As to history, you will see in the book that there are three history subjects—two classical and general modern. A classical man will naturally take up classical history; but work hard at it, for Roman and Greek histories are the hardest papers in the exam. Have the general outline and dates at your finger-tips. You will not have much time at school for general modern history, but the book will give you the periods; if you have any interest in any one, read a book or a novel on that period; If you have no choice, ask some master. Don't worry about it, but simply take an interest in it, so that when, at the 'Varsity, you go to lectures on the subject, you will not be altogether at sea.

We come now to French and German. A glance down the marks under these subjects will show you that either the marks are good, or there is a blob; the latter is to be avoided. If you are one of those patriotic, but misguided, people who hate "those —— foreigners," get rid of this idea as soon as you can. Try to respect your French master, and learn as much from him as he will be delighted to teach you, Be careful about your "comps." and "unseens." Read as much Molière as you can; you will find his plays perfectly charming, and quite easy; but they pay. German, perhaps, you will have some difficulty in getting. If it is taught at your school, take it up, and break the ice.

It is not half so hard as it looks, and if you can read and write a little in that language before you leave school, it will be a great thing done. I was nearly forgetting to explain why French and German are so useful. It is very simple. In the history, philosophy, and law subjects a man has to remember facts, dates, rules, and arguments, to answer questions in both morning and afternoon papers; in French and German this only applies to the afternoon papers. "Comps." and "unseens" are a matter of knack and practice, and they do not overtax the memory. I strongly advise you, therefore, to take up French and German before you leave school, and work at them as well as you can without starving your strong subject. In this way you will go up to the 'Varsity with six or seven subjects well in hand. The other three or four must be left to choice or circumstance when you are "up."

We will suppose you have your scholarship at some college, and have said *au revoir* to your friends at school. You have a long holiday before you—August, September, and a week or two in October. Spend this quite invaluable time abroad—Germany for preference, as you will be more behind in that than in French. Take a lesson from a German at least three times a week, and work well at the grammar and conversation. If your conversation at table flags, repeat "Otto" to them; it will win you a reputation as a humorist. See, hear, and talk all you can. Get some cheery old Teuton to gossip with you over a "back" or two, and by the time you return to England you will know a considerable amount of German, and, what is better, take a great interest in it. You have had a splendid holiday, and have the experience and *savoir faire* of a man who has travelled. This will be of great social value at the University.

Your first year "up," keep your languages and essay going gently but firmly. Begin attending lectures on your period of "Gen. Mod.," and the other subjects you elect to take up; but in this you must be guided by the college authorities, who will, of course, keep you to your "strong" subject. Read a French novel or two, *e.g.*, "Tartarin de Tarascan," "Tartarin sur les Alpes," "L'Abbé Constantin," and, if you want a treat, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Also read an easy German play, and some German poetry. Send now and again a German "comp." to your Teutonic teacher in the Fatherland. He will be delighted to hear from you again, and will return your "comp." and letter full of corrections; mark, learn, etc., them.

At the end of your first year you will find that you have not overworked yourself, unless you are abnormal. You will, therefore, be pining for some good hard work. Go, then, to a big I.C.S. coach for the Trinity term, *i.e.*, the middle of June to the end of July. There you will get invaluable hints on the exam., that is all too close for some men; you will get splendid teaching in your special and your outside subjects; and, above all, you will know exactly what wants the most attention in your second and third year's reading at the 'Varsity. In short, you will "know the ropes" thoroughly.

You still have two months and a half of "vac." This time go to France, and do as you did in Germany. Take some lessons, read, and talk; all the time keep up your German by reading a little every day; else the glib French will oust the sturdy Deutsch from your head. By living in the country you will learn a great deal very easily, and still have time for "reading" and real recreation. Moreover, if expense is very much an object, living abroad in the "vac." is cheaper than living in England, and much more fun.

At the beginning of your second year you should be *au fait* at French and German. Begin now to read a book on the literature of each language; if you can, read this in French and German. Keep your histories going strong, and this year attend to your outlying subjects; for you will want your third year for your strong subject.

Your second "vac.", go again to Germany, and read as much as you can, especially extracts from the best authors. Keep up your French, and get some one to give you some dictation from the French, while you translate *ex tempore* into German, and *vice versâ*. This will make you quick at both. If you have time, revise your general modern history period with your notes.

This will bring you to your third year, which you will have to devote to your strong subject, especially if you are at Cambridge; for your tripos is not far off. You will not have much time for your other subjects; but never let them drop, and, above all, keep your French and German compositions going,

At the end of your third year, *i.e.*, the middle of June, you will have six weeks before the I.C.S. exam. Two courses will be open to you. If you feel pretty safe in your own opinions, take this time quietly. Get away to the sea, and look up odds and ends. If you have any inspirations as to likely questions, jot them down, and get them up in the form of an answer. In general modern history, topical events nearly always suggest a question to the examiner; then why not to you also?

Test your vocabulary in your languages, and your facts and dates in your histories.

If, however, you feel a bit nervous, soothe yourself by going to the above I.C.S. coach, but don't let him drive you too hard.

Just before the exam., go away with a friend, frivolous for choice; and, above all, one who hardly knows what the I.C.S. means. If you can't keep off your work, take a note-book or two with you. Above all, come up to the scratch as fresh as paint; don't feel anxious, but a bit excited; this state of mind will enhance the brilliance of your answers. Between papers, avoid your fellow victims as you would an adder. Nothing will keep you from looking up your subject for the next day, but don't learn anything new, or you will wreck yourself. If you feel a bit done, take a glass of champagne with your dinner. This will revive you, and send you to sleep when you turn in.

Finally, when you have written your last word, go home, have a good sleep, and think no more about it till you get a long blue envelope with the announcement that you are

A SELECTED CANDIDATE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Arthur.—Certainly, write as often as you like. **P. W. G.**—Many thanks. Send me your name and address and I will gladly do as you ask. **Hopeful.**—There is no fee. I will return your stamps if you send me your address. **Architect.**—Application for the Preliminary Examination must be made to the secretary R. I. B. A., Conduit Street, Bond Street, W. **Nil Desperadum.**—Your *non de plume* is the most suitable motto for you. Try again by all means. **S. W. B.**—I must refer you to the Emigrant's Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. **C. B.**—A premium of £50 or £60 a year would secure a place as pupil. If you advertise or answer advertisements, be careful to make close inquiries. **Liber.**—(1) The salary of the chief librarian at the Guildhall is £750 a year. The head librarian's of a big borough's series of libraries—a central and its branches—range from £250 to £500. (2) Particulars of the Library Association can be obtained from the secretary, 20, Hanover Square, W. **Artist.**—There is certainly a good chance for a clever artist—a better chance than ever before—to make money rapidly. When it is considered that in connection with a penny illustrated paper alone over a thousand people annually help to illustrate its pages, you will see what scope there is. Why not send in some of your sketches to the art editor? He will, at any rate, give you a candid opinion. Don't place too much reliance upon the opinion of your mother in this respect. **G. P.**—(1) A midshipman begins at £31 18s. 6d. per annum; a sub-lieutenant at £91 5s.; a lieutenant at £182 10s.; (2) The fees on the training ship amount to £75 per annum, and with extras about £100. (3) Promotion is slow, and a great deal depends upon influence. **S. W. P.**—You must obtain a nomination from the Home Secretary. Write to your member of Parliament. **C. D. H.**—Write to Civil Service Commissioners, Victoria Street, S.W. **E. H. W.**—Consult our advertisement pages. You will find the names of several excellent coaches there. **Custos.**—An assistant of Customs gets a minimum salary of £70, rising by £5 annually to £105. The assistant next gets promotion to a second-class examining officership with £110, rising by £7 10s. annually to £220. First class examining officers get £230, rising by £10 annually to £340. Finally, as you are a graduate of London University, you will not be required to pass any Entrance Examination, but can be entered straight away at any one of the four Inns of Court on payment of the necessary fees. The amount of these fees was given in the October number of THE CAPTAIN. As you have had entry as a student you will be required to keep your terms by dining in the hall of the Inn of Court to which you belong, not less than three times in each term. Twelve terms have to be kept, and, at the end of them, the examination for Call must be passed. This examination may be taken in two parts if desired, the first part to be passed before you have finished keeping your terms. **W. G. H.**—Why not try the *Figaro? Hugo's Illustrated French Journal* would also be useful. **Desirous.**—Seventeen is not too old for the Merchant Service, but you are too old for the Navy. **Inquirer.**—Enter the foundry as a clerk, and study civil engineering in your spare time. If in any way possible, put in a course at an engineering college or a technical school. **Ambitious.**—Cannot advise you to take up literature on the strength of your having run a small monthly magazine. Why not do as your father wishes? Go into the engineering, and write as much as you like in your spare time. **B.A.**—To take your degree at the London University, you must first pass the Matriculation Examination; then go in for the Intermediate Arts, and then the final, Bachelor of Arts examination. Particulars of subjects can be obtained from the Registrar, University of London, Burlington House, Burlington Gardens, W. You would certainly need to go to a good "coach"; you will find the names of several in our advertising pages. **Accountant.**—Unless you want to join the Institute of Chartered Accountants, there would be no examination. **C. C.**—Certainly it is a gentleman's position, and will be in no way inferior to that which you now hold. **J. S.**—If you desire to become an actuary, the first step to be taken is to obtain a position as clerk in the office of an insurance company or society, in the actuary's department. A few actuaries practice as solicitors and take pupils, but this would involve the payment of a premium; while, if you become a clerk in an office, you will receive a salary, even though it be a very small one, from the outset. The interests of the profession are guarded by the Institute of Actuaries, whose offices are at Staple Inn Hall, London, W.C. It puts those who wish to become Fellows of the Institute through the Student and Associate stages, no person under sixteen being eligible as a student, nor under twenty-one as an associate. **I. D.**—To become an Associate of the Royal School of Mines, you must enter the School at South Kensington, where, after three years, you can gain your associate degree in metallurgy or mining, or both, which will materially help you in your career. The training occupies three years, and for the first two years the fees amount to £75, and they vary from £30 to £40 for the third year. Before entering for the Associateship, however, it is necessary to pass in the elementary stages of mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, physics, etc., at the examination of the Department of Science and Art.

The New Chum

A North Queensland Yarn

By John Mackie

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie" &c

Illustrated by Cockburn Reynolds.

"GET out of this! Clear out of my yard!" roared the squatter, as well as he could, on rising to his feet; for the calf-pen lay three inches deep in the very finest and driest of Nicholson River dust, and some of it had got into his mouth. The half-dozen stockmen in the immediate neighbourhood looked at one another wonderingly, for none of them had ever seen Mackenzie of Culdara lose his temper before, but they all agreed that he was perfectly justified in doing so on the present occasion. The fact of the matter was that a number of sturdy calves, which had escaped the large half-yearly muster, had been driven into the branding-pen, and in his awkward and futile endeavours to hold a spirited year-old, which he had just roped, Swan, the "New Chum," as he was called, had somehow got the rope mixed up with the boss's legs, and the result was a most ignominious spill for the latter.

Swan had only been at work five days on the station, and this was by no means the first time he had given actual proof of his lack of experience—so far, at least, as the branding and otherwise handling of cattle were concerned. But then, he had told the boss before he was engaged that he had only hitherto worked on a sheep station, and knew next to nothing about cattle. So, being short-handed just then, and seeing that he was evidently a quiet and well-brought-up young fellow, who, moreover, could sit on a horse's back with the best of them, Mackenzie had engaged him for a week on trial.

Swan was covered with confusion, and came forward muttering an abject apology; but the squatter misunderstood him, and, as he was beating some of the superfluous dust from his Crimean shirt and moleskin trousers with his broad-brimmed felt hat, he cried:—

"That's enough! I want no more of it! A man who hasn't got strength enough to hold a calf, or sense enough to let go a rope when he sees it's going to do damage, is of no use to me."

Without another word the New Chum turned and left the yard. As he was crawling through the slip-rails the squatter, in a more subdued voice, called after him:—

"I say, Swan, you needn't go to-day. It's too late for a start now; any time to-morrow or the next day'll do."

But the New Chum did not seem to hear, and was walking slowly up the track towards the station buildings. The stockmen exchanged glances and smiled. Those who knew the boss best speculated inwardly as to how long it would be before he followed up the man he had just discharged, and, muttering something about "having been just a trifle riled," tell him to go on with his work again.

Mackenzie shook the dust out of his great blonde beard that sparkled on his broad chest, and remarked:—

"Smoke-oh, boys! I fancy it's about time we did a rest." And so saying he climbed up on to the top rail of the fence, and set an example by pulling out his pipe.

It was a hot day even for the Never-Never country of the Carpentarian Gulf, and that is

saying a good deal for a place where the thermometer sometimes stands for days and nights together in the neighbourhood of 120degs. in the shade. There was an insupportable glare from the white dust in the yard caused by the intense sunlight, for right overhead the great orb of day looked down like a quivering ball of fire from a cloudless, never-changing sky of steel-like blue. The brown, unbarked mortised posts and rails of the labyrinthine yards threw shadows as black as ink—they were sharp, clearly-defined, palpable things. Outside the rails, on one side, was a dense golden-wattle scrub, from which the organ-magpie piped its beautiful song in the early morning. On another side was a forest of ti-trees, looking for all the world like a sleepy, old-country orchard *minus* its vivid colouring. And away to the east lay the park-like bush proper, with its long, deep chain of lily-draped lagoons, with its gentle rise on the right on which had been built the rough bark-covered sheds, and the better class of buildings with their white gleaming roofs of galvanised iron. It was a typical cattle station on the newly opened-up country of north-western Queensland. Close to the fence a fire of dry logs was burning, and at which a row of branding-irons were heating. The very sight of the little red flames that danced and leapt in the fierce white sunlight was enough to throw one into a profuse perspiration. A huge billy of tea was stewing by the fire, and the dusty stockmen helped themselves to its contents with a cool temerity, clearly showing that the words tannin and indigestion had no signification to them.

"GOT THE SACK," HE REPLIED, BLUNTLY.

For a few minutes after the New Chum had taken his departure no one spoke, until one of those wretched, nondescript loafers, who occasionally do a little work for the sake of appearances, jerked his head in the direction of the disappearing Swan, and drawled out with that intonation peculiar to New South Wales:—

"Fancy 'e's somethin' 'e does. Too big for 'is boots. Washes three times a day reg'lar as clockwork. Cricky——"

"If you only washed once a day, Joe Williams, you'd be pleasanter company," remarked the squatter quietly. And the men roared again as the discomfited Joe literally and metaphorically "got down from the fence," instead of, as he had expected, being commended for his politic remarks.

In the meantime the discharged man was walking up the track to the station. To tell the truth he did not seem to be particularly upset about his recent little friction with the squatter and his subsequent discharge. Indeed, though he felt annoyed and distressed that he should have given the worthy squatter such very good cause for annoyance, he could not help smiling to himself as he thought over the situation. Would he go at once, or would he stay? he asked himself. He thought he had better go, and that at once. He would proceed to the MacArthur River, some 225 miles farther on, and have a look at the country. By the time he got back the squatter's anger would doubtless have evaporated. Luckily he saw his two horses standing close to the entrance of the smaller paddock. He would go into the men's hut, roll up his swag, and, getting his bridle, catch them, saddle-up, and be off before the squatter and his men came back from the yard. But there was Miss Mackenzie, the squatter's daughter—he must see her before he took his departure.

His riding horse was saddled, and his pack-horse loaded up. He tied them to the fence, and as he went over to the dwelling-house he met her coming down the verandah steps—a tall, lissome slip of a girl, with the soft dusk of the sun's kiss upon her cheeks, with a wonderful wealth of silky brown hair, and an inscrutable look in her large dark eyes. He had not thought before that she was so pretty.

"Where are you going, Mr. Swan?" she asked, looking inquiringly at the horses.

"Got the sack," he replied bluntly, and then he told her what had occurred.

"You'd better not go," she said, regarding him with an unwonted seriousness in her fine eyes. "Father will be so sorry. He is hasty at times, but it never lasts for more than a minute or two. It's hardly safe going through that country, where there are no white settlers and the blacks are bad. Besides, you might have another attack of the fever."

In an idle moment, to amuse himself, he had guessed her age at eighteen or nineteen—a mere girl comparing her age with his, but now it seemed to him as if she were the older of the two.

"Oh, I'll be all right," he remarked carelessly. "You'll excuse me for wanting to say good-bye to you, won't you? But the chances are I may not see you again." And lifting his hat he turned as if to go.

"Won't you shake hands?" she asked, with a hint of resentment in her eyes and in her voice. There was not a trace of false modesty in her manner.

As they shook hands their eyes met, but neither spoke a word. In another minute he was gone.

Two hours later the squatter came over to the dwelling-house looking rather put out.

"What's the matter, dad?" asked the girl innocently. She had a pretty good guess as to what was the matter, but then, all women are daughters of Eve.

"That young fool, Swan!" broke out the squatter, trying hard to wax indignant. "He riled me a bit in the yard, and I told him to go up to Jackson and get his money. Never intended for a moment to let him go, but he's gone, and hasn't been near Jackson to draw a penny—confound his pride! And the worst of it is I had taken rather a liking to the beggar! Oh, confound him! Do you know which way he went, Dorothy?"

"He must be near the Twelve-Mile by this time," replied the girl, as if the subject did not particularly interest her. "But here's a couple of letters for you, dad. A stockman from Carne's brought some of our mail along."

After reading his letters the squatter seemed lost in thought.

"What is the matter, dad? You look serious," commented his daughter.

"Nothing; only I think you'll have to go back to Sydney and stay with your aunt, the judge's wife. This is no place for a girl who has been brought up as you have been. When I have touched fifty thousand pounds I'll come south too, and that'll be before very long. I've a letter from my partner, Conway, in Melbourne, and he's sending his son up here as agreed upon. He'll arrive in Burketown within the next few days, and I'll have to go in for him. I think I'll take you in with me, and send you back to Sydney by the boat that fetches him. Wonder what the young fellow is like? His share in the station is worth a good twenty thousand now, but as there's two thousand square miles of country, it could stand five times the stock."

"Dad, I'm not going down to Sydney just yet," said the girl, "but I'll go in a few weeks from now. I'd better have the bachelors' quarters looked to, seeing your visitor is coming so soon. I wish he had stayed away a little longer. By the way, I wonder where all that smoke is coming from? It has been in the air now for four or five days, and is getting thicker."

The New Chum had only got as far as the Nine-Mile Creek, when he turned out to camp for the night. He hobbled his horses where there was good feed, boiled his "billy," and unrolled his blankets under a shady Bauhania tree. He was very comfortable, but he did not exactly like that smell of smoke in the air. He had only once in his life seen a bush fire, but he did not wish to see another. The gruesome horror of the sight was sufficient to last him a lifetime. But the tea tasted as only tea made in a billy can taste, the Johnnie cakes and the cold boiled meat were excellent, and the after pipe was a thing to conjure the mind from the things of this earth. Later on, when he rigged his mosquito net, and turned into his blankets, he had almost forgotten all about his unfortunate adventure in the branding pen. Soon he saw the jewelled Southern Cross appear in the blue vault of the eternal heavens, and he heard the shuddering croon of the 'possum from the hollow tree, and the morpoke's weird chant from unseen depths of gleaming golden-wattle. Then, when these sounds grew distant and indistinct, it seemed to him as if he were gazing into the great dark eyes of a girl whose sweet, thoughtful face was framed in a wealth of silky hair, and who very much resembled the squatter's daughter, Dorothy.

At noon next day Swan had halted to camp for his midday meal. His saddles and gear were close at hand, and his horses a couple of hundred yards off cropping the somewhat dry grass. He was in what seemed to be a dead forest of woolly-butt trees and pines. He knew that there must be a pretty bad bush fire somewhere, judging by the smoke, which within the last few hours had become unpleasantly dense, but he had been strangely absent-minded

all the forenoon, and had paid but little heed to it. Perhaps he was thinking more about a pair of dark eyes than he ought to have been doing, or perhaps he was only about to have another attack of fever. In point of fact, his head felt queer now, and he was becoming chilly despite the fact that the sun blazed down with a pitiless rigour from a quivering, copper-coloured sky. It was no use trying to eat, or boil his billy, although in all truth he felt thirsty enough. But there was no bright-eyed girl now to come and see if his canvas bag were full of cool, clear water. He crawled out from under the shade, and lay on his face among the dry, rank grass in the scorching, tropical sunshine. Suddenly he sat up and listened. A breeze had sprung up out of the west, and far off he could hear a hollow booming and crashing, just as if the discharge of distant pieces of artillery was being deadened by the sound of the surf. A screeching flock of parrots and cockatoos flew past him as if in terror, with deafening clangour. Several kangaroos came bounding into view, their great tails beating a hollow-sounding tattoo upon the ground, and at sight of him shot off eastward through the thick timber again. Then he leapt to his feet in alarm as the thunderous drumming of horses' hoofs came up out of the same direction, and in another minute a herd of wild horses, with streaming tales and manes, came stampeding past, shaking the very earth with their furious gallop. They hardly seemed to notice him in their mad career. He knew now only too well what the headlong flight of the animal creation meant. The bush fire was approaching, and unless he wanted to be burned to a cinder he would have to saddle up and be off like the wind. He lifted his eyes to a low range of wooded hills not more than a couple of miles distant, and he saw a sight that struck terror into his heart. A great glowing wall of fire was travelling along it with a rapidity that was appalling, sending clouds of smoke and burning *debris* high into the air, like the matter vomited from the jaws of an active volcano. The wind was freshening; unless he looked sharp the fire would be on him before many minutes.

A HERD OF WILD HORSES CAME STAMPEDING PAST.

He caught up his bridle and halter, and made over to his horses. Luckily, they had not stampeded with the wild mob. He caught his saddle-horse, and had just unhobbled the pack-horse when, scared by some stray scrub cattle that dashed past just then, it broke away and disappeared in the direction of the track along which they had just travelled. Now it meant that he must leave his pack-saddles and, most likely, most of his effects behind. The crashing and the roaring from the fire was coming nearer and nearer. Palpitating living things in an agony of fear dashed past him regardless of his presence. Wallabies and kangaroos, with their natural enemy, the dingo, ran shoulder to shoulder, jostling one another in their wild race for life. He flung his saddle on the horse, that now had become restive and anxious to be off; it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could get it to stand quietly enough until he tightened the girths. And all the time the ague was upon him, and in that furious heat and blinding, stifling smoke he was shaking like a

palsied man, and sick nigh unto death. With difficulty he climbed up into the saddle, then paused bewildered for a moment to determine the direction in which he was to ride. But the New Chum, as he was called, was no coward, and he had that grit in him that has made empires for the Anglo-Saxon race.

Now then, Eclipse, for a race with Death in the guise of the great fire-king. The wind is blowing a gale, and the pale horse, with its hollow-eyed rider, is settling down to its work with demoniacal glee. You will want all your wind and mettle on a course like this!

Far away ahead, down the hill-side and towards the track along which Swan is now galloping, comes a sea of raging fire. You must stick to the track, Eclipse, for if you miss it you may get tangled up in one of the dense scrubs and be caught as in a trap, and then it will be out of the frying-pan and into the fire with a vengeance. The only question now is, will you be able to outflank that horrible death? Steady, Eclipse, steady!

And on and on rushes the fire-king, the flames rolling over each other like wave upon wave, darting from one side to another in paroxysms of fiery haste, and leaping from tree to tree to swathe them in winding-sheets of living fire. How the flames lick up the stems and run along the branches to the outermost twigs! What a pandemonium of rending and crackling and strange sounds is the peaceful forest now! What a hell of horror and fiery passions!

Swan bends low over his horse's neck and gives it its head. If he can cover a mile in the next few minutes he will have passed that flank of flame that is bearing down on his right and be comparatively safe. Now then, Eclipse, there is a little gushet of fire in the way, but through it, my boy, and the deuce take the hindmost!

As rattled the hoofs of Miss Kilmansegg's steed over the cobblestones, so rang the feet of Eclipse over the little ironstone rise. The pace was killing, and in Swan's weak state it was as much as he could do to cling to the mane of his plucky horse. He gasped for breath, and choked with the horrible black smoke and dust and scorching hot air that came as if from the open door of a furnace. The trees seemed to fly past at lightning speed, and then it was as if a great wave of fire rolled down from the ridge and swallowed him up. The flame was scorching his face; his hair and eyebrows were singeing, and his clothes were burning on his body. A giddiness seized him, and he swayed in the saddle. In another second he would roll to earth, and that would be the last of him. Oh, God! to perish like a soulless brute while yet all his life was before him! The thought was too terrible.

Go it, Eclipse! Stay with it, my boy! And, as if with a new lease of life, his horse sprang forward and onward. His eyes were closed. It was neck against leather now. He clung to his saddle in a frenzy of despair. Then, with a lightning-like flash, the brain played him a curious trick. He thought he saw right through that wave of flame, and on the other side of it stood the slim form of a girl. Her wealth of gleaming hair was something to dream about, and in her great dark eyes was a look that thrilled his pulses and quickened into life a wayward longing within him. She seemed to beckon him with those wonderful eyes of hers, and they were those of the squatter's daughter, Dorothy.

"SIT TIGHT!" CRIED MACKENZIE.

In another second he had passed through that gushet of flame and was tearing along the track. Bravo, Eclipse! You have the true mettle in you! In a minute or two more he would be comparatively safe and able to take it easier.

And then a stumble over a partially hidden stump, and Swan is thrown violently from the saddle, but fortunately where the soil is sandy. His horse recovers itself and dashes off again along the track.

It seems as if the fire-king is to have its victim after all. He staggers to his feet like a drunken man, and looks helplessly round. It is no use running; that vast semi-circle of flame is swifter than he, and must inevitably hem him in. No use worrying; better say his prayers while he has yet time, for in five minutes more he may have to give an account of himself.

And then something like two great shadows looming up through the thin smoke, and a voice he seems to know rousing him from his lethargy, and crying out:—

"Hello! That's you is it? Thought you couldn't be far away—just caught your horse on the trail, so look sharp and bundle up—no time to lose!"

It was the squatter, breathless, in his shirt-sleeves, mounted on his powerful sorrel mare, and leading Eclipse. He observed the New Chum's fever-stricken condition, and his futile endeavours to mount. So jumping off his own horse he literally lifted him into the saddle. Swan was so completely taken by surprise that he could only stammer out some unintelligible words.

"Now, sit tight," cried Mackenzie, when he had remounted. "We'll have to ride hard for the next few miles, but when we get to Settlement Creek—that's the Wentworth—the danger will be over; the fire can't cross that."

They galloped together in silence for the next half-hour, sometimes the fire-king being close at their heels, and at other times allowing them to slacken their pace. At last they came to the broad, partially dry bed of the great creek, and crossed slowly to the other side. The squatter led the way to a large shady fig tree, and jumped off his horse.

"We're safe, and can rest now," he remarked; "the fire can't cross; besides, the dead forest ends on the other side—precious good job it's burned, too. You had a narrow squeak. Let me get you some water."

"Look here, sir, before we go any farther, I owe you an abject apology," said the New Chum, who now felt much better again. "When I think——"

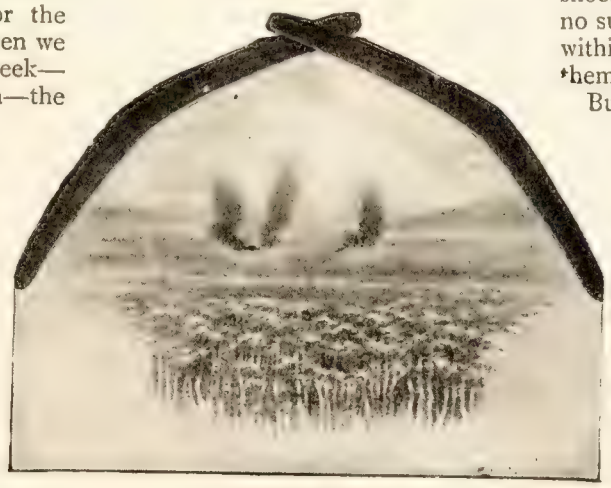
"Well, we'll call it square," interrupted the squatter. "You see, I said something about your grandmother's neck. I couldn't get any peace after you had gone for thinking about that, so when I saw the smoke coming up from the direction in which you were travelling—— But we'll go on to the station in another hour or so, if you think you're able to travel. I've got to start for Burketown to-morrow to meet my partner's son, young Conway, who is coming out——"

"That's what I wanted to apologise about, sir. You needn't trouble going into Burketown. You've met him. I'm the man! I arrived in Burketown about a fortnight too soon, and it was some vagrant whim that made me come to the station in the way I did, and ask for work."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the squatter, "and I gave my own partner the sack!"

And he laughed again until his whole body shook, and as if there was no such thing as a bush fire within a hundred miles of them.

But Dorothy did not go down to Sydney for several months, and when she went she was accompanied by the New Chum.



AN AUSTRALIAN BUSH FIRE.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR.

CONDUCTED BY H. M. GOOCH.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

BRITISH GUIANA.—Messrs. Butler Bros. have sent me a new 2c. stamp, which, hitherto printed in lilac and orange, now appears in lilac and carmine, the colour of the 96c. value. No doubt this also will be changed shortly.

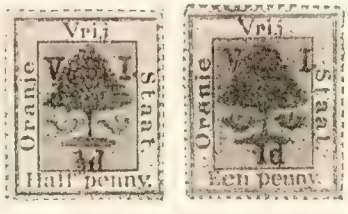
NEW ZEALAND.—I am indebted to Mr. J. Patrick, of Christchurch, N.Z., for some interesting news of local changes. The 4d. stamp has disappeared, and the design has been transferred to the 1d. value. The ½d. stamp, hitherto printed in chocolate, is now green—the Postal Union colour—while the red 2d. stamp is now clothed in violet. The new issues referred to are also printed on *watermarked* paper (N. Z. and Star). Several other changes are impending.

GREAT BRITAIN.
"Army Official."

GREAT BRITAIN.*—The new ½d. green stamp will by this time be common to all post-offices. The 1s. stamp is to be issued this month, printed in two colours—a hint for those with a shilling to invest to purchase a copy of the green stamp before it becomes obsolete. The illustration represents the new ½d. green value, with the surcharge, "Army Official," in black.

MAFEKING.—I doubt whether many readers of THE CAPTAIN will ever have the good luck to possess one of the Mafeking provisionals, issued during the siege by Colonel (now Major-General) Baden-Powell. Current Cape of Good Hope stamps were employed, surcharged "Mafeking Besieged," and new value, in black. Up to the present I have heard of the following three values :—

1d. on ½d. green.
3d. on 1d. carmine.
6d. on 3d. claret.



ORANGE FREE STATE, SURCHARGED.

Besides the above, it is also reported that a special 3d. stamp was issued during the siege, bearing a portrait of "B.-P.," recalling the 1860 issue of New Brunswick, when the post-master, Mr. Connell, issued a 5c. stamp with his own portrait represented thereon, bringing upon himself severe censure, through which he subsequently resigned office. We scarcely think the gallant colonel will be similarly treated!

NORTHERN NIGERIA.*—This is an entirely new issue of stamps, which, I presume, is intended to supersede the pretty Niger Coast stamps. The design is the conventional De la Rue type, in use for Seychelles, Leeward Islands, and other British colonies, with the name "Northern Nigeria" at top. The values run from ½d.—2s. 6d.

ORANGE FREE STATE.*—Last month I described the provisionals created on the occupation of Bloemfontein by the British Army. I am enabled this month to illustrate two of the values, the ½d. and 1d. The full list, for which I am indebted to Messrs. Bright & Son, is as follows :—

½d. on ½d. orange.	3d. on 3d. blue.
1d. on 1d. mauve.	4d. on 4d. ,,
2d. on 2d. ,,	6d. on 6d. ,,
2½d. on 3d. blue.	1s. on 1s. orange.

Interesting and desirable as these provisionals are, I would caution readers against paying exorbitant prices for them. "V.R.I." does not necessarily imply "Very Rare Indeed," and in all probability the course of time will prove that there are plenty of the stamps to allow of their sale at a fair percentage over their face value. It is the earlier issues of both the O.F.S. and the Transvaal which collectors should study to obtain; the surcharged issues of the former country should presently become scarcer and rarer than they have ever been.

Following the provisionals issued in the Orange River State, we should shortly be receiving stamps of the Transvaal with similar surcharges.

PERU.*—A change has been made in the colour of the 10c. stamp, black replacing yellow. 10c. black.

PORTO RICO.

PORTO RICO.*—The set of current U.S.A. stamps surcharged "Porto Rico" which I described and illustrated in Vol. I., pp. 422, has been issued with a new setting of the surcharge, by which the name is now spelt "Puerto Rico," as illustrated.

JAMAICA.—I have received from Messrs. Butler Bros., and also from a correspondent in the Colony, a new 1d. stamp, which I illustrate. Llandovery Falls are situated on the north side of Jamaica, in the parish of St. Ann. The colour is carmine-red, but, curiously enough, the watermark is C.C. (Crown Colonies) instead of the usual watermark, C.A. (Crown Agents.)

JAMAICA.

TASMANIA.*—In our May issue, p. 154, I illustrated two of the new pictorial stamps which have been issued. The other values having come to hand I give illustrations of the ½d., 2½d. and 5d. values, which speak for themselves. They are a handsome set, and stamps like these, whatever may be said against them, do a great deal in popularising stamp collecting. The full set is as follows:—

½d. deep green.	3d. brown.
1d. red.	4d. orange brown.
2d. violet.	5d. ultramarine.
2½d. deep blue.	6d. carmine.

* Stamps for illustration and description kindly lent by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., 391, Strand, London, W.C.

TASMANIA 2½d.

SHOULD WE ISSUE A KHAKI STAMP?

The prize of a bound volume of THE CAPTAIN is awarded to Mr. John B. Edgar, of Lockerbie, N.B., for the following:—

SIR,—Referring to above competition, I beg to say that, being a stamp collector, I have no desire to see stamps put on the market unless they are urgently required, but at the same time I think we might with propriety have a "Khaki" stamp—as a substitute, say, for the present 3d. stamp. Stamps are often issued in celebration or commemoration of great events, and my reason for the issue of a "Khaki" stamp is that it would celebrate the victory of the British arms in the present war, and commemorate those "absent-minded" heroes who have so nobly bled and died for Queen and country.

TASMANIA 5d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. Frank.—This correspondent has read my recent article on Transvaal stamps, and thinks it would be an excellent plan if in future issues of THE CAPTAIN other countries were treated in the same way. What do other readers think? **F. P. B.**—I cannot value stamps unless they are sent for inspection, an l stamped addressed envelope enclosed for their return. **"Loyal to my Captain"** and other correspondents are again reminded that it is quite impossible to receive replies to their queries by return post. Also, as THE CAPTAIN is printed early in advance of the date of publication, I cannot always guarantee replies to queries in the issue following receipt of letter. **E. A. Smith.**—No, you cannot count the different letters in the corners of the early Great Britain stamps as varieties. The explanation of these letters is interesting, but too lengthy to enter into here. **An Irish Girl.**—Many thanks for your letter concerning a stamp club, Norah. We would welcome lady members if started, but the suggestion is some distance yet from being put into action. Yes, I have the new German Stamps, and think them tolerably ugly; don't you? **The Outcast.**—Put them under Orange Free State, of course.

TASMANIA ½d.

A Reader.—The "Strand Album," published by Stanley Gibbons, Ltd. (see advertisements), should suit you well. I cannot value stamps from mere descriptions. **I. L. F.**—The four values you name are catalogued at 3s. 5d. **Veda** asks me why the colour of the ½d. British stamp was changed to green without a change in the portrait of the Queen. This is a question which many would like answered, but the Post Office keeps the secret to itself. Can there be anything more incongruous than the blending of the green with the lilac 1d. label, both bearing a portrait sixty years and more old? **W. J. E.**—There were no postage adhesive stamps in use in 1813-19. What do you refer to? **"Tootles."**—It is a great question whether your Suez stamps are genuine, and if they are, it is not possible for me to fix their exact value, used. **"Red, White and Blue."**—(1) Certainly. (2) Yes, you will do well with the Imperial, and the catalogue, too, but you may find this one too advanced. Try Bright & Son's A. B. C., price 2s. 6d. in one volume. **J. D. Marks.**—Many thanks for information. You will see I noted the issue in July. **A. W. B.** (JAMAICA).—Many thanks for your letter and the information, which you will see I have used elsewhere. **Joey** would like to know the best time to commence a collection. There is no time like the present, and, in fact, stamp collecting flourishes all the year round. **Imperialist.**—I think you are wise in specialising Africa. All stamps, of the east and central portions especially, should in time show the wisdom of your choice. **M. F.**—The largest stamp transaction ever negotiated has just taken place. Mr. M. P. Castle, a Sussex magistrate, having sold his collection of European stamps (unused), comprised in sixty volumes, for £30,000. **Young One.**—Yes; Spain, Holland, and Italy. **George W.** wants to know how perforations are counted. I gave a full description on this point in a recent issue. Apply at the office. **Spero.**—Don't believe all you read in the papers about philately! **H. W. P.**—(1) 2s. 6d. (2) 2d. (3) 1d. (4) 8d. (5) 5s. (6) 3d. (7) 3d. (8) 1s.

Many correspondents have received a reply per post.

"WHEN THE SHELLS BURST."

MR. JOHN MACKIE—whose stories every reader of THE CAPTAIN will remember—is having plenty of fresh experiences in South Africa, as a sergeant in Brabant's Horse; and no doubt when he gets back—as we all hope he will soon, safe and sound—he will have lots of fine yarns to tell. "The Old Fag" has heard from him several times, and with his last letter he sends a portrait of an old Etonian, Lieut. Eric Seymour Stevenson, whose portrait is published on this page. Here is what Mr. Mackie says:—

MR. JOHN MACKIE.
Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The New Chum," etc., etc.

West of Thabanchu (midway between Bloemfontein and Ladybrand, Orange Free State).

12th May, 1900.

DEAR OLD FAG,—Just a hurried line to enclose what may be of interest to some old Eton boys. It is a portrait of Lieutenant Eric Seymour Stephenson, who was at school there. He belongs to the 2nd Reg. of Brabant's Horse—the same regiment as I belong to. He and I lay in the same trenches together during the deadly little sixteen days' battle at Wepener, or, more properly speaking, Jammerberg Drift, when 8,000 Boers with thirteen big guns completely surrounded the Colonial Division, consisting only of 1,900 men all told, with seven guns. We were a bait for the Boers—a sprat thrown out by Roberts and Kitchener to catch a whale; but something went wrong with our reliefs, and the consequence was that the Boers very nearly succeeded in wiping us out. Stephenson is only about twenty-two. He played a good deal of football at Eton. He is much interested in THE CAPTAIN, and when in the trenches with me he read and re-read the March number of that magazine till I think he must have got it all off by heart. He hardly stopped to duck his head when the shells burst. He has been right through the campaign, and distinguished himself by carrying round ammunition to the men under a heavy fire at Dordrecht.

I have now got four stripes or bars on my arm, as they have made me a staff-sergeant; but I shan't take anything further, as my heart is in my work back in London, and as soon as this war is over I am going home.

This afternoon we are moving out to engage the Boers near some hills about seven miles south-east of us. French, Rundle, and Macdonald are somewhere to the south and north of us; but I expect, as usual, we shall have to do the principal part of the fighting. You see, we Colonials fight the Boers their own way. We have had skirmishes with the enemy several times since we left Wepener.

I long to see another number of THE CAPTAIN. I have been charmed with "Tales of Greyhouse." I distributed several numbers about amongst the officers, and I can assure you you have secured a great number of new readers amongst old boys.

With kindest regards, yours very sincerely,

JOHN MACKIE.

Writing on another occasion, he gives a graphic description of some of the perils he has undergone:—

"A fortnight ago to-day the Boers caught us 'on the hop, and surrounded 1,900 of us at this place. Since then we have fought them day and night, and hope to 'pan out' all right. I don't think that for 1,900 men with seven guns to fight successfully 8,000 Boers with thirteen guns is mere commonplace. I was hit on the knee the first day by a spent bullet, but did not report it, as I feared being put off duty and missing the fighting. I have lain in the trenches for days and nights on end, without food or sleep, being shot at and shelled all the time, and have been in two midnight attacks from which I never expected to come out alive. The men on each side of me were both shot down. I would not have missed the battle of Wepener for everything I possess. For forty-eight hours on end so persistent was the fire at us in the trenches that no one could bring us food. Officers and men alike are ragged, unshaven, and unwashed. I never was blessed with much superfluous flesh, but now I have hardly enough to cover my bones. Have sold a book by wire, but can't bother about writing books now. Fighting fills up all one's time."

There, that is what I call something like a letter! It grips the imagination. Mr. Mackie is in his element in a fight. All his life has been adventurous. He has been a gold digger in Queensland, a mounted policeman in North-West Canada, and an explorer in tropical Canada. He is of the stuff that pioneers are made of. Nothing comes amiss to him. And when he comes home to dear, peaceful old England he finds his relaxation in detailing exciting stories for the benefit of readers of THE CAPTAIN. Long may he live to do so!

LIEUT. ERIC SEYMOUR STEVENSON.
Who found THE CAPTAIN much more interesting than the Boer shells when in the trenches at Wepener.

I.

"ANOTHER duck; that's the third in succession. He's having a bad time of it lately."

The boys watched their captain as he walked slowly away from the wicket.

"Awfully hard lines, old chap. Never mind, you'll make up for it later on."

Archer said nothing. He took off his pads and flung them into a corner of the tent. Then, donning his blazer, he strolled away.

After the school's opponents had run up a big score, Archer had gone in first, intending to play with extra care—but that first ball!

He proceeded to a meadow which adjoined the cricket field. He wanted to get out of sight and indulge in his gloomy reflections, for he was one of those boys who seem to find great consolation in such a luxury.

Lying down under the hedge he thought over his run of bad luck. Three innings he had played since the holidays, and three o's stood to his credit. "When shall I make a score?" he muttered, savagely.

"Perhaps I could help you."

Archer looked round quickly. Standing behind him was a fat little man clad in flannels, blazer, and cricket cap.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the captain. "I didn't know you were there."

"Allow me to introduce myself," said the stranger. "I am Elf Willow, the fairy of cricket. I hear you have been very unlucky lately, so I have come to help you."

"Look here, do you take me for a kid?" asked the captain, irritably.

"It doesn't matter what I take you for," said the other, composedly; "the question is whether you want my help?"

"Don't talk rubbish," snarled Archer, as he rose to his feet. "It's bad enough getting another duck, without your wretched chaff into the bargain."

"You don't believe me, then?" The little man fixed his keen eyes upon Archer in such a manner that the latter felt quite nervous.

"Well—er—you know, I didn't want to be rude to you; but fairies are all bosh."

"Now don't be silly; you have no proof that we are all bosh. Besides, don't you think I look like a fairy?"

"I've never seen one, so I can't say; but if you were to turn yourself into a frog or a rabbit, I might believe you."

"Nothing simpler," said the other.

"Eh! What?" gasped Archer, for the little man had disappeared, and a big, solemn-looking frog stared at him—a frog clad in a little suit of flannels, with blazer and cap complete.

"Rather sudden, was it not?" said the frog, pleasantly. "Now that you believe what I have

said, I shall do what I can for you. To-night you shall receive a bat. Look after it carefully, for it is an enchanted bat. Whoever uses it must score a hundred runs against any bowling; not once only, but every innings."

Archer rubbed his eyes, and looked again; the frog was gone.

"I must have dozed off and dreamt it," he thought, as he returned to the cricket field. "I wonder what put such rot into my head."

As he reached the pavilion the last batsman retired, and the school was beaten.

"Tom," said Archer's chum, Wyles, that evening, "there's a parcel for you."

Archer seized the package and unwrapped a splendid bat.

"I wonder who sent it?" he exclaimed. "Why it must be from that chap Willow, I do believe."

"Who's Willow?" asked Wyles.

"Oh, you don't know him. Hullo! here's a letter."

He read the letter. It was from an uncle of his, who was not supposed to be generous.

"Fancy Uncle Dick sending me a bat," he thought. "Rum go the way it fits in with my dream. I shall almost expect to score a century against Rookdale next week."

II

"I SAY, old man, what a lovely bat; I've just had a few smacks at the nets with it. Where did you get it?"

"Uncle Dick sent it; jolly brickish of him, wasn't it?"

"You lucky beggar. He never sends me anything. Look here, we are in first; you might let me use your bat, will you?"

"I don't mind."

"Thanks awfully. I don't suppose I shall keep it long; I'm a fearful muff at batting."

Archer's cousin was the wicket-keeper of the Rookdale team, whom Archer's men were now opposing. He was a poor batsman, and usually went in last. On this occasion he came in according to custom.

The Rookdale team had completely broken down in batting, and the board showed nine wickets down for forty-five runs.

"Young Manton won't do much," said their captain.

But young Manton did. The first ball he received went to the boundary, and it was followed by the second and the third. Rookdale fairly howled their applause.

Manton kept up the batting end, and over after over he stayed in, scoring freely off every bowler.

The hundred went up. Rookdale felt quite comfortable as ten after ten was added. Manton scored all the runs, gained his century by a brilliant drive which sent the ball clean over the little pavilion, and was bowled next ball.

"By Jove!" he said, as he returned the bat to its owner, "Uncle knows how to choose a good bat; there's a regular magic spell in the thing. I never scored so easily in all my life. I hope *you* won't go making a hundred with it."

"I sha'n't have time, even if I stay in," laughed Archer. "We can only make a draw of this match."

He had serious misgivings as he proceeded to the wicket; they were soon dissipated, however. He found himself scoring with an ease that astonished him. Surely the fairy was right; there must have been some enchantment used in the making of such a bat.

Boundary after boundary he hit in rapid succession, and just as time was called he completed his century. The match was a draw; but the bat had fulfilled the fairy's promise so far.

The captain was congratulated on his magnificent return to form, and in the glory and excitement that followed his—or rather the bat's—achievement, he left his uncle's present behind him.

Meanwhile, a certain Giles Thomas, who happened to pass at the time, saw and coveted the fairy bat, which was lying neglected outside the pavilion. Taking advantage of the excitement at the close of the match, he climbed over the railings which separated him from the object of his desire, and, having secured it, was making off with it, when the appearance of a stranger caused him to hide it amongst some nettles which grew in a dry ditch by the roadside.

The stranger, who was a recruiting sergeant, and who had long had designs on the strapping rustic, succeeded in capturing him, and for many years Giles Thomas served his Queen, while the enchanted bat remained in the nettles.

III.

"YES, sir, as you say, if I could only play cricket like the other masters, the boys would like me all the more; but you know I was never cut out for that sort of thing."

"My dear fellow, you have never tried. I knew a man—he was older than you—and he thought just the same as you do until he became a master in a public school. He soon developed into quite a respectable cricketer. Try, that's what I say"; and the Rev. Smiley

Wyles swished amongst the nettles with his walking stick at imaginary balls, scoring imaginary boundaries in a style W. G. Grace himself might envy.

"Hullo! what's that I hit? Well, I—it's as fine a bat as ever I have seen. One of the boys must have lost it." He handed the bat to Mr. Wren, the new master, who held it as dubiously as if it were a pair of tongs.

"Er—yes, I've no doubt it's a good bat."

"Catch hold of it properly, and feel the spring in the handle," said Mr. Wyles.

Wren held it in a more approved manner.

"Why, I believe I could score a few runs if I tried," he said, as he swung it over his shoulder; "it feels quite natural somehow."

"You'd better find out whom it belongs to. Reverting to what we were saying, you really must play in the masters' match against the boys. Even if you are no cricketer, they'll think more of you when they know you take an interest in their sports."

The enchanted bat had already worked wonders; through merely handling it, Wren felt quite confident. "Certainly I will play," he said.

THE STRANGER, WHO WAS A RECRUITING SERGEANT, SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING HIM, AND FOR MANY YEARS GILES THOMAS SERVED HIS QUEEN WHILE THE ENCHANTED BAT REMAINED IN THE NETTLES.

No one claimed the bat, and the master kept it by right of discovery. The match between masters and boys was played, and the enchanted bat carried Mr. Wren to the topmost pinnacle of glory. "And we thought he was a muff!" said the boys to each other as they fielded his hits.

The Rev. Smiley Wyles was delighted. "What did I tell you?" he exclaimed. "Why you are a born cricketer, and you didn't know it. Your bowling and fielding are certainly a trifle below the mark; but to score a hundred when you've never played before! Allow me to congratulate you."

IV.

Squire Archer and the Rev. Smiley Wyles sat together, talking about their school-days.

"Fancy your being headmaster of Rookdale," laughed the squire. "Do you remember the matches we used to play against this school, you old turn-coat?"

"Ah," sighed Mr. Wyles, "they *were* good old times. I remember when you and I bowled out Rookdale for thirty runs."

"Yes, and do you remember the century I scored that day I lost my bat?"

"Talking about lost bats, did I ever tell you of the one Wren and I found in the nettles behind the old pavilion? It must have been there a long time, for no one knew anything about it — but it looked quite new."

"Isn't Wren the man you were telling me about who has scored a century every time he has played?" asked the squire.

"Yes, most remarkable, is it not? He never touched a bat before he came here. They're going to try him for the county next year."

"I say, Wyles, could you play in a match I am getting up one day next week?"

The sudden way the question was put quite staggered Mr. Wyles. "What! at my age?" he gasped.

"Never mind about your age. I haven't handled a bat for twenty years, but I'm going to play."

"But what are the teams, and why have you got hold of such an extraordinary idea?"

"Only a bit of fun. Mrs. Archer is giving a sort of garden party to the villagers next week, and they are anxious to show off their new cricket club. I promised to get together a scratch eleven, which I shall call the 'Old Buffers.' By the way, you might bring that fellow Wren as well."

"But you can hardly call him an 'Old Buffer.'"

"I know that; but he could go in last, if we scored well at the beginning of the team. You see, the Scorpions, as they call themselves, have a really good bowler—you know that old soldier, Giles Thomas—and I'm afraid that some of the older 'Buffers' might get out quickly. In that case we should send in Wren about fifth wicket as a trump card."

"Your idea certainly amuses me," said Mr. Wyles; "and it will be rather jolly for us being once more in the same team."

"That's right! I knew you would play."

The "Old Buffers" *versus* Scorpions was a decided success. The former won the toss, and decided to bat first. The Rev. Smiley Wyles, and Squire Archer opened the batting.

"I feel quite young again," said the squire, as he once more handled the enchanted bat which Mr. Wren had lent him.

Mr. Wyles soon retired, but the squire gave an astonishing display. In spite of his ponderous figure and his shortness of breath, he quickly ran up a big score. Seventy, eighty, ninety, crack! and the bat was sprung. The squire would not change it, however. Crack! crack! a two and a four. The blade of the bat split down the centre

THE ENCHANTED BAT LITERALLY FLEW INTO PIECES.

The bowler paused. "Never mind, play up!" shouted the old gentleman, excitedly.

One tremendous hit, and the ball rolled merrily to the boundary; but the enchanted bat literally flew in pieces. Squire Archer stood puffing and blowing, while the delighted crowd cheered his century to the echo.

And when they looked for the fragments of the bat, nothing was to be found; but a huge frog hopped away to the nearest marsh.

THE START.

SOME OBSTACLE RACES.

With sketches by Frank Feller.

Obstacle races are of varying sorts. Men may swim obstacle races in the water, may ride them on bicycles, or may run them on their own natural feet. The obstacle race is not a form of sport largely affected by the great London clubs, on their sprucely-kept grounds, but at country meetings, held in the handiest field, at seaside regattas, and among the diversions provided at a sporting festival organised by a larky crew of bluejackets, the obstacle race bloometh and flourisheth exceedingly, and glorious and great is the congregation of guffawing spectators, who gather thickest at the muddy-water jump.

Nobody is very particular about his costume at an obstacle foot race. The bluejacket tucks up his trousers and runs on his brown skin, the yokel goes perhaps in boots, perhaps in socks, and everybody else dresses according to his fancy — this being a go-as-you-please race of the most pronounced description. Indeed, a certain flavour of variety is sometimes introduced into the business by competitors disguised as Mr. Sloper, a policeman, and an old lady. A good, clear run is given before the first obstacle is reached, just to break up the crowd a little, and send them into their difficulties with plenty of impetus. It is a remarkable thing that, no matter what may happen in other races, there is always a dog about when an obstacle race is started—a dog which goes off after the runners, and barks and snaps angrily at their heels. He is as regular as the Derby dog, and gets a deal more fun for his trouble. There would seem to be some affinity between stray dogs and boys, in that one or more is sure to be present when anybody comes a cropper or otherwise gets into an undignified scrape, to enjoy the agony of the sufferer and deride him That is why there is always a stray dog at an obstacle race.

Perhaps the first obstacle is a row of hurdles, or rather of strong rails and posts, five or six deep, one beyond another, and very short distances apart. You may either scramble over

OVER THE RAILS AND POSTS.

these or crawl under. If you scramble over, you bark your shins greviously, fall between the rails, alighting on the most painful corners, and find difficulty in climbing out. On the other

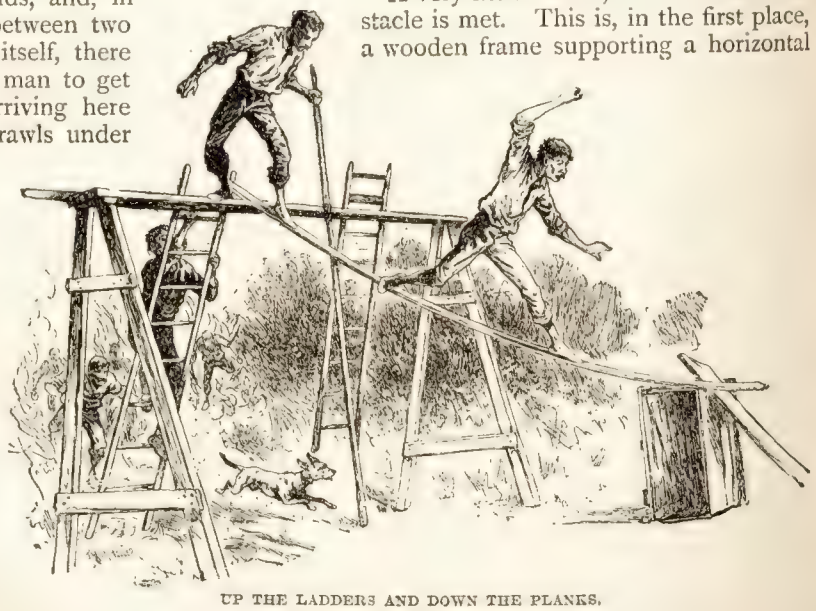
CRAWLING THROUGH THE NET.

hand, if you crawl underneath, you only break the falls of all those who are scrambling above and falling through; also your own head, amongst the posts. It is considered proper to alight upon your feet on springing from the last rail, but the spectators prefer you to use the other end, a plan very frequently carried out.

After this the competitors, with such advantages as the scramble has severally given them, and such bumps and scrapes as they have themselves collected, take another run on the flat. At the end of this an immense net is pegged to the ground on all sides but the nearest. This net lies thick in many folds, and, in some secret place, either between two of the pegs or in the net itself, there is a hole big enough for a man to get through. The first man arriving here throws himself down and crawls under the unpegged end of the net, followed by the others as fast as they may, until that great net contains a piled-up crowd of wriggling humanity, each man making his best effort to find the exit, and getting in the way of all the others.

You never can tell when the first man will get out. He may find the hole at once or he may be almost any length of time; in fact, very often it is found that some frantic competitor is unconsciously standing on that part of the net. Sometimes, if the net is very large, the artful man does this purposely in order to seize the opportunity when everybody is making a wild rush at some other part, to bolt out with a good start. When at last somebody does get through there is a magnificent scramble among the rest to follow, and the crowd stream out, much the worse for wear, and in a very different order from that in which they went in. Often is it the fate of the man who entered far ahead of the field to leave far behind it. And so for another run on the flat.

A very little of this, and the next obstacle is met. This is, in the first place, a wooden frame supporting a horizontal



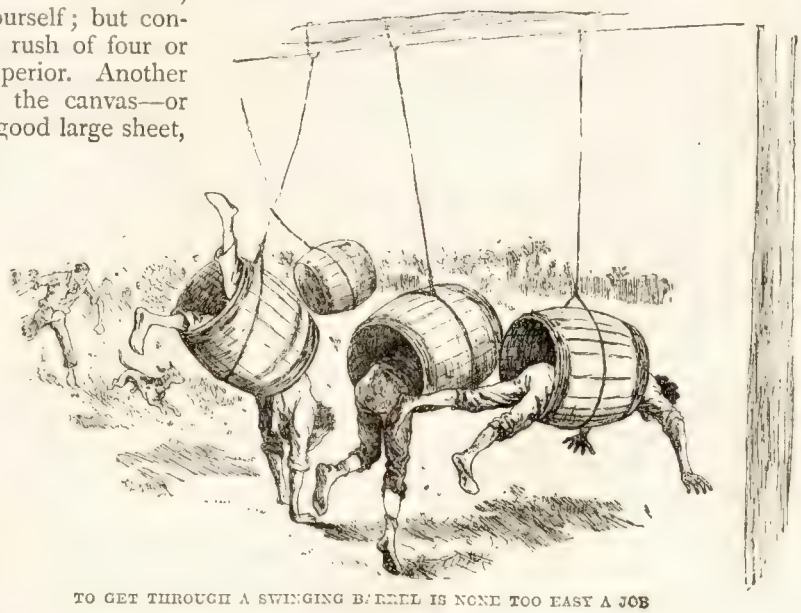
UP THE LADDERS AND DOWN THE PLANKS.

UNDER THE CANVAS.

pole or plank 9ft. or 10ft. from the ground. There are two ladders by which this may be scaled, so that there is a likelihood of two men reaching the top at the same moment. But the way down on the other side is scarcely so convenient. Here you must walk on a steeply sloping, narrow, and very springy plank, as far as an old packing-case, or some similar support, and then on just such another plank to the ground. You must not jump off, or "fudge" this arrangement in any way, or you will be ruled out. The spectators, however, do not object to your falling off. This last is a very easy feat, as anybody may find for himself who will try walking down a thin plank at an angle of about 40degs., with a big man striding down before him. To succeed in the race it is preferable to be a good way ahead at this obstacle, and to have the plank to yourself; but considered entirely as a show, a rush of four or five on the plank at once is superior. Another level run leads, perhaps, to the canvas—or maybe tarpaulin. This is a good large sheet, laid flat, stretched, and pegged firmly down on two sides. You arrive at one of the unpegged sides and proceed to insert your head under the canvas, like a gentleman about to be guillotined. The task is to grovel under the whole length of that canvas, and get out at the further end with as little delay as is consistent with bringing your clothes with you. If you are close behind, and gaining upon a man under this canvas, it is advisable to look out for his feet—as well as you can; sometimes they catch you about the ears, heavily. It is bad enough to be alone under this sheet; but to be under when the presence of several others is tightening it, is mere personal flattening and the wiping out of features. The tendency of this gentle exercise to produce baldness has not hitherto been taken into account by the compilers of medical essays, but it must form an enormous factor in the total result. You may observe the crowd come out visibly balder than it went in, just on the spots where the friction with the canvas acts.

There will probably be another obstacle before the final run in—perhaps a row of barrels, minus the ends, suspended at a height of 3ft. or 4ft. by ropes lashed about them. Here is great fun. Every man must get through one of these barrels as best he can—alighting on hands or nose, or both, as Fate may direct, before rising to finish the race. To get through a swinging barrel is none too easy a job, as the gentle reader may test for himself, if so minded.

To begin with, the thing is unstable, tilting fore and aft at a touch, and swinging in every direction. This makes it difficult to raise oneself into it at all, and doubly difficult to wriggle through, once the head and trunk are in. Halfway through, the victim presents a hepless and tortoise-like appearance, making mad efforts to



TO GET THROUGH A SWINGING BARREL IS NONE TOO EASY A JOB

THE SACK RACE.—THE START.

throw his hinder half sufficiently high to cause him to fall out head-foremost. Once he has been fortunate enough to alight on his hands and save his nose, the smart practitioner does not waste time in a merely comic attempt to kick and wriggle himself clear of the barrel, but makes three or four steps forward upon his hands, when his feet fall quietly to the ground behind, and he rises, top-end uppermost, to run. The man who, resting on his hands, tries the kick-and-wriggle plan, even if he succeed at all, only falls in a confused heap, with his head at the bottom of the pile. Then, when he rises, he is apt to cause hilarious applause by bolting off in some utterly insane direction, quite away from the finish; for several seconds' struggle in a barrel liable to spin round, followed by a miscellaneous tumble head-downward, never improves a man's topography, and his first impulse is to rush straight ahead. An improvement of some kind is frequently introduced into the barrel business; an improvement, that is to say, from the point of view of the unsympathetic unlooker; for any improvement in an obstacle race always takes the form of some new persecution of the competitors. One such improvement was introduced at the sports held in connection with the Manchester Jubilee celebration. The barrels, usually empty, were stuffed tightly with a fearful mixture of paper, tow, cotton-waste, and soot. To fight one's way blindly through paper, tow, and cotton-waste in a wobbling barrel is a worse thing than to do the same through the empty article; but when soot is added in generous quantities — then is the bitterness of the obstacle race seen indeed, and felt, and tasted. The gentleman who invented this horrible preparation holds a most respectable position in Manchester, and has probably now repented, wherefore his name shall not be mentioned; but a few hundred years ago he might have commanded an immense salary as a judicial torture-merchant and witch-baiter. In this particular race itself one competitor was especially unlucky. He was far and away the best of the crowd, had come out triumphantly ahead at all the previous obstacles, and arrived at the stuffed barrels a long distance to the good. He seized the nearest and boldly rammed his head among the contents; but he got no further. Man after man arrived, and, with such luck as might be his, wriggled through his barrel in more or less time, and started away again, a sooty scarecrow and a public derision. But the first man, head and shoulders immersed, still struggled in hopeless suffocation, until everybody was hundreds of yards away ahead, and then it was discovered that the miscreant carpenter, whose business it was, had forgotten to knock the other end out of this particular barrel!

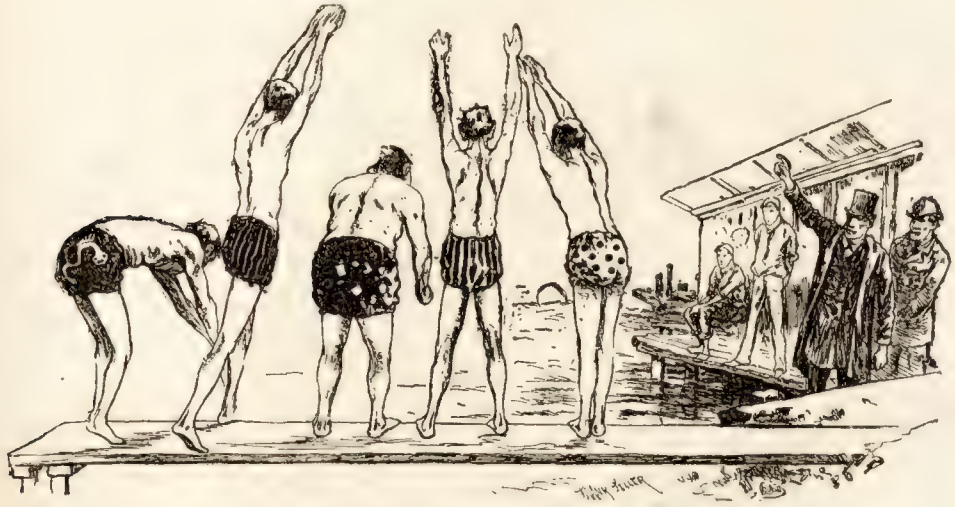
The sack race, pure and unadulterated, is a funny spectacle enough, but when sack racers have obstacles set them beyond their sacks, truly they must work for their prizes. There are two ways of getting over the ground in a sack. One is by grabbing the loose sack tightly with the hands and jumping—both feet together.

THE ROPE OBSTACLE.

This looks a good way, but the least inaccuracy in balance, or alighting with feet too far back or forward in the sack, means an ignominious bowl over, and much prostrate wallowing. The better way is to get a foot into each extreme corner of the sack, pulling it tightly up in the middle, and to waddle along with quick, short steps. But if these steps be too quick, or not short enough, disaster is certain. For the wily sports-promoter who ruins this design by giving the competitors *round-ended* sacks is reserved the gratitude of the many—spectators, and the indignation of the few—competitors. A rope across the path and a ladder laid on edge are usually enough obstacles for unfortunate creatures in sacks. It is not easy to jump over that rope and alight right end up, and therefore some turn their backs and fall over it. But then you are down, and might as well have lain down first and rolled under—which, again, some do by choice. If you have come a cropper near the rope, this is the best plan, since it involves only one getting up. The latter, too, may be jumped or tumbled over, but in the latter case it is uncomfortable to go face-foremost. An attempt to wriggle through the ladder on the part of a competitor already prostrate is likely to end in painful failure and an ill-used chin. At the finish, of course, in all sack races, it is policy to fall through the tape, as being quicker than running, jumping, or waddling to breast it; but—and it is a great but—never fall an inch too soon, or you will go under without touching it.

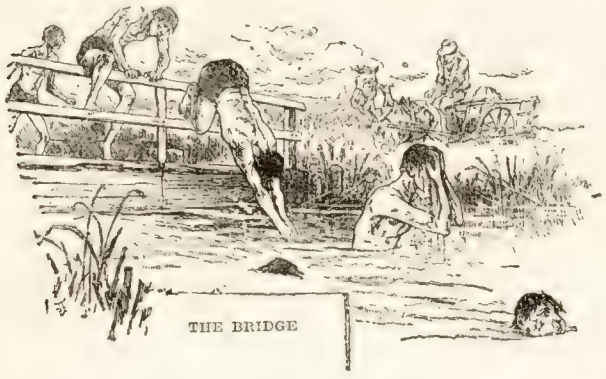
THE LADDER MAY BE JUMPED OR TUMBLED OVER.

The water affords facilities for obstacle races equally with the land, and such a race among swimmers has its points of interest. Often a condition is that each competitor take with him, the whole way, a large inflated bladder or an empty barrel. These things must be taken *under* certain obstacles, such as a pole fixed across just over the water, a row of punts, or the like. Let anybody who has tried to take a large inflated bladder under water with him tell of the joys of these feats. Or the rules may dictate that the competitor must climb *over* the obstacle himself and push his bladder or barrel *under*, taking care not to lose it in the process. Indeed,



THE SWIMMING OBSTACLE RACE.—THE START.

special rules and directions must be made for almost every obstacle race, the most meritorious set being that which entails most misery upon the competitor.

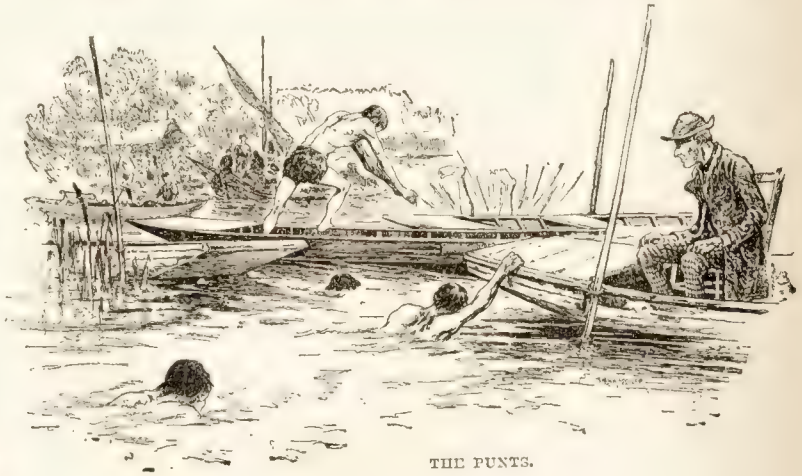


THE BRIDGE

Obstacles existing in the ordinary course are not altogether wanting in a a swimming race properly planned. There may be a wooden bridge, which the swimmers may be made to climb over, or a pontoon bridge may be put down for the occasion. Something with rails on it is preferable to the barbarous tastes of the scoffing multitude, since they afford an additional awkwardness and tend towards indecision and the breaking of toes. If this bridge be at a shallow part it is also sometimes considered an improvement, since an inconsiderate and vigorous dive may lead to personal battery in the bed of the stream.

Next, perhaps, the hardy adventurers meet a row of punts, moored across the waterway, often an irregular row, demanding generalship in selecting the easiest point of attack. For, by properly selecting one's direction, it is possible here to find an advantage, taking a pull at this and a push at that; while it must not be forgotten that he is not necessarily slowest over who has most punts to negotiate, providing he have but one pull out and one dive; since running and jumping are quicker than swimming.

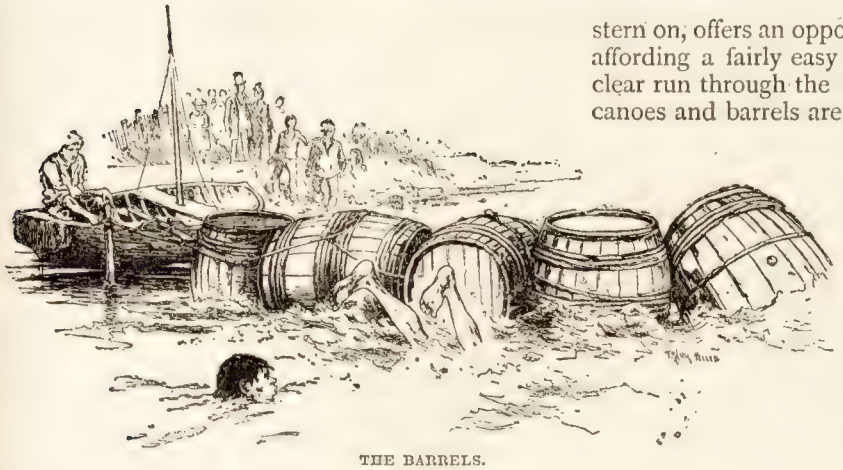
It is not unusual in a swimming obstacle race to give the swimmer an occasional trot over dry ground, or up or down a ladder, thus equalising the chances of the lean and long-limbed with those of the fat, who float and swim the better. Thus, perhaps, after a bit of straightaway swimming the way may be blocked by a dam, and all must get out and scramble along at the side towards a ladder, up this, and off the plank to which it leads, into water once more. Now, men can only ascend an ordinary lader in single file, so that he who reaches the foot of the ladder first must be first to make the ensuing dive; wherefore, a very eager race on bare feet for that ladder.



THE PUNTS.

THE LADDER AND PLANK.

There should also be a row of barrels somewhere on the course; a row of barrels so artfully lashed together that they turn over in any direction at a touch. An incom-



THE BARRELS.

petent committee has sometimes allowed diving under these barrels, but the correct thing is to send the competitors over—if they can get over—unless they are carrying the aforementioned bladders or barrels, when to get under will be something difficult to do. But to get *over* this row of barrels and pass the bladder *under*, this is the thing which should be ordained, that all the people upon dry land might rejoice with a great laughter.

stern on, offers an opportunity not to be despised, affording a fairly easy pull up and promising a clear run through the barricade. Of all things, canoes and barrels are to be avoided, as well as all craft broadside on. Any green novice who has tried getting into a boat from the side will know this, even if the reflection never occurs to him that a broadside-on obstacle probably means more behind in awkward positions, with a chance of falling between.

After this perhaps a net, and then the finish. The net is not a vast difficulty, having only to be dived under or, easier still, lifted. But it gives a check to the merely fast swimmer in his rush home, and prevents the oncoming competitors from seeing exactly how the race is going in front, and makes them peg away to the end. Also, the headlong young man, coming as hard as he can with the side stroke, is apt to run foul of this net, to his utter confusion and entanglement, and the "letting up" of some

SOME MISCELLANEOUS OBSTACLES.

After this a little more plain swimming will lead, perhaps, to a miscellaneous string of obstacles, all across: boats, baskets, punts, barrels, canoes—anything, and nearly everything that floats—loosely tied together. Here more than anywhere, the swimmer requires generalship. His eyes are below the level of the obstruction, and he has not the advantage of a general view. A good large, broad-beamed boat, slower competitor maintaining a better look-out.

And of such are the ways of the obstacle race—a thing good in that it gives play to something more than speed alone, whether on water or dry land, and teaches prompt resource, activity, and address; and provides vast diversion for unventuresome onlookers, who revel in the misfortunes of those bolder than themselves.

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I. to XVI.)

At the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed. Hugh escapes, and rejoins Geoff. Eventually, they near Pretoria. Bunny has just recognised Hugh, when in walks Geoff in the guise of a Boer. Geoff is taken on as a warder, and is thus able to smuggle in a change of clothes for each of his three friends, who, under his guidance, escape and go to the Krykraft Bank in Johannesburg. The next day he joins them: but while on a visit to Vesta Krykraft, his sweetheart, meets Bunsen, who is his deadly rival. As he does not return to the party at the bank house, Bunny goes in search of him.

CHAPTER XVII.

A THOROUGH SCOUNDREL.

BUNNY went straight to the Krygkrafts' house, which—the hour being nearly two in the morning—he naturally found shrouded, like its neighbours, in darkness.

"Geoff can't possibly be here," Bunny reflected; "and I don't like to rouse them up at this hour of the night. But they may know what has become of him; for he is sure to have been in earlier in the evening."

Bunny stood in the porch and considered, and then considered again, and had almost made up his mind that he couldn't decently knock up the household, when, thinking that perhaps Geoff's safety might depend upon his own prompt action at this crisis, he rang the bell.

It was the old nurse who came, after a long interval. Bunny was at first sight glad it was she, for, of course, she would recognise him, and know at once that all was right, and that he might be admitted and Vesta called up to see him. Then he remembered that in his present disguise he might be unrecognisable.

The nurse peeped through the gap of the partly opened door, keeping the chain fastened.

"What is it?" she said. "And why do you come at this time of night?"

Bunny disguised his voice, and asked to see "The young lady."

"What for? And won't the morning do? Is it more news from the master?"

"Yes; important news from her father," said Bunny, grateful for the suggestion.

"Stay where you are then, and I'll fetch her; though I think you might have waited till the morning," grumbled the old woman, proceeding to Vesta's room.

"Maybe father told him he must come straight to us whenever he arrived," said Vesta, hurriedly dressing. "Go to bed, nurse, and don't be angry; it isn't the man's fault."

The old woman departed, still grumbling.

Vesta imagined that this must be Geoff who had returned with information of some important development. She knew he would not come at this hour unless the matter were absolutely imperative, therefore she hastened into the hall as quickly as she could get ready.

"Don't be frightened, Vesta; it's I," said Bunny. "I'm awfully sorry to knock you up at this hour, but—well, has Geoff been here?"

"Come inside, Bunny," said Vesta, faintly.

She let Bunny in, and sat down upon a hall chair looking very white. Bunny's heart sank; Vesta's aspect frightened him.

"Is anything the matter, Vesta?" he said. "Are you faint? Has anything gone wrong with Geoff?"

"I can't tell—I can't tell! Oh! it's that horrid—horrid Mr. Bunsen. Yes, he has been in; and he went away with Mr. Bunsen. They were not on good terms, and I am afraid that——"

"Stop, Vesta! How long ago was this?"

"Oh, they left at half-past nine, I think. About that."

"And now it's two in the morning, and Geoff hasn't yet turned up at the bank. Vesta, where does this fellow live?—tell me quickly—Bunsen, I mean—at his old quarters?"

"Yes, at his old quarters. Do—do go quickly, and see after Geoff, dear Bunny. That man is not to be trusted."

"I know. I shall go at once. Good-bye, Vesta. You shall hear if it's all right, or in any case."

Bunny hastened away. The bank house lay between the Krygkrafts' and Bunsen's lodgings, and he let himself in there in order to inquire whether Geoff had been home meanwhile; but the two anxious men waiting within had no good news for him.

"Then I must go and find him," said Bunny, hastening away again. "Sit tight here till you hear from us. You've food enough for two days—if we're longer than that I'll find means to let Vesta know you want more."

Let us now return to Geoff and his rival. When the former heard Guy Bunsen's threat, he firmly bade himself keep cool. "Remember, it's those that keep their heads who get out of difficulties," he told himself. Only when he had quite mastered the rage that boiled up within him at sight of the fellow, and, even more, at the words he uttered, Geoff spoke again.

"Very well, my friend; then we are agreed upon that matter, at any rate. It is understood that you are going to get me into trouble—if you can. It is just as well I should know it. Thanks for telling me."

"Yes, you're glad to know it, no doubt. You may remember that we have old scores to settle—I do, at any rate. Well, as it happens, I think I see my way to paying them off now, once for all. What a fool you were to come to Johannesburg!"

"Ah! well, I had to, you see, in order to make sure that Vesta here was all right. One doesn't like to think that she is in the same town with such a confounded rascal as yourself, you know; for even though you may be powerless to hurt her, you can be a constant worry and nuisance, and I find that you have been both. Well, well, all that will soon end now."

"Oh, indeed? So I have been a constant worry, have I, Vesta? I shall remember that! I wonder how your father will like to know that you have received visits from a spy of the enemy!"

"My father would be glad to hear that Geoff came to take care of me, especially if he had heard you talk to-night, Mr. Bunsen. Geoff is perfectly right in saying that your visits will now end, for I can no longer receive you."

Bunsen grew livid with rage; he ground his teeth, and swore audibly.

"Be quiet, you cad!" said Geoff, angrily. "Remember you are in the presence of a lady."

Bunsen ignored this speech.

"If I am not to come here, at any rate I shall see *he* doesn't come again!" he snarled. "You know what's done with spies, don't you, Vesta?"

"You daren't inform against him, you coward!" said Vesta bravely. "You are living here on sufferance yourself, and you know it. If the authorities knew that you were at large, and not ill in bed, as you pretend, you would have been sent out of the country long ago."

"It's a lie——" began Bunsen, but Geoff stamped his foot so fiercely that he paused.

"Sit down there, and listen to what I have to say," cried Geoff, and he said it in a manner which apparently convinced the other that he intended to be obeyed, for Bunsen sat down, looking ill at ease.

"In the first place, see what I have here! Don't be alarmed, dear Vesta — we shall not come to violence, I hope, but it is better that this person should know I am prepared."

Geoff produced from his pocket, and laid upon the little table at his elbow, a small revolver.

"I always carry this," he continued, "and it is as well that Mr. Bunsen should know it, even though we shall not enjoy his society very long. In the second place, you spoke the simple truth, Vesta, when you said just now that he is living here on sufferance. He is; he has been allowed to stay in the town because, being afraid to carry a weapon on behalf of his country, he preferred to keep away from the front, and shammed ill in order to obtain permission to stay here. Well, he has now seen the error of his ways, and is going to give notice to the authorities that his precious health is restored to him."

"Oh dear, no, he isn't!" said Bunsen nervously, pretending to laugh.

"Ah, well, perhaps you may alter your mind when we have had a short conversation on the subject. Vesta," continued Geoff, now perfectly cool. "I think this would be a good opportunity for you to retire to bed. Our long talk will only weary you. Go to bed, my dear, and we shall let ourselves out presently."

Vesta looked anxiously in Geoff's face. She approached him, and whispered: "Geoff, I am so frightened! Promise me you will do nothing rash with him—if he became desperate he might——"

Geoff interrupted her, smiling reassuringly.

"I won't be rash," he whispered back, "but I must settle this matter once for all. Things cannot be left as they are. Vesta is afraid we shall quarrel, Bunsen," he added aloud, "and is kind enough to intercede for you. Bid her good-night, and thank her for her goodness, which is quite undeserved, tell her."

Bunsen turned his back, muttering something which did not reach the others. Geoff pocketed the revolver, and led Vesta to the door. "Don't be alarmed," he whispered again. "I have the fellow's measure to an inch. It will be all right, and you shall hear what passes. I will write you, and post the note in the town—they won't interfere with local letters."

"Promise — *promise* you'll be careful, dear Geoff!" said Vesta, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, I do promise. I may see you again, and I may not—it will depend upon circumstances. Now good-bye, dear—dearest Vesta."

Geoff turned the key in the lock before he rejoined Bunsen at the other end of the room.

"Now, Bunsen," he said, "sit down and talk the matter over as man and man. You've got to get out of this, my friend. I don't care where you go to, nor whether you take a hand in the war or not—but you've got to leave Johannesburg, and at once."

"I'll see you——" began Bunsen. But Geoff interrupted.

"No," he said, "you needn't swear. It won't help you or hurt me. I say again, you've got to go; you are not to be trusted in this town with Vesta. Now, will you come with me? I'll do my best to see you safely through; or will you be sent over the border by the authorities? Come now, choose."

"I choose to stay where I am, thank you. I'm pretty comfortable here, and intend to remain."

"Come, I am giving you the choice of two alternatives," said Geoff, ignoring Bunsen's speech. "If you're wise you'll choose one of them."

"I tell you I shall stay, and I tell you something else too—and that is that unless you clear out of this place by daylight you'll come to a bad end. You seem to think you've the whip hand over me, but you're wrong. It's I that can smash you, not you me! And now I'm off home. Open that door, or I'll make a row that'll fetch up the night-police."

"Oh, I'll open the door with pleasure," said Geoff, to Bunsen's surprise. "I only locked it in order to make sure that you should hear what I had to say before giving me the slip. Go, now, by all means; we can continue our talk in the street."

Geoff let his companion out of the room. Together they went silently downstairs and out at the front door. Then Bunsen walked quickly down the street homewards. Geoff kept pace with him.

"Look here," said Bunsen, turning angrily upon him. "I didn't ask for your company, and I don't want it. You'd better clear out and go your own way."

"My good man," said Geoff, bracingly, "I am doing so. Your way and mine are one and the same. I'm coming to your rooms. You didn't expect to be so honoured, did you?"

"You'd better wait till you're asked," said Bunsen, surlily. If it had been light enough Geoff would have seen that his companion had grown two shades paler. He had not realised Geoff's intention, and the prospect before him did not please him.

"No; I think I'll come, anyhow," said Geoff. "Down here, to the left, isn't it? Ah, I thought so! I've a good memory, haven't I?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUST IN TIME.

When the door of Bunsen's lodgings was reached, Bunsen opened it with his latch-key, and, passing quickly into the passage, attempted to bang it behind him. But Geoff was ready for this manœuvre, and put his foot forward. Bunsen sprang back to force the door shut, but again Geoff was too quick for him, and got his shoulder in. Then, with a curse, Bunsen realised that the game of violence was useless, and he ran upstairs, followed by his uninvited guest.

"There, now we're all safe and comfortable, and may make, I suppose, as much noise as we like," said Geoff. "It would have been awkward to come to blows in a lady's house. Now we can do as we like, and if anything gets broken, why, after all, it'll be your fault."

"What do you want of me?" said Bunsen, sullenly. He was somewhat cowed by Geoff's persistence in following him home and his present attitude. "You'd better be straightforward for once in your life, and tell me what you mean by all this violence."

"I simply mean that I am determined you shall leave Johannesburg at once. I have told you that you can, if you like, go south with me. I shall be off to-morrow or next day. But if you prefer to travel alone that can be arranged. I shall see that you do one of the two—which shall it be?"

"Why should I do either? By what right do you attempt to coerce me in this way?"

"Well, for one thing, I think I am the stronger; but, of course, that is easily tested, if you like. My reason for wishing you away is, that I do not trust you. You have threatened me, though that does not matter in the least; what does matter is that you also threatened one who is dearer to me than life itself, and who possesses certain claims upon me for protection, over and above that which I should consider any and every woman entitled to, were she menaced by dangers which I thought I could forestall. There, that is my case in a nutshell."

"Very well. I don't recognise your right to order me about, and I'll see you hanged before I budge from this place."

GEOFF WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM.

"The awkward part of your obstinacy would be that neither of us is going to move out of this room until you have agreed to one of the two alternatives I have put before you, and we have made arrangements for your departure. Even then you might have to put up with my society until you were ready to accompany me to my own quarters."

Bunsen considered for a short while. At last he spoke:—

"Well, supposing I promised to leave the town—would that satisfy you?"

"Theoretically, yes; I should be glad to hear it. But I'm afraid I should require certain pledges from you. I don't trust you, Bunsen; it's no use mincing matters."

"What kind of pledges?"

"Well, if you elected to accompany me, it would only be necessary to wait while you collected a few traps for the journey, then we should leave the house together."

"Thanks; in any case I should not accompany you. I prefer my own society, and should travel alone, if I went. I am prepared, if you like, to promise that I will apply for a passport and leave the town as soon as convenient to me after receiving my papers."

Geoff shook his head.

"No, Bunsen," he said, "that would never do. Why, my good man, the first thing you would do

to-morrow morning — supposing I were to take your word and leave you here now—would be to put the police upon my track. That might have awkward consequences for me, though I am the most innocent of mortal men, because I have private reasons for keeping my presence in Johannesburg a secret."

"Well, what *do* you want of me?"

"I can tell you in two words what I mean you to do; you're to take pen and paper, and write that application for a passport at once; then you're to address the letter to the Police Department, and lastly, you and I'll step out and post it."

"You must be more than an ordinary fool to think I'd consent to do anything of the kind," said Bunsen, with suppressed fury. "If you don't choose to accept my word, I retract my promise. I shall take my own course. You have defeated your own ends by being an unreasonable fool and attempting to bully me. I tell you I won't be driven."

Geoff sighed resignedly.

"Then I'm sorry to inflict my company upon you," he said, "but I'm afraid it must be an all-night sitting. I shall not leave you, day or night, until that letter is written and posted. It's somewhat chilly—with your permission I'll light the fire, which is laid I see. Have you supped?"

Bunsen did not condescend to reply. He sat gazing in front of him, the picture of a furious, sullen man. Geoff lighted the fire and sat looking into it with an eye ready to note the slightest movement of his companion. Thus the pair remained for an hour or more, neither uttering a word.

Suddenly Geoff broke the silence.

"After all," he said, "it doesn't much matter who writes the letter. I could write it myself and sign it in your name; the main object is to draw the attention of the police—or of whomsoever it may concern—to the fact that you are fit to travel and ready to go south. I shall allow you another half-hour to think over the matter. At the expiration of that time I shall write the letter myself; but you shall come with me to post it, Bunsen, in any case."

Bunsen sat still, and answered nothing.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he suddenly rose.

"Well—I'll write the letter," he said. "I'm sick of your presence here; I want to go to bed."

"So you shall when the letter is written and posted."

Bunsen sat and began to write. A moment or two later, Geoff, hearing steps outside in the road, rose from his chair in order to patrol the carpet in front of the windows: he was afraid lest Bunsen should make a rush for one of them, in order to call for help.

This movement on Geoff's part infuriated Bunsen, or maybe he became suddenly bold in the prospect of assistance, having, like Geoff, heard the sound of footsteps; for he abruptly seized a heavy brass candlestick that stood at his elbow and hurled it at Geoff's head as he passed close behind the table at which he sat and wrote.

The candlestick struck Geoff at the back of the neck, and he stumbled forward with the sudden impact, and fell. In a moment Bunsen was upon him, and feeling in his pocket for the revolver.

"Help!" he shouted, at the same moment "I am attacked by a madman!"

Geoff was half stunned by the blow, and for a moment he was scarcely able to offer resistance. Bunsen knelt upon the small of his back and pressed his face down into the carpet, half suffocating him, while with his right hand he felt for the pistol. Luckily Geoff lay upon it, and he could not get at the weapon.

Meanwhile the steps had stopped at the house door, which was then opened and closed again; someone ran quickly up the stairs and burst into the room.

The newcomer took in the situation at a glance; he uttered a cry of fury or astonishment, or perhaps a variety of mixed emotions, and threw himself upon the struggling mass of humanity.

In a moment, Bunsen, to his disgust, found himself overpowered and pulled backwards, none too gently.

"Get up, Geoff, get up! Good heavens, you're not hurt, are you?" Bunny bent over his brother in a frenzy of alarm. "Am I too late? You scoundrel, Bunsen, if you have injured him I solemnly swear I'll——"

Geoff sighed and sat up.

"Dear old Bunny!" he said, smiling; "no; he shied something and hit me from behind when I wasn't expecting it. I don't think it's much. What a happy chance that you should have come just in time to help me."

Bunsen had slunk away and now sat staring into the fire.

"Thank heaven! you're not murdered," said Bunny; "I thought I was too late. He's capable of anything. I heard from Vesta he was with you, and hurried up. Here's what he threw at you; it weighs about a ton. No wonder it brought you down."

"I was an idiot to turn my back upon him. Jove! my neck's stiff. Sit down, Bunsen, and finish that letter, my friend. You nearly got the better of me that time, but the fates, you see, are against you."

"I should have wrung your darned neck in

another minute," growled Bunsen. "You were always cowards, you Bigbys, and inclined to go two against one."

"That's a lie, and you know it! Stand up, this minute, and I'll take you on with one hand!" said Bunny.

"I shouldn't trust the other fellow behind me," said Bunsen. "If I were getting the best of it he'd come in with you. A pair of beastly cowards, I call you!"

Bunny strode furiously up and stood before him.

"Look here, Bunsen, keep a civil tongue in your head, my friend, or I shall not keep my hands off you; I haven't so good a temper as Geoff, remember, and I should love, beyond anything, to smash your head. Come now, sit down and write the letter, whatever it may be, as Geoff bids you, and be sharp about it."

Bunsen rose sulkily, and moved towards the table.

"I wouldn't have done it for one of you," he began; but Bunny unceremoniously pushed him forward, and he flopped into the writing chair with a curse.

"Write as I dictate," said Geoff. "That will save trouble."

Then Geoff dictated a letter to the Controller of the Police Department, Johannesburg, setting forth that the writer, Mr. Guy Bunsen, clerk and Englishman, having recovered from the indisposition which unfortunately had prevented his departure from the city at the outbreak of the war, was now ready to leave as soon as the Controller should forward his passport to the nearest English station.

When it came to signing the letter Bunsen made a last demonstration of resistance, and absolutely refused to sign it.

"Very well," said Geoff, resignedly, "you can have half-an-hour. When that is past, I shall myself write and post an unsigned letter to the Controller, and shall mention that the writer has good reason to believe that Mr. Bunsen is acting as an English spy in Johannesburg——"

"You fool!" cried Bunsen. "As if I couldn't prove that *you*—disguised as a Boer, and in hiding here—are the spy, and not I."

"Certainly, if you could produce me," said Geoff. "But I shall take good care that you are unable to do that, and they won't take it on trust, you know."

"Well, give me the confounded thing," said Bunsen, "and I'll sign it; but if I don't pay you out for all this one day, both of you, then I hope you may die in your beds, which isn't likely in any case, if there's a hangman about."

"Thanks," said Geoff, taking the signed letter and placing it in the envelope which he had already stamped and addressed. "I'll just step out and post it. Keep an eye on the gentleman, Bunny, and don't turn your back upon him. I think a breath of air may do me good after that fall."

CHAPTER XIX.

FELLOW CONSPIRATORS.

A FEW minutes after Geoff's departure, Bunsen worked himself up into a condition of insane fury. Whether he fancied that Bunny would prove a less redoubtable antagonist than Geoff, or whether he decided that by taking the Bigbys by surprise and one at a time he would enjoy a better chance of overcoming both, and thus gratify the feeling of revenge which at this moment ached like the pangs of starvation within him, or whatever may have been his exact motives, at any rate he lost control over his discretion, and suddenly, unexpectedly, and most furiously threw himself upon Bunny as he sat in the lounge chair before the fire.

The onslaught was so unexpected and so spirited that both chair and Bunny rolled upon the floor together, and, almost before Bunny realised that he was attacked, Guy's fingers were about his throat, and a pressure was being put upon his windpipe which was unbearable.

But Bunsen had—to use an Americanism—bitten off more than he could chew.

Bunny was as lithe and active as a young leopard. He had not, moreover, the least intention of allowing himself to be garotted, and the sense of suffocation instantly roused him to so desperate and irresistible an output of energy that Bunsen literally had not a chance. Bunny laid hold of his wrists, forced his hands away, twisted him round, and was, in his turn, on top of his antagonist, and all in the space of three or four seconds.

"You villain!" he gasped, somewhat out of breath with the short but sharp attack of strangulation to which he had been subjected. "You meant that for murder! It would serve you right if I gave you a touch of the same treatment."

"No, don't! I was furious, and didn't know what I was doing. You can't blame a fellow for getting angry when he's set on and mobbed by two."

"Well, I won't murder you, as you would have done by me if I had let you, but you are not to be trusted. Biting dogs must be chained up and muzzled, and so must you. Take off that leather belt!"

Bunsen's discretion once again took wings and fled. He almost shrieked in reply: "I won't—I swear I won't! If you lay a finger upon me I'll

BEFORE BUNNY REALISED THAT HE WAS ATTACKED, GUY'S FINGERS WERE ABOUT HIS THROAT.

shout till the whole street is roused! I'll get you shot yet for spying, you sneaking coward, that daren't appear by daylight when honest folks are about! I'll——"

What further threats Bunsen was about to fulminate must ever remain unknown, for at this instant Bunny deftly whipped out his handkerchief, and, kneeling on the other's chest, contrived to pass it over his mouth, and—in spite of kicks and struggles—to tie it behind his head. This was but a temporary measure — a demonstration, to mask the real attack.

Then, while Bunsen's hands were busy tearing at the gag he unfastened his belt; which done, he forced his opponent's hands down, and, kneeling on one while he held the other, got the strap under and round, so that, with a quick tug through the buckle, he had both wrists tightly bound to his sides.

The gag was half off, and Bunsen snarled the while like a wolf, too madly angry to articulate his words, but with hate and murder and all the evil passions looking out of his eyes, and struggling for expression at his lips.

Bunny was engaged in adjusting the gag more securely, being anxious lest Bunsen should fulfil his threat of shouting for help, when the door opened and Geoff reappeared.

"Hallo!" exclaimed that astonished hero. "What's up? Have there been ructions again?"

"Just a bit. He tried to murder me by strangulation—that's all!" laughed Bunny; "but he's harmless now, for a while at least. He wanted to rouse the town by yelling, so I thought I'd better put his nosebag on."

"Yes," said Geoff, "quite right. I was afraid we should have to do something of the sort."

He approached Bunsen, in order to see that he was not bound or gagged so tightly as to cause pain or discomfort in breathing, but Bunsen kicked savagely at him.

"We shall have to tie him to a chair and leave him," said Geoff. "It's getting late—going on for two. Lend a hand, Bunny, and we'll fix him up in no time."

Between them, and at the expense of a few kicks and many scowls of deadly hatred, they placed their man in a comfortable chair, tying him securely into it, hands and feet, and rearranging the gag so that it could not by any efforts of his be displaced.

And there they left him to wait for daylight and the arrival of the Boer woman who came daily to see to his rooms and his breakfast.

"I'm sorry to treat you like this, Bunsen," said Geoff at parting, "but if you are ever in a position to consider the matter impartially you will see that I was obliged to act as I have, for you threatened to inform against us, and we cannot afford to leave you at large. One more word — if you should injure Vesta in any way, by word or deed, I swear that I will seek you out, wherever you are, and when I find you the matter shall not end, as now, with gagging and hand-tying. I forbid you to go to her house, even if you should have the opportunity."

Bunsen glared in response. If he could have murdered Geoff at that moment by some process of slow torture he would have done it gladly.

Then they left him and hastened away.

"Lock the door on the outside and take the key," said Geoff. "We don't want him about too early."

At the bank house they found Hugh and Rosenthal in a fever of anxiety, but the sight of both the brothers, safe and smiling, quickly restored them to equanimity.

"Are you all ready for a flitting?" said Geoff. "We must be off at once. It will begin to grow light in an hour, and by that time we must be well out of the town."

Within five minutes all was ready. The remains of the food had been cut into portable shapes and pocketed, flasks had been filled, and revolvers inspected.

Then downstairs the party crept and out into the darkness. Geoff locked the door and took away the key. He looked up at the house; the upper windows were boarded, and the lower ones shuttered. It did not wear the appearance of having been inhabited. Assuredly no one would suspect it rather than any of its neighbours—all equally dead to daily life and the presence of living man.

Geoff had secured a postcard at Bunsen's, and had addressed it to Vesta, having hastily scrawled

DOWNSTAIRS THE PARTY CREPT, AND OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

upon it "All well. Sorry impossible to call again. Don't let Guy be admitted on any pretext whatever."

This he posted as the party hastened through the streets, making for the nearest point at which the open country would be reached. In ten minutes they were out of immediate danger, and in fifteen well away from the town.

The two young Bigbys knew every inch of the district, and quickly led the party towards a place, west of the town and in the Wonderfontein direction, where they knew of a spot which would make an excellent hiding-place.

By the time daylight had begun to render further progress undesirable—if not dangerous—they had reached their intended sanctuary. This was a pleasant spot by the side of a small river, a tributary of the Wilge, well off the beaten track. The narrow valley was so full of rocks and boulders, deposited by the river in ancient days, before it had fallen to its present humble estate, that hiding would in case of need be an easy matter, and discovery difficult.

Here they encamped for the day, and before breakfasting and settling down to sleep, which would be done by turns, two watching and two sleeping, a consultation was held in order to settle, if possible, the main points to be kept in view during the retreat.

"Has anyone a good idea?" asked Geoff.

Several were put forward in reply to this invitation, good, bad, and indifferent. Two were reserved for serious consideration.

The first of these was, though more or less ingenious, found impracticable when considered in detail. Stated shortly, it was as follows:—

"We are all four Boers. We are dressed as such, and must therefore support the characters; but, unfortunately, two of us speak little or no Dutch, These two have, therefore, been wounded in the jaw or face, are bound up, and cannot speak. The other two have also been wounded, but have practically recovered. We are returning to the front from the nearest hospital."

This proposed plan was greeted with no little laughter, and even Bunny, who was its author, was quite alive to the humour of it.

It would be so remarkable, all agreed, that two out of four should have been so badly wounded in the jaw that even after coming out of hospital they should still be unable to speak. The plan might work brilliantly with one silent member, but two such just made the difference, and rendered the thing absurd.

"It would be so very awkward, too, if the doctor at the front insisted on treating us," said Jack, "as he probably would."

"Or if," added Hugh, "the commandant happened to be a soft-hearted kind of an individual, and sent us back to hospital to be better stuck together."

So this ingenious plan of Bunny's was rejected.

The second suggested scheme was the offspring of Hugh's brain, and was considered so promising that it was at once adopted *nem. con.*, with congratulations to the author.

Hugh's plan was as follows:—

"Geoff and Bunny are Boers. We others are loyalist farmers—Englishmen with farms in the Transvaal or Free State, who have been commandeered under heavy penalties to serve against the Queen's troops. We are unwilling to fight against the English, whom we regard as our own people. You other two have been privately requested to bring us to the front, and to keep an eye upon our movements. You are to request the field cornet to place us, the suspected ones, in those corners where the bullets are likely to fly pretty thickly. In the end we all hope to be employed upon outpost duty, and shall then take the first opportunity to slip out and get within the British lines."

"Yes," said Geoff, when Hugh had finished the exposition of his plan, "that's good. I think it had better remain at this, boys—what do you others think?"

All hailed the scheme with acclamation, and Geoff pronounced it to have been adopted *nem. con.*

The next question was, what point should be made the objective for the "retirement" from Johannesburg, and after consideration it was determined that this should be somewhere near De Aar or Colesberg, or wherever a British division should happen to be found about those parts. Which knotty and important point being settled, two of the party stretched themselves out for a sleep, while the remaining pair remained awake to watch, to take their turn of rest at midday.

CHAPTER XX.

COMMANDEERED.

So far as any danger from the inquisitiveness of the population was concerned no fears need have been entertained. The country through which our little party travelled was as bare of male population as a turnip-field is of strawberries. There were women in the small towns and villages, but no men; the town guard of some of these places was composed of lads of thirteen years, who were to be seen being drilled in the work they were ex-

pected to do in defence of their homes, and seemed to take the matter very seriously.

But tramping through the country was weary work indeed, and more than one of the party became very footsore after two days of it.

But horses were extremely scarce and dear, and the four men between them had scarcely money enough to buy a single one. Nevertheless, after consultation it was determined to obtain one, at any rate, by fair means. It would be a relief to ride from time to time, and they could mount the beast by turns. It might be advisable to get hold of a second horse; if so, it must be obtained by foul means.

"Stolen, do you mean?" said Geoff, in some surprise. "I don't know that I quite like the idea." It was Jack Rosenthal's suggestion.

"We can easily note the address, and send the value afterwards," he explained. "Nobody will be any the worse; we shall pay them a full price when the time comes."

"We'll buy one first, and see how we get on," said Geoff.

But at the first farmhouse reached after this arrangement there lived an old Boer who was one of the old-fashioned uncompromising anglophobes. The old fellow was far too old to fight, though he explained that he had taken a hand at Majuba, and had had the pleasure of shooting five *rooinek's* there, and others at Laing's Nek.

"Ha! we're off to lend a hand in that kind of business. We've had a turn already, and lost our horses; don't happen to have any for sale, do you?" asked Bunny.

"I had ten, and six mules, but they were all commandeered except one—my old saddle nag. I'm keeping him to ride to Pretoria, to see Rhodes shot in the market place."

"Ah! that would be a grand sight, indeed!" said Geoff; "but we've got to catch him first. They say he's very slim."

"Oh! he may be that, but old Cronje is slim also. I know Cronje; I've fought with him; he's as sly as an old jackal. Where do you come from?"

"Krugersdorp," said Geoff.

"And you?" continued the old man, addressing Hugh, who did not understand a word of what he said; "same place, I suppose?"

"He comes from near Krugersdorp, too," said Geoff, wishing to save the trouble of explaining that Hugh was—as arranged—a commandeered Englishman.

"Why doesn't he say so, instead of standing there like a stuffed cow?" said the Boer.

"He's had a shock—concussion, poor fellow, from one of the new English shells," said Geoff; "he can't speak."

"And he's going to fight again? That's the kind of man for me. Shake hands, lad; give us your hand."

"Shake hands with him," whispered Bunny, standing near, and Hugh promptly took the hint and did so.

"I say, Hugh," Geoff laughed, presently, when the party had left the farm, after having lunched well at the old Boer's expense; "this won't do. You must bind your head up when we're among Boers; you nearly gave the show away! The old boy said you stood there like a stuffed cow, and I had to explain that you have suffered concussion from a shell, and have lost the use of your voice."

"He seemed to like me all the same," said Hugh.

"That was because I told him you were going to fight, in spite of being a stuffed cow. Another fellow might not be so easily satisfied, unless you're bound up a bit. You see, you ought to know *some* Dutch if you're a farmer on Boer soil."

So Hugh promised to swathe his head in a bandage next time, and, indeed, made a point of doing so in future whenever there were Boers to be dealt with.

Jack knew a little Dutch—quite enough, he said, for a *really* loyalist farmer.

But the need of horses became urgent, for Bunny's feet were sore, and the slight wound he had received at his capture bothered him to some extent.

"We must have a couple of horses at least," he said. "Jack's plan is a perfectly justifiable one. We can find out the address of the people we 'borrow' the animals from before helping ourselves. Besides, it wouldn't be wise to spend all we have on a horse when we still have so far to go. We'll bag a couple, and pay afterwards for both."

There was sense in this, and it was agreed to adopt Jack's plan as amended by Bunny, and borrow two horses at least. And an opportunity soon came.

It came in a small township, or village, some sixty miles south-west of Johannesburg. The party tramped into the place, weary and limping, and inquired at an inn for horses.

"To buy?" asked the innkeeper. "Where are your own?"

"Our two are both shot," said Geoff, nodding at Bunny. "The other two fellows are English farmers; all their horses were commandeered, and now they're ordered to the front themselves. They don't like it," he added in a low tone; "we're here to see they get along, and I tell you we have our hands full."

"So you want to mount them! Why, they'll

HEINRICH FIRED A COUPLE OF SHOTS IN QUICK SUCCESSION.

ride away on your horses first thing, and go back to their farms!"

"Not they—we hold the guns, my friend."

"Well, do as you like with the nags—what do I care so long as I get my money for them?"

With these words mine host disappeared into his yard, in order to fetch the horses, reappearing presently with a groom-lad, each leading a horse.

"Trot them up and down," said Geoff; "let's see how they move."

As the groom trotted the leading horse past Jack, who stood in the road, that conspirator tripped up the lad and sprang upon the back of the horse, which instantly broke into a startled gallop.

"Thunder!" shouted Geoff, "he's off with the horse! Give me the other, quick!" Geoff fired a couple of shots into the vault of heaven, and, seizing the bridle of the second horse, jumped on his back and dashed off in pursuit.

"See to the other fellow, Jan!" he shouted back to Bunny, who promptly laid hold of Hugh, as though alarmed lest he too should attempt a bolt. The innkeeper was entirely deceived.

Down the road he ran, in a vain attempt to keep the horses in view, and shouting for someone to stop or to shoot the thieving rascal.

A man ran out of a house near the end of the town. "Who has to be shot—which of them?" he shouted, getting his rifle unslung and placing it to his shoulder.

"The front one! Stop him, Heinrich, for the love of Heaven! He is stealing a horse! The other fellow will never catch him on old Willem!"

Heinrich fired a couple of shots in quick succession. The leading horseman, at the second report, was seen to start and shout something to his pursuer.

"The second got him," said Heinrich; "he won't ride far!"

By this time all the inhabitants of the village—women and children—had crowded out of their houses to see the fun. Bunny and Hugh rushed down the road with the rest of the population. The innkeeper ran panting and swearing alongside of them. "I shall lose my horse, all through your confounded friend!" he said. "I wish to thunder you had never come my way!"

Bunny reassured the fellow.

"You needn't fear," he said, "he's a rich man, and you'll get the value of it one day if Piet doesn't catch him. Ask for Rosenthal's farm outside Pretoria when the war's over."

"I'd rather have my horse now," said the man angrily; "and I shall see I don't lose sight of *you*, my friend, until I get it."

"Well, you'd better follow me to the front if that's the case."

At this the Boer altered his tone. "Well, do your best for me, I must have my horse—both horses. Is that other fellow to be trusted, the one that pursued?"

"Absolutely; you are sure of your horses or their money value. You could claim from Government if he didn't pay."

"What's his name and address? Give me that, and we'll say no more about detaining you."

Bunny gave the address as Piet Kuyper, Bokfontein Farm, near Johannesburg, and was allowed to depart in peace together with Hugh.

They met a few straggling boys and the man with the rifle. These had given up the chase and reported that both horses had galloped right away over the veldt.

"The front man won't ride far, he has a bullet in him," said Heinrich, proudly.

"I hope to goodness the rascal is lying," said Hugh, hurrying forward anxiously. "We didn't bargain for Jack to be shot at by anyone but Geoff."

But when they had proceeded for a couple of miles or more they came upon a sorry sight. Jack Rosenthal lay in the shade of a boulder by a brook, looking pale and sick; his coat was off and his shirt sleeve rolled to the shoulder, and Geoff bent over him washing and doctoring his arm, half way between elbow and shoulder, where the quickly flowing blood showed that he had been struck by Heinrich's bullet.

Jack was in considerable pain; he believed the bone was chipped or shattered, but the bullet had passed clean through his arm, passing out at the opposite side

"I shall feel better presently," he said. "I've been abusing poor Geoff like a pick-pocket; I thought he had shot me instead of firing wide."

"When you feel up to it, old man, you'd better get on the horse and ride on a bit, in case of pursuit," said Hugh; "the old boy who owns the horses seems extremely angry."

So Jack was helped to mount, and the party rode on for five or six miles until a pretty farm was reached, standing at the foot of a wooded hill. Here they stopped, lifting Jack from his saddle, and asked for food and shelter. A few Kaffirs were working in the fields, but no white men were to be seen; the sole white inhabitants appeared to be two Boer women, mother and daughter.

These good souls soon proved themselves to be of the sympathetic kind—true women, whose hearts beat high with pity for the wounded and distressed; who ask no questions, but afford help and comfort for the love of humanity.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said the old Tante. "Wounded, I see! Oh, the cruel war! Let him

come in. Run up and prepare the guest-room, Marta, while I fetch food."

Both women bustled out, leaving the four men in the kitchen.

"Dear, good souls!" said Geoff. "It goes against the grain to deceive such people, yet deceive them we must, I suppose. They'll want to know all about us, and we must be consistent and stick to our fable about commandeered loyalists and so on."

When next Tante entered the room Geoff spoke to her:—

"I think we ought to tell you, Tante, that the wounded man is an Englishman, and so is this other. They have been commandeered for service against their own people, and are naturally averse to the work."

"None the worse for that! Farmers, I suppose, in Transvaal territory or the Free State?"

"Just so, Tante. I will tell you, further, that we were obliged, owing to the weariness of travelling on foot, to borrow two horses at the village of Hartefontein. We intend to return or pay for them, but the owner believed us to be evil folk and robbers, and fired upon us as we left the village—that is how this one is wounded."

"You commandeered them, after a fashion, that is. You required them for the service of the allied States; I do not consider that very wrong in war. If you are sure that the owner will be recompensed, he will suffer no harm."

"Thank you for your kind words, Tante. You will not, then, turn our sick man out of doors?"

"God forbid!" said the Tante piously. "But, in case you should be pursued, it would be as well if you two rode away meanwhile—when you have eaten—into the wood, while these two remain in bed. I will see they are not disturbed, and will direct the pursuers over the veldt—if you are sure that the man will be paid for his horses."

"Indeed, Tante, he shall! You shall give me his name—it is the innkeeper at Hartefontein—and I pledge my word he shall be paid."

"Then there is no harm done. Here is the dinner—eat, all, and welcome!"

When Geoff and Bunny had finished a hurried meal, they went out in order to hide their horses and themselves for a while, as Tante suggested, in the wood. But they had scarcely set foot in the yard when Geoff hurried back into the house.

"Go up and get into bed quickly, both of you," he said. "There are four fellows riding down the road. I've examined them through my glasses, and I'm almost certain one is Guy Bunsen. Keep a stained rag round your head, Hugh, and be badly wounded and unconscious. Be quick, above everything! If it *is* Bunsen, we are in serious danger!"

(To be concluded.) Fred. Whishaw.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:—

FICTION.

Quentin Durward. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by H. W. ORD, B.A. 1s. 6d. (A. & C. Black).

The Talisman. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by W. MELVEN, M.A. 1s. 6d. (A. & C. Black).

Marmion. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by W. M. MACKENZIE, M.A. 1s. nett (A. & C. Black).

The Lady of the Lake. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by R. G. MCKINLAY, B.A. 1s. nett (A. & C. Black).

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. School Edition, with Introduction and Notes by W. M. MACKENZIE, M.A. 1s. nett (A. & C. Black).

Wide World Adventure. True narratives of extraordinary human endurance. 2s. 6d. (Newnes.)

Deeds that Won the Empire. By the Rev. W. H. FITCHETT ("Vedette"). 6d. (Newnes).

Lally of the Brigade. By L. MCMANUS. Popular Edition. Price 1s. (T. Fisher Unwin).

The Reproach of Annesley. By MAXWELL GRAY. 6d. (Newnes).

SPORT.

The Badminton Library: Swimming. By ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR and WILLIAM HENRY. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Bat v. Ball. Individual Cricket Records from 1864 to 1900. Compiled by J. H. LESTER. 1s. nett. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Sunday Strand. Volume I. 6s. 6d. (Newnes.).

A Peep into Punch. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING. 5s. (Newnes).

The Coast Trips of Great Britain. Compiled by MILTON SMITH. 6d. (Newnes).

Electric Batteries: How to Make and Use them. Edited by PERCIVAL MARSHALL, A.I.M.E. 6d. (Dawbarn & Ward).

The Story of Bird Life. By W. P. PYCRAFT. 1s. (Newnes).

Khaki in South Africa. Parts II., III. and IV. 6d. Fortnightly (Newnes).

SONGS FOR SCHOOLS.

The Grand Old Flag. Words by LAWRENCE MORLEY. Music by CHARLES J. MABERLEY. 4s. (Weekes & Co.).

The Playing Fields. Words by HENRY NEWBOLT. Music by F. PASCAL. 4s. (Joseph Williams).

Play the Game. Words by M. C. GILLINGTON. Music by FLORIAN PASCAL. 4s. (Joseph Williams.)

BICYCLE BRAKES.

By Haydon Perry.

WHAT is there in the whole range of out-door pastimes that is to be compared with the swift, exciting, down-hill rush of the "coasting" cyclist?

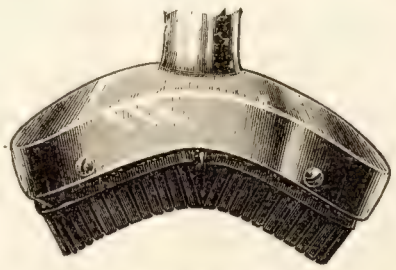
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

These are the lines from a boy's song, written by H. C. Beeching on "Going down hill on a Bicycle." There is a fine enthusiasm about them, which runs all through the verses, as here:

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart, with a mighty lift,
Makes the lungs laugh and the throat cry:
"O bird, see—see, bird, I fly!

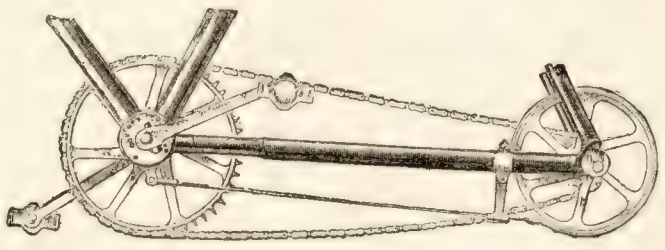
"Is this, is this your joy,
O bird? Then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"



GAMAGE'S HOLBORN BRUSH BRAKE.

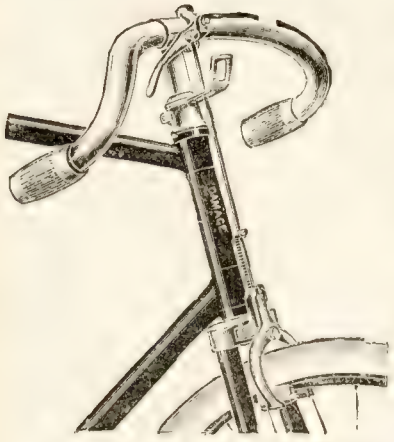
There you have it all—the true spirit of the thing; the fierce joy that is snatched, the exhilaration of the wild, inpetuous downrush. But there is a practical as well as a poetical side to this delightful form of recreation. It is because it is becoming more and more to be realised as one of the chief delights of cycling that it has been necessary to give more and more attention to the mechanical means by which this fascinating form of flight may be made free from all hazard, and rendered as safe as it is enjoyable.

It is a singular fact that most vehicles are brought to a stage of perfection long before adequate means of checking their speed have been invented. The perfection of the railway brake—even if that can be said to be accomplished—is an achievement of comparatively recent times. Nearly all brakes for horse-drawn vehicles are crude and antiquated. There is scarcely a brake for the new motor carriages that does not fall short of possible emergency requirements; and until the last few years there was no bicycle brake that was not marred by very obvious shortcomings. There are still people at large who believe in brakeless machines. To put it mildly, these persons are not philosophers. The writer is of opinion that the brakeless machine is out of place everywhere save upon the racing track, and ought not to be ridden even to and from the arena of contest except at a very moderate pace and over level and unfrequented ways. A brake is not a luxury; it is an absolutely necessary adjunct to good and enjoyable riding. Those who seldom or never employ it can still enjoy the freedom and security of knowing that it is there to fall back upon, and have, in consequence, the command of a greater variety of speeds when running in unknown or risky places. With the free wheel, of which I spoke last month, a brake is not only necessary to enjoyable riding, but it is essential to the preservation of life, and any free wheeler who attempts to ride without a brake, even on level ground, ought to be regarded as a candidate for Bedlam. His death by cycling accident would be properly described as suicide. Not altogether exempt from the charge of folly is the free-wheel rider who relies upon one brake only. The cyclist who is truly wise will take care to have two efficient means of checking the career of his machine; nor is there any excuse in these days for not being thus provided. The advent of the free wheel has turned the attention of hundreds of inventive geniuses to the subject of braking; and, while a few good brakes existed before, their number now is legion.



EADIE BACK-PEDAL BAND BRAKE.

The early attempts to brake the bicycle were at once ineffective and dangerous. The "spoon" brake on the tall "ordinary" was productive of "headers" unless it was fed on gradually and with great skill—as, indeed, it is most advisable that modern perfected brakes should be handled, although the new generation of riders would



GAMAGE'S "HOLBORN" RIM BRAKE

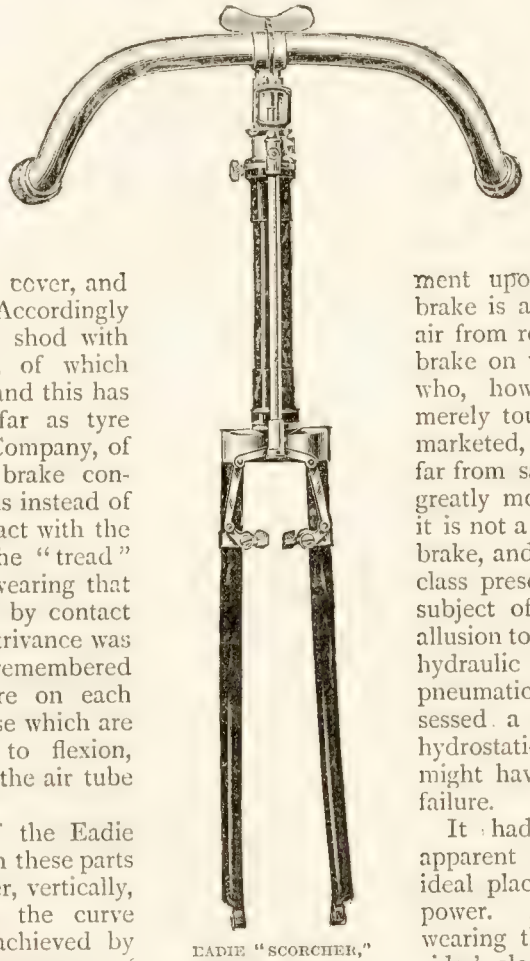
seem to be ignorant of this. Other forms of brake for the tall machine were usually less effective, and nearly all of them more dangerous, and so it came to pass that when the safety was invented, practically the only heritage that came down to it in the way of brakes was the common "spoon,"—or, as it is generally called, "plunger"—applied to the front wheel. Its use at once resulted in the breaking of many fork crowns, the fork crown being obviously the point where most of the bending stress took effect. Accordingly crowns were in various ways strengthened. Then came the pneumatic tyre, and it was found that the plunger rubbed and tore the outer cover, and greatly shortened its life. Accordingly the plunger began to be shod with a variety of substances, of which rubber was the favourite, and this has answered fairly well so far as tyre brakes go. The Eadie Company, of Redditch, introduced a brake consisting of two rubber pads instead of one, these coming in contact with the rubber on either side of the "tread" of the tyre, and so not wearing that part of it which was worn by contact with the road. The contrivance was not bad, but it must be remembered that the parts of the tyre on each side of the tread are those which are most cruelly subjected to flexion, owing to the flattening of the air tube under the rider's weight.

The Toggle Brake of the Eadie Company also comes upon these parts of the tyre; not, however, vertically, but at right angles to the curve of the rubber, a result achieved by employing an ingenious system of compound levers. The company have also other brakes to offer now, as will be seen below.

Before leaving the plunger type of brake allusion should be made to one or two forms of

THUMB BRAKE DETACHED.

brush with which it has been shod by inventors. Some used bristles. Messrs. A. W. Gamage & Co., of Holborn Viaduct, E.C., brought out the rubber brush brake shown in illustration. It is an effective plunger, and scatters much less dust than do bristles. Again, owing to its novelty of application, every rider has at least a passing acquaintance with the pneumatic brake. This consists of two hollow rubber chambers connected by a long air-tight tube. One chamber is squeezed by the hand when air is driven into the other, causing it to expand and force a substantial pad into contact with the tyre, front or back, as the case may be.

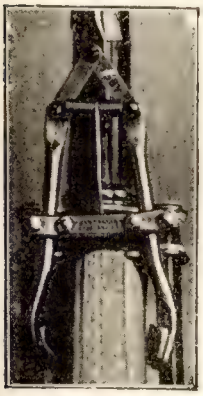


EADIE "SCORCHER," A THUMB BRAKE FOR FRONT WHEEL.

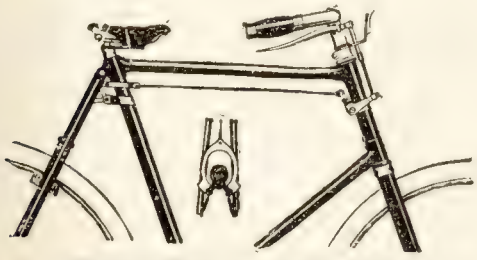
An added improvement upon the early form of this brake is a valve which prevents the air from returning, and so keeps the brake on without effort of the rider, who, however, can release it by merely touching a button. As first marketed, the pneumatic brake was far from satisfactory, but it has been greatly modified. In its latest form it is not a tyre brake at all, but a rim brake, and will be dealt with in that class presently. I may dismiss the subject of tyre brakes by a passing allusion to an attempt to introduce an hydraulic brake in imitation of the pneumatic. Had the inventor possessed a schoolboy's knowledge of hydrostatics and hydrokinetics he might have been spared the cost of failure.

It had, however, long become apparent that the tyre was not the ideal place to which to apply brake power. A tyre brake, apart from wearing the tyre, flings off upon the rider's clothing a disagreeable amount of whatever may be taken up from

the road in the way of mud or dust. If there be much mud it is liable to clog. Further, the efficiency of a tyre brake depends upon the tyre remaining inflated; and serious accidents have resulted from a puncture at the beginning of a long, steep slope. It is clear that all brakes must be applied to some moving part that is fairly substantial, so that, if not on the tyres, they must press either upon the rims or the central parts of the wheels. Dealing with the latter first, we have the large class of band brakes, the varieties of which are very numerous. Sometimes the band is made to expand inside a sort of collar attached to the hub, sometimes it is made to wrap tightly round the outside of it. An excellent example of the latter device is that of the Eadie Company. The backing of the pedal on their free wheel machine brings a clutch into action which imparts tension to the rod shown in the illustration, and drags the band into contact, while the onward motion of the rear hub tends to throw the brake off the moment it is released. It has been argued that a band brake acting upon a 4in. drum can only be one-seventh as effective as a rim brake on a 28in. wheel—which sounds plausible enough. But there is a fallacy in overlooking the fact that the surface of contact of the band brake is in most cases very much greater than is that of the



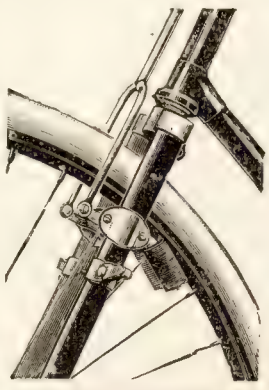
THE TOBY.
Torbay Machinists Co., Torquay.



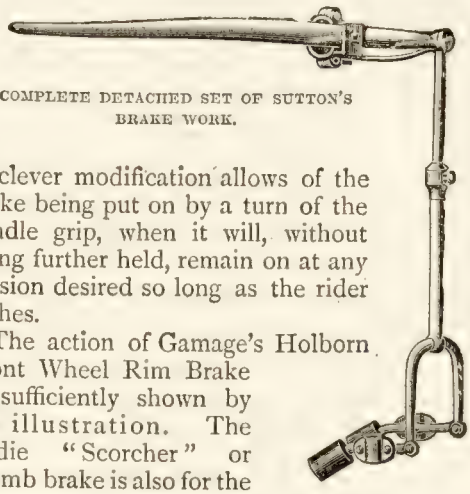
COOPER PATENT RIM BRAKE, BRISTOL.

rim brake. Still, it cannot be denied that rim brakes are, for the moment, by far the most popular, and makers are not slow to supply a demand which the genius of inventors has created. I propose to deal with a few very excellent types of rim brake.

Here the Bowden Horse-shoe Brake fairly deserves first mention, because it was the first to offer a practical solution of a real difficulty. The horse-shoe almost encircles a section of the tyre and rim. It is furnished with a couple of friction pads of vulcanised fibre or hard leather, and when these are in action they are drawn hard against the inner surface of the rim, on each side of the spokes. The brake can be fitted to either wheel, but communication with it from the hand is not by means of any complicated system of hinged levers, ball joints, pulleys, or bell-wire triangles. Instead of these there is a simple pull. This is communicated by means of a strand of wire contained inside a fine spiral wire, which latter forms a smooth tunnel that may be gently bent round corners and angles of the frame, and led to any distance desired—say from the handle-bar of a quadruplet to the rim behind the rear rider's saddle. This ingenious device pioneered the popularity of rim brakes.



THE SUTTON RIM BRAKE, SWANSEA.

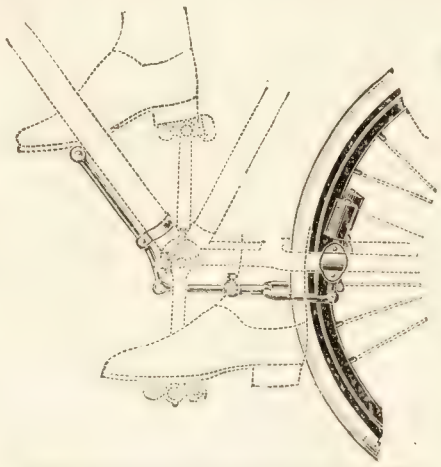


COMPLETE DETACHED SET OF SUTTON'S BRAKE WORK.

A clever modification allows of the brake being put on by a turn of the handle grip, when it will, without being further held, remain on at any tension desired so long as the rider wishes.

The action of Gamage's Holborn Front Wheel Rim Brake is sufficiently shown by the illustration. The Eadie "Scorcher" or thumb brake is also for the front rim. Its system of levers is so arranged that mere pressure of the thumb is sufficient to impart considerable power to the brake shoes. The Toby Rim Brake, made by the Torbay Machinists Company, of Paignton and Torquay, is adaptable to either wheel. It possesses two important features. First of all, the friction pads, instead of coming up under the rim, close in like jaws upon each edge of it,

and so are far removed from the chance of fouling the spokes or the valve, however untrue may be the rim. Further, these jaws have a lateral side-play, enabling the pads to adjust themselves to a rim which has become out of truth. The Cooper Rim Brake, which emanates from Dighton Street, Bristol, also has this advantage of adjustability to a rim that is no longer circular. It is fitted to the back wheel, and the power is transmitted to it by a system of rods and hinges, as shown in the picture. The Sutton Rim Brake Company, of Swansea, apply their brake to the front wheel by means of the ordinary lever and brake rod. But there is a see-saw arrangement clamped on to the front forks, so that when the rod descends the friction pads rise just to the rear of the forks, and make contact there. Another illustration shows an adaptation of the same brake to the back forks and rim, the power being in this case applied by foot pressure upon a rest, as is sufficiently evident from a glance at the diagram. In the pneumatic rim brake, the extending pad, which in the older pneumatic brakes comes upon the tyre, serves to depress a lever clamped to the back stays, and this pulls up a pair of brake shoes from under the top segment of the rear wheel rim.



SUTTON'S FOOT-REST BRAKE FOR BACK RIM.

With so large a variety of excellent braking devices to select from, it will be admitted that there is no longer any excuse for a rider to go ill equipped with efficient means of checking his speed under all circumstances. Complete control in this respect renders riding infinitely safer and more enjoyable, while in a hilly country travelling is rendered more speedy as well.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

SOLUTIONS OF THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

(1) The Grocer and the Draper.—It will be found that the grocer was delayed half a minute, and the draper 8½mins. (seventeen times as long as the grocer), making together 9mins. Now, the grocer took 24mins. to weigh out the sugar, and, with the ½min. delay, spent 24mins. 30secs. over the task. But the draper had only to make *forty-seven cuts* to divide the roll of cloth, containing 48yds., into yard pieces. This took him 15mins. 40secs., and when we add the 8½mins. delay, we get 24mins. 10secs., from which it is clear that the draper won the race by 20secs. The large majority of my readers seem to be under the impression that it takes forty-eight cuts to divide the 48yds. of cloth into yard pieces, forgetting that the last cut makes two pieces!

(2) **Chocolate for the Army.**—The interior dimensions of the box would be 25ins. long, 25ins. wide, and 2¾ins. deep. Eight slabs of chocolate will lie flat, end to end, along one side of the bottom of the box, and nine of such rows will cover the bottom all but a quarter of an inch along one side. Eleven of such layers of seventy-two slabs each will just reach the top of the box, and as the depth of the box is the same as the width of the slabs, and the space left down one side of the box (¼in.) is the thickness of the slabs, the remaining eight slabs will fit in perfectly, and complete the packing without any waste space.

(3) **The Hungry Boer.**—The Boer cannot eat even one egg on an empty stomach, because after the descent of the first mouthful the stomach will no longer be empty. Of course, if I had not said "hard-boiled eggs," the answer might have been "One," because he could swallow it whole in an uncooked state. Ordinary hens' eggs were correctly understood to be intended.

After going carefully through a large pile of letters I have been considerably surprised to find that only twenty-three competitors sent correct solutions to the "Grocer and Draper." Every one of the others fell into the error of supposing that forty-eight cuts are necessary to make the forty-eight pieces of cloth. But only ten of these twenty-three competitors solved all three puzzles. I have awarded the three prizes of 7s. each to the following:—Class I.—George Kaye, Ellesmere College, Salop. Class II.—Percy R. Green, 28, Great Suffolk Street, London, S.E. I have not found one competitor in Class III. who appears to me to deserve a prize, so I award the third 7s. to another one in Class II., J. A. Dickenson, Manor House, Tonbridge. I also give honourable mention to the other competitors who correctly answered all three puzzles. Class I.—J. W. J. Charbounier, M. O'Callaghan, Percy H. Bryant, Charles Annear and Francis Brough. Class II.—David Pryde and W. Hope-Jones.

HOW WOODLANDSHIRE FOUND THEIR FAST BOWLER.

By W. M. Elkington.

Illustrated by Victor Venner.

WOODLANDSHIRE, being at the bottom of the list of first-class cricketing counties, was in a state of internal disruption. The inhabitants, from the seaport town of Westport, on the coast, to the far distant boundaries of the shire, were possessed of that scornful disgust of all things pertaining to cricket that only the dwellers in an effete county can realise; and since the last crushing defeat at the hands of Surrey on the Westport County Ground it had been whispered about by a local wag that unless something could be done to stay the run of bad fortune, and that quickly, the executive of the club would be forced to give a trial to the Westport Workhouse patients and the scholars at the infant schools.

Mr. W. H. Brownlow, the captain of the club, was at his wits' end. During the last two seasons he had scoured the county, and used every endeavour to secure a good fast bowler, the one thing necessary to check the reverses of Woodlandshire. He had visited every village in the county, and had watched trundlers of all grades, from lob-bowlers to the fast and furious, with nothing to recommend them but pace. He had tried upwards of twenty youths of all denominations, and had never been able to say of one that he earned his luncheon and travelling expenses. He had even ventured into adjoining counties and tried what the offer of substantial wages would do to effect a transfer. But luck was against him, and Woodlandshire was still without its fast bowler. Consequently, the last four matches, which had been played on a fast wicket, had resulted in the utter rout of the Westport team, and the averages of such men as Abel and Hayward of Surrey, Brown of Yorkshire, Gunn and Shrewsbury of Notts, and Quaife of Warwickshire, had leapt up with remarkable rapidity.

On the Friday before the Monday on which commenced the important match with the neighbouring county of Parkshire, the steamship, *Kalgoorlie*, from Melbourne and Sydney, arrived at Westport, and discharged its passengers and mails. The good people of the county town, being absorbed in the match with Lancashire, took little notice of this fortnightly event, and the majority of the passengers took train for London with a very poor opinion of an English welcome, as represented by Westport. Only one of the steerage passengers, a tall, sunburnt, slouching youth, of very poor appearance, and carrying a small cloth bag, in which reposed the whole of his real and personal property, discovered the real cause of Westport's distraction, for in roaming through the outskirts of the town in a vague, uncertain manner, he suddenly came upon a long wall of hoarding, and read the numerous placards that told of the great event,

HE PRODUCED A COIN FROM A SHABBY PURSE AND ENTERED THE GROUND.

"Lancashire *v.* Woodlands." Instinctively he sought the entrance, produced a coin from a shabby purse which contained but three more of its kind, and entered the ground.

To tell the truth, Jim McAlister was just about dead-broke. Beside the three sixpences that remained in his purse he had not a penny in the world. The contents of his bag would not have realised more than a few coppers from the most generous of pawnbrokers, and the most interesting article it contained was a slip of dirty paper and a certificate, carefully folded in a still dirtier blue envelope. The paper, presumably part of a letter, contained the following instructions, written in a faltering woman's hand:—

> Do not stop here any longer, dear Jim. Go back to England and tell the folks as it has been the death of your poor father and mother. Go to Westport and then to Littleton, which is ten miles away, where you were born. When you get there ask for Tom Dixon, the blacksmith, who was your godfather. Tell him all about us, and he will help you to get honest work. Good-bye, my boy. I send your birth certificate. God bless you.
>
> MOTHER.

When Jim received this letter at the diggings, two months after it was written and the writer had passed away, he packed up his few belongings, withdrew his scarce earnings, and started for the coast. Then, acting trustfully upon the advice contained in his mother's last letter, he embarked on the *Kalgoorlie*, and arrived in his native country on his twenty-second birthday.

To an Australian-reared lad of sporting instincts the great match on the Westport ground was a revelation. He had watched the English cricketers of Stoddart's eleven at Sydney one or two years ago, and had come to conjure up all kinds of fancies in connection with the great men of that team. He had studied the batting of MacLaren, the bowling of Richardson and Hearne, and the marvellous wicket-keeping of Storer, until it had become his one ambition to go to England to see these great players and others of their class in all their native glory.

And at the present moment Jim, despite his poverty, was perfectly happy. Lancashire had just commenced their first innings, after disposing of the Woodlandshire men for 267. Ward and Baker were at the wickets, and how they did hit! Boundary after boundary sent up the score from 50 to 100, and on again; while the Woodlandshire bowling was changed time after time. But to no purpose; there was not a man in the team who could separate the two batsmen, and not a fast bowler who could check the high rate of scoring. At last one of the men was run out, and Tyldesley came in. Then the score mounted higher and higher, until, at length, two of the great Lancashire cricketers reached their centuries.

Jim McAlister, lost in admiration of the magnificent hitting, yet found a space in his heart to pity the poor Woodlandshire fielders, and to commiserate with them upon their weak bowling. If only they did but possess one of the many Australian fast bowlers who fail to win a place in first-class cricket, he thought, what a different aspect might be put upon the game! But still the score increased.

"If only I could try a few overs myself," he exclaimed in his ardour.

Several of the neighbouring spectators glanced round with disgust at the ragged-looking tramp, who immediately subsided, and became deeply, yet silently, interested in the game.

At last the broiling hot day came to an end, with Lancashire's score at 437 for five wickets. The spectators melted away; the groundsmen emerged with brush and roller to clear the pitch; and Jim, after lingering in the neighbourhood of the pavilion to catch a glimpse of the successful batsmen, strolled down the street towards the docks. Entering a seamen's eating-house he expended two of his remaining sixpences on a hearty meal, and then, with an indifference common to colonials, he sat upon a pile of timber on the dock and watched the shipping until the big red sun sank below the horizon, and the lamps of the town began to dispel the summer twilight.

Then the traveller accosted a policeman and inquired the way to Littleton. Following the instructions given, he mounted the hill that rose above the town, and presently came once more to the hoarding of the County Ground. By this time it was dark, and the lamps that illumined the town failed to penetrate this sylvan spot in the suburbs.

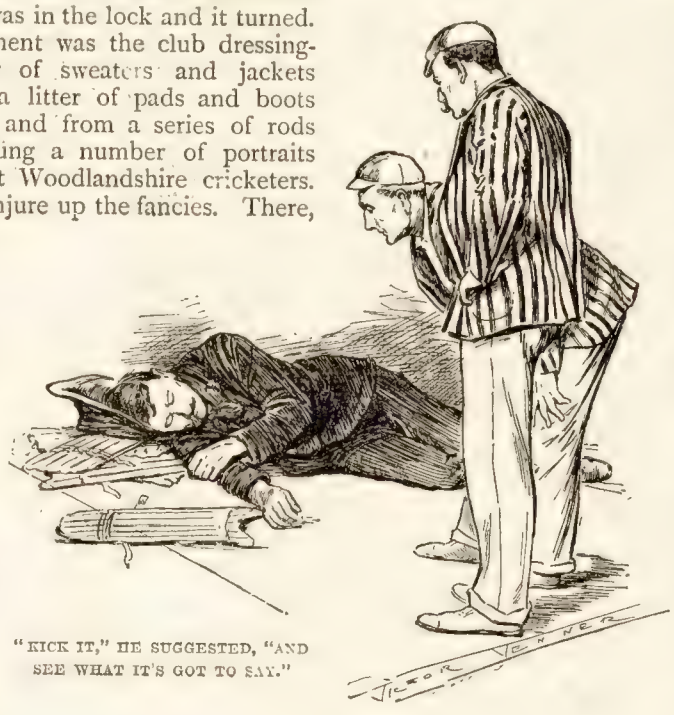
The great pavilion loomed up ahead, and brought back to the mind of the colonial visions of the great match he had witnessed during the day. What would he not do to see it concluded on the morrow? He had still one sixpence left with which to pay for entrance, and, after all, there was no reason why he should go on to Littleton at once. On the contrary, great matches such as Lancashire *v.* Woodlandshire are not to be witnessed every day, and it was nothing less than madness, after journeying so many thousands of miles, to walk away from such an opportunity.

It was soon settled. Littleton was forgotten, and Jim began to think of spending the night. An Australian larrikin is not usually particular about his resting-place, and Jim was no exception to the rule. But the dark shape of the pavilion gave him another idea. There were, no doubt, within the enclosure, grassy banks where sleeping would be infinitely pleasanter

than by the roadside. Moreover, there was no spot in the whole town more hallowed in the mind of an Australian than that beautiful expanse of turf. Without another thought, Jim clambered over the hoarding and dropped upon the other side.

He picked his way to the front of the pavilion and gazed up at the framework of the telegraph board. Then he peered curiously in at one or two of the windows, and at length, when pressing his face against a pane, felt the sash move. It was open!

With his bag still under his arm, Jim squeezed himself through the aperture, and found himself inside a large hall. A table ran the length, upon which remained some glasses and scraps of food. Jim passed round the walls and came to a door. A key was in the lock and it turned. The smaller apartment was the club dressing-room. A number of sweaters and jackets hung from pegs; a litter of pads and boots strewed the floor; and from a series of rods round the walls hung a number of portraits of past and present Woodlandshire cricketers. It was a place to conjure up the fancies. There, over the mantelpiece, hung a life-size portrait of one of the finest old bowlers England has ever known, while around there peered out from their frames the faces of all the greatest players Woodlandshire has produced.



"KICK IT," HE SUGGESTED, "AND SEE WHAT IT'S GOT TO SAY."

Jim struck a match and looked round with awe and admiration. Then he coolly took a bundle of pads and formed a pillow, and with his bag beneath his coat he lay down below the picture of the old bowler, and fell asleep. The day had been a tiring one, and the only thing he dreamed was that his own portrait, with the name "James McAlister" in large gilt letters, hung over the door and winked continually at the genial countenance of the old cricketer above his head.

* * * * *

"Look here, Brownlow! What the deuce is this?"

The gentleman appealed to, dressed, like the speaker, in flannels and the Woodlandshire colours, came into the room and gazed in astonishment at a ragged sleeping form upon a pile of pads.

"Kick it," he suggested, "and see what it's got to say."

The first speaker kicked, gently at first, and then harder, until "it" awoke and rubbed its eyes.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the captain, "but we require this room for the present. I'm afraid you've overslept yourself—it's ten o'clock."

The trespasser continued to blink his eyes in the strong light of day, and looked round in vain for the picture of himself.

"Looks like a foreigner," suggested his discoverer; "try a little French."

The captain tried French, and then a little German, ultimately returning to forcible English, upon which the tramp sat up and commenced to apologise for having allowed himself to be found in such a predicament. He attempted to rise to his feet, but the captain called two of the groundsmen, who held him in a chair while another went to search for the police.

In the meantime the two cricketers put their heads together as to the best course to pursue with their sorry looking visitor. It was plain he had committed no robbery, but whether such was his intention when he fell asleep no one could tell. At any rate, sleeping upon private premises without an invitation was quite sufficiently bad a crime to ensure him a month's lodging at Government expense, and the police would no doubt know how to deal with him without further trouble. That was the decision they arrived at.

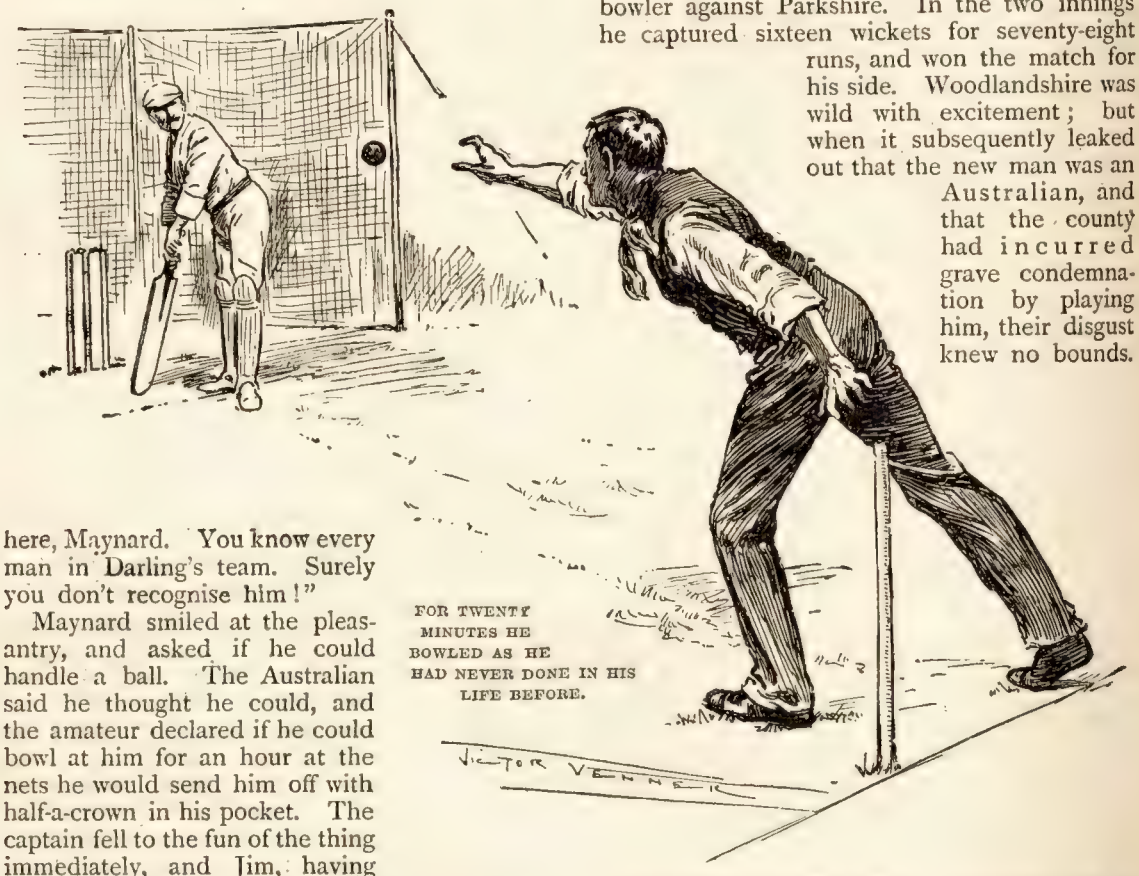
The captain turned to look once more at the miserable looking creature and stopped.

"Maynard," he called to the amateur, "upon

my word, that fellow has got the eye of a cricketer. Where do you come from?" he asked the prisoner.

"New South Wales," replied Jim.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the captain. "Come here, Maynard. You know every man in Darling's team. Surely you don't recognise him!"



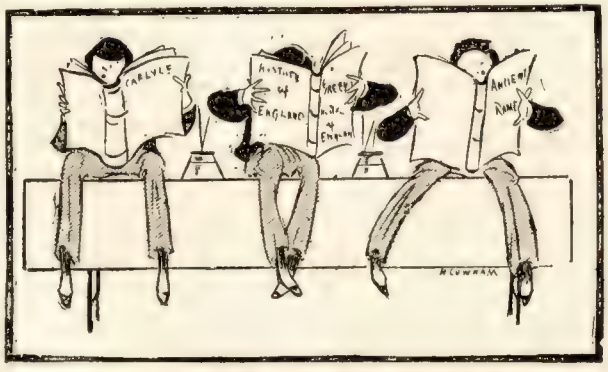
FOR TWENTY MINUTES HE BOWLED AS HE HAD NEVER DONE IN HIS LIFE BEFORE.

Maynard smiled at the pleasantry, and asked if he could handle a ball. The Australian said he thought he could, and the amateur declared if he could bowl at him for an hour at the nets he would send him off with half-a-crown in his pocket. The captain fell to the fun of the thing immediately, and Jim, having borrowed a pair of shoes from one of his late captors, took the field against the Englishmen.

For twenty minutes he bowled as he had never done in his life before. Varying fast and slow, with leg and off breaks, such as he had learned to send down in his own colony, he defied every effort of the two great Woodlandshire batsmen to hit. At the end of that time the captain came out from the net, and, laying his hand kindly upon the bowler's shoulder, said: "That'll do now. Say no more about Australia for the present. Come into the pavilion!"

It is a matter of history how, on the following Monday, Woodlandshire tried their new fast bowler against Parkshire. In the two innings he captured sixteen wickets for seventy-eight runs, and won the match for his side. Woodlandshire was wild with excitement; but when it subsequently leaked out that the new man was an Australian, and that the county had incurred grave condemnation by playing him, their disgust knew no bounds.

It was only after men had been busy for a week on a dust heap and had discovered an old cloth bag containing some rags and a greasy envelope, that Jim McAlister was proved to be a Woodlandshire born man, and the fortunes of the county were retrieved. And now they say that since he has held such fine averages he is almost certain to be chosen for the next English team for the colonies.



WOULD-BE PHILOSOPHERS WHO DON'T PLAY CRICKET

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The Bramptonian (June) contains a clever little sketch entitled, "The Romance of a Dress Suit," by M. A. D., and the inevitable parody of Kipling's "Absent-minded Beggar." The editor would do better, however, to devote more of his space to school topics, and not give up two valuable pages to the pretentious poem that appears in the centre of the magazine.

The Carthusian (June) is rather a sad number. Several of its columns are taken up with obituary notices. The school seems to have celebrated Mafeking right well. It must be a fine thing to be of the number of B.-P.'s schoolfellows.

The Eastbournian (June) is a capital number, full of news from cover to cover. The photograph of the Eastbourne College First Eleven is very well produced, and the idea of having pictures in a school magazine is one that might well be extensively copied.

Falkirk High School Club Report contains an excellent portrait of Mr. George Galbraith, the president, and a tasteful appreciation of the late Dr. Hugh Campbell, first hon. president of the Club.

The Hurst Johnian gives only eight out of its forty odd pages to college topics, which is rather a mistake. A good feature is the "Great Thoughts for Daily Reference," from which I select the following: "To see boys as they are not, and never can be, is the Penny Dreadful's peculiar privilege." "If you would be virtuous, don't write poetry."

The best thing in **The Invalid** (June) is the "Hockey Alphabet." The "Sporting Intelligence" and the school news generally are weak, and lack snap and go.

The Lorrettonian (June) has a well-written "In Memoriam" notice of Captain William McFarlan, of the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch. "From the time he landed at Cape Town on November 13th, down to Magersfontein, he never passed one night in bed. . . . He could, it is believed, easily have saved himself, as he was wounded in the arm or hand early in the afternoon, and might have retired with perfect credit, but he stayed on, and when some shouts of 'Retire!' were raised, he ran up and down his line calling, 'Not the Black Watch!—we don't retire.' These are the last words he is known to have spoken."

The school notes in **The Llanelly County School Magazine** (No. 2) are excellent, and the Editors are much to be congratulated on the general tone and get-up of the whole publication. There is a useful article on "The Civil Service," by Percy Thomas. We wish the magazine all success.

The Ludlow Grammar School Magazine is somewhat heavy. It needs a lighter touch in the paragraphs. The characters of the Football Eleven of the past season seem somewhat inadequate, but the magazine suffers from no lack of school news, as the whole of its pages are devoted entirely to school topics.

The Malvernian (June) is well arranged and compiled, but shows no sign of idea or originality. I am sorry to see the announcement that seven O. M.s out of the number who have been engaged in South Africa have been killed, which seems an enormous percentage.

Congratulations to **The Mercers' School Magazine** on a rattling good number for June. An attempt at alliteration by an artful adversary, setting forth the adventures of Alfred Acres, an ardent adventurer, Ada Adams, his acquaintance, and Adeline Abbott, Ada Adams' antagonist, is a clever and ingenious piece of work.

The Olavian (June) on its fine hand-made paper, with its strangely designed grey cover, is a model production. In appearance it resembles a volume of effusions by a minor poet—the sort of thing that a long-haired versifier would give to his lady friends. But though somewhat lacking in humour, the literary contents reach a high order of merit, and one comes away from the perusal of *The Olavian* with a firm conviction that the students of St. Olave's and St. Saviour's Grammar School, Southwark, are absolute paragons of virtue and of learning

[*Owing to pressure on our space a large number of reviews of magazines have been held over.*—THE ED. THE CAPTAIN.]

THE FIRST APPEARANCES OF FAMOUS COUNTY CRICKETERS.

By John A. Stock.

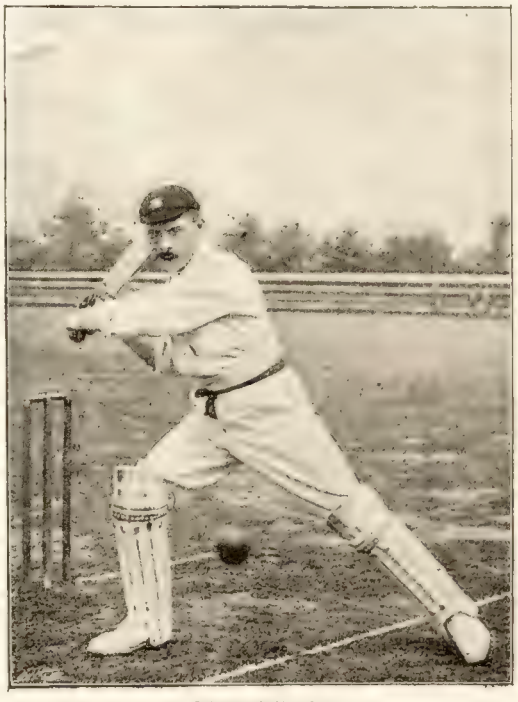
We will begin with "W. G." Dr. Grace's first appearance in a first-class match may be said to belong to a past generation, and few can remember how, as a boy of sixteen, playing against the gentlemen of Kent, he made 62 runs in his first innings.

There are not many cricket records which the Doctor has left unaccomplished. His 344 for M.C.C. *v.* Kent at Canterbury, in 1876, is the third best individual score ever made in a first-class match. On no less than three occasions he has performed the rare feat of making two separate hundreds in a first-class match, and has scored no less than 118 three-figure innings during his thirty-five years' play. During the many matches in which he has played, his scores have stood at every figure from 0 to 100—a really unique record.

The following is a reproduction of Robert Abel's reply to the query as to his first appearance :—

Dear Sir,—I went on the cricket field as soon *as I could toddle*. Played for Surrey since 1881. Am afraid I can say no more, as most of my anecdotes have appeared before.—Yours

R. Abel.



ROBERT ABEL.
From the "Book of Cricket."

The cheery little "Guv'nor," however, made his first appearance in 1881, when he played against Notts, and, going in eighth wicket down, contributed a modest single. It was not until two years later that he began to figure prominently in county cricket, and, though not making big scores against the Australians last year, in 1886, playing against them, he made 144 runs, remaining at the wickets seven hours. In 1891 he made 197 runs, his highest score in first-class cricket.

C. Edmund de Trafford, the captain of the Leicester team, will have done yeoman service, though his first appearance might well have discouraged him. He says :—

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter of the 4th May. My first appearance in county cricket was playing for Lancashire *v.* Derbyshire, at Derby, on August 4th, 5th, 6th, 1884, when I made 0 and missed a catch, so was not asked to play again.—Yours truly,

C. Edmund de Trafford.

The accomplishments of C. B. Fry, the famous Captain contributor, as an all-round athlete do not need repetition here, his successes being too numerous to mention. As a cricketer, too, he has easily earned a place amongst the most famous. His first appearance, though, was somewhat discouraging. It is given below :—

Surrey *v.* Warwickshire, 1890, August. Got 1 and 0 not out. Dull day, bad light, poor match. No particular recollections.—Yours truly,

C. B. Fry.

The late captain of the Notts team, J. A. Dixon, has proved a remarkably good all-round cricketer, but, like Mr. Fry and Mr. de Trafford, his first appearance cannot be said to have been particularly brilliant. He thus briefly summarises the occurrence :—

I suppose you mean first class cricket. 1882, August 17th, 18th, 19th, at Trent Bridge ground, Nottingham :

J. A. Dixon, c Webbe b Tuke 0 c Walker b Webbe... 0

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
Bowling	9	2	31	0

Although rather singular that so many failures are recorded in first appearances, it can, perhaps, be understood that to figure for the first time must be a decidedly trying ordeal, and one liable to lead to discomfiture. Mr. F. Stanley Jackson is yet another player who did not

achieve a brilliant initial success, though the excellent services he has performed since that time are well known to all followers of first-class cricket. In writing of his first appearance, he says :—

I can scarcely remember it. Certainly nothing happened upon that occasion which has particularly impressed itself on my memory. I suppose I was like all others placed in a similar position—nervous, though I am not much bothered in that way, and I remember thinking that I would sooner become a "star" in the cricket world than anything, but I thought I should have to have a lot of luck to gain my ambition. My first appearance for the county I made 0 and 2, and missed two catches! I thought county cricket was no good to me, or rather, I was no good for county cricket. — Yours truly,

F. STANLEY JACKSON.

The four following original reproductions briefly summarise the records of Mr. K. J. Key, the late captain of the Surrey team; Captain E. G. Wynyard, of the M.C.C. and Hampshire; Mr. A. J. L. Hill, another prominent Hampshire player; and Alec Hearne, the Kent professional :—

First appearance in county cricket, Surrey *v.* Kent, August, 1882. Age, 17. Surrey won in one innings. Scored—c and b Wootton, 16. Got one wicket, that of G. G. Hearne, who was caught at slip by Barratt. W. H. Game and Pooley were also playing in the match for Surrey.—Yours,

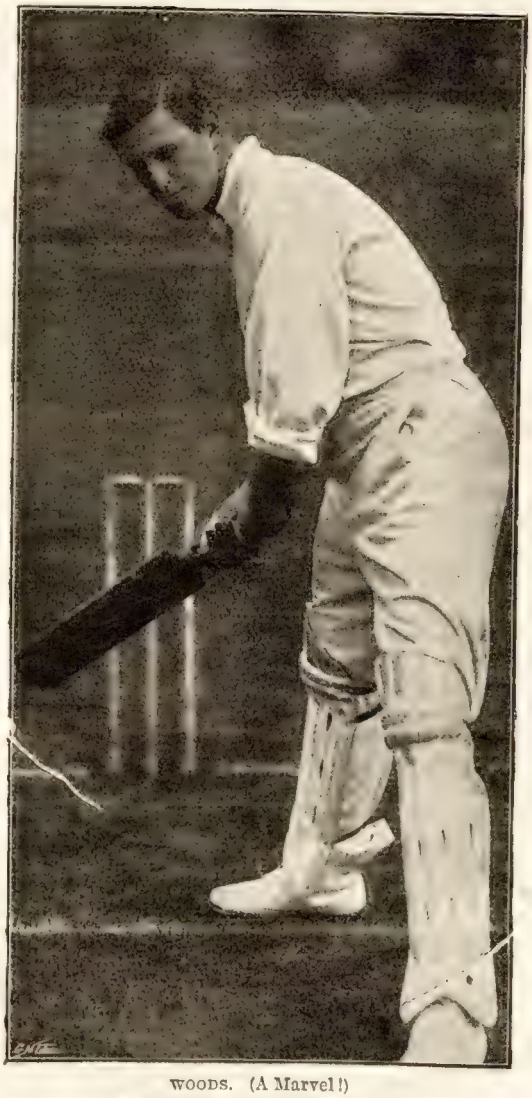
K. J. KEY.

Learnt cricket at Rev. C. B. Fendall's School, Woodcote House, Windlesham, 1872-73, and played at Charterhouse, 1874-77 without getting into eleven. Played for Hampshire *v.* M.C.C. at Lords 1879 or 1880, got 0 and 1. Played a good deal for South Hants, Moors, and Free Foresters, and army cricket for 8th King's Regiment, also for Aldershot Division. First 100 for county was 114 against Sussex, at Brighton, 1888, I think. Have, in all matches, made 200 and over on five occasions, and 100 and over seventy-four times.

E. G. WYNYARD.

Born 1871. Marlborough College XI., 1887-88-89. Cambridge Jesus College 'Varsity XI., 1890-91-92-93. Went India, Lord Hawke's XI., 1893; Lord Hawke's XI., America, 1895; Lord Hawke's XI., South Africa, 1896. Top batting average, India, 1893—30 average. Top batting average, America, 1895—36 average. Played for Hampshire since 1889, was born at Southampton. Played for Wiltshire 1888. Bowl right hand—fast. Bowling average for Marlborough 1887-88. Batting average for Marlborough, 1889.

A. J. L. HILL.



WOODS. (A Marvel!)
From the "Book of Cricket."

My first appearance on the cricket field was for the old Mid Kent C.C. in 1878. In 1879 and 1880 I took the bowling average — sixty-two wickets for 2·11, and fifty-five wickets for 3·5. First century at Catford Bridge, 112 not out against Royal School of Mines, 1882. First county match for Kent *v.* Somerset, 19 not out, 1884. Played regular for county since.—Yours faithfully,

ALEC. HEARNE.

Samuel Moses James Woods is the somewhat lengthy name of the popular Somerset captain, although to all lovers of the game he is affectionately known as "Sammy." He was born in Australia, and educated at Cambridge University, and for the college team, as well as for his county, has done much good work. The following letter was received by the writer, and although it does not detail his first appearance in a county match, is sufficiently interesting to warrant its inclusion in this article :—

DEAR SIR,—The first game I played was in Manly Beach, Sydney, Australia. The other side went in first and scored 55. I went in No. 8; there were six out for 12. The first ball I had bowled me. I was so nervous I declared the sun was in my eyes, so the captain of the other side allowed me to have another innings. I stayed in while our best batsman hit off the runs, much to the surprise of the other side. — Yours faithfully,

S. M. J. WOODS.

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

This month I have awarded one year's subscription to THE CAPTAIN to J. EMILE GASMANN, Tattlebury House, Goudhurst, Kent, for the following essay.

Norwegian Boys.

(By One of Them).

As a general rule, the average Norwegian boy has received an excellent education—I am now speaking of the public school boy—probably very much better than the average English boy gets. He has the advantage of learning several—generally four—languages. He is also much better up in science, natural history, geography, and religion. He gets the very best drill instruction; he is, as a rule, a first-rate swimmer, a good sailor, and an excellent skater or skier. Skiing is purely a Norwegian sport, and one of which we are justly proud. When we have our yearly national ski "Derby," hundreds of foreigners come to witness this unrivalled contest. But that is almost the only real sport we have—the summer sports are hardly worth mentioning. That grand game, football, although just being introduced into Norway, is very little known, and an Englishman would hardly think much of the game as played by the Norwegians. I think they mostly make the rules themselves. Cricket is less known still, as also is tennis, and golf is absolutely unknown. Altogether, the Norwegian boy does not go in much for any kind of sport; he is, perhaps, too indolent; and I think it is a very great pity, because, after having seen what a good effect games have on English boys, I cannot help lamenting that we Norwegians are so far behind them. I am afraid that too much sneaking and bullying goes on in Norwegian schools. Boys will sneak to the master out of and in class, and it is considered more as a merit than sin—a very great mistake. I have seen a great deal of bullying in the school I went to. For instance, if one boy had been unfortunate enough to offend some of the others, they would all set upon him at playtime, kick and cuff him, and, during lessons, sneak about him, and bring all kind of true or untrue charges against him to the ear of the master, who is often too willing to listen to sneaking.

"HIS FIRST CHOKER."
By J. P. Grandidier.

But it is not my intention to charge all Norwegian boys with being sneaks, cowards, and bullies—far from it. There are so many exceptions, and I think the fault lies as much with the masters—who ought to put a stop to it—as with the boys, but certainly there is too much of it.

Norwegian boys have the same sterling qualities as English boys, only they do not get the chance to show them so much. Anyhow, I need in no way be ashamed of my compatriots, who are at least brave, upright, and honourable.

I have only now been able to tell you very little about Norwegian boys, but hope later to say some more about them, and to tell you about their sports, and particularly about snow-shoeing.

EMILE GASMANN.

CURIOUS PETS.
Photographed by O. W. Thompson.

Here's health to Baden Po—ell,
Who when but a boy at scho—ell,
Could finely bat and bo—ell,
And was simply grand at go—ell,
And who, taken as a who—ell,
Was a thorough rare good so—ell.

Yours, &c.,

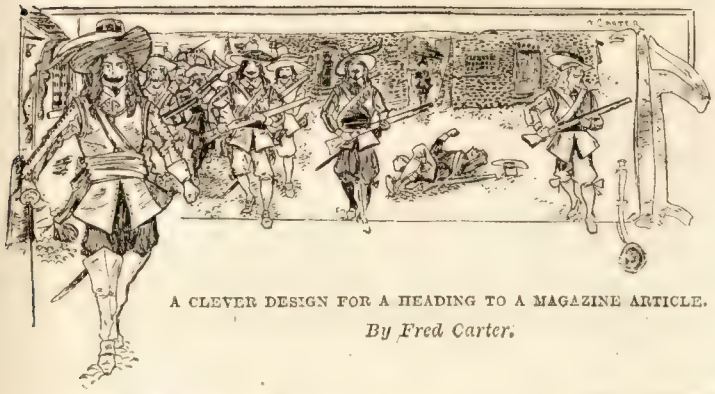
A. (but not "Baden") POWELL.

A Riddle.

What is the most popular number represented at the front?

Why, one hundred and four, of course (C.I.V.).

F. V. PULLIN.



A CLEVER DESIGN FOR A HEADING TO A MAGAZINE ARTICLE.
By Fred Carter.

A Miniature Bull Fight.

Two years ago, while I was visiting a large farm in Dorsetshire, my cousin and I had a rather exciting experience. In a field about half a mile from the farm-house there was a young bull and some heifers. As the field was on the side of a hill the animals, when away from the trees, were visible from the farmyard. One day my cousin and I noticed that the bull had broken through the hedge, and was enjoying himself in a field of young wheat about a foot high. My cousin quickly saddled one of the horses in the stables, and taking with him a short-handled whip with a tremendous lash, started off at a gallop, intending to drive the bull back into its proper field. In the meanwhile, I waited where I was to see what happened. In a few minutes my cousin was riding cautiously up to the bull, but the animal evidently had no intention of returning, for it started to trot in an entirely opposite direction. Seeing this, I ran down into the valley that separated us, hoping to head the animal back. I had just broken into a walk, and was making for a gate, when over the gate came the bull, with my cousin close behind it. I beat a hasty retreat and was soon over the other side of a gate higher up the field, but I was only just in time as the bull was very close behind me. For some reason or other the bull did not attempt this gate, but preferred to savagely charge my cousin, whose horse just escaped the animal's horns. Recovering itself, the bull again charged, and would undoubtedly have brought my cousin and his horse to the ground, but when the bul was a few paces from him my cousin cracked his whip, and the sharp report so surprised the bull that it swerved on one side. At this moment I blew a powerful whistle that I had with me with all my might, which still more alarmed the bull.

My cousin then shouted out to me to make my way to the lower gate and open it, hoping that the bull might go through without more trouble. No sooner had I moved than the bull was after me, and I raced for all I was worth, but again the sharp crack of the whip attracted the animal's attention, leaving me just time to reach the gate. After I had propped the gate open I made my way through a small hole in the hedge to watch the result. My cousin then advanced as near as possible to the bull, and with shouting and cracking his whip he gradually drove the animal towards the gate, and ultimately, when hearing the lowing of its companions, it trotted back to its proper field. When I joined my cousin his horse was shivering with excitement.

P. W. Drof.

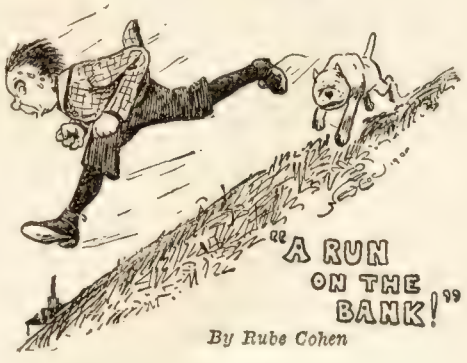
ST. GEORGE'S DOCK, LIVERPOOL.
By K. H. Smith.

Man's Only Want.

[Mr. Judson, who has been silent for a time—possibly doing impositions — favours me with this poem. As Mr. Judson is only fifteen, it is possible that a melancholy void in his purse has inspired the effusion.]

I want not splendour or pride,
Or the gift of a womanly bride;
I seek not the line of resource,
Or the race of the royalist's course.

I look to the moon and the stars,
I find not the prison or bars,
I seek what is honest and true,
And sigh for my earthly due.



By Rube Cohen

There are situations wanting and vacant,
And people who work like a bee and an ant,
But I should have freedom just like a hound,
If I could win a *bright, yellow, round pound.*

T. C. JUDSON.

Curiosities in Figures.

DEAR SIR,—In your March "Special Pages" you published an article written by Alex. Lingford on "Curiosities in Figures." The law he lays down as infallible is not so. Here are some figures which follow his directions to the letter, but yet do not get the same result :—

£	s.	d.
17	12	3
3	13	5
13	18	10
10	19	1
£24	17	11

It does not seem right that anything should be published which is incorrect.—Yours,

JOHN OUCHTERONY.

A Riddle.

What four rivers would a father name if he found his son making mud pies?

"Why, Dan, you be a vulgar nipper."

(Wye, Danube, Volga, Dneiper.)

A. C. W.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

T. and O. B.—The verse is "fair." You are not boys. Am I right? **Hughes & Co."**—Judging men page you send, your worked very well indeed **Wallace.**—The sketch

SMALL BOY (to party on solid tyre): "Hullo, guv'nor, yer tyres want pumping!" *By Geo. Monks.*

"Davies, by the spec-hektograph **Fred. W.** "Prehistoric Zoo," is too much blotted for reproduction. Have another try. Keep the drawing clearer. **H. C. James.**—I don't like your "Kruger" joke. The sketch is good, but rather niggled. The reproduction of sketches which have been much worked up is very difficult, and they do not print well. **"Du Rennes."**—I am keeping your puzzle, and will use it if possible. Use blacker ink, and make larger drawings. **D. Graham-Crofts.**—Thanks for photo. To explain the difference between a training-ship at sea and any other ships would take too much space here. Broadly speaking, the difference is slight. **Robert Ewald.**—The photos are, unfortunately, too dark; I can only use one. Many thanks. **W. B. Tapp.**—Draw more carefully, and make your pen and ink lines firmer. The sketches you send now would not reproduce very well. **Archibald Dale.**—Kruger sketch is good. You ought to have put a blue tint behind, and not a wash, as I cannot reproduce this in line. Your second sketch is better, but I do not care for the joke. **Victor Glenmore.**—Good joke! Use black ink in future. **Secobrain.**—I cannot reproduce pencil drawings in the "Special Page." **W. H. Owen.**—Photographs very interesting; sorry I cannot use them. **Sid. P. H.**—Make your drawing more distinct, Sidney. **F. H. Ogar** sends the photograph of "an egg within an egg." Unfortunately, it is a very poor print and I cannot clearly reproduce it. **W. W. G.**—Very carefully drawn, but coloured sketches make poor blocks. **Charles C. Dawson and "Eagre."**—From the very slight sketches you send, I should not like to advise either of you to go in for black and white. Better contribute to the "Special Page" for some little time, then I will be able to tell you your strength a little later on. **One of the Hands.**—I would have reproduced your drawing in the "Special Page" if it had not been worked with such a fine pen. Why not look at the line illustrations in THE CAPTAIN and see the kind of thing we want? **A. R. Noltenuis** (SOUTH AUSTRALIA).—I will try to use your sketch and essay if I can possibly find room. **G. F. Davis.**—Your composition of the British Army charging the Boers is good. **D. Hughes.** Your little sketch in colour, "Clouds at Cardiff,"—shows great promise, but it would not reproduce very well, so I am returning it to you. **Harley Russell.**—Many thanks for letter and photograph of Bedford Grammar School pavilion. **W. Dale and Arnold**

THE 12TH LANCERS CHARGING THE BOER-GERMAN CORPS, VET RIVER, MAY 7TH.

Drawn by Geo. F. Davis.

Whiteley should not put quite so much work into their sketches. Try again. **George Monks** seems to have copied his idea from one of Mr. Hassell's sketches. **Quack.**—Candidly, I do not think the sketch you send in shows very much merit. I should like to see more of your drawing. **K. H. Smith.**—Many thanks for photograph. Yes, your letter is very neatly written. **Claude D. I'Anson.**—Your sketch is a pretty good one, but I do not see my way to reproduce it as it is of no special interest. **Albany H. Farrow.**—Do not try such an elaborate subject till you have had more practice. **D. M. S.** (ABERDEEN), sends what he considers a unique method of photographing stamps, but I do not think it would be of much value for reproducing in a magazine. I will send on his specimen to Mr. Gooch. **E. Law.**—Your sketch is good; but drawing for "Special Pages" must be in ink, not pencil. Use a black ink and make the lines firm. **W. Matthews.**—The maze is too small and not distinct enough. In future, make sketches larger. **Joan Sterling.**—Joke good. Take more pains with drawings, and try again. **J. A. Ramsey, Mac., and P. Mairet.**—See reply to E. Law. **A. Adams and Harold Stewart.**—Good ideas, but lines too fine to reproduce. **H. Garland.**—Not much. **D. G. Barnsley.**—Your work is good, but we cannot use sketches in colour. **L. Williams.**—Oom Paul is not our guest at St. Helena up to the time of going to press with this number. Many thanks for your joke. **W. Nettleton**—Too chalky for "S.P." **F. W. Sleetburn.**—Don't be afraid of the ink, and make the lines stronger. **R. Hughes.**—Have another try next month. **Jack Point.**—Many thanks. Sorry photo is so dark. Write again. **Roy Evans.**—Please make your drawings stronger, and then you will soon appear in print. Why don't the other chaps write?

Contributions also received from: Chas. Norman, A. E. Olley, Edgar W. Railton, I. O. Hughes, Lewis Higgins, D. W. Harris, F. Carter, D. Brown, Athol Kirkpatrick, W. Daly, H.G.R., E. B., W. Fenning, T. W. Herring, A. M. Millar, H. M. Pigott, J. B. Edgar, Gwendolen Braddell, R. H. S., J. Hembrow, S. F. H., and F.

N.B.—*Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number. Some accepted contributions, crowded out of this number, will appear in future issues.*

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 13th.

No. 1.—**"Longest Words Competition."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the three competitors who send in the twelve longest words they can find forming a complete sentence. Here is a sample of what is meant:—

Ranjitsinhji reluctantly conceded privileges only obtainable through strategic diplomacy of considerable ingenuity.

No. 2.—**"Punsters' Competition."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded for the three best punning riddles on the lines of the following:—

Why did the fly fly?
Because the spider spider.
Why did the quail quail?
Because the woodpecker woodpecker.

Riddles may contain names of birds, beasts or fishes, but must be absolutely original.

One class only ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—**"Holiday Competition."** THREE DE LA RUE'S FOUNTAIN PENS will be awarded for the three best essays not exceeding 400 words on "My Summer Holiday."

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—**"Map Competition."** THREE SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS will be awarded for the three best maps of South America in pencil or colours, neatness taken into consideration.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"My Home, Competition."** Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the sender of the three best sketches of their homes in pen, pencil, or water-colours.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—**"Photograph Competition."** THREE HANDSOME "MOUNTING" ALBUMS (for preserving photos in) will be presented to the readers sending the three best photographs of seaside or country scenes.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

The way you take a holiday very much depends upon what you consider to be a holiday. With some folks a holiday is all repose; with others, all restlessness. I expect most Members of my Crew are to be included in the latter category. And quite right, too! Cricket and claret-cup, lawn tennis and lemon squashes—"Sing ho! jolly ho!" for the summer holidays!

I am writing these lines in a cabin on a P. & O. steamer, and as near as I can reckon, I am about three thousand miles away from THE CAPTAIN office, and within a day's sail of Egypt. I shall post my letter to the printer at Port Said, and, that done, I shall convey my big, white sun-hat and other belongings to the city called Cairo, and there, in the intervals of viewing mummies and pyramids, think out some new ideas for Vol. IV.

Of course, this is not quite the time of year for a visit to Egypt, but a man must take his holidays when circumstances do best suit, and I would rather glide through this blue ocean than roll about on the Atlantic, or dodge in and out of Norwegian fiords. So I have braved the heat and come along. My ship, the *China*, is indeed a good ship. The Bay of Biscay wore a smile when I passed through it; and I have fallen amongst excellent company. It was a little cold in the Channel, and people paraded the deck in overcoats and wraps. Once in the Mediterranean, however, such coverings were cast aside; the lightest of summer raiment was donned, and since then we have basked perpetually in the sunshine of this sweet southern sea (interrupted outside Marseilles by a heavy roll, which made people hurry below in a sudden and eccentric manner).

A DRAWING-ROOM INTERIOR.

By W. C. Duckworth, Winner of Competition IV., Class I.

Another time I hope to discourse at greater length of the beautiful things I said to the cabmen at Gibraltar when they tried to overcharge me. I will tell you of the thousands of great guns hidden in that grim rock, and I will not forget to mention what I paid my Spanish guide for telling me all about them. The old rascal (to please me, I suppose) was enthusiastic in his references to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. I appreciated this sort of thing at first, but, at last, growing a little weary of so much affectation, I presented him with a shilling, and observed, "There, now say a word or two about your own poor little King!" I could see from his crafty smile that

it was quite immaterial to him *which* European monarch he praised, so long as he was paid for it.

The beauty of a sea voyage like this is that you have nothing whatever to bother about; nothing to do—no letters, no newspapers. It is an absolutely idle existence, and it is an absolute change. The greatest change always affords the best holiday. Country people generally derive benefit from a visit to London, and to the Cockney's sallow cheeks the sun and breeze of the shires lends a glow of health. The sailor seeks rest and recreation ashore; the inlander makes for the coast; the inhabitants of seaside towns quit cliff and rock for the meads of Warwickshire or the hills of Malvern. The great thing is to get away from your own neighbourhood for a time—even if it be but for a week at Baden-Baden or Margate-Margate.

On board a ship of this sort the passengers thaw and thaw until they become quite a happy family. You find yourself talking to men as if you had known them all your life, and to ladies — really — as if they were your sisters. Then, when night has fallen (there is hardly any twilight out here), and you can watch the wake of the moon's rays for miles, when the strains of music steal out to you from the drawing-room, and when there is even rude melody in the churning of the great keel through the waves—then life is ideal, and cannot be better. Watch the stars and watch the waves, and forget all your troubles. Dream as you like—dream all sorts of things; but whatever you do, do not lean too far over the rail, for there may be a shark waiting for a meal just beneath you.

There! The very bliss of this life is a little sad, for only those who have endured great sorrow can soar to the topmost heights of happiness. They that go down to the sea in ships witness wondrous things; and one cannot travel over six thousand miles of ocean without gaining much knowledge worthy of life-long keeping. You are in touch with Nature in her grandest and her most terrific and her gentlest and kindest moods. Life on a liner would be just about perfect if you could get your shirts washed.

Somebody is hammering at my door and asking me to umpire in a game of cricket ("Starboard *v.* Port Cabins"), which is just now to be played on the hurricane deck. So, ever a faithful fag, I go. Before I left London I answered as many letters as possible, and these replies you will find below. As for me, I must leave you, to take a watching part in the most glorious game ever invented, no matter where it be played!

Bazaar.—Would any reader of THE CAPTAIN be kind enough to send some contributions for a bazaar for the soldiers, which will be held about the middle of August. If so, please send all contributions to Miss Talbot, Little Gaddesden House, Berkhampstead, Herts.

A BIT OF NORTH WALES.

By Gordon Barnsley, Winner of Competition IV., Class II.

Volumes I. and II. are still to be had at the published price of 6s., or by post 6s. 6d. I would, however, advise new readers who have not got them to obtain them at once, while they are yet procurable. Each volume contains over six hundred pages, most profusely illustrated, is crammed with school stories, tales of adventure, athletic articles, stamp articles—in fact, everything dear to thy heart, O boy!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chubby.—Thank you, my dear. Kind regards to your cousin.

Derfla Senoj.—Thanks for post-card. Very curious mishap, I'm sure.

May Queen.—You are too young to contribute to magazines. Be content with competitions and "Special Pages."

Tom Tayler.—A very manly letter. Go on, and do all the good you can among those around you.

Harry Burton.—You have plenty of weight for your height; you ought to be a useful "Rugger" forward.

Too Inquisitive.—(1) Put "Special Page" on envelope, if you send poetry. (2) Yes, separate letters. (3) The editors send their magazines for review.

F. B. L. (Redhill).—I hope your editorial duties have not turned your hair grey. I am far too busy to contribute anything to private magazines.

A. M. B.—The much coveted Victoria Cross is a small, plain bronze Maltese cross, for which the War Office pays 4¾d.

F. T. Gilderson.—We will have a Stamp Collectors' Competition very shortly.

Cox O'Higginson.—Because somebody had just bowled him, of course.

Percy Joscelyne.—A very nice letter! I will make inquiries about the camp you mention.

Beautiful Bounding Bertie (Liverpool) wishes me a happy "birth-month," and assures me that he will take The Captain in until he is "broke." He says that Liverpool doesn't seem to have won many Captain prizes, and desires me to urge all Liverpudlian readers to "buck up."

W. Franks.—Was much pleased by your letter, which I have handed on to Mr. Gooch.

Shrapnel.—You may send as many solutions as you like to any competition.

K. F.—Keep your silk-worms in a cardboard box, along with some mulberry or lettuce leaves. You need not separate them when they begin to spin unless the box would be too crowded if they remained together; then it would be advisable.

Northern Fir.—All papers are open to you. Try the popular pennies, like *Tit-Bits*. Send them some really new and interesting personal paragraphs about celebrities up your way.

FIREWOOD.

By Tom R. Wilson, Winner of Competition IV., Class III.

A. L. Hamilton.—Sorry no space for your exciting ghost story. Kind regards to the ghost.

Kenneth.—Yes, certainly. Two years on board one of our training ships is allowed for by the Board of Trade as one year before the mast and, of course, ship owners prefer a certificate beginning in this way, in preference to the ordinary apprentices. See my reply to "Duncan Younger."

Duncan Younger, Ralph Smart, "Second Mate," and several others, have written seeking information about joining the Merchant Service. There are two ways of doing this. The first, to join such training ships as H.M.S. *Impregnable* at Devonport, the *St. Vincent* at Portsmouth, the *Revenge* at Queenstown, or the *Worcester* at Greenhithe, etc. In this case it requires a premium of fifty guineas and upwards, but from my correspondents' letters I presume they wish to go to sea without putting their parents to such expense, and yet it is rather difficult to be apprenticed to a good shipping firm without a small premium, which is usually returned in wages. I should advise "Second Mate" and others to apply by letter to any of the shipping firms that advertise in our large daily papers, for full particulars. By paying a small premium, they will be able to join a good ship for four years, live apart from the crew, generally in a deck-house, and altogether treated as petty officers. There are a few firms in the provinces that will take apprentices without a premium. These generally ship you into small vessels, and although a boy learns as much on an 800 ton ship as he would were he "brass-bound" on a 3,000 tonner, I should like to point out to both my readers and their parents that it is highly important not to be apprenticed to the captain, but rather to the shipping firm, and for this reason—when apprenticed to the firm there is a much better chance of getting a berth as second mate in the same line of ships, whereas to be bound down to a captain would mean that when out of his time, his skipper may leave that vessel and go to quite a different part of the globe. Will any of my correspondents who want further information from me, apply by letter, enclosing a stamped envelope?

"Colleen Bawn."—Unless you send me some of your specimens I am afraid I cannot give you any advice as to the class of magazine to send your work to. You had better make some sketches from Nature and send them to the "Special Pages." Many thanks for your letter; but for many reasons, I don't feel inclined to change The Captain cover. If ever I come to Erin, I hope to be received, as you say, "*Cead mille failte.*"

H. G. J.—If your four-penny-bit is in good condition, it is worth about 6d.; but if it has been in circulation it would not be worth more than half that sum.

Bashful One.—Get a mutual school acquaintance to introduce you. That is the only advice I can think of.

H. W. W. is a Cambridge man of twenty-two who has taken in The Captain ever since the first number, and counts the bound volumes "amongst his treasures." He tells me that his old school, Elstree, has contributed £90 to the War Fund. When one considers that schoolboys are not overburdened with cash, I think Elstree is to be highly congratulated. A good many Elstrenians must have denied themselves "tuck" in order to contribute to the Fund.

A. E. R. Whitehorne (Jamaica).—I'll give you plenty of time when next I give you a comp.

An English Boy.—French boys do not dress quite like you do. The French do not regard these matters as we do, and probably they think *your* dress a most curious costume. The younger boys often wear "blouses"—yes—but not velvet knickerbockers. I have not noticed their boots.

An Admirer of "The Captain."—I thank you.

J. O. T.—(1) Palmistry is a very fair amusement for a dull evening when a few young people want a change from "blind man's buff," but I do not regard it in a serious light. A great many silly girls are humbugged into paying half-guineas and half-crowns to so-called "professors" of this art. (2) I will not print a page of "Handsome Brothers" in The Captain, as it is not my desire to foster vanity in my readers.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."—"The Life and Exploits of Alexander the Great," and "The History of Alexander the Great," both with an introduction and Notes by E. A. Wallis Budge Litt, D., published by the Cambridge University Press at 12s. 6d. and 25s. respectively; also "The Story of Alexander," price 7s. 6d., published by David Nutt, London. I should think you ought to be able to consult these books through a first-class reference library, or you might possibly pick one or other of them up at a second-hand bookseller's, or by advertising in the *Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart*. Your *nom-de-plume* is an excellent life motto.

J. H. T. P.—(1) No such coin as a George III. two-shilling piece exists; a shilling of the same reign is worth about 1s. 3d.; a George I. half-crown would probably fetch 3s. 6d.; a William and Mary halfpenny is practically valueless; the Spanish coin you mention would not be worth more than 1s.; a Queen Anne threepenny piece is possibly worth 6d., according to its condition. (2) If you progress in the same proportion as hitherto you will certainly be a "six-footer" ere you are twenty-one.

"May."—Your coins are valueless, the twopenny piece of George III.'s time being worth but one halfpenny, while the penny and halfpenny of the same reign are worth nothing whatever.

"Coins."—The only coins amongst those you mention that are of any value are the Indian rupee and two annas, and the 100 cents Netherlands—the first two being worth 1s. 3d. and 2d. respectively, and the third about 2d. also.

G. M. S.—A pronouncing dictionary is not needed when studying Spanish. If you must have one, you would have to get a very large and expensive one. "Bustamantes'" is not a pronouncing dictionary.

A. S. (Dundrum).—The value of your coins depends entirely upon their condition, both the William III. two-shilling piece and the Queen Elizabeth's shilling being worth anything from 6d. to 10s. each, according to their state of preservation.

Xaymaca.—Thank you for your letter. I will endeavour to use the photo you send of the Jamaica High School, although it is a very poor one. I do not know that our competitions for foreign and colonial readers are any harder than the others. Go in and win, sir.

John C. Craig.—Your name should have been placed among the "Hon. Mens." in Class I., but by a mistake it was printed in Class III.

L. M. G.—The letters "B. R. D." occurring in the dedication of the late R. L. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," constitute a signal which means simply "*Adieu*."

G. W. H.—(1) I don't think you can do better than purchase "The Coin Collector," by W. Carew Hazlitt, price 7s. 6d., published by Mr. George Redway, 9, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London. (2) Your medal is of no value at all.

H. C. (Jamaica).—Yes; Vols. I. and II. of The Captain are still obtainable, price 6s. 6d. post free.

"Floreat Rugbeia."—No, I don't see how it can be illegal to print stamps of your own design on your letters, as they would be merely a sort of monogram.

"Amphibian."—I think you are made of the right stuff and will get on, and see no reason why you shouldn't do as you suggest. I would recommend to you the following books, all of which are published by Mr. Edward Arnold, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.: "Allen and Greenhough's Latin Grammar," price 6s.; "Practical Latin Composition," by W. C. Collar, price 5s.; "Latin Prose Exercises," by Professor A. J. Eaton, price 2s. Others you could get to meet your requirements in the special branches of the study which you take up.

Mavourneen.—I should advise you to obtain "The Art of Modelling in Clay and Wax," by T. C. Simmonds, price 1s., published by Messrs. Bemrose & Sons, which will give you all the information you require.

"Tiger."—Your guinea-pigs will eat with equal relish nearly everything in the vegetable line; but their staple diet should consist of grass, bran, clover, dandelions with oats, bread, apple-parings, and any vegetable.

Gillingham.—I am forwarding your letter to Mr. Fry; it just arrived as we go to press.

W. J. C. and others.—The authors of the article on "How to Build a Canoe" inform me that they obtained their canvas from a local draper. It was something after the same style as the canvas used in making mattresses, was 5ft. wide, and cost 6d. per yard. It was a little coarse, but very strong; and when well oiled and painted, made a splendid skin.

Cleopatra.—The expression "When Homer nods" means that at times the greatest intellects are liable to grow drowsy, and the greatest people act in a most commonplace manner.

Loyal to my Captain.—Each competition must be sent in a separate envelope or on a separate post-card. Have handed letter to Mr. Gooch.

David Muir.—I am rather tired of telling would-be black-and-white artists to consult Mr. Tom Browne's advice to such in the August editorial (1899). An editor only asks an artist to illustrate a story when he is quite sure of his man. An artist generally introduces himself to an editor by either sending sample sketches or calling with them. When sketches are sent, stamps for return should always be enclosed. It is a good plan to go to an Art School and enter into competition there with other young artists.

Brer Rabbit informs H. F. Mackie, and other rabbit-keepers, that "Hare's Parsley" is a very good food for rabbits. I should like to hear what other rabbit-keepers have to say on the subject. Also, will some experienced rabbit-keeper send me "A List of Foods for Rabbits?"

S. K.—Your superb copy of "Tower of London" has just arrived. Was it thrown in with a penny-worth of water-cress, or did you pick it up in a rag and bone establishment?

Erin-go-Bragh.—Do not know your district so cannot say anything about the cadet corps in it. If you are a Londoner, there are the London Rifle Brigade Cadet Corps, the Tower Hamlets, and many others.

H. W. Everitt is thanked for the photo he sends of the masters' and boarders' house, Earl's Colne Grammar School. It would serve my purpose better if he would send a photograph of the school itself.

E. R. V. (DULWICH COLLEGE).—Send a better photo, and I'll use it.

Roy and others.—You must have influence. It is necessary to get a nomination from one or more of the directors of the line on whose ship you wish to become a purser. A knowledge of shorthand, book-keeping, and one or more foreign languages, is also essential.

Also letters from: "J," Khaki, "Mansie," Junior Eastbournian, Gordon Barnsley, A. H. Liddle, J. Kirtland, Cader, H. H. Denning, "Mudge" K. M. F., "Dear Girl Friend," "Crystal Palace," T. W. Wilson, J. Joseph, F. A. Rogers (Nawmpoort), "Glory," "A Colonial Admirer," "Leslie," "The Bourse," "Loyal Paddy," Arthur Kellas, "Sub Editor," H. Pearson, J. Jungheun (India), R. E. Robinson, "Captain Reader," W. R. Rimmer, "Well Wisher," "Centenary."

A number of answers held over for want of space.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—Best Description of a "Cycling Tour."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: SADIE HARBISON, "Roskeen," Rosetta Park, Belfast.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: W. J. C. NETTLETON, 70, George Street, Portman Square, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. H. SIMMONS, "Brenzett," Banisters Road, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. P. Salway, J. H. Knight.

No. II.—Best "Cricketers' Alphabet."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: R. ASHBY HOWE, 94, Roker Avenue, Sunderland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: M. EDWARDS, "Leehurst," Salisbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred C. Dewar, R. Bruce Beveridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: KENNETH G. FINLAY, 2, Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. A. OLDFIELD, 39, Waterdale, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Elsie Holden, Victor Glenmore.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: NOEL HADDON, Mellor Road, Marple Bridge, Stockport.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. H. DOWNES-SHAW, South Eastern College, Ramsgate.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. L. Hallworth, Walter Colquhoun, W. F. Heath, L. E. Binns, F. G. Skinner.

No. III.—Best "Map of India."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOHN THOMSON, c/o A. Reid, 21, Maryfield London Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. S. Spain, Ethel Owen, Ada C. Meredith, Robert Adam, Mary Moreton, Ethel Walker, Robert Bowden, Edith Brewis, Elsie J. Tattersall.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: M. E. COCK, 35, Milton Road, Fitzhugh, Southampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mary Dollman, Gladys M. Holden, A. E. Smith, Gertrude Allen, H. Mitchell, Dorothy Walkins, George R. Grieve, B. H. E. Price, H. R. Brown, Philip M. Fremlin, Esca Allday, Charles Whilby, A. L. Ilsley, Katherine Wilkinson, Winifred W. Bedale, R. R. Russell, Kity Wheatley, Alice Seager, Evelyn Cossart, A. Wakeford, A. de Montfort-Thorpe, Janet Laidlaw, Gordon D. Adam, W. Haymes, J. O. Nicol, C. S. C. Roberts, Ruth Chippendall, Jeanie Belfrage, A. Taylor, J. A. Forster, Alice Leggott, Lettice E. Evans, C. Thomas, A. Morrison, A. C. Legard, Enid M. Walters, T. A. Macallan, Joan Clark.

CLASS III. (Age limit Fifteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GORDON JELLICOE, 74, Parkhill Road, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, L. MacDonald Gill, F. C. Porter, Alice M. Cooper, C. H. Ilsley, Dorothy Piggott, K. N. Davis, Dorothy Wheatley, Dora C. Swindon, Dorothy M. Cross, W. T. Leeming, Thomas Gilson, Margaret Drayton, Janet C. Betts, Dorothy Stewart, J. Douglas, Jack Watts, E. Slack, Clara Coster, Marian Coster, E. P. Wheatley, D. R. Brandt, C. H. Baker, H. R. Hodge, S. E. Bennett, H. Kingscote, J. S. Potts, S. D. Adam, Fred Ingham, Ian C. Russell, R. B. Langner, Herbert Briggs, John Gauld, Arthur E. Lane, Margaret Rose, T. W. Herring, W. R. G. Kent, H. H. Downes, Hugh St. G. H. Maxwell, Andrew Guthrie, D. L. G. Williams, Lizzie Douglas, A. B. Clements, J. F. Harlow, Hugh Golby, H. Denby, W. L. Andrews, T. J. Jones, D. M. McNaught, T. R. Rishworth, Esther Taylor, David Thomas, Marjorie Wells, R. Maxwell, F. E. Daun, A. S. Jones, Hester Holland, Frank Mallet, A. J. Taylor, U. Thomas.

No. IV.—Best "Amateur Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. C. DUCKWORTH, "Oaklands," Kimbolton Road, Bedford. (Drawing-room interior.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: Lily R. Brazier, H. V. Fielding, Alfred Bosdet, Alfred Briggs, Maida Sturrock, Leonard Bressey, Jessie K. MacRobert, Charles A. Organ, J. W. Langdon, M. Briggs, Gladys Morris, C. E. Pease, D. M. Strath, E. H. Hunt, C. H. Leigh, W. H. Lucas.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: GORDON BARNSLEY, Rydal Mount, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales. (Landscape.)

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. M. Donald, I. G. Thomson, Ernest S. Woodward, B. I. Rolling, Arthur Turk, W. Handerson, Stanley Goldsmith, Cecil B. D. Fox, I. R. Dyson, H. C. Mortimer, A. S. Brookes, J. F. Moylan, H. Pollock, H. Jaeger, E. Smith, James Connock, C. Seelig, A. W. Dicks, A. D. Wood, G. H. Lowden, J. Keane, W. H. Scorer, D. O Milledge, John Fuller, Daphne M. May, H. B. Dibben, W. A. Monteith, Douglas Woodhams, Frank Smith, Flossie L. Booth, Richard L. Bridgnell, Douglas Weaver, S. E. Gritton, Herbert Lee, Effie Kennedy.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: TOM R. WILSON, 26, Drummond Place Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John W. Hepple, F. C. Sharp, G. H. Willcox, A. G. Schofield, William Huntly, H. C. Lott, J. F. Taylor, H. P. Heyworth, E. W. Tanner, A. W. Woodhouse, J. Fletcher, Edward Slack, C. R. Cairns, E. Baker, F. Garratt, H. Oppenheim, B. White, A. C. Hutt, R. H. Southern, S. G. Hine, V. R. Lucas, F. B. Clarke, E. Nicholson, "Hunter," M. Worlock, C. B. Tidmarsh, G Lough, W. A. Young, David D. O. Mountfield, J. Douglas, J. K. Dyer, J. Prentis, A. Rose, E. H. Strange, C. E. Garrett, H. C. Armitage, R. J. Spink, C. D. Dowding, G. L. Vigers, H. S. Thompson, A. W. G. Oliver, F. C. White, Alex. J. Duncan, C. S. Milledge, Violet Brown, Clifford Southall, Dudley G. Buxton, J. Donald Hughes.

No. V.—"Sphinx's Puzzles." (*Vide* "CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," p. 464.)

No. VI.—Best Musical Setting of "The Postboy's Song."

£1 1s. divided between: AMY GARRAWAY, 36, Beversbrook Road, Tufnell Park, Holloway; and MORELLA HAMER, "Bryn Hyfryd," Twthill, Carnarvon, N. Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: SADIE HARBISON, "Roskeen," Rosetta Park, Belfast; and George D. CUNNINGHAM, 43, Westbere Road, West Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. D. Flavill, Beatrice Craik, J. F. Staton.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Strand," "Wide World," or "Captain."

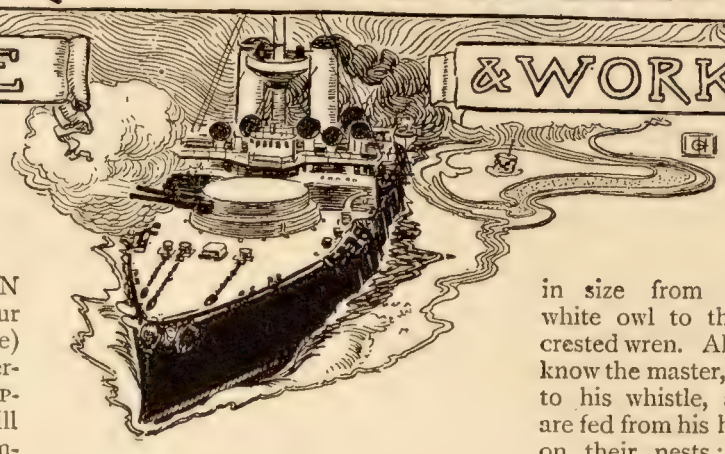
Photograph by Bremner, *Banff.*

DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

Author of "A Roving Commission."—(See "Editorial.")

DR GORDON STABLES, R.N.

HIS LIFE & WORK.



By W. W. Mayland.

DOCTOR GORDON STABLES has (your editor informs me) written a remarkably powerful sea story for THE CAPTAIN, and as this story will begin in the October number, I am about to herald its approach by telling you all about this popular yarn-spinner—about his career, his books, his "gipsy life," and the man himself.

Of course, I wanted to "discover" the doctor at home, and find out a little more about his remarkable life and adventures than tradition and *Who's who?* had already given us. I wanted to interview him. Nothing could be easier, I told myself. Drop a post-card to Twyford, Berks, and follow it up next day. A fast train from Paddington, a fly to "The Jungle," and the thing would be done, and my hero would be awaiting me at his own gates. My fly dropped me right under a row of splendid limes, that fronts an old-fashioned, two-winged house, buried in wisteria and ivy, and lying well back from the road. Carriage-drive in front, but one gate locked, because Newfoundland dogs, backed by St. Bernards and Great Danes, have an ugly habit of eating unwary strangers up.

I was kindly received, and ushered into a large and beautifully-furnished double drawing-room, the great French windows communicating with well-treed lawns and shrubberies. Plenty of evidence of the doctor here, but no doctor himself.

"The Jungle" is well-named, for in its gardens, lawns, and orchards grow almost every tree you could name, and yonder long row of lordly poplar trees can be seen all over Berkshire. "The Jungle" is a "wildery" and a birds' home *par excellence*. Over thirty different species of wild birds build and sing here in spring and summer, varying in size from the great white owl to the golden-crested wren. All the birds know the master, and come to his whistle, and some are fed from his hand, even on their nests; while in winter hundreds come for their daily dole. Wandering through the grounds with one of the doctor's sons I came to a cosy corner, where, each with a slab at its grave-head, on which are printed loving words, sleep beneath the brown-stemmed, waving pine trees, the doctor's favourite dogs. Among others the famous champion Newfoundland, "Theodore Nero," the champion collie, "Eily," and many other noted dogs of the day. The most recent grave is that of his celebrated and most beautiful St. Bernard, "Fair Helen of Troy," or "Lassie." She died last year, though young, and her death almost broke her master's heart. For years she had been his caravan guard and pet, and had even saved his life.

And this charming little bungalow, far down in the orchard, is the doctor's wigwam, in which he has in twenty years' time written over one hundred books. While hard at work in winter, it is his habit to rise at 4.30 a.m., have his cold tub, no matter how hard the frost may be, and get away down to his wigwam, where he works all day long at the open window, for this wiry Scot never goes near a fire. If snow has begun to fall the night before, he places a huge broom handy and sweeps himself down next morning (70yds. or more) to the mound on which the wigwam stands.

"But where is the doctor?" I asked.

"Oh, away on the road in his caravan!" replied my guide.

"A holiday cruise?"

"Well, yes; but he will be working nearly all the time, correcting proofs, completing books,

THIS IS "THE JUNGLE": DR. GORDON STABLES' RESIDENCE AT TWYFORD, BERKS.

writing for the magazines, sketching from Nature, and—and—everything."

From the serious way the boy pronounced the last word it was evident he was considerably impressed with his versatile father's working capabilities.

Well, at "The Jungle"—this beautiful green nest—anyone could be happy; but I wanted to see the bird himself, though all I could get was a clue—he was not going to caravan a thousand miles this year, only about five hundred, and he might be in Cambridge, and round that way; he might be found in the Fenlands, hunted down on the Norfolk Broads, or caught by the sea or elsewhere.

I am not easily disheartened, and, like the doctor himself, I am a cyclist.

"I will run the doctor to earth," said I.

But our "Gentleman Gipsy" had a long start of me. So the race began. He had been heard of at Peterboro', with his huge land yacht and noble horses; he was traced North and West Grantham-way, then he was lost in Lincolnshire, but faithfully followed through most of its lovely scenery, along its devious lanes, with their hedges of silver may and golden furse and broom. I nearly caught him at Skegness, and again at Wainfleet, Horncastle, Boston, and Donnington, but he dodged and doubled so, and never left word where he was going; through the Fenlands, and on to Lynn and Wells-next-Sea; all through Norfolk, till at North Walsham the scent grew hot, and when I sighted a cosy little camp at Mundesley-on-Sea, with the caravan itself, a tent, and a bungalow, I vaulted right off my "bike," tossed my dusty cap in the air, and shouted "Eureka!"

The meadow in which the "Wanderer Camp" stood was, on this bright day in July, starred over with goldie locks and ox-eye daisies, and gemmed with many a wild flower; hedges, banks, and trees around; the snow-white tent, the little bungalow, and the beautiful caravan—just the cosy spot to please a naturalist! Sunshine over everything; woods and cliffs in the distance; old-fashioned brick houses shimmering red through banks of foliage, and the sea moaning and sobbing at the foot of the cliff and within a stone's throw of the camp.

A little footpath went winding—the doctor would not have it straight—up through the meadow and a-down this, as I advanced, came

marching a tall figure in the Highland dress and tartan of his clan—the Gordons of Strathspey. In his hand a bundle of proofs, and gambling around him a beautiful flat-coated retriever, and a very knowing-looking black-and-tan terrier.

"Can you spare an hour to chat, doctor?" I asked, after introducing myself.

"Oh, yes, most certainly," he said, laughing, "and I can give you tea on the grass, and camp bread-and-butter, cut thick, you know."

This gallant naval surgeon is never averse to talking. His smile is not a made one, but takes complete possession for the time being of his whole face and the eyes from which the soul beams.

A man whom children, dogs, cats, and everything else that lives, all love, must have some good in him. He can spin you yarns for a whole night; and the fairy tales, all made on the spur of the moment, which he tells to any child he takes on his knee, soon make it very round-eyed indeed.

"Another cup? Yes, thanks; but this summer life of yours on the road surely is idyllic, doctor!"

"There is no other name for it," he says. "I'm the inventor of this caravan, and have travelled all over Great Britain for a dozen of years. Like to have a peep at our interior?"

He led the way up the back steps. The carriage, from stem to stern, measures about 20ft. by 7ft. You pass through the after cabin first, which does duty as pantry, kitchen, and spare bedroom. It is most complete, and is separated from the main saloon by folding doors prettily curtained. The saloon itself puts one in mind of the interior of a house-boat. It is a study in upholstery; everything is dainty and pretty, yet small; bookcase, table, china-cupboard, musical instruments, sofa and chairs, with curtains of crimson and orange; but the saloon can in five minutes' time be turned into a charming bedroom. The verandah is broad and wide, and at night is closed in with canvas—a third bedroom, usually occupied by a very large and beautiful dog. As the doctor lies in the most lonely situations at night, always stabling his horses, but sleeping in the caravan on grass, and never in a yard, both the dog and

THIS IS THE "WIGWAM" IN "THE JUNGLE" GROUNDS, WHERE THE DOCTOR WROTE "A ROVING COMMISSION" FOR "THE CAPTAIN."

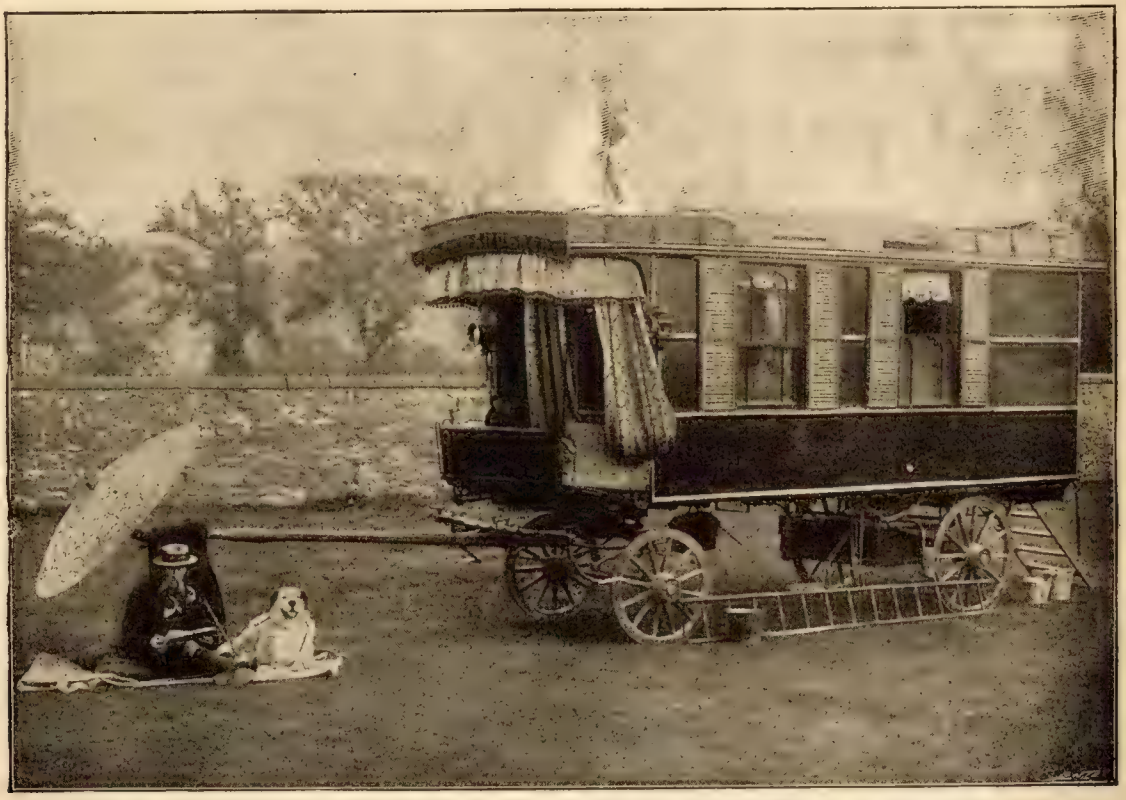
his trusty revolvers have more than once stood him in good stead.

"What first put the idea of gipsying into your head, doctor?"

"Well, some men are born wanderers, I suppose; but when only a child, and living in Scottish wilds, I used to positively envy the gipsy children I used to see leaning over the windows or doors of their caravans, and when I was put on sick leave from the Service and couldn't afford a yacht at sea, I took to literature and a land yacht, and I have never repented my choice of either. I have been twenty years a professional writer; but I wrote verses when eleven—just hymns, songs, and such like, you know. Later on, at fifteen or sixteen, I was writing things for the newspapers. I figure in Edwards' book as one of the modern Scottish poets—but there are tons of us. Yes, I love music; who that is fond of Nature does not? I ought to have stuck to my first love, the fiddle—but I have flirted with half-a-dozen other instruments. Dabbled in painting, too."

I think I had better give you here a sketch of the doctor's doings, so that you may know all about the man I was taking tea with.

Well, Dr. Gordon Stables was born at a pretty place called Aberchirder, in Banffshire, notable for the fact that from that village the first free minister left the Scottish Kirk. When Gordon was three years old, his father, having purchased some property in Aberdeenshire, quitted Aberchirder, and, there being no school in the neighbourhood, he got others to join him and founded one. It was good enough for children, but when Gordon was nine he was flogged until he was half dead for some childish antic. He was then taken away and sent to the parish school. Here he commenced his classical education, it being intended by his parents that he should eventually "wag his pow" in a pulpit. The school was a flogging one indoors and a fighting one in the play-ground. Often the teacher caned the whole school. But if Gordon Stables grew strong in fists, he also grew strong in intellect. The distance to school was three miles and a bittock, over a rough country. He took his time on the road, but



THIS IS THE "WANDERER CAMP" ON THE NORFOLK COAST. THE DOCTOR SPENDS HIS SUMMER MONTHS IN THIS "HOME ON WHEELS."

carrying a burden of books, including a Latin and a Greek lexicon, through summer's sun and winter's snow, was, for a boy of ten, a tough job. However, he bore it without flinching, and although a love of Nature was probably born in him, there is no doubt that in these journeys to and fro he found ample scope for its development. He was a more practical naturalist at twelve than many men of forty, and though he knew no classification, he was familiar with the habits of every creature of the wilds that crept or crawled or swam or flew. But when he was thirteen, his country life ended, and he was sent to study at the grammar school of Aberdeen. He subsequently entered the University, and after three years' classical education doffed the scarlet toga. He refused, however, to be elevated to the pulpit. He was afraid to face its responsibilities. Thanks to his parents' teaching, he was early and deeply imbued with religion, and did not think himself "good enough for a clergyman." Gordon Stables wished to be a soldier, and had the offer of a cadetship; but his mother objected, and, like a dutiful son, he gave way. He abandoned the lance and adopted the lancet. Even as a medical student his love for a roving life impelled him to visit the Arctic regions on two occasions. Having finished his medical education, he took to sea in earnest, and in ten years obtained a fair insight into naval life in many lands. When he was thirty-three, he was invalided on half pay, and, getting married two years later, settled down—as far as there is any settle in an incorrigible rover. Finding young children rise up around him, and that his half pay barely supported him, Dr. Stables began to consider how he could supplement his income. In a happy moment for the public, and for himself, he decided to try his hand at literature. When he arrived at this determination, he had written a book called "Medical Life in the Navy," but his knowledge of the conditions of literary success was strictly limited. He supplies a striking proof in support of the contention that previous training is not invariably necessary for authorship. He had scarcely any of the disappointments beginners usually suffer. At the outset his copy was accepted. *Chambers' Journal* was his literary father; then Cassell took him up; and, since, a great many others. The author has written, in twenty years, 105 books in all, mostly bulky, including books on popular medicine and science; books on tea, on cycling, baths, novels; boys' books of adventure; books on dogs, cats, and all the domestic animals, etc., etc. He writes for about a dozen London magazines, and contributes a weekly column to the National Press Agency on "Health and Home," etc.

THIS IS H.M.S. *Captain*, WHICH "TURNED TURTLE" IN THE BAY OF BISCAY.
But for a fluke, the doctor would have been serving as surgeon in her when she went down.

Dr. Gordon Stables attributes what he modestly calls "his little success" in the literary world to his love of Nature, and the quiet country, and to hard work. But he also owes a great deal to the conviction that he writes as he feels—that he will always stick up for children, and fight the battles of the lower animals against the tyrannical and selfish members of the human species. It is one of the great merits of his books that they are as healthy in tone as they are full of fun and animation.

"That first book of mine," the doctor put in, "was written while I was on leave. Officers are not supposed to write on Service matters. I wrote *too* much as I felt just then, and slated and chaffed my superiors. with the result I was

not appointed to the *Captain*, as I expected to be. But, as you know, the *Captain* turned turtle in the Bay of Biscay, going down with all hands. If my first book was not a literary success, therefore, it succeeded in saving my life.

"My method of writing? I have none. My ideas of a coming book are jotted down in one of the bairn's exercise books. They are without form and void, but from this chaos the book evolves itself. I write very rapidly. 'Out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh,' you know. My best works, therefore, are those which have taken me the least time to write, and in which I have taken the greatest pleasure.

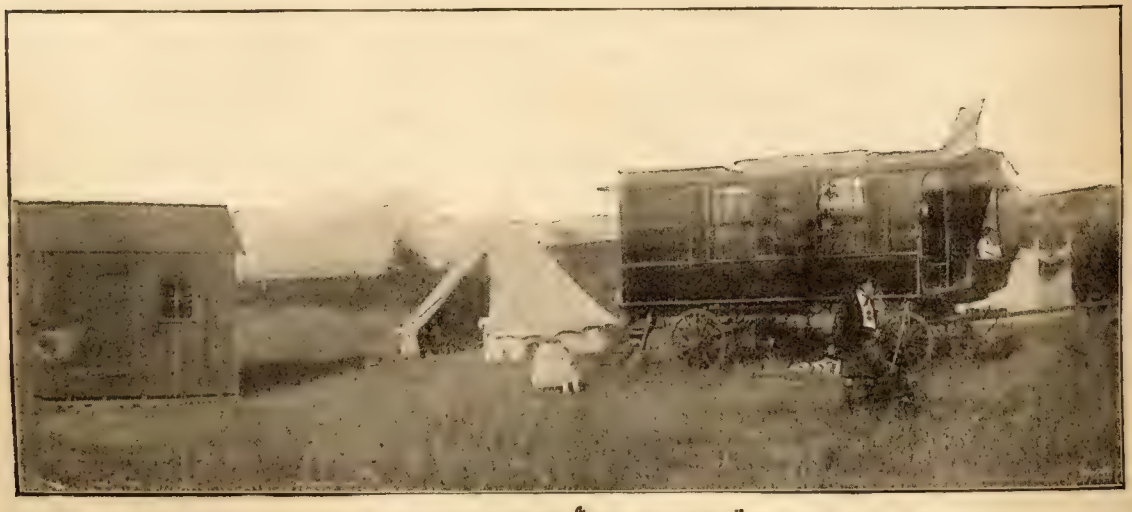
"Certainly, I have travelled a deal. Naval officers see the world thoroughly, and probably my knowledge of tropical and Arctic regions and sea life gives an atmosphere of reality to my stories. Moreover, I am a practical sailor, not a theoretical one. You cannot write well on that which you have to get up for the occasion.

"Oh, I entered the Service about the close of the great war between the American Federals and Confederates. I fear we British rather favoured the latter. In South Africa we were chummy ships with the *Alabama*, the *Georgia*, and *Florida*—all pirate ships, you might say. I knew Semmes well—a little pompous, but a good man, and brave. I knew Llewellyn, of course; he was the surgeon who went down with the ship rather than endanger the lives of the wounded. I think it may interest some of your young readers to know how we young fellows of H.M.S. *Penguin*—or two of us, at all events, saved the *Alabama* once. She was lying in Simon's Town, when word came that the big Federal, *Vanderbilt*, who could have blown her sky-high, was coming in to look for her. As fast as a fleet boat could pull, we conveyed the information to Semmes, and he was off in an hour. When the *Vanderbilt* came in, we told the lieutenant the *Alabama* had not long sailed for Teneriffe, and she went off next. Back came the *Alabama*, and we had real jolly times of it for a fortnight after. The *Alabama* had sixty four chronometers on board at that time; she took the chronometer from every vessel she destroyed, just as hunters take the tail of every unhappy fox they run to ground. It was fine fun, but rough on the Federals.

"We did a deal of cruising in the Indian Ocean, our headquarters being Zanzibar. We were for ever in chase of slavers, day and night; in a manner of speaking, the *Penguin* was a pirate, and the Arabs would any day rather have seen the devil. My adventures at sea and land are, of course, too numerous to tell. When I write my 'Auto.' it will be a strange book."

"And this story you have written specially for THE CAPTAIN?"

"'A Roving Commission'? Well, I mustn't puff my own wares, but I can tell you that I have taken more trouble over 'A Roving Commission' than I have over any other tale of a like nature. You see, it concerns naval warfare of to-day, and a big man-o'-war is such a stupendous affair, that one has to be very accurate and 'well-up' in all that concerns her, if one pens a romance around her. Well—if it don't get right hold of every laddie that reads it, I'll—*I'll eat my head!*"



ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE WANDERER."

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOLS

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL & BOAT-HOUSE

MERCHANT TAYLOR'S SCHOOL LONDON

OSWESTRY SCHOOL

BATLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

HULME GRAMMAR SCHOOL MANCHESTER

R. D. GOSSOP

By Walter Foster.

Illustrations by George Hawley.

IT was on the homeward voyage from Muskat that Kirby picked up the silver disc with its cryptic inscription.

The *Aztec* had worked down to the latitude of Ras al Had, when she was overtaken by a regular gale. As it reached the full force of its fury, a dhow was sighted ahead, flying signals of distress, and, as it proved, not without cause, for, in one of her dips into the hollow of a sea, she failed to come up again. The *Aztec* stood on her original course, which chanced to bring her directly over the spot where the dhow had foundered—a fact testified to by the quantity of floating *débris* still eddying about. With the single exception of an eastern-looking mariner, lashed to a spar, all the dhow's people had been sucked down in her descent. At great personal risk, the sailor was got aboard, though, as it turned out, to little purpose. He was too far gone then to pull through, and ere he could be taken below, he drew his last breath.

In one of his pockets a few saturated papers sufficed to fix his identity; and Kirby discovered that the fellow was no other than Ali Merdan, a name he was familiar with from hearsay as belonging to the most daring and successful pirate affecting the Persian Gulf and Ocean. Besides the papers, he found, suspended round his neck, the disc of silver already referred to. The cryptograph was rudely engraved in three lines across the centre of the medal, and ran as under:—

The Raisin; flowing-sheet; shurquee;
The Lion; one hour; *n. w.*; fire-altar;
101 paces, Blue Stone.

Not much sense or coherency in those words, apparently, yet Kirby was satisfied they were not the meaningless jumble they were made to appear. So he set his wits to work to try to solve the enigma. The only word conveying any definite meaning was "shurquee." This was the denomination of a periodical wind blowing in the Persian Gulf for a space of three months from the south-east.

After puzzling a long time over the "Raisin," he finally decided it signified the island of Kishmis, which, being interpreted, means raisin. "Flowing sheet" and "shurqee" evidently claimed affinity. These three words gave him a start. Approach the island of Kishmis, during the shurquee, with flowing sheet—*i.e.*, from the south-east. The "Lion," he concluded, was inanimate, probably some point of rock or cliff bearing a strong resemblance to the king of beasts. Next there was "one hour." Out in those parts of the globe, he knew, they had a method of computing distance by time—an hour being something between three and four miles. Very well. Starting from the Lion, proceed three or four miles in a *north-easterly* direction, when the *fire-altar* will come in sight. These fire-altars, so far as his knowledge of them went, were simply rectangular columns of stone, and generally isolated. The 101 paces represented the radius of a circle, with the fire-altar for its centre. At some point on the circumference of that circle, the "Blue Stone" would fall. The essence of the cryptograph centred in the "Blue Stone," for he was morally certain it marked the site of the dead pirate's treasure. Of course, he determined to have a search for it.

By the strength of his faith in the thing, he easily convinced others of its probability, and prevailed on two of his old school-fellows, Tom Hillary and Matthew Storm, to accompany him on his next voyage East; to participate in the hunt, and share in the spoils—if any.

At Gombroon, the *Aztec* was placed in the hands of the agents there, and Kirby was, for the time being, his own master. Chartering a small sloop, called the *Pasheh*, and suitably fitting her out, they set sail. It was then the season of the shurquee, and no difficulty was experienced in making the south-east of Kishmis with a "flowing sheet." They skirted along the coast-line little more than a league, when, their luck being auspicious, the "Lion" (*couchant*) was seen to rise out of the surf in the form of a great hummock of rock, jutting into the sea from the cliff-foot.

An exultant cheer broke from the throats of the three adventurers as the sight burst simultaneously on their vision; and, with feverish impatience, the little *Pasheh* was headed for the landmark.

There was neither town nor hamlet to be seen: the country appeared to be deserted—a circumstance affording them unmitigated satisfaction, inasmuch as they would be able to carry out their operations unseen and unmolested.

Entering a miniature bay, they sprang ashore and moored the sloop. They had brought with them a small tilt-cart in sections, and this they at once proceeded to put together. Then, throwing in spades and mattocks and a few other articles, they took their bearings from the Lion Rock, and got under weigh. They had not advanced more than a mile on their way when their early impressions regarding the desertedness of the country underwent a change; and they began to suspect that the little business they wished to transact would not prove quite such plain sailing as first appearances had led them to expect.

"What the deuce are those conical things dodging about behind those rocks and hillocks, George?" asked Hillary, alluding to certain mysterious little tufts which kept momentarily revealing themselves on their flanks and in advance.

"Conical things, Tom?" replied Kirby, with an annoyed look, coming to a halt with the cart. "Why, turbans."

"Turbans!" echoed Hillary, stamping with vexation. "Then we're watched, confound it?"

"Yes, Tom; worse luck. I'm afraid the Imaum of Muskat, or one of his satellites, has got wind of our intention to visit the island, and, wishing to know the reason, has preceded us with a few trusty spies. These Arabs are subtle beggars, and scent jiggery-pokery out of sight. Still, I guess we're not going to be beaten by a set of almond-coloured Orientals. What's to be done? Our plans must be reconstructed, that's certain. To openly prosecute the affair now that we are watched is not to be thought of for a moment. 'Twould merely be digging up the treasure (if there) for the benefit of the greedy Imaum. We must devise some scheme to bamboozle the swabs. . . . . Now, Hillary?"

Hillary stroked his nose a bit. "Couldn't we have come for geological specimens, or something o' that sort?" he suggested, presently. "There are a couple of small hammers in the cart. You and Storm get 'em out and begin to smite the rocks and quartz, and I'll bring up the rear with the waggon. How does that strike you?"

"It's as feasible as anything we can do under the circumstances, Tom," rejoined Kirby, reflectively. "It all depends whether we can tire out their patience. Let's hope the beggars are acquainted with the mineral-hunting genus. Either way, it's that or nothing!"

No genuine devotee of the science hammered and chipped and prodded with greater ostensible enthusiasm than did Kirby and his fellow-humbug. At the same time they bent their apparently careless course always north-west; and ere long a solitary column of granite or marble reared its lonely head above the surrounding plain—a sight which nearly threw them off their decorous deportment. Here, indubitably, was the fire altar, the goal of their pilgrimage! the vicinage of Ali Merdan's treasure—if it had existence!

How eager they were to ascertain straight away whether such were the case or not; and how those wretched turbans hanging on their flank inexorably forbade such a course! As no amount of geologising seemed to cause the spies' vigilance to relax, the disgusted trio had, perforce, to retrace their steps to the *Pasheh*.

The next day's doings proved another failure; the Arabs sticking to them like leeches. Hillary, who could ill brook delay or opposition, grew desperate, and proposed ignoring "the skunks" altogether, go through with the thing overtly, and risk the consequences. But Kirby shook his head, very decidedly."

"We must combat cunning and suspicion," he replied, "with bluff. Our geologising *ruse* has failed in its object, I admit, but I have an idea that we shall succeed in getting to windward of the land rats before long. Listen to me, my friends, and tell me what you think of this," and here, fearing, perchance, lest the ubiquitous

spies should overhear and understand, he whispered for a few seconds in his companions' ears. Grins of intense gratification spread over the erstwhile gloomy countenances of Messrs. Hillary & Storm, and the skipper was the recipient of a couple of hearty slaps on the back. With inward chuckles of enjoyment, they set forth for the fire-altar for the third time.

The turbaned gentlemen were becoming somewhat bored of watching the three idiots trailing the inevitable tilt-cart after them. They considered they must have gathered plenty of clippings to ballast the sloop. Still, they'd had their orders to watch the Britishers and dare not disobey them.

On this day, however, the monotony of the usual order of things was suddenly changed. The trio had come within a few score yards of the fire-altar, gathering mineral specimens with redoubled ardour, when one was observed to stagger, clutch at his heart, and sprawl lifelessly on the ground. With every token of solicitude and alarm, his friends ran to his assistance. Bringing him beneath the shade of the little cart, they propped up his head with hastily-improvised pillows, and, after a short confab, one raced back to the sloop. Three-quarters of an hour later he returned, carrying a neat mahogany case, which the Arabs rightly conjectured to be a small medicine chest. The box was opened, and several bottles and phials taken out; and from three or four of these, a carefully-measured draught was mixed and administered to the sick man. After this his companions watched him in intense anxiety. The spies watched also, curious to note the outcome of the geologist's struggle with death, although not much concerned as to the result. A couple of hours dragged away, and, judging from the ominous whisperings and dismal looks of the "doctors," it was pretty evident that matters were going but badly with the patient. As time went on, these indications became more and more portentous, and finally culminated in the laying of a white sheet or cloth over the recumbent figure on the grass. A sure sign, this, even to the Arabs! They bore up well, however, and waited with considerable interest for the next act.

THE ARABS STICKING TO THEM LIKE LEECHES.

It soon followed.

As soon as the acute poignancy of their grief

and emotion had subsided sufficiently to allow of their carrying out the last solemn rites required of them by their departed comrade, the two dived beneath the tilt of the cart, and brought forth the implements necessary to execute their mournful task. In little more than an hour the sun would set, so that if they intended finishing their labours in daylight, they'd have to work with expedition.

Where would they inter their friend? the Arabs wondered. Ah! those Westerners were rather peculiar in their notions regarding burial. Apparently, they were not in the habit of selecting a spot haphazard in their country. They seemed to have ideas of exactitude combined with all due ceremony. It was really amusing to watch them. To begin with, it appeared essential that the grave should be near a conspicuous object, and not that only, but at a specific distance from it. One of the grave-diggers went up to the fire-altar holding the end of a cord in his hand, while his companion, running out with the other end till the line became tight, began slowly to walk round the column, after the manner of a mill-horse. solemnly cleaving the air with his free arm, and muttering volubly the while. Howbeit, his eyes were turned persistently earthwards.

Having circumambulated the altar once, he, on the second journey, dug his heel deeply into the turf close to a bluish-coloured stone, and went on again. This mummery concluded, they set to work with pick and shovel, excavating the soil round the blue stone.

By this time the spies had seen enough, and rapidly slunk away, leaving the Westerners to bury their dead in peace.

For so melancholy an office, the grave-diggers (Kirby and Hillary, to wit) seemed in particularly good spirits; their smothered laughs and chuckles often causing them to choke and catch their breath in a manner necessitating a temporary cessation of their labours.

"Think they've any suspicion of the genuineness of the business, George?" asked Hillary, in a low voice.

"Quite sure they haven't," was the response. "In fact, I don't suppose one of the swabs is concerning himself about us by this" (darkness had now settled on the scene). "They'll be extra keen in the morning, though."

"Let 'em" replied Hillary.

"We shall have to light the dark lantern, Tom," continued Kirby. "We can't work in

"IT S PRECIOUS STONES OR A FRAUD, GEORDY, MY LAD," CRIED HILLARY, PANTING WITH EXCITEMENT.

this darkness." The lantern was trimmed and lit, and the work resumed.

"We're getting down now, old man," said Hillary, anon. "Phew! but I'm feeling horribly excited, George, d'ye know. What if there should be nothing after all, eh?"

"I shall be just as disappointed as yourself, Tom, if that's any consolation. A few seconds more will settle the question one way or the other, that's one comfort."

"Great thunderbolts, Geordy!" suddenly ejaculated the other, "my pick-point was deadened and stopped against *something* that stroke, sure as you're born. Turn the lantern this way. We're getting warm, as the children say at home. Go it, man; shovel out the dirt! Faster, faster! I can't stand this much longer, by Jove! There it is again. You heard that yourself? Iron, iron, iron! there's no mistaking the sound, even when embedded in the earth. Ah! there we are. Look! there's the top of it—a small casket. Dear old Ali! Five minutes more, and we'll have it up. Just loosen the soil all round it, and it'll come like a pannikin out of a bung-hole." Come it did—a strong iron box, less than a foot long, and some 7ins. or 8ins. wide, by 4ins. or 5ins. deep.

"It's precious stones or a fraud, Geordy, my lad," cried Hillary, panting with exertion and excitement. "I'm feeling thoroughly sick with hope and doubt and impatience. Still, I reckon it wouldn't be prudent to attempt opening it until we get aboard the *Pasheh* and well out at sea."

Hastily filling in the "grave," and beating the earth flat, they shoved the casket and digging implements into the cart, *whereupon the corpse rose to its feet and crawled under the tilt after box and tools!*

When daylight returned, the spies were once more on the prowl. But the sloop had just hoisted sail, and was beginning to effect an offing. This, however, did not surprise them, having regard to what had happened the previous afternoon; but when they counted *three* men aboard her, their faces suddenly lengthened. Bitterly chagrined, they knew intuitively that they had been "done" somehow, and not for nothing. Running wildly up and down the beach, they uttered piercing cries of rage and vexation; but beyond politely acknowledging these little attentions with grave inclinations of the head, Kirby & Company declined to come back.

As to their find, it proved a big one. Ali Merdan's treasure consisted of precious stones, both polished and uncut, and realised so splendid a figure on disposal that each man was placed in comfortable affluence for the rest of his days.

MORE SCHOOL FOOTBALL RESULTS.

SEASON 1899-1900. FINAL LIST.

RUGBY.

SCHOOL.	Matches				Points For	Points Against
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn		
Giggleswick	11	9	1	1	?	?
Leamington	7	3	4	0	?	?
Sedbergh	8	2	4	2	?	?
Wellington	9	3	6	0	70	108

ASSOCIATION.

SCHOOL.	Matches				Goals For	Goals Against
	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn		
Ackworth	23	12	8	3	74	68
Birmingham (King Edward's School)	18	9	8	1	?	?
Charterhouse	22	13	7	2	63	40
Ipswich	15	12	1	2	86	41
Malvern	8	6	2	0	21	15
Pocklington	7	3	2	2	?	?
Rossall	14	5	6	3	47	42
Sexey's School, Bruton	14	8	4	2	49	28

SOME VEXED QUESTIONS.

By C. B. Fry.

HERE are several points which are continually turning up and causing disputes.

Do runs made by an overthrow count to the batsman, or as extras, or what? I cannot understand why there should be any doubt about it. They count to the batsman, exactly as if they came from a hit out of the ground. Suppose you play a ball towards cover-point and run one, and cover, with the idea of running you out (which he won't, if you have not hesitated or danced first one way and then the other), has a tremendous fling at the wicket, and the ball misses it and goes to the boundary—you score five runs. The other day at Lord's, when the net round the ground was in use, Mr. S. H. Wood, of Derbyshire, played a ball past point; the ball just reached the boundary net, counting two, meanwhile the batsmen had run two, making four: the fieldsman who went after the ball thought he could run Mr. Wood out, so he shied at the wicket with all his might; the ball this time went to long-leg, reached the net, counting two again; meanwhile, the batsman had managed to run four more, making ten in all. So Mr. Wood

SCORED TEN FOR HIS STROKE.

You remember that when the M.C.C. tried the experiment of having a net round the ground, there were no boundaries, the ball being in play as long as it did not go over the net, but if it hit the net the batsman got a bonus of two runs. Once, in an inter-college match, I hit a ball bowled by Mr. F. A. Phillips, now of Somersetshire (or rather just at present of the Somersetshire Yeomanry at the Cape); it went to long-leg, across two other grounds, and we ran eight; then there was an overthrow into a hedge which counted four, so I got twelve. That was the first ball I had—Phillips clean bowled me with his next ball—this was the fastest bit of scoring I have ever done. One ball, twelve runs.

If a batsman, whilst running between the wickets, happens to hit the wicket with his bat, can he be out; if so, how? The answer is: No, no-how. You are not out unless you knock the bails off actually in the action of playing the ball, in which case, whether you break the wicket with your bat, foot, shirt, hat, or any part of yourself, you are out hit wicket. Having once finished your stroke.

YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO KNOCK DOWN YOUR OWN WICKET

or the wicket the other end without incurring any penalty. There have been some funny incidents connected with hit wicket. Once, at the Oval, a batsman—Mr. Jephson, I think—had his bat broken in half by a fast ball; part of the bat was knocked into the wicket; the batsman was given out hit wicket. The case caused much discussion; but I consider the umpire was right. If the batsman had let the whole of his bat fly out of his hand into the wicket in making the stroke he would have been out; so, if he let half his bat go it would count the same. Of course, it was very hard luck. Here is a different case: Suppose in playing back you step within an inch or so of your wicket, finish your stroke without disturbing the wicket, but in starting to run your foot slips back and breaks the wicket, you are not out—at least the umpire would be wrong to give you out. This thing has happened to me twice: Once at Brighton, playing for Oxford against Sussex, I stepped back and hit one of old Humphrey's lobs hard to leg; the ground was wet and slippery and in starting to run my foot slid back and just knocked off the leg-bail. Curiously enough, the square-leg umpire was ducking his head to avoid the ball, and the bowler's umpire was watching to see whether the ball would reach the boundary. Consequently, neither could give a decision at all.

BUT I WAS NOT OUT.

At Lord's, in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match, the other day, I did the same thing, but my foot was closer to the wicket, and I broke the wicket in turning, immediately after hitting; so the umpire thought I had broken the wicket in making the stroke, and gave me out. In the very next match I played, against Surrey, I had made about 180, when, in playing a slow bowler, I stepped against the leg-stump, pressed it back about 3ins., but did not remove the bail!

If a bowler takes a wicket with the seventh ball of an over, has the batting side the right to appeal? This is rather a tough 'un. Of course the question is put badly. Anyone may appeal whensoever and on whatever point he likes; but what is meant is, would the umpire be right in giving the man "not out"? There is no rule bearing directly on the point. One rule says the over is to consist of six balls;

another, that the umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play. If the batsman, being bowled by the seventh ball, appeals to the umpire, there is nothing to prevent the umpire giving him "not out," if, on consulting the scorers, he finds he has made a mistake, for there is no direct rule bearing on the point; and even if there was, the umpire is perfectly at liberty to give the man "not out," for he is the

SOLE JUDGE OF FAIR AND UNFAIR PLAY,

and also can alter his decision if he likes. On the other hand, the umpire need not consult the scorer. He would not give a seventh ball in the over except by mistake, and he would be quite within his rights to stick to his opinion that only six had been bowled. If the umpire gives twelve balls, fancying they are only six, six they are in law. But there is a further point: the batsman must have known before the seventh ball was bowled that the umpire should have called over after the previous ball; then is the time to draw the umpire's attention to the error. If I were the umpire who gave seven balls by mistake, of which the seventh got a wicket, I should give the man "out." I should do this as a matter of equity, because suppose the batsman had scored four off the seventh ball, he would have said nothing about it. Even then, however, the case is a little askew, because the fielding side might appeal against the runs being scored. The umpire could, of course, annul the runs. But I hold that the appeal, if made, should be made before the seventh ball is delivered or not at all; and if the case occurred to me as umpire, I should stick to the seventh ball being included in the over.

THERE IS NO RULE TO PREVENT AN UMPIRE COUNTING FOUR AND THREE AS SIX.

May the umpire call "over" whilst the bowler is delivering the seventh ball? Yes, certainly. This might occur easily enough, for it might dawn on the umpire that he had made an error, and he could nullify it as long as he had not called "over," or, I fancy, according to the rule, even after calling "over."

Here is another problem case that I saw occur. The batsman played back to a bumping ball in such a manner that the ball fell from his bat inside his crease, and was going first-bounce into his wicket; but with a very quick twist of the wrist he cut the ball clear of the stumps, straight into short-slip's hands—the thing occurred in a twinkling. The fieldsmen sat down glad, for the man had made 160, but the man prepared to bat again. Then with a laugh the bowler appealed, but to his chagrin the umpire said "not out."

The umpire was right—the ball had hit the ground. There was a great discussion afterwards. Some thought the man should have been given "out"

BECAUSE HE WAS DEFENDING HIS WICKET,

but this is wrong. The batsman would not have been allowed to take any runs for the second stroke, suppose it had gone to the boundary, so clearly he could not be caught off it; since the ball had already hit the ground, it was just as if it had gone first bounce to a fielder. The only way the batsman could have been fairly "out" would have been if, on hitting the ball the second time, he had started to run: for he is allowed to hit the ball twice only with one idea, viz.: the defence of his wicket, and if he tries to run for his second stroke, he is clearly doing more than merely defending his wicket.

Rather a funny case was mentioned to me lately. A batsman hit a ball for three; on finishing the third run, he found the ball had been thrown in along the ground to the bowler's wicket, where he, of course, was then located; in sheer joy and lightheartedness he hit the ball away to the out-field. He was given out. It was contended that this was an incorrect decision on the ground that, though he hit the ball twice, he did not attempt to run after the second stroke. Not so; the umpire was right. The rule stands thus: "The striker is out if the ball be struck or be stopped by any part of his person and

HE WILFULLY STRIKE IT AGAIN,

except it be done for the purpose of guarding his wicket." Now, the batsman clearly could not be guarding his wicket when he had got to the bowler's end, so he was out right enough; unless the umpire regarded his hitting the ball as an involuntary action.

In another match the bowler sent down a ball which hit the batsman on the leg, and claimed for l.-b.-w. This claim was disallowed. As the ball lay on the ground the batsman purposely hit it out of his crease with the bat; he did not attempt a run; but he was given out. The batsman disputed the decision on the ground that he did not run. Now, this case was clearly one for the umpire's discretion. If the batsman was not guarding his wicket, he was out. But the probability is that the umpire, under the circumstances, could not possibly be sure that the batsman was not afraid the ball might roll into his wicket; I do not consider the

umpire was right to have given him out. It is worth noticing, that there is nothing said in the Laws of Cricket about "attempting to run." The point is, is the second stroke made to guard the wicket or not? Now, if the batsman tries to run, he clearly is doing more than guarding his wicket. But, if he does not attempt to run, how on earth can the umpire be sure the second stroke is not made under the impression, however absurdly mistaken, that the ball might run on to the wicket? Hence the attempt to run is in practice taken as the criterion of the batsman's intentions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. Dixie. Glad to hear you like THE CAPTAIN and intend to patronise us. Just recommend the publication to your friends, of all sorts and ages. A cricket bat should be oiled two or three times a week in summer and once a month in winter. But bats differ: some need more oil than others. If you examine the wood you can detect at once whether it is dry or not. A bat of 2lbs. 4ozs. should suit you admirably. The one you mention is excellent. No, I do not think smoking is liable to make you lose weight. Smoking when too young is very bad for the heart; but at your age, unless indulged in to excess, I do not think it need hurt you. **A. R. Henry.**—I do not think there is a Middlesex County Club which can be joined by members who do not play for the county. Lord's ground and pavilion belong to the M.C.C., and Middlesex only uses it by arrangement. You had better write to the secretary of the Middlesex Club and find out whether there are any non-playing members. **Gillingham.**—Your case is dealt with above. The umpire was quite wrong. **E. G. Davies.**—Your measurements are all right. You are a growing person; I see no reason why you should not reach 6ft.; your careful life is much in your favour. Be careful you do not do too much of the artificial exercises; they are excellent if well regulated. Out-door athletics beat all others. What do I think of the Welsh race? Well, I do not know much about it. Some Welshmen are extremely fine players of Rugby football, and seem very hard and tough. The best fly-fisherman I ever met was a Welshman of the same name as yourself—a tremendous recommendation in my eyes, the fly-fishing skill. Then, again, I have heard Welsh choirs sing very beautifully. That's all I know. **Ralf Milbourne.**—The book you mean is called "The Book of Cricket"; you can get it from any bookseller; it is published by Geo. Newnes—the price is 12s. 6d., I think. I cannot give you hints on cricket in a letter. You should study the back numbers of THE CAPTAIN; they teem with hints on the game. There is a book on athletics in the "All England" series, by H. H. Griffin, which is good; price 1s. Then there is the Badminton volume on "Athletics," which is better, but much more expensive. There are some articles on athletics in back numbers of this magazine. **Sprinter.**—Cycling in moderation ought not to do any harm to your pace. But you should not do much riding within a week or two of your race As to your time for 100yds., you must remember that the quality of the ground or track upon which you run makes a great difference—say 11 2-5ths secs. and under at your age on a grass track. **K. C. Broody.**—Thanks for your congratulations on the excellence of THE CAPTAIN. We get a deal of news of that sort, though I says it that shouldn't. Your development seems to me fine; no lack of symmetry either. You must write to "Cheiro," or some swell of that sort, about the character expressed by your handwriting; I am no judge of such matters. By the way, you should not write your little t's with a loop, nor your little d's. Your writing is upright almost to the extent of bending backwards; that should be a good sign. **George Pritchard.**—The bowling machine you mention is still to be got, I believe; I have seen it advertised in a catalogue lately, but cannot remember which. Write to any big maker of cricket goods. There is the ordinary catapult, which can be made to do good service if used with ingenuity. Then there is a most complicated machine, which is splendid but expensive. Have you ever tried a ball swinging on a string? This is very simple, and can be made with a piece of whipcord and an old ball: string it up to anything about 6ft. high, so that the ball when hit swings backwards and forwards about 1ft. from the ground. I taught myself a lot with this article. **H. D. B. H.**—Bowlers, especially slow ones, sometimes lose their pace from the pitch. Lack of practice would explain it, as your muscles lose their elasticity. If you are at all tired or overworked, nothing is more likely to happen. There is no reason why you should not recover your sting. **George Green.**—Take two or three ten-mile walks a week: begin, however, with shorter grinds of five miles or so, and gradually increase the distance. Do not diet yourself. Have a good rub down if you come back hot. **Periwinkle.**—Glad to have given you satisfaction. By all means let us hear about your match. **Sailor.**—(1) I do not know of a book to suit you, but see above. (2) As you do not mention your age I cannot say whether you are short for it. Oh! yes you do: no, you are all right. No, you are not heavy either. (3) Your writing might be improved. (4) Swimming. "All England" series, price 1s. **F. F. Peek.**—I do not know the district; but you can easily find out when you get there. Is the Crystal Palace far away? There is a splendid club there. **J. A. Rose.**—Time excellent. You should do well. Consult back numbers. **Young Fry.**—You will do. **Douglas S.**—Medicine, inside or out, no good; take plenty of exercise and don't trouble yourself about the calves. **S. N. Veitch.**—From Wisden's; Boynton's patent. Same place for gloves, or any other good maker. **Hampden.**—It counts as two wides. **M. S. Smith.**—You were out.

C. B. Fry.

THE ENGLISH SEAHOGS IN RECREATION

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE

Being our French Contributor's Experiences of Yachting.

M. THE EDITOR, I make my sejour in your country in order that I may enregister my observances of your manners, of your character, of your pleasures, of your recreations. It is thus that I observe your cricket match—the game of barbarians; your feetball—the recreation of demons. But, I say to myself: "These English, they are not as the others; it must not to judge them at the earth; it must to see them upon the water." To be a French, it is to be just. It is necessary to use even a sea-hog with justice. But what to do? The observation shall be difficult. Ah, bah! Always a good French find himself assisted by the Providence.

A blow at the door. A letter? For me? Thousand thanks! It is the ecriture of my friend. Ah! Ah! A la bonne heure! He has then a yacht! It is the season of the vacancies; is it that I will voyage with him? Mon ami—I assure you that yes. The yacht, he say, is at a water-place—Brighton? No. Torquay?—No. Cowes? Again, no—n'importe—a water-place. All goes well. I shall make my observances; I shall join myself with him. We voyage together on the railway road. I am full of some anticipations. I shall be sailor—me! I ask my friend: "Your yacht; what is it that she is?—of how many masts?" "Of two," he say. "Ah! she is perhaps a göelette, how do you say?—schooner!" "No," he say, "she is not as that." "A brick?" "Ha! Ha!" he laugh. "By Jove! yes, she is that; but not as you mean; she is a yawl." "How then! She cannot perhaps be a brick and a yawl—all the two?" "Oh, yes, she can, m'sieu; but, no matter, she is a yawl." "Ah! and grand?" "No, m'sieu; quite small; about twelve tons." "And the screw?—How many?" "The screw! She is not at vapour; she has no screw." "No screw! Who then shall do the works, put the sail, clean the deck?" "Oh! *crew*, you mean. I have only one man, 'Bob'; but there shall be also a friend, Captain Rowden, who will come with us." "Ah! a captain of the marine, perhaps." "Marine! Oh, yes! he is a marine, right enough." "That goes well; the navigation shall be safe, is it not?" "Not if it depends on Jack Rowden," he reply; "but you will see when we arrive." "Is it that one can pass the night in the yacht?" "Yes," he say; "three can just sleep on board." "On board! but, my faith! I have no envy to sleep on board; a board is too hard, I prefer a mattress, me!" He laugh again in saying, "That will be all right"; but, ma foi! to sleep on a board; it is not all right—pas du tout!

Behold us at our destination. At the railroad

dock is the Captain Rowden—he is height, straight; not as an officer of the marine—he resemble a soldier; he has a long moustache; he has a glass of the eye: he address me as "mussoo"; he laugh always. We march on the promenade; the sea is bright, the sun shines, the breeze blows, the yachts march at sails, the people are many, they are gai; it is delectable. We reach the quai: at some steps a sailor in a little boat, on his breast the word *Popinjay*, what a droll of a name! it is the name of my friend's yacht. "Jump in, m'sieu," he say; "here we are!" "But how? we cannot, perhaps, go in this so feeble batiment?" "Oh! she will carry us, m'sieu, jump in." I do not jump; not at all; I enter with a precaution tout à fait remarqueable; the others also; very scarcely we swim. "Bob," for it is him, rows with the oars—the water enters—M. le Capitaine laugh in saying, "Makee plenty too muchee l'eau, hey mussoo!" He imagine that he speak the French. I bow with reserve. I do not comprend this officer of the marine, he is, perhaps, mocker. Enfin, the yacht. We grimp on the deck—it s very clean, very pretty, but my faith! it is small. We descend to the chamber (the cabane); one cannot stand erect; at each side a little couch. "Is it," I demand, "that one sleeps here?" "Yes, m'sieu, on these couches." "But my faith! there are not but two of them!" "No, but one shall sleep on the floor, it must to ruffitabitte." "How! ruffitabitte! I know not this word." "No matter, m'sieu, you will know it better presently." Upon the field Bob with our baggages. We lose no time; the squiff is attached by behind; Bob and my friend pull some ropes in making noises very singular, the sails rise, the yacht detach itself from the buoy, she march at sails. Enfin je suis marin, moi. My friend teach me the names, the aft, the forehead,* the boobyatch ("le atch de idiot, hey mussoo," the Capitaine Rowden say in explication), but I doubt myself of it; always he laugh—he is mocker, I am sure of it. My friend direct the yacht, she incline herself perfectly gently; the sea is even; it is tout à fait charmant. Bob smoke his pipe in front, we others sit on the side. All at a blow my friend give an order at high voice, and push the barre more strongly; the yacht turn herself, she tremble a moment, then she tumble on the other side. I also. Almost I am in the water. The Capitaine Rowden laugh in saying, "Better sit on the weather side, mussoo, le coté de weather, hey!" "I know not a so strange idiom in French; the weather; which, by example, is the side of the weather?" "Here, mussoo, where I am." "But, my faith! the weather is the same on both sides, is it not?" "Never mind, mussoo," he reply, "sit here, weather or no!" and he put himself to clatter in laughing. I do not comprend, but I am sure he is mocker.

By-bye the lunch. Good! the sea makes hungry. Bob is magician. From the profoundness of the boobyatch he produce the paté, the chicken, the sandvich of ham, the champagne, the Bordeaux, the eau de vie—in a word, a feast. All the world eats, talks, laughs, drinks. "A votre santé, m'sieu!" "Vive la camaraderie!" "Mussoo! I looks towards you! Je vois a vous, hey!" this from M. le Capitaine; always he is mocker. "Mes amis, again a little glass, vive la *Popinjay*!" We shake hands with effusion. "Heep, heep, hourrah!" We are some brothers. I propose to embrace them, but the yacht is not tranquil, my foot slip, I fall down the little stair, a glass in my hand; it breaks itself. Ah, the good wine! What damage! I am not hurt; I climb again the stair in looking behind of us. But, ma foi! what is this? What change! the sky is black, the wind appear to irritate itself, there is a gross swell, the waves are more large, the rain menaces us to fall. My friend regard the sky; he shake the head; he descend to the cabane. One moment and he mount again in saying, "By Jove! the glass has fallen." He has seen it then, the poor glass. I reply, "Mon ami, j'en suis très faché! I have fell, and with me the glass; it is, alas, breaked."

"The glass!" he say. "What glass? I speak of the barometer, it has fallen heavily." "Ah! what damage! It is not, I hope, that it is breaked also." "No, no, m'sieu, not the barometer, the mercury." "Oh! then it shall make the bad weather, n'est pas?" "Yes, m'sieu, I fear so; I think we must run to the nearest port." "Eh bien! for me it imports not, I have not fear, me; but as you will." Bob and my friend reduce the sails, the rain descends, the Capitaine Rowden, though of the marine, retire en bas. I remain on the deck; it becomes dark; the wind hurles, the waves roll, the yacht also—we approach the coast. The sea precipitate herself over the cheeks of the yacht; she roll and plunge as mad; she will, perhaps, give upon the rocks, but my friend hold the barre and direct her with an assurance tout à fait admirable. Enfin we enter a little bay, the water is more smooth; we advance with precaution. Bob throws the anchor, we abase the sails—behold us in safety. But we are humid and fatigued, it must to rest—"tur nin" as the english say. We descend to the cabane. M.

* Monsieur must surely mean forward—"forrard."

Rowden occupy a couch; he say he is malade, this capitaine of the marine, but I doubt myself of it. My friend offer me the other couch; he will couch himself on the floor, but I say "No, always the yacht roll, I shall tumble from the couch, it is me who will repose on the floor, 'on board' as you say." He give me a rug, a blanket, some cushions—eares, is it not? No, pillows! I have my surtout—it must to "ruffit-abitte." I couch myself, he also. I am fatigued but I cannot sleep, always the yacht roll—with her, me also. The capitaine snort as a sea-hog, he also roll. I am un peu malade. I have the ill at the head, the yacht will not be tranquil. Enfin I sleep. . . . . What is it that it is? A great blow on the breast! a great beast lance himself upon me! it grip me with its talons. I struggle with it; it is large and heavy; it is, perhaps, a bear. No, it is the capitaine of the marine; he has fell from his couch in sleeping. I hold him by the gorge—he wakes—he thinks me an ennemy; we roll over together. I explique the affaire; he rises, he is very cross, he feel on the floor for his couvertures. Enfin he take my surtout and my blanket, and return in gronding to his couch. I arrange myself with the rest. I have still a rug and a pillow. The yacht roll more than never. I perceive myself more worse, but again I sleep—no, not sleep—dose, is it not? I have some dreams—horrible. Again an avalanche of flesh fall upon me. I am buried under it—I cannot respire. I shall stuff myself. I make some efforts altogether frantiques. I disgage myself—it is my friend—he too is angry; he say I have all his clothes; he search in the obscurity, he take my pillow and my rug, and climb into his couch in gronding. Me, I have nothing. But I am a very great deal much more malade than never. I climb on the deck, the sun is rising—it must to go to the land—it is all near, vite! vite! or it shall be too late. I call to my friend; I say, "I am malade, malade, vite, mon ami, vite; permit me to go to the land!" *Trop tard! trop tard! I have the mal de mer* . . . . My friend come on high. He suffers not at all. He regard me in silence. Then he cry, "Bob, here, wake up! Get the boat alongside, and put the crutches in her. M'sieu is ill." I say, "Ah, yes, I am very ill, but I am not as that." "But I thought you wanted to go ashore, m'sieu."

AGAIN AN AVALANCHE OF FLESH FALL UPON ME. I AM BURIED UNDER IT—I CANNOT RESPIRE.

"That is just, but I am not boiteux, what you call cripple, that I should want the crutches." "Cripple! Who said you were cripple? but you can't row without crutches." "How? row? in France we do not row with crutches, we row with oars. I do not think it possible to row with crutches!" "I don't think it possible to row without them, m'sieu, but never mind, here is Bob with the boat; tumble in—he will row you to land." In truth, I tumble in—almost I tumble in the water; but to me it is equal. I lie in the boat, au fond; we reach the little quai of wood; the brave Bob assist me with his great arm. It is four hours and a half—we stagger along the quai—it is a solitude—we cross the road. See! a field of long grass. I can advance no more far. I cast myself in the long grass—for a space of time the ground wave up and down, but at last she rest tranquil—I also. I sleep like a dead.

* * * * *

A piece of ice in my ear! it is the nose of a dog of shepherd; he lick my face. I raise myself; the sun is on high; I regard the sea—the *Popinjay* rolling her sides in the water; I regard the land—a little town all near—without doubt, also, a hotel. I have hunger—Mon Dieu! how I have hunger! I empresse myself, but I am enough feeble. My feet are of lead, the road is white and powdrous, but at last I enter the town. Ah! quel bonheur! the hotel! It must to eat. Vite, vite, garçon, le dejeuner!

* * * * *

My friend find me on a couch with a cigarette. I am happy. "Come along, m'sieu; it makes good weather again; we sail at once." "But, no! S'cre nom d'un bomb! for me no more! Enough of yacht! I have the good breakfast. I prefer to guard it. The train parts in a half-hour—me also. I wish you good voyage; but me, I am not marsouin—sea-hog. Au revoir, mon ami. Adieu! Adieu!"

VIVE LA FRANCE.

CRICKET À LA RUSSE.

THERE is a quaint foot-note on the immortal match between All Muggleton and Dingley Dell, in Vredenski's Russian version of Pickwick (illustrated with Phiz's original drawings). The following is an exact translation of the pains-taking commentator's explanation :—

"The very complicated game of cricket requires some elucidation for Russian readers. It is played with two parties, of which each consists of eleven men. First of all two so-called 'wickets,' or fences are knocked into the ground at a distance of twenty paces one from the other. Each wicket consists of three vertically-planted sticks, on which is set another stick of smaller size. The parties cast lots, and then from one of the sides there go forth with cudgels two players, who stand beside the wickets. Each of them is bound to defend his own fence. With that object, each one measures the length of his cudgel from the wicket, and at that distance digs out a little pit, where he plants the thick end of his club. From the other side there proceed two so-called 'baulers' (*sic* Mr. Vv. pronounces this to rhyme with 'growlers'), who must endeavour to hit these fences with their ball. The other players of the second party, stationed for observation of the course of the game, are obliged to calculate and return the ball to the baulers, if it flies too far away. When the first bauler hurls the ball at the opposite wicket, there may happen three characteristic events. Either the bauler hits the wicket, or he does not hit it, and at the same time his blow will not be parried by the defender of the wicket; or, lastly, the thrown ball springs far away through the blow of the cudgel. In the first place, the awkward defender of the wicket altogether retires from the play, and in his place there comes a second player from the same party; in the second, the ball is taken up by the other bauler and thrown at the opposite wicket; in the third case, the baulers" (Vv. means fielder), "stationed for observation, run after the ball, pick it up and throw it to one of the fences. Meanwhile, in this last case, the defenders of the fences run across a few times from one wicket to the other, taking care at the same time not to disregard the hostile attack. The number of cross-runs made by them is noted down by special markers, and on them alone is based the victory of either side. As soon as one of the fences is knocked down, its defender must immediately leave the play, and his place is taken by one of the same same party of 'cricketists' (*sic*). When, in this way, all the members of one party have been obliged, one after the other, to leave the game, the turn arrives to the players of the opposite side. The victory eventually is decided by the number of cross-runs made by the 'cricketists' of both parties. It must be remarked that cricket is the national and most popular game of the English. In many towns special clubs are established for it, and it very often happens that one town there competes with another, choosing from its midst the best cricketists, and ranging them against the champions of the other little place. It is the custom also for wagers of huge sums to be laid on both sides."

Such, without addition or omission, is the literal rendering of our learned Russian's somewhat verbose, but not too complete, digression on the peculiarities of the "very complicated" game.

ARTHUR A. SYKES.

THE COST OF THE COUNTY CRICKET SEASON.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE.

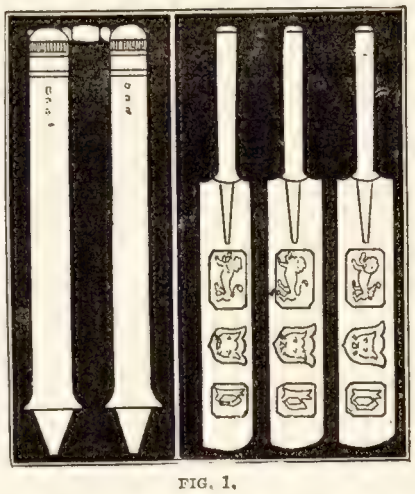


FIG. 1.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy characteristic of county cricket is the fact that it surpasses in cheapness any other method of providing relaxation yet devised. Even the football enthusiast who purchases healthy excitement at low rates has to pay for his amusement at the cost of 4d. an hour, whilst the frequenter of Lord's, Edgbaston, Trent Bridge, and other county cricket grounds, can enjoy six hours or more of sport at an outlay in many cases of less than 1d. an hour.

Taking one year with another, the English public, in the course of a season, collectively enjoy 730 years of amusement (this is premising that each individual who attends only watches the play during three hours) at a cost so small that if we were to take the sum in sovereigns and piled them up in 77 columns, which could be conveniently arranged on one page of this magazine, each of these columns would be but ¾in. over 4ft. in height: when we divide this quantity of the precious metal over fifteen first-class counties it is at once apparent that the expenditure of each club upon the fight for the county championship is utterly incommensurate with the enormous amount of pleasure the nation at large derives from that tournament of cricket giants. As a matter of fact, although the average sum spent by each county club is about £4,000 per annum, the actual expenditure varies according to the situation, etc., of the club between two solid gold regulation-sized stumps, *plus* one ditto ditto bail (£2,000), and three full-sized hall-marked (see Fig. 1) cricket bats, each worth more than £3,000, and each weighing over 55lbs., which would in comparison make the implement wielded, when he is at the wicket, by Carpenter, the Essex professional, who is notorious for his heavy bats, appear but a feather weight.

FIG. 2.

Although the sum spent on county cricket by the public is really so small that, if taken in sixpences (see Fig. 2), the coins would scarcely, if touching one another, form a ribbon joining the Lancashire County Ground at Old Trafford, with the Headingly Ground, Leeds, the said ribbon being but 34⅓ miles long; still, when we divide half the expenditure by the number of wickets falling during the season, and the other half by the number of runs scored in the course of 102 days' play, it is somewhat surprising to find that the cost per wicket works out at £6 10s. 1½d.; whilst each run scored means an expenditure of 4s. 10½d. In our third diagram, we see how the cost per wicket and per run fluctuates in the case of several counties; thus, when Lockwood performs the "hat trick," the feat is represented by an expenditure on the part of Surrey of close upon £39; but when Rhodes takes a wicket, the Yorkshire outlay is but £6 9s. 9d.; moreover, Hampshire captures wickets at £5 3s. 10d. each, and Middlesex, per Trott and Hearne, garners in a rich harvest at £4 a wicket. Runs, it will be noted, are comparatively cheap; when Abel, for instance, steers one of Bradley's "expresses" through the slips to the boundary, the feat represents an outlay of but £1 16s. 6d. on the part of the Surrey executive. J. T. Brown's "fifties" Yorkshire finds cheap at £12 2s. 8d. apiece, whilst, thanks to Major Poore and Captain Wynyard, Hampshire scores sixes with impunity at the cost of £1 per hit.

Although, if taken in sovereigns, the £72,500 which represents the income of our fifteen first-class county clubs from all sources, would but form a golden ribbon stretching in a straight line, either from the centre of Kennington Oval to the Elephant and Castle Station, or to Vincent Square (the cricket ground of Westminster School), or from the main entrance to Lord's to Paddington (G.W.R.) Station, or from Trafalgar Square to Ludgate Circus, it would, if converted into humble pence, give us a much finer run for our money. As a matter of fact, the Cricket Penny (see Fig. 4) is sufficiently large to form a ribbon of bronze, extending from Kennington Oval to the county ground at Taunton; from thence to the Trent Bridge Ground at Nottingham, and, finally, on to the Old Trafford Ground at Manchester—a total distance of 343 miles.

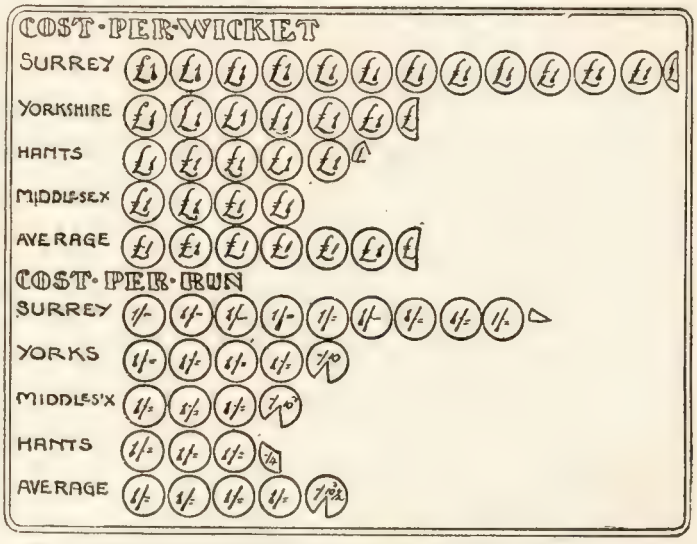


FIG. 3.—THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS THE COST PER WICKET OF THE SEVERAL COUNTIES.

In the course of last season the Lancashire executive spent something like £9,344, and attracted 206,742 paying spectators to their ground. We should, therefore, expect that in the course of the tournament to decide the county championship, that some 1,300,000 would pay their sixpences to witness the same, and the total receipts from the gate would appear to verify the supposition. If we further add 300,000 members and their friends to the total of spectators, we arrive at an aggregate of 1,600,000 visitors to our principal cricket grounds; and this number, if marshalled four abreast with one yard of space between each rank would extend from the Mansion House along the Great North Road almost to Northallerton—a distance of 227¼ miles, and would comprise a most notable and enthusiastic army.

This total of spectators, if spread over the 150 matches that last year comprised the tournament for the championship, would give an average of about 10,700 onlookers to each match, which many counties would be more than satisfied with, in view of the fact that they most frequently have smaller gates; in the Hants *v.* Yorkshire match at Southampton, last year, for instance, the receipts, representing 2,380 spectators, amounted to £59 9s. 8d., whilst the expenditure was £60 18s. 9d., or a small loss instead of the substantial gain that might confidently be expected from such an interesting fixture. The average receipts per match, from all sources, amount to about £480; the gate and stand receipts from the Yorkshire *v.* Surrey match at Leeds, however, totalled about £837.

FIG. 4.—THE CRICKET PENNY IS SUFFICIENTLY LARGE TO FORM A RIBBON OF BRONZE EXTENDING FROM KENNINGTON OVAL TO TAUNTON.

If we divided the spectators into as many companies as there were days of county cricket last year, we should find that each company (in a military sense the "company" would comprise a "division" and a half) would contain 15,685 members, each of whom would be entertained for six hours, if he or she desired to spend that time watching the various matches, at an outlay of £580; which sum, if taken in sovereigns, and the greater part of these were melted down, would provide sufficient metal to make a solid gold cricket ball of regulation size, *plus* a column of sovereigns 5ins. high.

The credit side of the balance sheet of our counties comprises many items, but one of the most interesting is that appearing as "Receipts from Card Business." That the

profit on the indispensable cricket card, which is retailed at one penny, is considerable, is obvious; but it is not generally known that, taking the average of the whole season, the actual cost of the card is but one-third of a penny. In the course of a season the receipts from the "Card Business" throughout the country amount to about £2,400, and the 576,000 cards, which this sum represents, would, if placed end to end, extend practically (see Fig. 5) from Birmingham to Bristol, a distance of 75 miles.

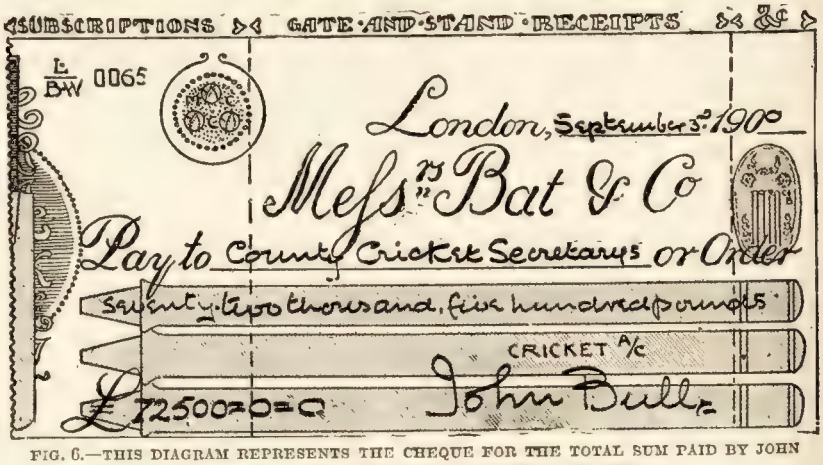


FIG. 6.—THIS DIAGRAM REPRESENTS THE CHEQUE FOR THE TOTAL SUM PAID BY JOHN BULL ESQ., FOR THE SEASON'S ENTERTAINMENT.

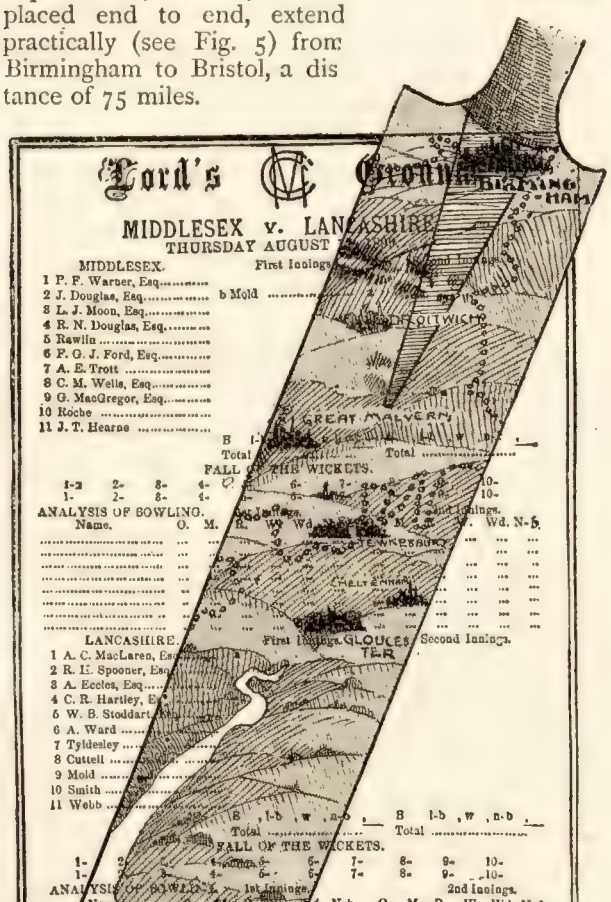


FIG. 5.—SHOWS THE SEASON'S RECEIPTS FROM THE "CARD BUSINESS" THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AMOUNTS TO ABOUT £2,400, AND REPRESENTS 576,000 CARDS.

Our sixth diagram, which represents the cheque for the total sum paid by John Bull for his season's entertainment, is divided into three unequal parts, but in proportion to the sums received from subscriptions, gate and stand receipts, and all other sources respectively. It will be observed that the second item mentioned is by far the most important; indeed, the gate and stand receipts, broadly speaking, represent eleven-eighteenths of the total; the sum paid by refreshment caterers, the card business, and other miscellaneous items, rather less than three thirty-sixths; and the subscriptions rather more than eleven thirty-sixths.

In the course of a season over 2,000 papers in the United Kingdom daily chronicle, at varying lengths, the current history of the county championship. If we say that each of the 2,000 papers gives two columns per day to this subject, which must be well within the mark, at the end of seventeen weeks there will have been printed in our daily press a column on county cricket not less than 140 miles long, and equal to the distance between London and Shrewsbury, London and Sheffield, or London and Great Grimsby—no wonder that foreigners are impressed with the importance we place upon the result of the cricket championship! an importance, thanks to the sporting instinct of the British public, quite incommensurate with the sum we expend upon the same.

The author of this article desires to take the present opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of the Lancashire, Yorkshire, Hampshire, and other county secretaries, who courteously supplied him with the reports, balance sheets, etc., upon which the article is based.

BORROWING AND LENDING

By "The Chaplain."

The advice that Polonius gives to his son in *Hamlet:* "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," is a counsel of perfection.

It has been said that the best way of losing one's friends is to lend them money. There is some amount of truth in this. A certain shyness and reserve very often spring up between borrower and lender. The borrower feels a little humiliated at his position. He has been a suppliant, has received a favour, and is under an obligation. The lender, on his side, is conscious of the same awkwardness. In his very effort to relieve the situation from embarrassment he may seem, to the sensitive borrower, to be taking advantage of his position.

Now, the one and only way of avoiding this is for them to be constantly together. If you have borrowed money from a man, go and see him as often as you possibly can. Be quite straight with him. Treat him just the same as you did before. Of course, this only applies to people of fine feelings and delicate instincts. The rougher mortals feel no such embarrassments in the situation. Almost everyone who reads this will probably number among his acquaintance at least one specimen of the hardened borrower. He begins at school by borrowing "bobs" and "half-dollars" from his school-fellows, which he always conveniently forgets to repay, and he continues through life doing the same thing on a larger scale. He is distinctly a man to be avoided.

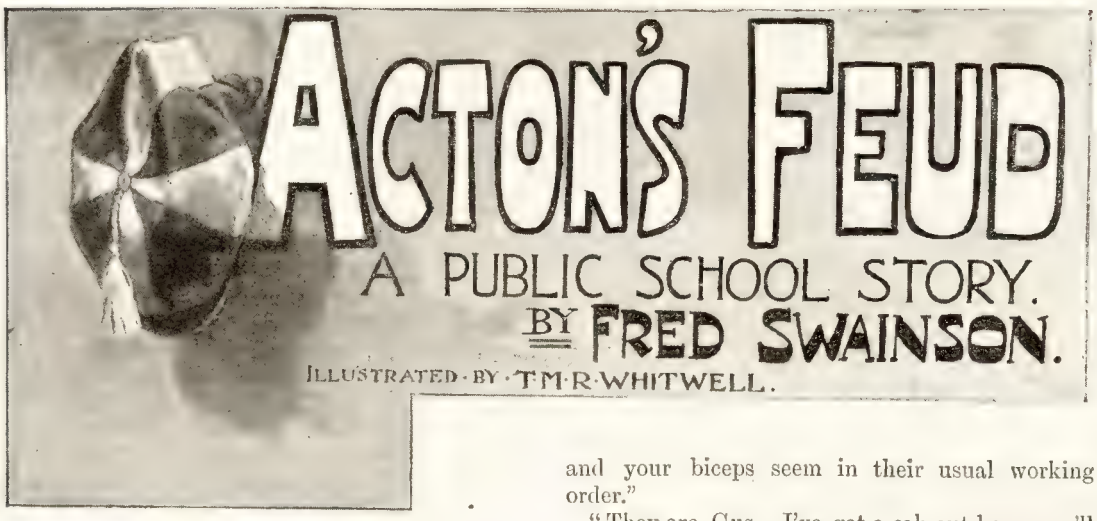
Then there is the happy-go-lucky man who is supremely careless about money matters, and most other matters as well. He is deficient in the sense of distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. He borrows every day of his life something or other, and genuinely forgets all about it.

There are times in the life of most boys and young men when the borrowing of a little money for a few weeks or months may save a great deal of unpleasantness. The over-scrupulous sometimes prefer to endure the unpleasantness, but the majority, who are not stoics, and who see no reason for making themselves miserable about a few pounds, which they can certainly repay later, feel there is no harm in going to their friends. If you are one of the majority, and are going to ask young Jones for a loan, just pay attention to these hints. First of all, be quite candid and straightforward. Don't go in and ask with a hang-dog look, as if you were committing a crime. Tell Jones that you are hard up, and that you want him to lend you so much until a certain date. When that date comes round make every effort in your power to be punctual in the repayment. If by some accident you cannot possibly repay on the day mentioned, don't avoid Jones, go straight to him and explain the circumstances frankly and openly.

If only borrowers adopted these tactics all unpleasantness would be saved. As it is, when a man borrows money from Jones, he straightway avoids him as much as possible. He puts on an air of melancholy before him, is very touchy, and if perchance he cannot pay at the right time he does not go near Jones at all.

A man cannot be too careful of his reputation; and the foundations of the reputation are laid at school and built up at college. The perfect gentleman is always most punctilious about money, and he is the one safe man, whether as a borrower or lender.

PHIL PULLED WITH FRENZIED, CONVULSIVE STRENGTH, ON THE OFF-SIDE REIN. (See page 51).



SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—XVI.)

The tale is related by Carr, captain of St. Amory's School. Acton, a fifth-form boy, and a brilliant full-back, is seen by Bourne (the "footer" captain) and Carr to deliberately trip one of the opposing team. On this account Bourne refuses to give him his colours. Thus the feud begins. As the matter of the "foul" (for the school's credit) is kept quiet by those who witnessed it, the school in general supposes that Acton is denied his "cap" on account of the existence of a private quarrel between himself and Bourne, who promptly becomes exceedingly unpopular. Acton, posing as a martyr, seizes the opportunity to win the goodwill of St. Amory's in every possible way, and as a beginning starts regenerating his house—"Biffen's," hitherto the slackest, both in school and out of it. At the end of the term a crowd of Amorians give vent to their feelings at the railway station by hooting Phil and cheering Acton to the echo. The following term Acton determines to strike at Bourne senior through the latter's young brother Jack. With this end in view he introduces him to a low sporting character named "Raffles of Rotherhithe," who, previously instructed by Acton, leads young Jack Bourne to transgress as many school laws as possible, eventually landing him very heavily in debt. Thus he is forced to borrow money from Acton, who explains to him that it is necessary for someone to accompany him to London, with reference to a betting transaction after "locking-up." Jack, in return for the loan, cannot refuse, though to be found out would mean expulsion. The journey to London and back is made in safety, and Acton lays awake imagining what will be Bourne senior's rage when he hears of Jack's escapade, which he does by means of a letter from Raffles, written ostensibly to Jack, but addressed to him. This leads to a fight, and Bourne successfully metes out to Acton the punishment he so richly deserves.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REGENERATION OF TODD.

TODD had come back to St. Amory's in a very different frame of mind from that in which he had returned after the Perry fiasco. His three weeks' holiday had been no end enjoyable; and now, besides a coin or two in his pocket, he had a clean, crisp note in his purse. As he stepped out of the train at the station, the burly figure of Jim Cotton hove in sight, and an eleven-inch palm clapped Gus on the back.

"Hallo! old man. How goes it?"

"Oh!" said Gus, coughing; "I'm all right, Jim, and your biceps seem in their usual working order."

"They are, Gus. I've got a cab out here; we'll go on together."

"Rather! I must find someone to see to the traps, though."

"I've commandeered young Grim," said Jim, "and he'll see to them."

"Provident beggar! Here you are, Grim. Put mine into Taylor's cart, and here's a shilling for you."

Grim, who felt rather injured at being lagged by Cotton so early in the term, just at the moment, too, when he had caught sight of Wilson staggering along with a heavy hat-box, etc., seized Jim's and Gus' effects. Todd's modest *douceur*, however, took off the rough edge of his displeasure.

After tea, Cotton and Todd strolled about, and finally came to anchor behind the nets, where some of the Sixth were already at practice.

"Phil Bourne's good for a hundred at Lord's," said Jim critically, watching Phil's clean, crisp cutting with interest.

"There's Acton out, too,"

"Raw," said Jim. "Biffen's beauty has never been taught to hold his bat, that is evident. Footer is more his line, I take it."

"Are you going to have a try for the eleven, Jim, this year?"

"I'll see how things shape. If Phil Bourne gives me the hint that I have a chance I'll take it, of course."

"Will he give Acton the hint, think you?"

"I shouldn't say so," said Jim, as Acton's stumps waltzed out of the ground for the fourth time. "He can't play slows for toffee."

"Rum affair about the footer cap," said Gus.

"Rather so. But I believe Phil Bourne is as straight as a die. I'm not so sure of Acton, though. I fancy there's something to be explained

about the cap. By-the-way, Gus, are you going to loaf about this term as usual? Taylor's house side really does want bigger fellows than it's got."

"No!" said Gus. "I'm no good at cricket, nor croquet, nor any other game; nor do I really care a song about them. All the same, I'm not going to loaf."

"What is the idea?" said Jim, curiously.

"I'm going to have a shot for the history medal, and I mean to crawl up into the first three in the Fifth."

"And you'll do 'em, Toddy," said Jim, admiringly. "You're not quite such an ass as you once were."

"Well, I'll work evenly and regularly, and, perhaps, pull off one or other of them."

"I go, you know, at midsummer. Then I'm to cram somewhere for the Army. Taylor's been advising a treble dose of mathematics, and I think I'll oblige him this time."

"Taylor's not half a bad fellow," said Gus.

"Oh, you're a monomaniac on that subject, Gus! Once you felt ill if you met Taylor or Corker on your pavement."

Jim Cotton was right. Gus was now a vastly different fellow from the shiftless, lazy, elusive Gus of old; he worked evenly and steadily onward, and, in consequence, his name danced delightfully near the top of the weekly form lists of the Fifth Form. He, however, did not sap everlastingly, but on half holidays lounged luxuriantly on the school benches, watching the cricket going on in the bright sunshine, or he would take his rod and have an afternoon among the perch in the Lodestone, that apology for a stream. Fishing was Gus' ideal of athleticism; the exercise was gentle, and you sometimes had half a dozen perch for your trouble. Gus argued there was nothing to show for an eight hours' fag at cricket in a broiling sun.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHY BIFFEN'S LOST.

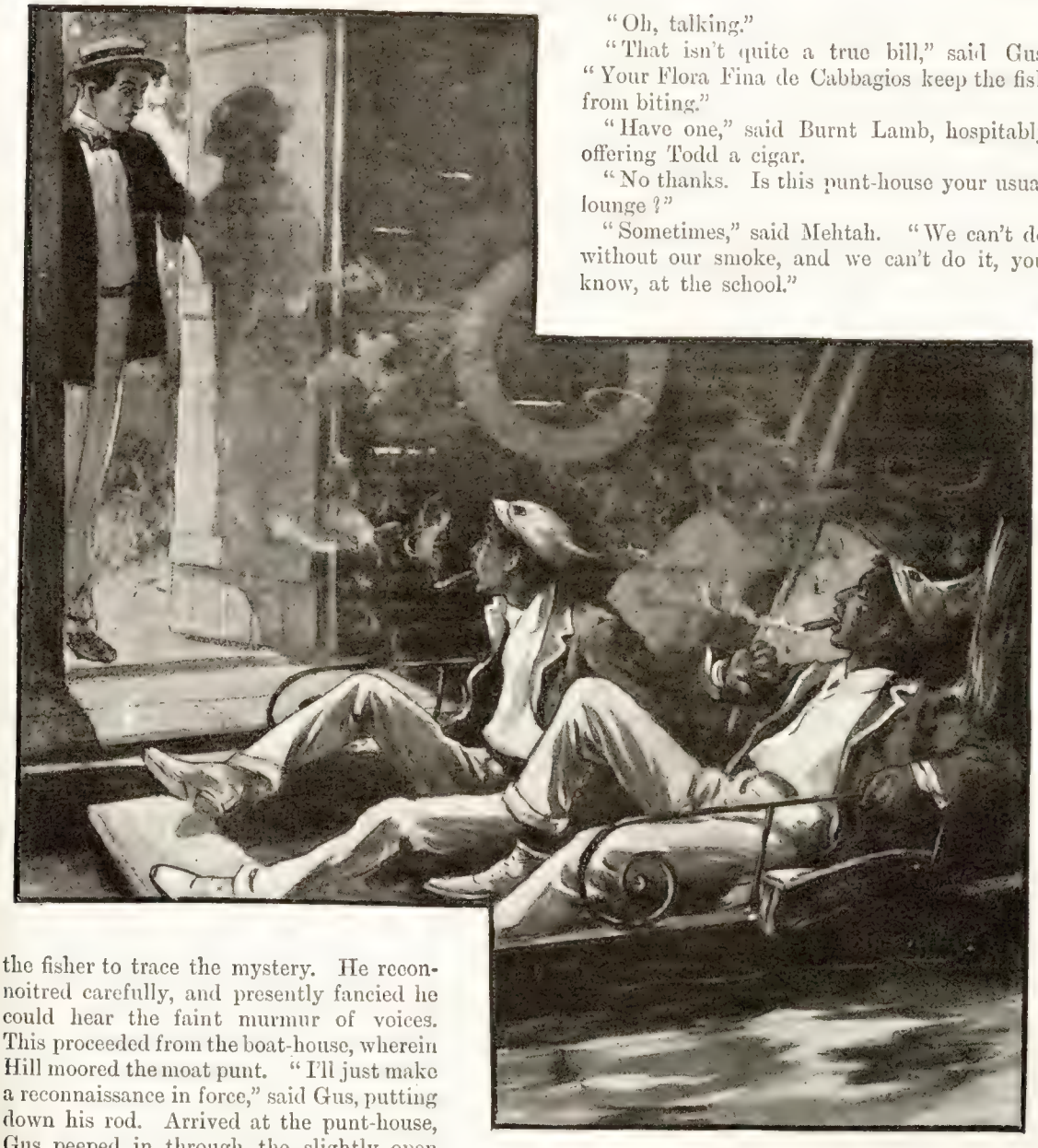
After the Lord's match there were two burning subjects of conversation: Who should be captain in my place? and which house should be the cock house at cricket? Every house captain looked with dread upon the house of Corker, great alike at cricket and footer, and it was agreed that very probably Phil Bourne would once more lead his men on to victory. Biffen's house did not stand much chance, for there was no superlative Acton at cricket; but it was, indeed, mainly through his efforts that Biffen's was as good as it was. You may remember that Acton had taken under his patronage those dark-skinned dervishes, Singh Ram and Runjit Mehtah. They were unquestionably the best pair of fellows in the school in strictly gymnastic work; and when summer came they showed that they would, sooner or later, do something startling with the bat. The Biffenite captain, Dick Worcester, did not altogether relish their proficiency. "It's just my luck to have my eleven filled up with niggers," he observed to Acton in half-humorous disgust; but Biffenites pinned their faith on Worcester, the dervishes, and Acton, and, to the huge delight of Grim, Rogers, Wilson, Thurston, and other enthusiastic junior Biffenites, the resurrected house survived the first two rounds. The third round they were to meet Taylor's lot, a good house, and the hopes of Grim & Co. were tinged with considerable doubt.

On the particular afternoon when this important match was to be played Todd had strolled off to the Lodestone stream, laden with all the necessary tackle for the slaying of a few innocent perch. The year's final lists of the forms were due also in the evening on the various notice boards.

Gus had redeemed his promise made at the beginning of the term, and had worked hard for a prominent position on the list, and his attempt to capture the history medal had been, he thought, fairly satisfactory. He would soon know his fate, however, in both directions. Meanwhile, to allay his anxiety as to the results he had unpatriotically given the cricket fields a wide berth, and thus deprived Taylor's of the privilege of his cheer in the house match. He and Cotton had an invitation to dine with Taylor that evening, so, after telling Jim his programme for the afternoon, he had trudged down the lane which Jack Bourne knew so well.

The afternoon was hot: the one o'clock sun made Gus think that perhaps there was more cruelty than usual in luring the fishes out of the cool waters of the Lodestone; but, nevertheless, he philosophically baited his hook, and cast forth. The sport was not exciting, and by-and-bye Gus found himself wondering, not why the fish were so shy, but whence came the faint, delicate perfume of cigars, which undoubtedly reached his nostrils? The Lodestone Farm was a quarter of a mile away, and obviously the scent could not travel thus far, and since Gus was alone on the banks of the stream, running sluggishly towards the moat, the constant whiffs of cigars reaching him seemed somewhat mysterious. Gus looked again carefully, but could see no one, and yet there was undoubtedly someone smoking very near him.

"Well, it *is* odd," said Gus, for the *ninth* time sniffing the "tainted breeze." Curiosity piqued



"Oh, talking."

"That isn't quite a true bill," said Gus. "Your Flora Fina de Cabbagios keep the fish from biting."

"Have one," said Burnt Lamb, hospitably offering Todd a cigar.

"No thanks. Is this punt-house your usual lounge?"

"Sometimes," said Mehtah. "We can't do without our smoke, and we can't do it, you know, at the school."

"HULLO!" SAID GUS, "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOING?"

the fisher to trace the mystery. He reconnoitred carefully, and presently fancied he could hear the faint murmur of voices. This proceeded from the boat-house, wherein Hill moored the moat punt. "I'll just make a reconnaissance in force," said Gus, putting down his rod. Arrived at the punt-house, Gus peeped in through the slightly open door, and discovered no less important personages than Runjit Mehtah and "Burnt Lamb." The two dervishes were lolling luxuriantly on the punt cushions, each smoking a fine fat cigar, and the combined efforts of the two gave quite an Oriental air of magnificence to the ramshackle boat-house.

"Hallo!" said Gus. "What the deuce are you doing?"

The cigars nearly fell from the mouth of each of the smokers as Gus appeared on the scene, but when the smokers made out Todd's face through the haze, Mehtah said, with much relief:—

"No, that you jolly well can't, my dusky Othello. But aren't you two booked for the Houser's this afternoon? I thought you were the backbone of Biffen's."

"The match is not for an hour yet," said Lamb.

"Oh, yes," said Mehtah, "we're going to sit on your house this afternoon, Todd."

At this most interesting point of the conversation the door of the punt-house was violently slammed to, and Gus was propelled forward clean into the punt and received hurriedly into the

unexpectant arms of "Burnt Lamb." Before any of the three could understand what had happened there was a hurried fumbling with the staple and pin of the punt-house door from the outside, and then an equally hurried retreat of footsteps. "Well, I'm hanged!" said Gus, after he had picked himself up and tried the door. "We're locked in."

Young Rogers and Wilson, who had done this fell deed, hoped there was no doubt about the locking. This couple of ornaments had immediately after dinner snatched their caps and ran on past the Lodestone Farm for a particular purpose. They had found a yellowhammer's nest a day or so before, containing one solitary egg, and their hurried run was for the purpose of seeing if there was any increase, and if so—well, the usual result. They were anxious to get back to the cricket field in time to shout and generally give their house a leg-up when the Houser with Taylor's commenced, and their friend Grim had strict orders to bag them each seats, front row, in the pavilion. They had been busy blowing eggs for pretty well twenty minutes, and, as they were lazily returning schoolwards, they caught sight of Gus watching his float.

"There's Gus Todd trying to hook tiddlers," said Rogers.

"Shy a stone," suggested Wilson, "and wake em up."

"Rot! There's no cover."

"It's only Todd," said Wilson. "What's the odds?"

"Yes, but not quite the old ass. Better get home."

Keeping well out of sight, the two cronies had watched with curiosity Todd's manœuvres as he tried to run the cigar smokers to earth. When Gus entered the punt-house, a bright idea struck Wilson.

"Say, Rogers, remember Toddy locking us in the laboratory last term? Two hundred Virgil."

"Ah!" said Rogers, catching the meaning of Wilson's remark instanter; "if we only could cork him up there for the afternoon! That would pay him out for Merishall's call-over lines."

"We'll chance it," said Wilson. "If we can't do it, well, we didn't know Gussy was in—eh?"

"Rather! That is the exact fable we'll serve out to Todd, if necessary."

Breaking cover, the young Biffenites had secured the door of the punt-house without any difficulty, and then had run for dear life.

"Golly!" said Rogers, pulling up when well out of sight of the boat-house; "we did that rather neat, eh? Hanged if Toddy wasn't smoking like a chimney. Did you twig his weed?"

"Regular stench," said Wilson. "Toddy will have to swim out through the front way, or howl for help. The punt is sure to be locked."

"He'll have to take a header off the punt into the moat, and that isn't crystal, exactly."

"Six yards of mud is about the figure," said Wilson, almost hysterically.

"I say, old man, if we'd only been able to bottle up Jim Cotton along with his chum! What price Biffen's for the Houser, then?"

"*If*," said Wilson, wistfully. "Wouldn't the dervishes walk into Taylor's bowling, if Bully wasn't there to sling them in?"

"Never mind," said Rogers, hardly daring to contemplate the ravishing prospect of Taylor's house without Cotton, "the dervishes are sure to come out strong this afternoon. Let 'em once get their eye in, and either of 'em is good enough for a hundred."

The two young Biffenites found the faithful Grim holding the fort in the front bench of the pavilion against the ardent assaults of some Taylorian juniors, who could not see what Grim wanted with three seats. The fellows of the two houses were rapidly lining up for the match, and Dick Worcester had sent to Biffen's making affectionate enquiries for the dervishes. By-and-bye, word was brought to Worcester that the two were not to be found in the neighbourhood; and a further hurried search by anxious Biffenites, headed by Rogers and Wilson, had a like result.

"Isn't it awful, Grimmy?" said Rogers. "Where can the idiots be?"

Worcester and Acton had a consultation. "If they don't turn up in time we'll make a start without 'em."

"If we have to go in we may give 'em up. We can't bat substitutes."

"No fear!" said Dick. "Cotton isn't likely to hear of that, and, besides, it's just like the rotten thing you might expect from those niggers."

Acton smiled. "All right, old chap. Put in Grim and Rogers in their place. The little beggars will be as keen as mustard."

So Grim and Rogers had the honour of representing their house, since the dervishes did not turn up. Rogers when he shut the door on Todd, did not guess that he had shut up Biffen's crack bats too. That Biffen's lost the match, and made no sort of show against Cotton's bowling may also, perhaps, be attributed to the inadvertent imprisonment of Mehtah and "Lamb."

The imprisoned trio had not had a very lively time that afternoon in the punt-house. The door remained obstinately shut, and neither Todd nor his two companions relished a swim in the moat as the price of freedom. The dervishes took matters very calmly; the desire to play for Biffen's was not strong enough to counterbalance the

natural shrinking from a header into the duck-weed and a run home in wet clothes. Singh Ram had a final try at the door, and then murmured—so Gus said—"Kismet," and relit his half-smoked cigar. Todd, indeed, shouted lustily; but when he realised that, by contributing to the escape of the dervishes, he might contribute to the downfall of his own house, he stopped himself in the middle of an unearthly howl. For three hours Gus remained a half-voluntary prisoner; but, when he judged it safe, he created such a pandemonium that young Hill hurried out of the farm stable, thinking there must be some weird tragedy taking place at the punt-house. He had hurried across and let the trio out.

The dervishes got a mixed reception from Biffen's crowd. Worcester was almost eloquent in his language, and Acton was calmly indifferent.

"But I tell you, Worcester, some beast locked us in the punt-house."

"I wish they'd kept you there," said Dick, unmollified.

Whilst Worcester was swallowing his tea, Rogers and Wilson craved audience. Their faces were as long as fiddles.

"Oh, Worcester!" began Rogers, tremulously, "we've come to tell you that it was we who lost Biffen's the houser."

"Why, Wilson didn't play, and you caught Cotton," said Dick, astonished.

"But we locked the dervishes in the punt-house—we thought there was only Todd inside."

"Oh, you did, you little beggars, did you?" said Worcester, considering the doleful and grief-stricken Biffenites. "Well, here's a shilling for each of you if you keep it dark. I'm deucedly glad the dervishes didn't play. I'd rather lose a dozen housers than feel the niggers were indispensable. Now, cut; and next time you bottle 'em up, see they don't get out."

"Golly!" said Rogers, as the two left Worcester to his tea "I suppose the sun's affected Worcester's brain."

Whilst the dervishes were explaining matters to Worcester the other prisoner was elbowing his way into the crowd around the Fifth Form notice board, whereon were pinned the final lists. Jim Cotton was planted squarely before the board, eyeing the contents with huge delight, and when he caught sight of the struggling Gus he haled him vigorously forward.

"Here you are, Gus! By Jove, Toddy, you've done it this time, you old Perry fizzler!"

Gus eyed the list with delighted eyes.

This is what he saw: "First—Todd, A. V. R.—history medal, and chemistry prize."

Need I say anything more of either Todd or Cotton? Todd entered the Sixth when the summer holidays were over, and Phil Bourne writes me often and tells me what a big gun Todd is in the schools. Jim Cotton was entered upon the roll call of some celebrated "crammer" near the Crystal Palace. If crammers' hearts *could* be broken, Jim, I should say, will accomplish the feat. But if ever James Cotton *does* get into the Army he will never disgrace his regiment.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF THE FEUD.

KNOWING Acton's pride—his overwhelming pride—I never expected to see him back at St. Amory's. I expected that he would almost have moved heaven and earth and got himself taken off the school books and gone to complete his education somewhere else rather than come back to the old place where he had had such a signal thrashing. But, of course, he knew jolly well that we four had our tongues tied, and that the knowledge of his defeat was, so to speak, strictly private property; and that is why, I am pretty sure, he turned up again.

He strolled up and down the High, arm-in-arm with Worcester, in high good humour, on the day we returned; but when I turned the corner and came upon him *vis-à-vis* he gave me a long, level, steady look of hatred, which told me that he had nursed his wrath to keep it warm. His look made me thoughtful. Young Jack Bourne, too, came sailing along—a breezy miniature copy of Phil, his brother—but when he caught sight of his former patron he blushed like a girl and scuttled into the first available yard.

He was not particularly anxious to meet Acton, for Phil in the holidays had given Jack a pretty correct inkling of Acton's character, and he began to see—in fact, he did see—that Raffles and the shooting and the billiards, and the hocus pocus of "hedging on Grape Shot," and the trip to London, etc., was only one involved, elaborate plot to strike at Phil. Jack now fully realised that he had played a very innocent fly to Acton's consummate spider, and he now, when there wasn't any very pressing necessity, determined to give the spider's parlour a very wide berth indeed. Acton saw Jack's little manœuvre and smiled gently. He was genuinely fond of Jack, but young Bourne had served his purpose; and now, thought Acton, philosophically, "Jack looks upon me as a monster of iniquity and he won't cultivate my acquaintance." And Phil? Well, Phil regarded the incident as "closed," and paid no heed to his enemy's bitter looks, but divided his attention between his books and cricket, keeping, perhaps unnecessarily, a bright outlook upon Master Jack

Phil's unpopularity had somewhat abated, for his victory in the rackets had given him a good leg up in the estimation of his fellows; but still there was the uneasy feeling that in the matter of the "footer" cap his conduct was shady, or at least dubious.

I was awfully sorry to see this, for I myself was leaving at midsummer, and in my own mind I had always looked upon Phil to take up the captaincy. He would have made, in my opinion, the *beau ideal* of a captain, for he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an athlete. But the other monitors, or at least many of them, did not look upon Phil with enthusiasm, and his election for the captaincy did not now seem the sure thing it had done a few months before.

WHEN I TURNED THE CORNER AND CAME UPON HIM *vis-à-vis* HE GAVE ME A LONG, LEVEL, STEADY LOOK OF HATRED.

At St. Amory's the monitors elect a captain, and Corker confirms the appointment if he thinks their choice suitable, but he insists that he must be well up in the Sixth, and not a mere athlete.

Now, Phil's ambition was to be Captain of St. Amory's, as his father had been before him, and when the home authorities finally decided that I was to go to Cambridge in the Michaelmas term Phil hoped and desired to step into my shoes. He had one great lever to move the fellows in his favour, he was much the best cricketer in the school and deservedly Captain of the Eleven, and, besides that, was one of the best all-round fellows in Sixth Form work. But Phil did not in the least hint that the captaincy was his soul's desire: he determined to merit it, and then leave the matter in the hands of the school. So, from the very beginning of the term, he read hard and played hard, and he left his mark on the class lists and the scoring board in very unmistakable fashion.

And now Acton came like an evil genius on the scene. In a word, he had determined that if he could in any way baulk poor Phil's ambition, he would. If by his means he could put Phil out of the running for the captaincy it should be done. If he could succeed, this success would make up and to spare for his two former defeats. Therefore, warily and cautiously, he set to work.

Acton himself was not much of a cricketer; the game was not, as it were, second nature to him, as it was to Phil, but he was a very smart field—cover was his position—and he could slog heavily, and often with success. He threw himself heartily into the game, and crept rapidly up the ladder of improvement, until Biffen's whispered that their shining light stood a good chance of getting into the Eleven. "That is," said Biffen's crowd, "if Bourne will run straight and give a good man his flannels. But after the 'footer' fraud, what can

one expect?" I heard of this, and straightway told Phil.

"Oh, they need not fear. If Acton deserves his flannels he will get them. I've nothing whatever against his cricket."

Acton learned this, and instantly his new-found zeal for cricket slackened considerably. "Oh!" said he to himself, "I can't blister you there, Bourne, eh? I can't pose as the deserving cricketer kept out of the Eleven by a jealous cad of a captain, eh? So I'll try another tack to keep you in evil odour, Mr. Bourne."

Acton did not turn up at the nets that night, and when Worcester noticed this, Acton calmly sailed on his new tack.

"What's the good of sweating away at the nets, Dick? I'll not get my flannels in any case."

"Oh, yes, you will. Bourne has said he's got nothing against your cricket."

"And you believe that, Dick?" said Acton, with a whistle of contemptuous incredulity.

"I do," said Dick. "But you are not exactly quite the flier at cricket that you are at 'footer,' so you can't afford to slack up now."

"I've got private knowledge," said Acton, with a filthy lie, "that I won't get 'em in any case, so I shall not try."

Dick was considerably upset by this, and Acton's sudden stoppage of practice after an intense beginning made his lie seem a good imitation of truth, and gave Worcester food for bitter thoughts against Phil. Acton worked "the-no-good-to-try" dodge carefully and artistically; he never actually said his lie openly, or Phil would have nailed it to the counter, but, like a second Iago, he dropped little barbed insinuations here, little double-edged sayings there, until Biffenites to a man believed there would be a repetition of the "footer" cap over again, and the school generally drifted back to aloofness as far as Phil was concerned.

Acton laid himself out to be excessively friendly with the monitors, and just as he entered into their good graces, Phil drifted out of them—in fact, to be friendly with Acton was the same thing as being cool towards Bourne. Phil made splendid scores Saturday after Saturday, but the enthusiasm which his fine play should have called out was wanting.

"Why don't you cheer your captain, Tom?" I overheard a father say to his young hopeful.

"No fear!" said the frenzied Biffenite. "Bourne is a beast!"

In fact, the only one who seemed to derive any pleasure from Bourne's prowess in the field was Acton himself. He used to sit near the flag staff, and when Phil made his splendid late cut, whose applause was so generous as his? whose joy so great? Acton's manœuvres were on the highest artistic levels, I can assure you, and in the eyes of the fellows generally, his was a case of persecuted forgiving virtue. Acton, too, kept in old Corker's good books, and his achievements in the way of classics made the old master beam upon him with his keen blue eye.

I saw with dismay how persistently unpopular Phil remained, and I heard the charms of Acton sung daily by monitor after monitor, until I saw that Acton had captured the whole body bar Phil's own staunch friends, Baines, Roberts and Vercoe. And then it dawned upon me that Acton was making a bid for the captaincy himself, and when I had convinced myself that this was his object, I felt angrier than I can remember. I thereupon wrote to Aspinall, gave him a full, true, and particular account of Acton's campaign against Phil, and asked him to release me—and Phil—from our promise of secrecy regarding the football match accident. His reply comforted me, and I knew that, come what might, I had a thunderbolt in my pocket in Aspinall's letter, which could knock Acton off the Captain's chair if he tried for that blissful seat.

I told him so, to save trouble later on, and he heard me out with a far from pretty sneer, which, however, did not quite conceal his chagrin. But though I made sure of his being out of the hunt, I could not make sure of Phil being elected, and in a short time Mivart was mentioned casually as the likeliest fellow to take my place. I have nothing whatever to say against Mivart; he was a good fellow, but he was not quite up to Phil's level.

Phil knew of these subterranean workings of his enemy, but he was too proud a fellow to try and make any headway against the mining. "If they elect Mivart they will elect a good man, that is all, though I'd give a lot, old man, to take your place."

Thus things went on until Lord's came and ended in the usual draw. Phil's selection of the Eleven was in every way satisfactory, and his score for first wicket had made St. Amory's safe from defeat, but despite all his unpopularity was pronounced.

The election was going to take place in a week, and Mivart, thanks to Acton's careful "nursing," was evidently going to romp home in the election with something like a sixteen to four majority. Vercoe determined to propose Phil, and Baines was only too delighted to second it; but Phil's cronies had no more hope of his success than Phil had himself.

Thoroughly dispirited and disheartened, Phil, on the last Saturday of the term—the election for the

captaincy was to be held that night—had left the cricket-field in sheer weariness of spirit, and was moodily strolling down the road towards the old Lodestone Farm when, behind him, he fancied he heard shouting. He turned round, and down the long stretch of white road he saw a cloud of dust rolling with terrific speed towards him. For one moment he wondered what ever was the matter, but out of the dust he could see the flashing of carriage wheels and the glitter of harness, and the shining coats of a couple of horses. The carriage came rocking towards him at a terrible rate, sometimes the wheels on one side off the road altogether; the horses had their heads up, and Phil could hear their terrified snorting as they thundered towards him. There was no sign of coachman or footman.

"A runaway," said Phil, backing into the hedge. "They'll come a cropper at the little bridge. What a smash up there'll be!" As the runaway horses, galloping like the Furies, came nearer, Phil saw something which made his blood run cold. "Heaven!" he cried, darting out from the hedge, "there's a lady in the carriage!" Phil was frozen with horror. "She will be smashed to pieces at the bridge."

Half a mile down the long white road Phil glanced to the little bridge where the road narrowed to meet the low stone walls, and he knew as well as though he saw it that the carriage would catch the bridge, and be shivered to matchwood. The horses must be stopped before they reached it, or the lady would be killed. Without thinking of the terrible risk he ran, he sprang out into the middle of the road and waved his arms frantically at the horses moving like a thunderbolt towards him. But they were too maddened with terror to heed this waving apparition in their path, and Phil, in the very nick of time, just jumped aside and avoided the carriage-pole, pointed like a living lance at his breast.

As the horses whirled past he clutched madly at the loose reins, see-sawing in the air. He held them, and the leather slid through his frenzied grasp, cutting his palms to the bone. When he reached the loop he was jerked off his feet with a terrible shock, and was whirled along the dusty road, the carriage wheels grinding, crunching and skidding within a foot of his head. Luckily, the reins held, and when, after being dragged a hundred yards or so, and half choked by the thick dust, he managed to scramble to his feet, he pulled, with frenzied, convulsive strength, on the off-side rein. The horses swerved to the fearful saw on their jaws, and pulled nearly into the left-hand hedge. Phil's desperate idea was to overturn the carriage into the hedge before the horses could reach the bridge, for he felt he could no more pull them up than he dare let them go. There was a chance for the lady if she were overturned into the bank or hedge, but none whatever if she were thrown at the bridge. In a minute or so the carriage lurched horribly sideways; there was a grinding crash, and the carriage overturned bodily into the bank. The lady was shot out, and the next minute the horses' hoofs were making tooth picks of the wrecked carriage.

Phil darted up the bank, and found the lady dazed and bruised, but he was overjoyed to see that she wasn't dead.

"Are you much hurt?"

"No, I don't think so," she said, with a brave smile, "but I expected to be killed any minute. You are a brave man, sir, to risk your life for a stranger."

Phil said in his old style: "Not at all. I'm glad, though, that I did turn the brutes in time."

In a minute or two there was a small crowd. Half-a-dozen stray cyclists had wheeled up, and with their help Phil got out the horses, dreadfully cut about the legs and shivering with terror, from the wreckage. Down the dusty road were men running for dear life, and ahead of all Phil caught sight of a well-known athletic figure running like a deer, and in another minute Acton was asking the lady in panting bursts if she were not really hurt.

"No, John; not in the least. I owe my life to this gentleman here, who pulled the horses into the bank before they could reach the bridge."

Acton wheeled round with a face beaming with gratitude; but when he saw Bourne standing there, rather uneasy at being the object of so much praise, his face went deathly white. He stared at Bourne in an ecstacy of astonishment and shame. A thousand thoughts rushed through his mind, but he stammered out:

"Bourne! I can never thank you enough for saving my mother's life, but will you shake my hand?"

Phil put out his own unhesitatingly, and in that moment all hatred vanished from Acton's heart. He recognised that Phil was a braver and a better fellow than he.

"Of course!" said Mrs. Acton. "How blind of me not to see that the gentleman is one of your schoolfellows, John!"

"Mother," said Acton, "this is Phil Bourne, who, I hope, from this day will consider me his friend. A better fellow doesn't breathe in St. Amory's."

"Draw it mild, Acton," said Phil blushing.

"Not at all," said Acton excitedly.

Phil, to escape Acton's unstinted praises

asked Mrs. Acton how the horses had managed to bolt.

"While I was at the station yard, talking to John, a piece of newspaper whirled up in the horses' faces and startled them. They jumped forward in terror, and threw off the coachman with the sudden start. In another moment they were tearing along, and ran until you so bravely overturned us."

"You will come and have tea with mother and me," said Acton, "in my den?"

"Oh, do!" said Mrs. Acton. "I'm delighted to see you and John such friends."

The two "friends" looked down on the ground rather guiltily, but Phil said, "I shall be only too delighted."

The trio walked back along the road—a happy trio they were too—and a melancholy procession of injured horses and an angry coachman closed their rear. The tea in Acton's room was very successful, and I should fancy Grim did more hard staring and hard thinking when he saw Phil amicably seated with his feet under Acton's table, than he ever did before. The minute he had permission to go he flew down the corridor and exploded bomb shell after bomb shell among wondering Amorians.

"Acton and Phil Bourne teaing together like two birds on a bough!" he gasped.

"That would be a funny sight," said Cherry. "Birds don't take tea."

"Go away and write an epilogue, Fruity. Teaing together, you fellows, as friendly as Rogers and I might."

"Only that," said Rogers, with a general wink, "my opinion is that Grimmy has been on the drink and has seen double." Incredulity and wonder were the dominant notes among Amorians for the next two hours.

Acton and Bourne walked to the station together with Mrs. Acton; and when she had gone to town and they were strolling back to the school Acton said:—

"Bourne, I've been an arrant cad since I came to St. Amory's, and if those horses hadn't bolted with mater, and you had not turned up in time to save her, I should certainly have gone on being a cad until the end of the chapter. But now I'm going to dry up. I suppose you know that you aren't popular among the fellows?"

"Rather!" said Phil, gloomily.

"And you know that you owe all this to me?"

"Only too well, Acton."

"Well, I'm going to make what amends I can. Have you any objection to my proposing you as Captain to-night?"

"Acton, you are a brick," said Phil, "but you're too late now. I don't stand a ghost of a chance against Mivart."

"And I'll get Mivart to second you. I can put all the fellows straight concerning you, and, by Jove, it's the least I can do! I'll make a clean breast of it to them all to-night before the election comes on."

"Oh, no you won't! I'd rather lose the captaincy than that. Besides, Aspinall asked me not to do anything bar refuse you your cap."

"I've been an insufferable cad," said Acton, with a hot blush, "but you shall be Captain in any case."

Acton saw Mivart, and whether he told him the whole history of his quarrel with Bourne or not, I cannot say; anyhow, Acton prevailed on him to second Phil. Mivart was a very good fellow, as I said before, and he thoroughly believed that Bourne would make a better Captain than he himself would, so he said he would be delighted to back Phil up to any extent since Phil was not now the jealous bounder he had so long been considered.

I myself, as the retiring Captain, took the chair in the Sixth Form room to see the election of my successor through with all due solemnity. Acton got up, and though he was very nervous, he said out straight what he had resolved to say. "I propose Phil Bourne for Captain in place of Carr, and I'll tell you why. I consider him the most suitable fellow to take our old Captain's place. Many of you may be—will be—surprised to hear me propose Bourne, for between us two, as you all know, there has been no love lost. But in all the dreary business I have been the utter cad and Bourne the other thing. He brought upon himself any amount of bad feeling because he would not give me my 'footer' cap. I did not deserve it"—someone here said "rot!" emphatically—"not because I wasn't good enough a player, but for another reason, which, much as I should shy at telling you, I would tell, only Bourne begged me not to. It is his and Carr's and another fellow's secret as much as mine, so I feel I had better not say it. But, believe me, in the business I was an utter cad, and instead of bringing all that row about my cap upon Bourne's head I ought to have burned my boots and never kicked a football again. There's another matter, this time strictly between Bourne and self, in which I did him as big an injury as one fellow can do another. He gave me a sound thrashing for it on the morning that you fellows went away last term, and Carr and Vercoe here assisted us in our little mill. No one ever deserved a thrashing as I deserved that one, and now I'm glad I got it. It was Bourne's only score against me. Fact is," said Acton, with a grim smile, "I'd rather meet another Jarvis than Bourne."

The fellows opened their eyes and wondered what next.

"This term I've worked the whole school, and especially you monitors, against Bourne, to make his chance of getting the captaincy a very rocky one. And I think I pretty well succeeded. And how does Bourne reply to this? This afternoon he risks his life to save my mother from being killed when her horses bolted. You all liked Bourne before I appeared on the scene, with good reason, and I do hope you will all give him your votes, for, and I say it absolutely sure of its truth, the best fellow in St. Amory's is Bourne. That is all I can say."

Mivart got up before the fellows had time to recover from their astonishment, and said :—

"I have great pleasure in seconding Acton's proposal. I, too, consider Bourne out and out the best fellow to take Carr's place. Whilst Phil was under a cloud I was willing to stand for Captain, but since we all know now that he stands where he did, the only proper thing to do is to give him the unanimous vote, for I do not mean to stand at all."

ACTON GOT UP, AND THOUGH HE WAS VERY NERVOUS, HE SAID OUT STRAIGHT WHAT HE HAD RESOLVED TO SAY.

The fellows blankly voted for Bourne, and, as Grim would be sure to say, "the proposition was carried *nem. con.*"

That evening Corker confirmed Phil's appointment, and I spent as happy an evening as I can remember. Acton said he should not come back to St. Amory's again, as his record was too black to be used as a convenient reference, but Phil and I and all the fellows told him we should be only too glad to let by-gones be by-gones, and that he had really done the square thing at the last.

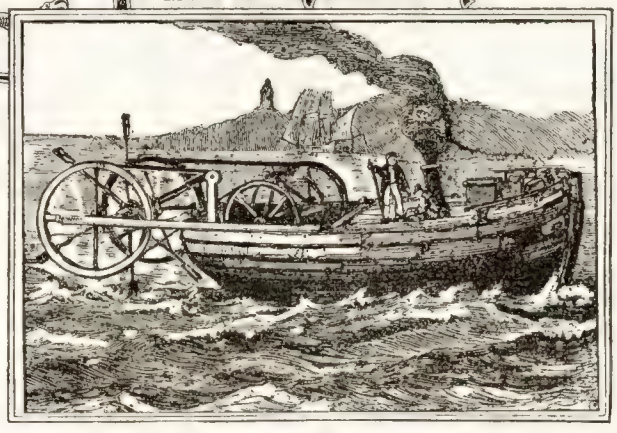
He did come back, and Phil's letters to me tell me that his old enemy is one of the most popular — deservedly — in the school, and his best friend. They are inseparable, play back together at "footer," and are variously called Gemini, Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, as the case may be.

Biffen's are still cock-house at "footer"; Acton is going in again for the "heavy"—this time without the Coon's help — and those "niggers," Singh Ram and Runjit Mehtah, to Worcester's intense disgust, are the representatives of St. Amory's in gymnastics; and, altogether, Biffen's House is, thanks to Acton's help, perhaps the most distinguished in the school.

(THE END.)

Fred M. Swanson

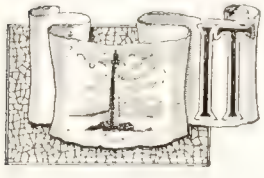
THE STORY OF OUR STEAMSHIPS



By Walter Dexter.

Author of "The Beginnings of the Railway," etc.

THE "CHARLOTTE DUNDAS," 1802, INVENTED BY SYMINGTON.



IS certainly to be marvelled at that steam was used as a means of locomotion on the sea long before it was used for that same purpose on the land. The only reason that can be given for this is that England's power always was, as it still is, on the sea, and so, naturally, inventors turned their thoughts in the direction of those things which would bring them most fame and wealth. Inventors set to work, and a steamship was the result, and even a steamer had successfully crossed the wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean several years before the opening of the first railway line in 1825.

The first idea of steam navigation (an idea only) was conceived by one Jonothan Hulls, who, in 1737, issued a pamphlet with the following title:—

> A description and draught of a new invented machine for carrying vessels or ships out of or in to any harbour, port or river, against wind or tide, or in a calm, for which His Majesty George II. has granted his letters patent for the space of fourteen years.
>
> By Jonothan Hulls.

But a vessel answering to the description set forth in the pamphlet was never constructed. Fifty years later an American named John Fitch, who was born at Windsor, Connecticut, on January 21st, 1743, formed a company for the purpose of navigating by steam, and in 1787 a steamer designed by him was launched on the Delaware. This continued until 1790, when the game was found to be a losing one, and the company was dissolved. In 1793 he endeavoured to introduce his invention into France, but met with no success. He returned from Europe to his native country, and, meeting with nothing but disappointment, committed suicide in 1798. So much for two non-successes; we will now turn to the first success, and for that Scotland must be sought out, and there we shall find the real inventor of steam navigation.

Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfrieshire, had made several attempts to propel a boat without oars or sails, by means of paddle wheels worked by horses. This was in 1785-6

William Symington, of Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, had, in 1786, constructed a small model of a steam *carriage* which he submitted to the inspection of several learned gentlemen in Edinburgh.

James Taylor was a schoolfellow of Symington, and tutor to Miller's family. Now Mr. Taylor informed Mr. Miller that his (Taylor's) friend, Mr. Symington, had constructed a carriage which would go by steam. This piece of information greatly interested Mr. Miller, who went off at once to Edinburgh to see Mr. Symington's invention. He was gladly shown it, and in the course of conversation mentioned to Symington his various experiments in navigation by means of paddles worked by horses. Thereupon the idea struck Symington that his steam engine could take the place of the horses and apply the necessary rotary motion to the paddles. This he propounded to Mr. Miller, with the result that, in 1788 the first steamer was set afloat on Dalswinton Lake. This was

but a year or so after James Fitch's steamer was launched on the Delaware.

Such is the complicated history of the first steamer, each of the above-named gentlemen, it is said, claiming the invention as theirs.

Miller had invented the paddles.

Symington provided the steam power.

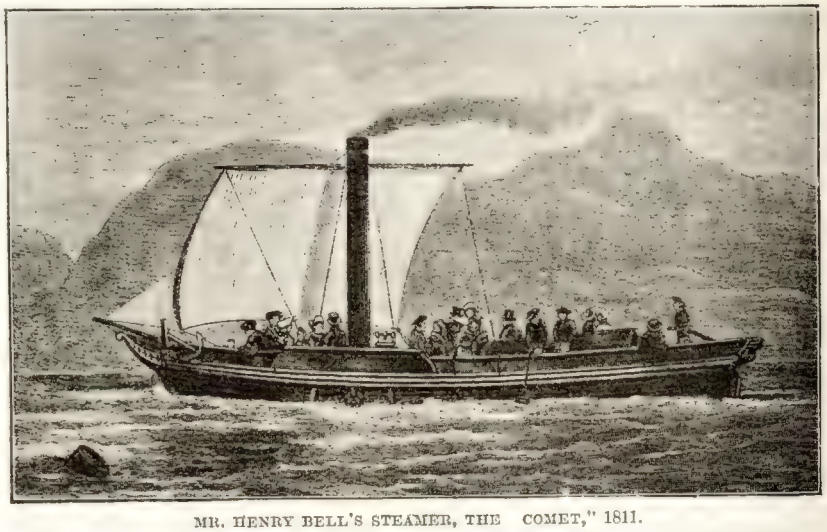
Said Miller: "What would be the use of the steam without the paddles?" Said Symington: "Without the steam, the paddles are useless."

Unfortunately, this squabbling led to the separation of Miller and Symington. The former was in a good position—a banker, in fact, and therefore was able to pursue his course with ease; but it was not so with Symington, who had not sufficient means to further perfect his engine. By the aid of Lord Dundas, however, he was introduced to the Duke of Bridgewater, hoping thereby to obtain the Duke's patronage, for he was interested in many canals. The interview was very successful, and he obtained the order to build several steamers for use on the Duke's canals. But unhappily the Duke suddenly died, and Symington's hopes were shattered. However, he had built one steamer called the *Charlotte Dundas*, which was launched in 1802 in the Forth and Clyde Canal. The trial was successful, but steam towing was abandoned for fear of destroying the banks of the canal. Still more misfortunes followed the man who really must have the credit for the invention of the steamer, as will be shown later on, and he died in 1831. It was due to him that the steamer was introduced into America in 1807 by Robert Fulton. Fulton was in England, watching some of the experiments which were being made by Symington under the patronage of Lord Dundas. Symington, complying with this complete stranger's request, allowed Fulton to make full drawings of the vessel, and moreover explained the whole construction to him. In return, he received the promise from Fulton that, when introduced into America, the construction of the vessels should be in his (Symington's) hands. In spite of this, it is said that Fulton never afterwards acknowledged his indebtedness to Symington.

Previous to this, no steamer had ventured out on the sea; all the experiments and trials had taken place, either on a lake, on a river, or in a canal. It was in January, 1812, that Henry Bell of Helensburgh, another Scotchman and a friend of Symington, constructed the *Comet*, a steamboat of about twenty-five tons, propelled by an engine of three-horse power at a rate of seven miles an hour.

It is interesting to know that the first steamer in the British Navy was also called the *Comet*.

Bell's *Comet* first began to steam up the Clyde, but later on it took to the open sea and steamed all round the Scotch coast. After a few trips she was found unfitted for such a rough coast, and was eventually broken up, and a new *Comet* was built by subscription in 1821. This new steamer ran successfully for some years, but on October 21, 1825, it came into collision with another steamer off Gourock and was sunk, seventy lives being lost in the catastrophe.



MR. HENRY BELL'S STEAMER, THE "COMET," 1811.

This steamboat, of 25 tons, was propelled by an engine of 3-h.p. at a rate of seven miles an hour.

Quickly in the wake of the pioneer steamer came several others, mostly hailing from Scotland, and then a steamer named the *Margery*, after having plied in the Clyde, was bought by a London firm, and ran in the Thames from London to Gravesend. Later on this steamer was purchased by a French company for the Seine, and thus it was that the *Margery* was the first steamer to cross the Channel.

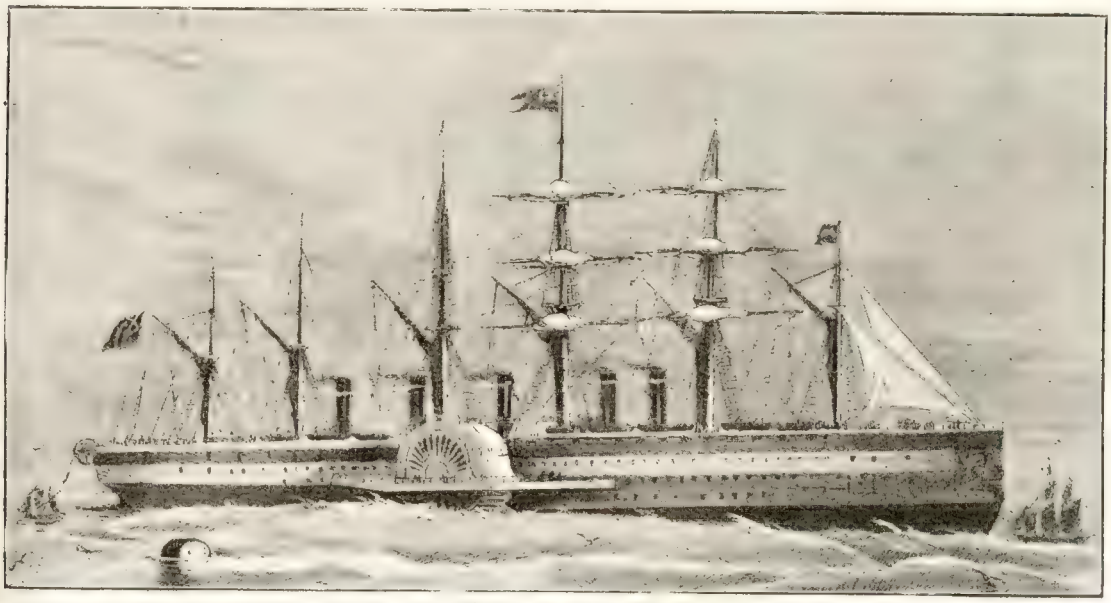
In 1818 the first steamer crossed the great expanse of the Atlantic Ocean. The passage took thirty-two days. The steamer, however, was a Dutch one, called the *Curaçoa*, and

started from Holland for Surinam. The first steamer to cross from the other side of the Atlantic was the *Savannah* She started from New York on 20th May, 1819, and arrived at Liverpool in twenty-nine days eleven hours, and thus beat the Dutch record by a few days. It is interesting to note, however, that for only eighty-eight hours did the paddles work, all the rest of the journey being done by the aid of the wind.

THE TRIAL OF THE "RATTLER" AND "ALECTO."
Which proved that the "screw-propeller" was superior to the paddle-wheel.

For several years after this, however, no attempt at all was made to lower the record. It was reserved to that great engineer, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who had just been appointed as engineer to the newly-made Great Western Railway, to accomplish this. As early as 1835 he suggested to the directorate of the company that they should make a much longer vessel than had been previously constructed—one which could contain sufficient coal for a journey of two to three thousand miles, and run it between Bristol and New York. His suggestion was seriously considered and later on adopted, and, designed by Brunel, the *Great Western* steamship was constructed at Bristol under his supervision. Her length was 212ft. between the perpendiculars, 35ft. 4ins. broad, and had a displacement of 2,300 tons, and was propelled by paddles. She was launched July 19th, 1837, and was the first steamship built which made *regular* voyages across the Atlantic.

Brunel now turned his attention to the construction of an iron steamer, using for the first time in a large ship, the "screw propeller," which has now displaced the old paddle wheels. The efficiency of the screw propeller had just been proved by the Admiralty, the *Rattler* being built for the Government, under Brunel's guidance, with the screw. A paddle-wheel steamer, the *Alecto*, was brought into requisition, and a curious test was applied to



THE "GREAT EASTERN," 1857.
The largest steamer ever built, until the *Oceanic* was launched January 14, 1899.

both, to prove the quality of their relative towing powers. They were secured stern to stern by ropes, and then they exerted their full strength, each pulling in opposite directions. The trial took place in 1844, in the North Sea, during a calm, and the *Rattler* succeeded, by the superior resources of its propeller, in dragging after her the reluctant and resisting *Alecto*, at a speed of two miles and eight-tenths per hour.

The superiority of the screw propeller thus being proved, Brunel decided to fit his new steamer with it. The *Great Britain* was its name, and besides being the first large vessel to use the screw propeller, it was the first constructed iron boat, and the largest vessel afloat at the time. She made her first voyage from Liverpool to New York in August, 1845. A year later she was run down off the Irish coast, on the rocks at Dundrum Bay, and laid there nearly a year before any attempts were made to get her off. But eventually this was done, and she was employed in the Australian trade. Soon after this, the master mind of Brunel began to meditate on a vaster project still, the construction of a vessel large enough to carry all the coal necessary for a long outward voyage, and if no coal could be obtained at the outward port, sufficient for the homeward one, too! In 1852 he laid his scheme before the directorate, and the result was the *Great Eastern*, which, until the *Oceanic* was launched on January 14th, 1899, was the largest vessel ever built—of course, this in point of size only.

The *Great Eastern* was not complete until 1857, and on November 3rd, an unsuccessful attempt was made to launch her. It was not until January 31st of the following year that she was properly launched, and she then lay in the Thames for over eighteen months. On 7th September, 1859, she steamed down the river, and when just past the Nore a terrible explosion occurred, in which seven persons were killed and several severely wounded. On June 17th, 1860, she set to sea again, and this time this unfortunate vessel was more successful, for she made the trip to America in eleven days. In 1861 she met a terrible storm off the Irish coast, and was severely damaged. A truly unfortunate vessel was this leviathan, as we have briefly shown above. In 1864 it was sold to the American Telegraph Cable Company to carry the cable whilst it was being laid down across the ocean. Its selling price was £25,000, or a thirtieth of its cost.

The Government were slow to recognise the value of the steam over the old sailer, and it was not until 1837 that the first contract was signed for the conveyance of the mails by steamers. This first contract was with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co., or the "P. and O.," as it is called for short, the largest of all the great steamship companies.

THE P. & O. "RIPON" LEAVING THE SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS FOR THE CRIMEA.

Their first steamer, the *William Fawcett*, of 200 tons burthen, was built in 1829, and a comparison of it with the magnificent liner pictured on page 130 of the May CAPTAIN, in Mr. J. A. Kay's excellent article, goes to show the rapid strides made in the construction of our ocean greyhounds.

This company was one of the first to act as transports for our soldiers in time of war, and the accompanying illustration of the *Ripon* leaving Southampton Docks for the Crimea in 1854, carrying the Grenadier Guards, will, at this time, prove interesting.

The Cunard line was started in 1838, and was the first steamship company to run a regular service to America. The P. and O.

steam mail service having been inaugurated, tenders were invited for the conveyance of the mails to America by steam also. Samuel Cunard, a quaker of Halifax, Nova Scotia, hearing of it, sailed for England to find a capitalist who would help him to carry out his project. At Liverpool he met Sir George Burns and Mr. David McIver, and in a couple of days the Cunard Company was floated with a capital of £200,000, and their mail service tender was accepted.

"BRITANNIA," 1840.
The first boat belonging to the Cunard Line to carry the mails to America. July, 1840.

The *Britannia* was their first boat, which left the Mersey on July 4th, 1840, and reached Boston in fourteen days eight hours.

Then the Americans started a line of their own; and then came the race, in which the Cunarders were beaten in everything but the comfort of their vessels.

Disaster, however, followed the American firm—a series of terrible accidents happened to her ships, and in 1858 the company failed, and the English line held sway. Competition still existed amongst the British steamship companies, but to deal with that, interesting though it be, would require more space than is at our disposal.

The White Star line, another famous transatlantic line, was founded in 1860, and is, perhaps, best known to our readers as being the owner of the *Oceanic*, above referred to, which bears the same name as the first of the White Star liners, and which was also built by the same firm, Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast. All steamers bearing names ending in "ic" belong to this company.

The following table, taken from the *Daily Chronicle* of January 11th, 1899, shows clearly where the greatness of our greatest steamer, the *Oceanic*, lies. It is in her motive power that she far excels any other steamer yet launched.

STEAMER.	LAUNCHED.	HORSE-POWER.
Great Eastern	1858	2,600
Etruria	1854	14,500
Umbria	1884	14,500
Majestic	1889	16,000
Teutonic	1889	16,000
Campania	1893	30,000
Lucania	1895	30,000
Wilhelm der Grosse ...	1893	28,000
Oceanic	1899	45,000

Also, she is to be compared with two of our latest ironclads, *Powerful* and *Terrible*, whose horse-power is only 25,000. Says the writer in the paper above mentioned: "What shall we reach in another score of years, for no one can believe that the *Oceanic* is the last word of either Messrs. Harland & Wolff, or of the shipbuilding trade of the United Kingdom. There is no finality in this business."

PROBABLE INVENTIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(Below we publish a list of some of the most amusing "inventions" forecast by our readers in May Competition I.)

(1) There will be no need to sleep, owing to a discovery by one of the most famous scientists of the day.

(2) No one will have newspapers; by a combination of electricity, lenses, and mirrors you will be able to read the news from the table-cloth.

(3) A clock that speaks the hours.

(4) Meals put into little tabloids.

(5) Brimless ladies' sailor hats.

(6) A machine for carving chickens.

(7) Automatic figures to act as ambulance men and nurses when fighting people like the Boers.

(8) A machine to prevent women gossiping.

(9) A telephotoelectrophono microscopograph. By means of this invention you will be able to photograph microbes in Mexico (although you are in London) and hear what they are saying to each other.

(10) A railway to Mars.

(11) Handkerchiefs marked with owner's photograph.

(12) A patent appliance which, if a man swears, will fine him by snatching a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it to a beggar.

MUGGINS' PRETTY SISTER.

By a Fourth Form Chap.

Sketches by E. F. Skinner.

IS name was Muggins, to begin with, which was bad enough (I don't think fellows ought to be saddled with their fathers' beastly names if they don't like them; fancy being called *Muggins!*), and he was the worst little funk in the school; why, you'd only got to twist his wrist just the least bit round the wrong way and he'd howl blue murder; and then when the fellows found out that it rhymed with Juggins, he might just as well have gone and drowned himself at once. It was young Foster Minor who nosed it out, and he wrote a spiffing verse about it; but Muggins didn't like it, so the fellows shouted it out at him whenever he ventured to come out into the playground, and he used to skulk about indoors all day. He was an awful little muff; he couldn't stand a word of chaff, and, of course, that made the fellows tease his life out; and young Foster wrote another verse better than the first, but when four of the chaps joined hands and sang it round him, Mug. just sat down and blubbed.

Of course, after that, you couldn't expect any of us to have anything to do with him, and Foster Minor moved his seat away from him, and young Burke did the same from the other side; and when Muggins saw what they had done he looked as if he'd jolly well like to sit and blub all through class—like a girl.

If it hadn't been for that pretty sister of his, he might have been sitting there still—he was an awful little duffer.

It was young Burke who found it out.

"I say, you fellows," he yelled one morning in the playground, "what d'you think? Juggins has got a sister!"

"*How* wonderful!" exclaimed Wingfield, in that curl-of-the-lip sort of way he's got. "Did you hear that, you chaps? A *sister*, just fancy!"

"Oh, you may sneer and try to be funny," said Burke, getting huffy; "just you wait till you see her photo!"

He wouldn't tell us any more after that—Wingfield always put his monkey up—and we couldn't get him to open his mouth, till I sat on his chest, and Wright held his ankles, and Morrison twisted his wrists round the wrong way. Then he said things.

"What—about—Muggins'—sister?" I asked, getting up and sitting down again between every word as heavily as I could. I weigh 9st. 6lbs.

"Ugh!" grunted Burke, and that was all, though his face was jolly red, and his eyes looked bulgy. Burke always was an obstinate little beggar. Morrison doubled up his elbow and knocked it twice with the ruler—hard. Burke gave a sort of groan. "I give in, you beastly bullies," he gasped. I jumped on his chest once more, just to punish him for saying that, and he said I had injured his lungs for life, but I don't believe I had; anyhow, he had no business to call names. So then we let him get up.

"Well, what about Muggins' sister?" said Morrison, holding his ear in case he tried to make a bolt.

"Let go my ear," said Burke.

"What about Muggins' sister?" said Morrison, pinching it a little harder to hurry him.

"I only meant she was so jolly pretty," said Burke, sulkily. And then he gave a sudden wriggle, and ducked down, and before we could stop him he had bunked for the house. "Go and ask him to show you her photo, if you want to know!" he yelled back over his shoulder.

So we did. I went too, not because I wanted to see a beastly girl, I think all girls are rot, but I didn't believe Muggins' sister *could* be pretty, and so I wanted to find out.

Muggins was in the school-room, and he looked rather funky when he saw Morrison and Wingfield and Wright and me coming in, and he got up in a hurry to go. But Morrison called him back.

"Don't go, Muggy," he said, "we've only come to see your precious sister."

Muggins went as red as fire, and turned his back, and pretended to be looking for something in his desk.

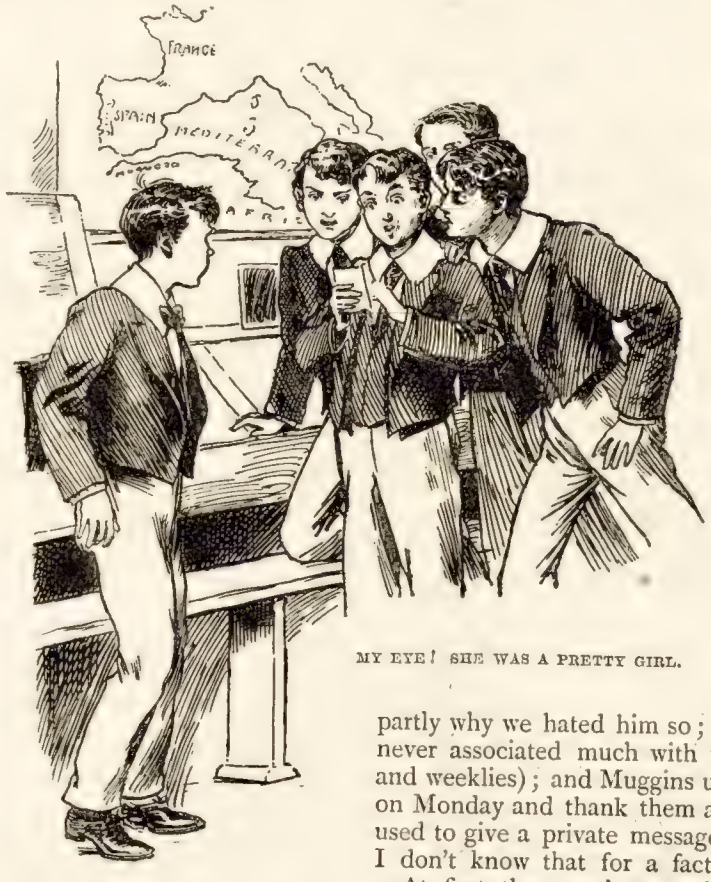
"I don't know what you mean. I haven't got a sister," he said, sulkily.

"You needn't get such a colour over it," I said. "You look like a beastly lobster; and you needn't tell us any lies either. Burke has told us all about her, so trot her out, my beauty, and let's see if she's got a mug like yours."

So then he began to fumble unwillingly in his pocket, and presently he pulled out a photo and handed it to us.

"Oh, you mean that," he said, as if it had quite slipped his memory that he had a sister at all.

My eye! she was a pretty girl. I don't care a hang for girls, myself; I think they are rot, and I can't see what there is about them to make even decent chaps get spooney on them, and ass around, and go scarlet and look idiots if you so much as mention their name; but I will own that Muggins' sister had got the very prettiest face I ever saw. It was one of those medium-sized photos—"cart" something or other, I think they call them, and coloured, and she had a heap of light, fluffy, golden curls all round her face, and very big blue eyes, and a little nose and mouth, and a complexion that Foster Minor said was milk and roses; and, besides, she was smiling, and had a dimple each side. She'd got her head on one side, though, and I thought that made her look affected, but the fellows wouldn't own it; and I said I didn't think a young girl like her ought to have those big pearls round her neck, the mater wouldn't think of letting Nellie I was jolly well sure, but the fellows said "Rot!"



MY EYE! SHE WAS A PRETTY GIRL.

You wouldn't believe what a difference that photo made to Muggins. At first he seemed rather ashamed of it, and got red and huffy if you only mentioned it—I think he was afraid they were getting at him; but when he found that they didn't chaff, and stopped ragging him, and one after another came up and asked to look at his "beautiful sister," he began to get quite cocky and put on airs, and at last he refused to show it at all under a penny a head. But he promised to let Foster Minor have three looks free a day, if he'd give him his solemn oath to tear up all those verses he'd written about him, and to punch every kid's head that he heard saying them. And Foster promised and thanked him gratefully.

Foster was about the worst of the lot over that sister, though I think about half the Fifth and jolly well all the Fourth said they were dying of love for her, and I guess Mug. had never been so rich in his life as when it came into his head to charge a penny for every look. I know for a fact that young Allan (one of the Third kids) gave him every penny of his pocket money for two weeks running, and wanted to swop his guinea bat, and his white mice, and his best knife, with him for that photo. But Muggins wouldn't.

And then the chaps took to buying sweets and all sorts of things for Muggins to take home on Saturday (Muggins was a weekly boarder, you know; that is partly why we hated him so; the real boarders never associated much with the beastly dailies and weeklies); and Muggins used to come back on Monday and thank them all, and I think he used to give a private message to each one, but I don't know that for a fact.

At first they used to send flowers too, but Muggins told them his sister didn't care much for flowers, she liked sweets best, and then tarts; and after that it was as much as he could do to carry all the bags on Saturday—but he didn't seem to mind.

I never knew fellows could be such asses as those chaps were over that pretty sister of Muggins'. Muggins wanted me to have a penny-worth at first, but I told him that girls were rot, and that I'd punch his head if he ever asked me again, so he didn't. But Foster Minor, who was a jolly decent little chap as a rule, was clean

gone on her—it made me sick to hear him. But when I found out that just by saying her name (Muggins wouldn't tell us at first, he said he didn't know, but when I pinched him for a lie, he yelled out that it was "Marguerite") as I passed, I could make the whole Fourth look like a row of lobsters, it wasn't so bad, only disgusting.

Anyhow, it was jolly fine for Muggins—instead of laughing at him and chivvying him, and calling him Juggins, the fellows couldn't make enough fuss of him; and when I jawed them they only looked red, and said well he wasn't half a bad chap really, and anyhow he'd got the prettiest sister in the school; and young Burke got cheeky and said it was all jolly fine for me to talk, but everyone knew the grapes were sour. So I punched his head for that and made him fight me. He got a jolly licking, and that made me feel better.

Luckily it was near the end of the term, and I knew Muggins wasn't coming back next term, so it couldn't go on much longer.

WHEN HE FELT HOW COLD THE WATER WAS HE YELLED BLUE MURDER, AND PRAYED ME TO SAVE HIM

But the fellows all cadged to get asked down to Muggins' place in the holidays, and young Allan wrote a long letter (he stayed in all Saturday afternoon to do it) and folded it up and hid it in amongst a pound of the best chocolates, and gave it to Muggins to give his sister. I don't know for certain what he said, but Muggins was grinning very much on Monday, and he gave him his sister's love and said she thanked him very much for the chocolates, but she was afraid she could not invite him down as she had never seen him, and besides, she couldn't love him because he had got red hair.

Young Allan talked a lot of rot and uttered "dark threats of suicide," as they say in the story books. When I told him that he hadn't the pluck to do it, he turned straight round and ran and jumped into Hendley Pond, and he couldn't swim a stroke; but when he felt how cold the water was he yelled blue murder, and prayed me to save him, and so I hauled him out. But he was jolly wet and miserable, and he had such a cold next morning that the matron kept him in bed for a week, and he was quite proud.

The day before the end of the term Muggins raffled the photo, and he got 13s. 9¾d. for it. It was Foster Minor who got it, which was jolly hard for the rest, as it was Foster who only put in the 9¾d. instead of a shilling, as that was all he had left; but Muggins let him for fear he should write some more verses if he didn't.

And if it hadn't have been for his father——. But this is how it all came out: you know the day after the prize-giving, lots of the daily and weekly boarders' fathers come over to fetch them home, and the Head gives them cake and wine and makes himself pleasant generally. Well, Muggins senior turned up in the morning, in their dog-cart, and the Doc. had him in into the big schoolroom, where all the boys and masters had collected, some of them just going, some of them talking to their paters and uncles, and most of the real boarders just sitting about, not going till the afternoon train; and the old Doc. fussing around amongst them all — doing the polite and the paternal.

He was jolly nice and amiable to Muggins, when he came in ready;

said he was sorry he wasn't coming back and all that, and patted him on the shoulder and told him to be sure and behave prettily to his sister in the holidays. Muggins senior looked up and laughed when the Doc. said that.

"His sister!" he said laughing, "unfortunately, he hasn't one."

Lord! you should have seen the sensation that little sentence made. All the boys in the room seemed to hear it, I don't know how, but, anyhow, they all stopped talking suddenly and turned and stared at Muggins and his pater and the Doc.

I happened to be looking at Muggins when the Doc. said that, and you never saw such a sight as his face was in your life: first it went crimson, and then as white as chalk, then an unholy-looking gray, and finished up by becoming streaky. And he gave a funny little croaking laugh that wasn't a laugh at all, and he said:

"There's only me and my little brother in the family, sir."

Didn't the old Doc. stare! You see, even he had heard something or other about that precious sister of Muggins; and he stared at Muggins, then pulled out his gold-rimmed glasses and polished them up, and peered at him through them; and then he said, in a puzzled sort of way:—

"You *are* Walter Muggins, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Muggins, rather faintly, and I could see he was wriggling all over with terror.

"And you haven't any sister?" went on the old Doc., looking quite bewildered.

"No, sir," whispered Muggins, looking quite sick.

"Of course not! What do you mean?" said Muggins senior, sharply.

Then there was a dreadful pause, and suddenly in the silence (some of them said afterwards that it was young Allan, but I would stake my davy it was Foster Minor):—

"Then who is Marguerite?" said a voice in a despairing sort of way.

Muggins looked up for just a second, and when he saw all those eyes staring and glaring at him, he just gave a sort of abject howl, and ducked his head down on his arm and began to blub.

Didn't Muggins senior look jolly wild! I shouldn't have cared to have him for a father; he didn't look the sort that would stand much nonsense. Perhaps that was what had made Mug. such a funky little beast.

"What do you mean by all this, sir?" he said shortly. "Who is Marguerite?"

Mug. blubbed so hard that he couldn't answer.

"Answer me, sir!" said his pater.

"I—don't—know!" gasped Mug., and blubbed worse than ever.

Jove! it was ripping to see all those boys' faces. You might have knocked half of them down with a feather when he came out with that, and I had to stuff my handkerchief halfway down my throat to keep me from exploding.

"TELL ME, SIR, THIS INSTANT!" HE SAID, SAVAGELY, "WHO IS THIS MARGUERITE?"

I wouldn't have missed it for a fiver.

"Explain, sir!" said Muggins senior curtly.

"I—never said—she—was my sister," blubbed Muggins. "Burke said she—was,—and I said no—she wasn't—at first—b-but they didn't—believe—and—and so I—let them think so! I wish I was dead; oh, I do!"

The old Doc. looked touched—he always was a tender-hearted old bounder, and hated to cane any of us unless it was for anything shady, and then he was rampant—but Muggins senior didn't; he just took hold of the poor beggar's shoulder and shook him till he howled.

"Tell me, sir, this instant!" he said savagely. "Who is this Marguerite?"

"Ow!" howled Muggins, "I—I—*got her out of—a penny-in-the-slot machine!*"

And when he said that, it was too much for me, and I went off like a bottle of ginger-beer in the hot weather, and, of course, I had to bunk out of the room, and so I missed the end, which was jolly hard lines.

But the fellows told me all about it afterwards. They said the old Head pitied Mug. because he blubbed so; he was afraid he would make himself ill, and he wanted to take him away and give him time to recover; but Muggins senior wouldn't hear of it, and he made him blab it all out before the whole school, every word.

Of course, when we came to think of it, he *hadn't* told us a lie in the first instance; it was all that ass of a Burke taking things for granted in that way. At first Mug. had never dreamt of keeping it up and taking us all in like that; but when he found how polite the chaps had grown all of a sudden, and then what a jolly fine thing he made of it, the beggar was only too glad to keep mum, and I don't wonder either.

But to think that the beautiful, amiable Marguerite, who was so fond of sweets and tarts should be only a penny auto-photo after all! Jove! didn't it make me ache! and wasn't it a glorious sell for those fellows, and didn't they look fools—it makes me split again whenever I think of it!

It served them jolly well right, too, for being such beastly spoons, though I didn't think Muggins had it in him to do it; but it was the best joke I ever knew, and I was jolly glad, because I always said that all girls were rot!

MARION WARD.

"MY PROFESSION."

(Contributed by readers of "The Captain."

BANKING.

As it is the aim of agriculturists to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, so the system of banking has increased the powers of real coins of the realm by adding to them an enormous increment of fictitious money in the shape of credit, which makes innumerable transactions possible which were not so formerly; and banks have become a necessity of the age. Their four great functions are:—To exchange money, lend money, borrow money, and transmit money.

The large number of banks which now exist form a regular network of communication throughout and for the benefit of the country, and the distribution of its wealth where it is needed.

A youth generally enters a bank when he is about seventeen years old, and in most offices is apprenticed for from three to five years, at the end of which time he becomes a clerk, and ascends by annual "rises" until he reaches the end of a scale of salary, after which his promotion depends on his ability. If he has a pleasant manner and smart appearance, he is then probably made a cashier; and afterwards a good knowledge of the system of the books and management of the office procures for him the post of accountant.

The next step is to the increased responsibility of a manager. The final goal after this is attained by very few—the position of general manager of the head office and branches.

In head offices, however, there are posts such as heads of departments (Bill Departments, Advance Departments, etc.); and every bank has a certain number of inspectors, whose work is to go around the branches seeing that everything is straight and in order.

The checking system is a very strong one, and comparatively few cases of fraud occur inside a bank, considering the number of officials: for instance, the cashiers—who are in charge of the money—are not allowed to do any work in connection with the chief books.

Most banks encourage their clerks by offering a pecuniary incentive to them to pass the examinations in banking practice and law, of which there are two—the preliminary and final. These are promoted by the Institute of Bankers, who also publish a monthly magazine containing the current questions and judgments of the day, and who protect bankers generally.

The chief drawback to the clerk is the groove into which he glides, owing to the mechanical work he is engaged upon; and it is well to try and overcome that tendency, and take an intelligent interest in the work of the other departments of the office in his spare moments, and keep well posted up in the constantly increasing law cases (as they affect banking) of the day: all of which will pave the way to the less mechanical, but more lucrative, posts at the top of the ladder.

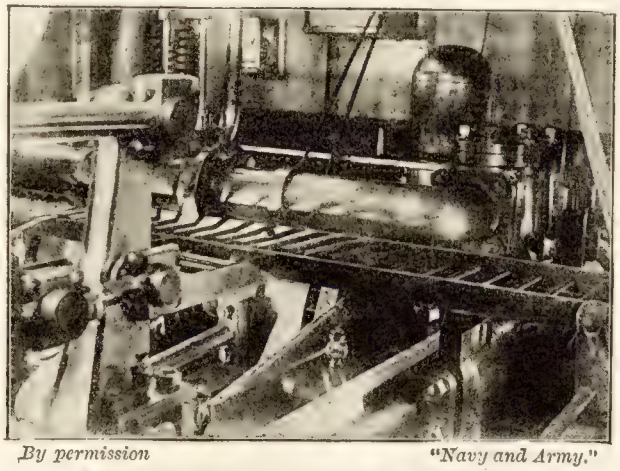
VAUGHAN BOWEN.

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL.

CONDUCTED BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

No. XII.—ENGINEERS, CONSTRUCTORS, AND MARINES IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

FROM the large number of letters that reach me every week containing questions about the profession of engineer in the Royal Navy, I gather that this branch of the Service is very popular with many of my readers. As regards pay, position, and pension, the position of the naval engineer has much improved of late years, and offers excellent prospects for anyone who has a liking for mechanical and scientific studies, and who is not afraid of hard manual work. The engineer in the Navy now ranks as a commissioned officer. He is on the same footing as the lieutenant and captain of the vessel. Although his training is longer and more thorough than that of any other naval officer, the cost of qualifying is not so great, which accounts for the popularity of the profession with many parents who cannot afford the many expenses incidental to the life of a "middy."



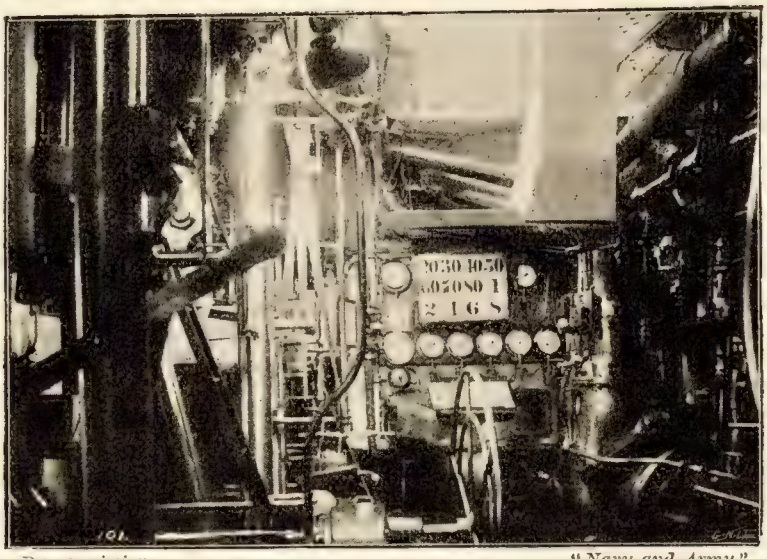
By permission *"Navy and Army."*

HYDRAULIC ENGINE ROOM OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

Most of the vacancies for engineer students in the Navy are filled by means of competitive examinations. These examinations are open to the sons of all British subjects, or of parents naturalised in the United Kingdom. A few nominations are given by the Lords of the Admiralty to the sons of officers of the Navy or Army, and also three studentships are annually given to the sons of colonials on the recommendation of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Candidates must be not less than fourteen and not more than seventeen years of age. The examinations take place before the Civil Service Commissioners in the month of April in London, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Devonport, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Edinburgh, and Dublin. An entrance fee of £1 must be paid by each candidate. The subjects for examination are—Arithmetic, English (including handwriting), grammar and dictation, and reading aloud. These have first place on the list, and any candidate failing to pass in all of these will be disqualified. Stammering or indistinct enunciation will disqualify. The further subjects are French, or German, or Italian (translation into English); Latin; elementary chemistry and physics; geography (including physical geography); algebra up to quadratic equations; Euclid, Books I.—IV., and Book VI., and definitions of Book V.; drawing (freehand). To pass the examinations successfully, at least 45 per cent. of the total marks must be obtained. Successful candidates have to pass a very severe medical examination, have to be re-vaccinated, and must produce certificates of age and character.

An engineer student, then, has his name entered on the books of the guardship of the depôtshipat Devonport, where he undergoes a training of five years, residing at the training school at Keyham. The educational fees are £40 per year, except in the case of the students nominated by the Board of Admiralty, who are received at £25 a year. In addition to this, a special outfit has to be purchased, which will cost about £15, and a sum of something like £25 per year must be allowed for renewal of uniform and other clothes, washing, and subscriptions to various funds and clubs. Students receive a small allowance during their training, 1s. per week during the first year, 2s. per week for the second year, and increasing every year up to 8s. a week in the fifth. Each student, whose conduct and progress have been satisfactory, is allowed six weeks' leave on full pay each year—four weeks at midsummer, and two weeks at Christmas.

At the end of the second year a preliminary examination is held, when those who fail to



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PORT ENGINE ROOM OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

obtain 40 per cent. of the total number of marks will be discharged, unless they are allowed, owing to some good cause, to remain in the lower division for another year. But no student is permitted to remain for more than six years.

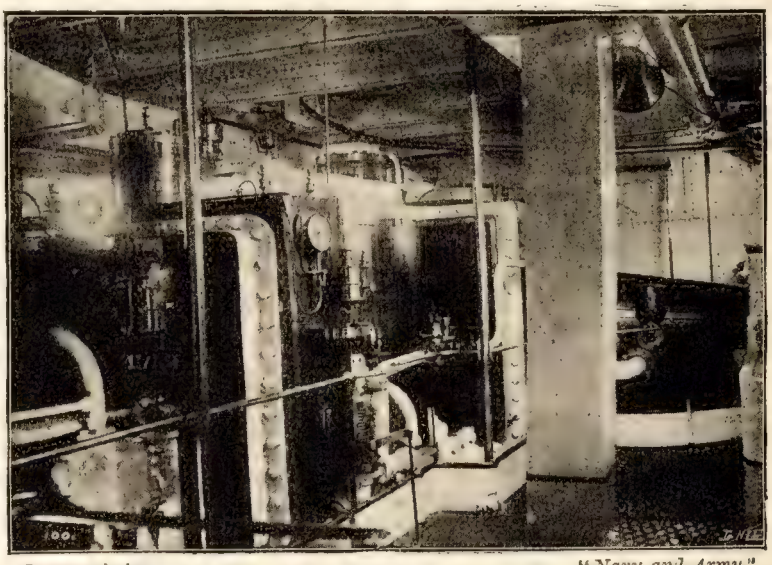
At the final examination, held at the end of the fifth year, the future position of the student depends upon his place in the list. Promotion goes by seniority, and the measure of success in this examination will greatly affect his prospects. The students are divided into three classes, according to order of merit. Those who obtain 60 per cent. of the total number of marks will join the Royal Naval College at Greenwich for further instruction, which means better pay and opportunities of quicker promotion. Students in the second or third classes remain in the Steam Reserve at Devonport, and are appointed to ships as vacancies occur. Those who score under 30 per cent. at the final examination are no longer retained.

Students at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, are again examined at the end of their first session there, and are granted first, second or third class certificates, by which count twelve, six, or three months of the probationary time of promotion.

There is also another way of entering the Navy as an engineer, viz., by direct appointment, when the candidate becomes a probationary assistant-engineer. To enter in this manner the candidate must have passed a full course in engineering at some recognised college. He must be a British subject, and be between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-three, and he must pass the requisite examination at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in June.

As for the pay of this branch of the service, it is as follows: Assistant engineers receive 7s. 6d. per day, and after five years' service are eligible for the position of engineer, when they receive from 9s. to 12s. per day, according to length of service. They may rise, as vacancies occur, to fleet, staff, and chief engineers, with pay ranging from 14s. to £1 6s. per day, and inspectors of machines with £1 15s. per day. Extra pay is given on active service to engineers in charge.

It will thus be seen that the engineer student becomes immediately self-supporting and has a certain prospect of a pension.



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ENGINE ROOM—DRIVER'S DECK—OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

STUDENTS IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION.

The corps of naval constructors is recruited from the ranks of the engineer students. Two appointments are given yearly to the students who at the end of the second year of their training at Devonport have shown special ability. Students appointed must enter into a bond of £500 to serve as assistant constructors, and not to leave the Navy for seven years after they have finished their training. They are liable to serve at any foreign naval establishment, and may also be required to go to sea for a term, when they rank as assistant engineer, and receive a sum of £50 for uniform and outfit.

They serve four years as third-class assistant constructors, and then, if their characters be satisfactory, they become second-class assistants. The pay of third-class assistant constructors is £110 to £150 per year; second class, £160 to £240; first class, £250 to £300. Constructors receive £400 to £550 and a house; chief constructors, £700 to £850 and a house. The senior chief constructor receives £850 to £1,000; and the Director of Naval Construction, who is also Assistant Controller of the Navy and a most important official, receives from £1,500 to £1,800.

The Naval Construction branch of the Service grows more and more important every year, and will continue to do so while improved methods of ship building are discovered.

ROYAL MARINE OFFICERS.

The time when the Marines were looked upon as the most fitting branch of the Service for the fool of the family has long gone past, and a commission now in the Royal Marine Artillery involves a good deal of ability and hard work. The examinations for candidates for the Marines take place twice a year, in June and November, before the Civil Service Commissioners. Candidates must be in sound health, from 16 to 18 years of age, and of pure European birth. Applications for this branch of the Navy must be made to the Secretary, Civil Service Commissioners, Westminster, S.W., who will supply the requisite forms to be filled up. The candidate's name must also be sent in to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

After being appointed, a candidate goes to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich as second lieutenant. At the end of the first session an examination has to be passed; and at the end of the second session, if his conduct has been satisfactory, he will go to *H.M.S. Excellent* for naval gunnery and torpedo instruction. On passing an examination in these subjects, he can obtain the rank of lieutenant. Second lieutenants receive 5s. 3d. a day while at Greenwich.

Candidates for the Royal Marine Light Infantry must undergo the same preliminaries as for the Marine Artillery, but the limit of age is higher, viz., from seventeen to nineteen, and for University graduates from seventeen to twenty-two.

Each successful candidate for Royal Marine officers must pay the sum of £80 to the Accountant-General of the Navy to provide for his outfit on joining his division. The pay in this service is the same as that for Infantry officers, 5s. 3d. to 18s. per day.

In all these appointments I have mentioned it may seem that the boy's life who takes them up must consist of nothing but eternal examinations. To some extent this is true. For several years the boy who wishes to get on in the Navy must be content to bide his time and study hard, in the full assurance that there is a "good time a-coming" when examination days are over. It must be remembered, too, that all these exams. are gone through in his very early days, and that there are plenty of compensations for any hardships that may be necessary.

The appointments dealt with by no means bring to an end the resources of our Navy in the matter of professions. As might be expected in a country whose proud boast is that she is mistress of the seas, our Royal Navy offers a very large number of lucrative posts of all kinds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. L.—I certainly think it possible, especially from what you tell me of yourself, for you to teach yourself such subjects as Latin and French, by giving up a few hours each day to them. Of course, it is always more difficult to do these things by oneself than with the aid of teachers, and it would be well, especially with the French, to get some good instructor who will help you with the accent and teach you a colloquial use of the language. As you are still so young, you have plenty of time before you, and if you manage to teach yourself Pitman's Shorthand and to learn type-writing in the week, you will certainly have more than average ability, and ought to succeed in your ambition of rising to "higher things." **W. E. M.**—I should most certainly advise you to adopt the profession of chartered accountant. Even if, at the end of your articleship, you have no money to buy a partnership, the profession offers several advantages. At the end of your articles, if you have made yourself useful to your employer, he will most probably offer you a position as assistant. Besides this, there are various posts open to fully qualified chartered accountants without any necessary capital. Every public body requires expert accountants, and also borough auditors, at good salaries. Again, there are positions in the Colonies and in India open to qualified accountants, advertised frequently in the *Times* and Colonial papers. For these reasons I have no hesitation in advising you to adopt this profession. **P. M. B.**—I cannot tell you the exact cost of getting into the Army through the Militia, as it depends very largely upon what Militia regiment you join, and as to whether you are living at home or not, and whether you are devoting your whole time to the Militia work or are engaged in some other employment. As you probably know, the Militia is embodied every year for a period of three months, and it is during that time that the greatest expense is incurred by an officer, since he has to pay various mess dues, and to contribute generally towards the financial prosperity of his regiment; but, in no case, I think, need a man exceed his pay by more than £150 per annum in any Militia regiment, and usually by not nearly so much.

CHEAP PHOTOGRAPHY.

By R. C. Howlden *(Winner of this month's "Special Page" prize.)*

The following notes may prove acceptable to those photographic readers of The Captain who do not possess an unlimited amount of pocket-money.

Serviceable *developing dishes* may be made of wood if lined with American cloth, or treated to a liberal coating of enamel on the inside—the enamel being of the two the more durable.

A very good *dark-room lamp* can be made out of a small biscuit tin if a hole be cut in one end, so as to allow the smoke to escape and a suitable cowl (procurable at any tin-smith's for about 2d.) soldered over it. The part forming the lid of the tin should also have a square opening cut in it, and either a piece of ruby glass or fabric fastened to the inner side. The tin, when closed in the ordinary way, should then be perfectly light tight, except for the ruby light. A candle will serve as an illuminant, and a coat of Brunswick black applied to the outside of the tin will greatly improve the general appearance.

SMOKE AND STEAM.
Sent by Bernard J. Bolling.

A cigar-box will serve as a *drying rack* if the lid and bottom are removed and some corrugated cardboard (to be obtained at any chemist's) glued along each side of the inside of the box; two narrow strips of wood should be glued to the bottom, so as to render the four sides rigid, and loops of wire placed at each end will serve as handles.

Often more than one *vignetting glass* is required. By using slow plates duplicates can easily be made by means of contact printing by gas or lamp light. The first print results in what is known as an Egyptian vignette, that is, a black instead of a white shading at the edges. By placing a slow plate in contact with this, one then gets the ordinary vignetting glass. Greater density may be obtained by means of an intensifier. Sometimes a slight veil forms over the transparent parts; this, however, can be removed by the judicious application of the ferricyanide of potassium and hypo. reducer, care being taken to confine its action to the transparent portions only.

If one does not fasten the *tripod screw* to the top of the tripod by means of a piece of cord or string it is apt to get lost. And if this happens a long way from home, often one's photographic outing is brought to an abrupt termination. But this need not be so. For if one takes a piece of soft wood just a little larger than the missing screw, and cuts a thread in it by twisting it round and round in the bush of the camera, it will be found sufficient to hold the camera steady. Many damages to the camera are apt to result from the *tripod points slipping* on a polished floor, but they can be prevented from doing so by spreading a rug or mat on the floor, and, in addition to this, by tying equal lengths of cord to each leg, and knotting them together at a convenient distance.

Having the *camera bellows tested and mended* is often rather expensive. To do it for yourself, place your head under the focussing-cloth in the usual manner, previously capping the lens. Close the eyes for a second or two, so as to get used to the darkness. Any small holes will be plainly visible. The easiest way of mending them is to stick pieces of black court plaster over the holes—both inside and out.

An excellent *negative washer* can be contrived as follows:—Take a fairly large dish, and place the plate to be washed in one corner of it. Now turn on the tap, so as to get a small but steady stream, and arrange it so that the water does not fall directly on the plate, but into the opposite corner of the dish. Then get a piece of wood cut in the shape of a wedge, and place it underneath the dish just below the corner where the water falls in. In this way all the water has to wash the surface of the negative.

Sketches by Louis Gunnis.

THE "Hotel of the Lions" stood on a pine-clad rise just outside the quaint little German town, and its windows commanded a view of red-roofed houses, narrow streets, where the fattest of policemen walked, and, beyond, lindens and more pine trees, that rimmed the placid waters of Lion Lake.

Dick and Tod, friends and fellow-pupils of Mr. Davenant, were not concerned with the scenery. Dick sat on the table, Tod reclined among dictionaries on the sofa. They were supposed to be turning English verse into Latin, Dick doing the intellectual part of stringing words into lines, Tod the manual labour of looking out meanings. A German waiter might come in, because their room was the best room in the "Hotel of the Lions," and when Mr. Davenant was out—as at present—the landlord was in a perpetual terror of what Dick and Tod might be after. Just at present Dick was yawning at the English verse which had to be translated.

"*Quel* drivel!" he said, lazily. "I don't know what's gone wrong with Dav. He gets a letter, sets us this jibbering rot, and scuttles out. We may be dukes at Latin verse, but I'm bothered if we can do this. Just listen."

He read in an affected voice, with his hand on his heart—

> Shall Love call down the climber from his height?
> Or tempt the warrior from the woundy fray,
> Where with brave sword he mischief doth requite
> On Paynim knights and heathen of Cathay?
> Shall she not rather on the uttermost peaks
> Wave her 'kerchief to his far off fainting eyes—

He broke off, disgusted with the sentiment.

"What is 'heathen of Cathay' in Latin?" asked Tod, despairingly.

"That's easy enough," said Dick. "The incredulous ones, who eat dogs with chop-sticks. You'd better look up chop-sticks."

"Don't give it," said Tod. "Is 'kerchief the same as pocket-handkerchief?"

"Must be," said Dick, "but I don't fancy the Romans used them."

"They had Roman noses," objected Tod.

"Towels would do," said Dick. "Look up towels—and sneezing."

"What ever for?" asked Tod, and Dick explained.

"Sneezing-towel—a neat, but not gaudy paraphrase for handkerchief. *Nonne magis*—'will she not rather on the supreme hills brandish her sneezing-towel?' *Himmel*, but it's hot!" He got up and went to the window. "I'm going out," he said.

"Dav. told us——" began Tod.

"Don't care!" said Dick. "It's our last night, and the worst he could do would be to make us learn irregular verbs in the train to-morrow, and he won't do that, because he isn't a greaser. Besides, he's spoony at present."

"Dav.?" said Tod, in a shocked voice. He could not believe evil of a late blue.

"Fact!" said Dick. "Tweakavi! I spotted it at the concert in the park. Didn't you see that Miss Cowan—blue eyes, blue dress, rides a bike sometimes, and doesn't sit all among the wheels like most girls? Well, Dav. looked a regular old sheep whenever she spoke to him. So did that fat Lieutenant Groningen."

"A fat German might," Tod agreed.

"Dav.'s worse," said Dick. "Come on!"

They slipped through the heavy-scented woods of pine with much caution, and, skirting the town,

arrived without misadventure at the boat-house. As Dick and Tod came up they heard voices inside, and shrank quickly into the shadows on the east side.

"Who is it?" Tod asked Dick in a whisper. Dick had glued his eye to a convenient chink.

"It's that fat Lieutenant Groningen," he said, 'got up as if he were going to march to Paris, and another chap. They're getting out one of the boats."

The lieutenant did not seem to be in a very good humour, for his voice was very vehement and more guttural than usual.

"What's he talking about?" asked Tod.

"Can't make out," said Dick. "Wait and see, though—there's some blue-eyed maiden who used to look with proper appreciation upon the fat lieutenant. She must have been hard up! 'But now—thunder and pigs!—because the thousand times dratted——' By Jove!" said Dick, breaking off his translation excitedly, "he's talking about Dav.! The thousand-times dratted Englander is Dav., and he has taken the blue-eyed maiden for a row to the island, and Fatty is going over to insult him, if possible, in the presence of the maiden——" Dick rolled on the ground in an ecstasy of joy.

"I should think Fatty would get beans," said Tod.

"Rather!" said Dick, delightedly. "I'm going to see; but, quick—get behind the hut!"

They darted behind as the nose of the boat shot out from under the boat-house. The friend in plain clothes was rowing, and Lieutenant Groningen sat in the stern. The boat was headed straight for the island.

"We'd better wait till they're out of sight," said Tod.

Dick curbed his impatience, and hoped they would not arrive too late to see the beans administered. "We'll put on steam, once we're started," he said.

They had not to wait long, for the sun that had baked all day was growing dim behind grey, woolly clouds, and the heat haze that lingered on the lake soon rendered the German's boat indistinct. Then Dick and Tod hastened into the boat-house.

"Brutes!" said Dick, dismayed. "They've taken the only other respectable boat." The "Lion Lake" only boasted three boats, and the third was an awkward flat-bottomed, bluff-nosed tub that was usually left to rot ingloriously. A carpet of green stagnant water was already in the bottom of it, and as they got on board to untie it, more water bubbled in.

"It can't be helped," said Dick, bending to an oar.

"It's a mile to the island, isn't it?" Tod asked, as he took the other and pushed off.

"Ten in this tub," groaned Dick. "We'll miss the show for certain."

They pulled with a will over the hazy lake, until the island loomed faintly before them, with its dark foliage of trees. Tod then ventured to remark that there was a good deal of water coming in. Inasmuch as it was wetting his knees as he sat, the fact was indisputable, but Dick said it didn't matter. He kept his eye, however, on the green scum as it floated higher and higher in the bottom of the boat.

"I don't think," said Tod, pulling laboriously, "that we're making much way——"

"Yes we are," said Dick, suddenly, "we're going to the bottom as fast as we can——" he dropped his oar and stood up in the boat, looking anxiously towards the island. Tod waited for directions.

"Think you can swim it?" said Dick.

"But how far is it?" asked Tod, beginning to shiver.

As if in answer the mist seemed to shake and lift. Straight ahead, and not more than a couple of hundred yards distant, lay the island, and they could see the Germans tying up their boat beside another that was already beached there.

"Lie low!" said Dick. They flattened themselves in the slimy boat until the Germans went forward and were lost behind the trees. "Now!" said Dick, hurriedly, "as quick as you can."

Tod replied with a dive that took him yards away. When he came up Dick was beside him. They swam side by side silently. Both were good swimmers, and the water was unruffled and warm.

"There goes the tub," said Dick, turning on his side. It settled down in the end quite quietly.

"I hope we shan't have to pay for it," said Tod. "Ugh!"

"What's the matter?" asked Dick, alarmed.

"Great pike nipped me," said Tod, kicking out. "Ugh! There it is again!"

"It's the bottom," said Dick, joyfully. "I'd no idea it was shallow so far out."

They scrambled the rest of the way on a firm gravel bottom, and shook themselves out on the shore of the island.

"Now for the beans," said Dick, leading the way through the trees.

The island was very still, and Tod hazarded an opinion that Dick had mistaken the purport of the Lieutenant's conversation.

"Shut up!" said Dick.

He had the makings of a general in him, and since they were now upon the trail, Tod's doubts amounted to mutiny. But Tod's doubts were really only a part of his excitement, for he knew that Dick understood German. The path they

were following through the trees led to an open rise whereupon stood a small fortalice, built in stone many years ago by some retired general, after whose death it had been turned into a sort of museum, containing a few rusty sabres and cumbersome guns and pieces of armour.

The boys, as they crept up cautiously, heard voices in the hall, and, peering through, saw what they had come to see.

On a bench, from which Davenant had just risen, Miss Cowan sat, somewhat pale, but with her lips curved in an intense scorn, listening to the lieutenant's friend, who had evidently been set to explain matters, for he was speaking in a slow, drawling voice, with many gesticulations. The lieutenant himself stood at one side, scowling and shaking his head pompously at intervals to emphasise some point in his friend's speech.

"What's Dav. doing?" whispered Tod, as he wormed himself behind a pillar that offered a more effectual concealment.

"Kind of grinning."

"There will be beans, then," said Tod, shaking with excitement, and just then the friend stopped speaking.

Mr. Davenant turned and said in a low voice, that Tod only just caught: "Edith, will you please go down to the boat and wait? I have to talk to this man."

Tod could see that, notwithstanding her look of scorn, she was very anxious, and her hands were clenched tightly.

"Now, will she tempt her warrior from the fray?" he asked himself.

She rose smiling, and came steadily through the doorway.

"Keep down!" whispered Dick.

"She's brandishing her sneezing towel," said Tod.

Then she disappeared among the trees. Meanwhile Mr. Davenant had turned to the two Germans.

"Now, gentlemen," he said coldly, "perhaps you will explain your conduct."

For answer the lieutenant hit out. His fat hand, in its white military glove, was heavy, but did not reach its mark. Instead, a hand not so large, but incomparably more skilful, guarded, and another, with all Davenant's weight behind it, countered unerring. The Herr Lieutenant Groningen went down like a smashed wicket.

"Hooray!" whispered Dick across the doorway; "first blood to Dav."

But it was as yet only first blood, for the combat was still to come. The lieutenant staggered to his feet with a volley of imprecations, and in his fury unsheathed his sabre.

Dick, who had the better view at this new stage of affairs, saw his tutor step back and wrench one of the rusty sabres from where they hung on the wall. The friend was wringing his hands and expostulating vainly. Evidently he had not expected to abet such violence.

"*Nein, nein*, my friend," he said, clinging to his companion.

"I say it is gut!" said the lieutenant hoarsely. "We will fight here—now. As for you, go down to the lady—inform her that presently I will come to pay my devotions and row her back."

"I recommend you to stay where you are," said Davenant, sternly.

"Go!" said the lieutenant, stamping his foot.

The friend looked from one to the other and held up his hands in horror. He saw himself threatened from both directions, and the door before him. He hurried through it. Whether or no he meant to carry out the lieutenant's directions is uncertain, for as he rushed blindly through the door, Dick (having the makings of a general in him) thrust out a leg, so that he pitched forward, his face in the sandy grass. The next moment two boys, dripping wet from the lake, sat on the top of him. Tod was on his head, Dick, lower down, busily and with great ingenuity was tying his hands together with a pocket-handkerchief, before he had recovered sufficiently from his surprise to struggle. It must have been that the man was slightly dazed with his fall, or supposed that he had grown adversaries to deal with, otherwise Dick and Tod, though strong for their years, would hardly have succeeded so easily. As it was, the man, after a few desultory kickings, lay as still as a breathless fish.

"String, Tod?" asked Dick in a business-like voice.

"In my pocket," said Tod, sitting tight. "Whoa, gently!"

"I may as well do his legs," said Dick, complacently, gathering string from Tod's pockets.

"And he ought to be gagged, oughtn't he?" Tod asked.

"Certainly," said Dick, completing a cunning knot and rising from off his victim. Tod lingered a little while to complete the gag, and then followed Dick to the door of the fortalice.

Inside a sabre-fight was proceeding furiously, and the boys stood at the entrance unnoticed.

"Jolly bad example one's tutor duelling," said Dick, trying to conceal his anxiety.

"He couldn't help it," said Tod; "but do you think Dav.'s all right?"

"He won the foils at the 'Varsity," said Dick. "It'll be right enough, if his chop-stick holds."

"I don't know, sabre's not the same thing as fencing."

He broke off, all eyes for the fight. The hall of

HE TOUCHED HIM SMARTLY ON THE ELBOW, AND THE LIEUTENANT'S SABRE FELL CLATTERING ON THE FLOOR.

the fortalice was filled now with the clatter of steel and the stamping of feet. It seemed to Dick that Dav. was acting on the defensive, and indeed it was doubtful if the clumsy sword of which he had possessed himself could make a hole in anything. The lieutenant, on the other hand, attacked furiously. Only rage could have induced him to begin so unconventional and unfair a fight, and rage robbed him to some extent of the advantage he held in the superior weapon. The dust flew up from the floor, as he moved about with an unexpected agility in so stout a man, now slashing, now pressing with the point, and all the time breathing sterterously.

"Dav. wants to wear him out," said Dick. "Ah!" He drew in his breath as the lieutenant, with a cut that had seemed wider than it was, and had been parried accordingly too lightly, touched Davenant in the arm. Tod felt slightly ill as he fancied blood oozing through. But Dav. only shrugged his shoulders, as if to shake it off, and set his lips. He changed his tactics also and began to attack in his turn. The lieutenant had not breath enough to sustain his triumph. In fact he had almost spent his wind. That was plain from the way he gave back clumsily; so clumsily, that, in trying to evade a lunge, he went right into the bench and actually sat down on it for a moment, puffing like a grampus. Davenant dropped his point, and permitted his foe to rise and thrust angrily once again. Then he touched him smartly, but, as it seemed, with the flat of the sword on the elbow, and the lieutenant's sabre fell clattering on the floor.

"The Paynim knight is dished," said Tod, feeling better.

Dick nodded. "Funny-bone!" he said, and waited to see what followed.

Davenant had stooped and picked up the sabre. "You have had your satisfaction, I hope," he said.

The lieutenant had no breath to answer. Davenant turned to go, and became aware for the first time that the boys were present. "You here, Dick?" he said, frowning.

"Thought we'd better stop this chap," said Dick, pointing in self-defence to their victim, who wriggled uncomfortably, like a netted calf, and groaned in a muffled way.

"That's my sneezing towel," explained Tod with pride. "I tied it over his mouth."

His tutor concealed a smile, as he took in these details. He addressed himself again to the lieutenant: "I must ask you not to leave the island for ten minutes. I should be happy to return your sword; but it's hardly safe at present. You will find it in the boat-house. Come along, boys."

He led the way down to the shore, and they followed. Miss Cowan was sitting by the water's

edge, still very pale ; but she smiled to see them, like a jolly moonbeam, as Dick declared, in a burst of enthusiasm. When she had been assisted into the one boat, Mr. Davenant spoke again to Dick and Tod :—

"I won't ask how you came here at present," he said. "Get into your boat now and keep as close as you can."

Tod was about to explain what had happened to their tub, but Dick nudged him to be silent, and proceeded to untie the rope of the lieutenant's boat. "We don't want the German making a fuss," he said sententiously to Tod, as soon as they had got some way ahead. "Nor does Dav. ; only he wouldn't think it quite the thing to bag their boat."

"Where'll they sleep?" asked Tod.

"He's used to bivouac," said Dick carelessly.

They pulled back merrily under a rising moon, and when they reached the boat-house, Dick and Tod were sent back to the hotel, while their tutor escorted Miss Cowan to her home.

"It's just as well," he said earnestly, "that we were all going back to-morrow. I don't know if Groningen would want another fight ; but he might make things very unpleasant."

"I'm sure his friend won't," she said, laughing at his account of the trussed victim.

"That's probable," he agreed. "In any case, I hope they won't show themselves until we have started."

They did not show themselves. If Mr. Davenant had listened to the conversation and laughter that went on till past midnight in his pupils' bed-room, he would have understood the reason. As it was, the truth did not come out until after the train had started next morning, and they were well on their way together.

"How was it," asked Mr. Davenant, "that you two got so wet last night? Karl told me that when he packed your things, they were dripping."

"The tub sank," said Tod unwarily.

"The tub? Then—in whose boat did you come back?"

THEY PULLED BACK MERRILY.

"The Paynim knight's," said Dick. Then the whole story came out. Mr. Davenant looked stern at first, particularly when he thought how his pupils might have been drowned.

"But," as Dick observed to Tod, when they had got outside into the corridor, "the Brandisher of the Sneezing Towel grinned like anything."

"I was awfully afraid he was going to make us learn irregular verbs," said Tod.

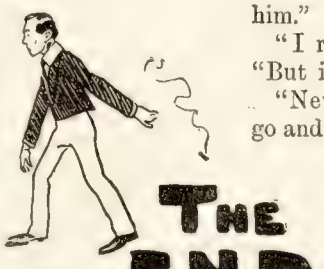
"She wouldn't have let him," said Dick, "that's one advantage in a Brandisher, anyhow. I'm rather glad he's come into his fortune."

"Has he?" said Tod.

"Oh, yes," said Dick with importance. "He told me that letter brought the news, and he rushed out to see if the Brandisher would marry him."

"I rather like her," said Tod unwillingly. "But it's funny that a blue like Dav——"

"Never mind," said Dick soothingly. "Let's go and see if we can make the guard hop."



ABOUT MOSCOW.

By Frank East.

I WAS in Moscow in 1895, the year of the coronation of the present Tsar of Russia. The Tsars always come to Moscow to be crowned and married at the Kremlin, where the jewels and crowns which Tsars have worn are kept. Our house was on the Peterburski Chausée, along which the procession came. The Tsar and Tsaritsa did not come by road from St. Petersburg, of course; they came by rail to Moscow, and stayed just outside, at a red-brick palace (which looks absurdly new), from which Napoleon watched Moscow burning. Russian soldiers came pouring in for days before, and Government officials were busy getting the whole town decorated. They arranged what flags and fairy lamps each house must have, so that the decorations were "all of a piece," and the effect was a great deal better than in England. A great number of Russian princes and chiefs were present, some looking quite barbarians.

A MUSCOVITE CABBY.

A fearful thing happened just after, which saddened everybody in Moscow.

One morning there was to be a distribution of a mug of beer and a handkerchief of bread to the peasants, and a review in the afternoon. These were much sought after, as they were to keep the coloured handkerchiefs and the decorated mugs as *souvenirs*. Booths were put up on the common just outside the town, and the distribution was to begin at 8 a.m. But the crowd was so great that they threw the booths open much earlier, and hundreds were crushed to death in the opening of the booths, which were V-shaped, getting narrower instead of wider. The police did not arrive till eight, as had been arranged, and then there were not enough of them.

We saw the people in crowds, all in their best clothes, laughing and singing at four and five in the morning. About nine we saw red-cross wagons coming slowly down the road, and they came for an hour and a half, bringing dead and injured.

In the afternoon, as I said, there was a review, so all those who had been carried away were put under the grand stand, where the spectators sat. They knew nothing about it till days after, but the Tsar managed to find it out, and he was very angry with the officials for trying to hide it from him. He gave pensions and gifts of money to the widows and families of those who were killed, out of his private purse.

It was very sad for some of them, who had come from villages several weeks' journey away on foot. In one case all the family perished but the old grandmother, who was too feeble to get into the crowd. More than 1,800 were killed.

Perhaps you would like to hear about the Kremlin. It stands in the middle of the city, by the River Mosk. It is a large block of buildings, of different dates, white-washed—or rather colour-washed, like most other buildings in the town. At one side, on the terrace which overlooks the river, is the famous bell. I expect you have heard how it was cast to commemorate the retreat of Napoleon; at the same time the triumphal arch was built for the same thing. The Russian ladies threw their jewellery into the casting pot, so that a flaw was made, and a large triangular piece was broken out. The bell stands about 5ft. or 6ft. high, but there is an excavation 2ft. or 3ft. deep underneath, so that several people can get in. In another part of the grounds is a huge cannon, taken from the Chinese, about 6ft. in diameter, and long in proportion.

I went into the treasury where all the jewels are kept, and I also saw the Throne Room, the Ivan Velicky Tower, and the chapel of which the architect had his eyes put out, so that he could not make another.

GEORGE WASHINGTON II.

A School Story.

By C. Leigh Pemberton.

CHAPTER I.

"DAVIDSON, construe!" rang out the deep voice of the second under-master of Ingoldsthorpe School. Eleven o'clock for Middle Fifth was taking place in the big class-room. Halfway down the room up jumped a bright, cheery-faced boy of fourteen, small for his age, but with a look about him as though he could hold his own. On this occasion there was not the preliminary start and rather perplexed look that usually characterised him when called upon to perform such a task, but a quiet satisfied smile immediately spread over his features. For had he not been put on just at the place he had happened to look up on coming into school, and where the oft-repeated "Zeus, born son of Laertes, Odysseus of many resources," began the ode? Four lines and a half were got through with such remarkable ease and rapidity that even "Lanky Headley" (the aforesaid master) opened his eyes in astonishment; at the end of the fifth line, however, the translator paused, blew his nose, looked at the master, and began to quietly and unostentatiously resume his seat. Alas, for our hopes and expectations! His preparation had not carried him further, and, in answer to the encouraging admonition to "finish the next couplet," our friend had to acknowledge himself at a loss.

"Come, Davidson, you began excellently; go on, then, three lines lower down."

No, this was too much for him.

"How far have you learnt, boy?" was the next observation.

"I didn't get quite so far as this, sir," was the reply.

"In fact," said Mr. Headley, "you have, as usual, not prepared one half of what was set you!"

"No, sir," responded the delinquent

"Then, sir, you will have the goodness to remain in after school with Lexicon and paper, and write out the English of today's lesson before dinner. Rawlinson Major."

School came to an end at last; and as his companions passed his seat many a compassionate observation was addressed to him as he leant back in his seat with hands in his pockets.

"Never mind, old man; buck up, and I'll wait for you, and go up to Carrier's before grub." "Poor old G. W!" "Keep your pecker up!" etc., etc.

"G. W." was the name by which he was known throughout the school—short for "George Washington the Second"—as he was named soon after his arrival, on account of his reputation for truthfulness, which, for some reason, has always clung to the memory of his illustrious namesake. In this sense it was appropriate enough, for, without being a prig, G. W. was as straight and upright a fellow as you would see anywhere. He had a way of looking you straight in the eyes which was irresistible. A delicate boy, and though somewhat idle, and not particularly brilliant in school, he was, however, always actively alive to everything that went on around him. Though too fragile to be much good at football, he played in the second cricket eleven, and was noted for his bowling. In other respects, indeed, he was a very ordinary boy, though he had a will of his own, and a way of making up his mind and sticking to it, that is seldom met with at so early an age.

After the departure of his companions, G. W. set to work at his task, while Mr. Headley settled himself at his desk with a weary yawn, as though staying in after hours was with him a usual occurrence. Half an hour after he was summoned from the room, leaving the boy studiously scribbling at his desk.

"Well, he hasn't been long," the latter observed presently, as quick steps were heard

outside in the hall. "Oh! it's only Dick Thurley," and the door, left partly open by the master's exit, disclosed one of the Upper Fifth boys making his way towards the hat-stand. (Thurley was a day-boy, the son of the Vicar of Ingoldsthorpe, and one of the cleverest boys in the school.) "He seems busy enough," he went on, as, happening to look up again from his paper, he observed Thurley dipping his hands into the pockets of three or four of the overcoats hanging in array; the chink of money eventually announced the success of his search, and with two strides he had reached the hall door and let himself out. "Fancy Dick fagging! The very last fellow to do that, I should have said, though he certainly is a good-hearted enough chap as a rule," mused G. W. as he watched the boy running down the garden path towards the playing fields. "Now I must see if I can't get this done before Headley comes back," and, with a sharp dip of his pen in the ink, off started the writing again as fast as ever, and Mr. Headley smiled quietly, as he took his seat, to see the earnestness with which the task was apparently being accomplished.

It was not long, however, before G. W. was dismissed, with, however, the "impot" only three-quarters finished—a detail, as to which kind-hearted Headley was not too particular. Ramming his cap on his head the boy was soon out of the hall-door and making his way towards the village. Past the church and the small line of little shops that led to the more scattered part of Ingoldsthorpe, he soon found himself by the high wall which shut off the Vicarage garden from the road.

"Hullo, G. W., where are you going?"

Looking up, he espied Thurley's head and shoulders on the top of the wall.

"Going down to Kenny's to get some boot nails. By-the-bye, Dick, I wish you could give me some of that five bob you owe me, I've only got 2s. 4d. in the whole world."

"Right you are!" was the rather unexpected reply. "Look out; catch!" and a "cart wheel" came spinning down; was deftly caught, and transferred to G. W.'s waistcoat pocket.

"Come in and have lunch! There's nobody here but the mater and the girls."

"Can't; haven't got leave. Thanks awfully for the money," and with a wave of the hand, G. W. continued his journey. "Good old Dick, didn't think I'd get it back so soon," he soliloquised, as he turned the corner into the main road.

HE OBSERVED THURLEY DIPPING HIS HANDS INTO THE POCKETS OF THREE OR FOUR OVERCOATS HANGING IN ARRAY.

Nearing the post office he half stopped, and his face suddenly brightened up in the same manner we have before described. Just emerging from the entrance was a girl of about seventeen, a remarkably pretty girl. So thought G. W. as, with cheeks flushed with the wind, and her red tam-o'-shanter setting off her extremely fair hair, she came down the steps into the roadway.

This was Thurley's elder sister, and very well known — at least, by sight — by every boy in the school. No one could help admiring her, and the more susceptible had even been known to hint at a deeper feeling for "old Thurley's Dora." If anyone had said to G. W. that he was in love with Dora Thurley, he would have told him "not to be a silly ass." Yet, if the truth be told, there had for some time sprung up in his heart such a devotion that it was as near the tender passion as could well be. He was often at the Vicarage, where he was a great favourite, and keen was the dis-

appointment if she did not happen to be at home on these occasions.

"Why, George Washington, we haven't seen anything of you for a long time!" she began, as the boy lifted his cap.

"I've been meaning to come round all this week, Miss Thurley, but I've had a lot of impots to do, and I've had to practice for the quarter, which comes off next week. Of course, you're going to the sports? I thought I should find you down here after the girls' school was over," he added, with a slight flush.

"Oh, but I haven't been to the schools at all to-day! For the last two hours I've been with poor little Daisy Kenny, who has been awfully ill since yesterday, and very feverish. I've only just been able to persuade her mother to send for Mr. Adkin; they are so stupid about their prejudice to calling in a doctor.

"And now, where are you going?" she went on, as a bundle of letters was transferred from the muff to a small bag hanging to her side.

"Well, I was going to Kenny's shop; but it's ten to two, and I'd much rather turn back with you, if I may," he replied.

"That will be very nice; and now tell me all about the sports, and how the fifteen have been getting on lately. Dick tells me so little, and I never seem to see him now, except at meals."

So with much chatter the two sauntered on, the walk ending far too quickly, in G. W.'s opinion, and it was with much regret that he said good-bye at the Vicarage gate, promising to come to tea the very next Sunday.

"She *is* a jolly girl," he said to himself, as he fell into a jogging trot. "Now, if I'm late again for dinner, there'll be another row!"

School was reached, however, as the clock struck, and running into the big dining-room, he was just in time to slip into his seat as the clear voice of the headmaster delivered the Latin grace.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR days later, when the Head announced that Thurley had scarlet fever, and that no one was to leave the school grounds without leave, till further notice, the excitement among the boys was intense. It seemed that Thurley had caught it through his sister, who, although she had herself escaped, had been known to have nursed little Daisy Kenny, the daughter of the bootmaker, while the fever was on her. No other case had, however, appeared, and the Head went on to say that he had decided not to break up the school, unless another outbreak occurred. In the meantime, the boys could write to their people, and those whose parents desired it, would be allowed to go home.

"WHY, GEORGE WASHINGTON, WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING OF YOU FOR A LONG TIME!" SHE BEGAN, AS THE BOY LIFTED HIS CAP.

There was a further excitement in store, however, as everyone saw, when the Head remained standing, and, with face graver than ever, went on: "And now, boys, I have something very serious to say to you—something which I may say has upset me very much, and which, thank God! has not, I believe, happened in this school before. I have received a complaint from a boy in the school of money having been missed There appears, from what I am told, small

doubt that it has been stolen by someone in the house; the day, and even the approximate time have been ascertained, and there seems no other course open to me than to have all of you, and your rooms and boxes, searched. This, I think, is the fairest way to all, and I may say that the servants have agreed to this being done, without, however, any result. Please God, there is no thief among you; if there is, let him come to me immediately after this school. As your rooms are to be examined forthwith, let any boy who objects to this being done, say so now. Everyone will turn out his pockets, and Mr. Headley and Mr. Cattley will proceed to examine each of you."

After a few seconds' awed silence, the work of emptying pockets began, and as the two masters went down the room, more than one smile was provoked at the quaint and incongruous articles thus exposed to view. Money appeared to be somewhat of a rarity, and the search was soon over. After a whispered conversation with his colleagues, the Head went out with "old Cattley," leaving Mr. Headley in charge for the remainder of the school hour.

C. W. WAS NOT WELL, AND HAD AN "ALL-OVERISH" FEELING.

That evening, G. W. sat in his bedroom "study," presumably occupied with "prep." For the last ten minutes, however, he had hardly glanced at his work, and sat with eyes staring into vacancy.

G. W. was not well—there was no doubt about it. He had what he would have called an "all-overish" feeling, and never in all his life had he felt so disinterested in everything.

"I think," he presently said to himself, "I will get leave to stay in bed to-morrow." With this resolve, he rose from his seat, to be met with the announcement from the Captain of the school, that the headmaster desired to see him.

"Bother the Head!" he muttered, as, shutting up his books, he exchanged his blazer for his black coat, without which, none were allowed to enter the headmaster's study.

As he went down the stairs a sudden giddiness came over him, and he had to hold on to the banisters for support. On arriving at the Head's door, however, he felt better, and to the deep "come in," in reply to his knock, entered the great man's study.

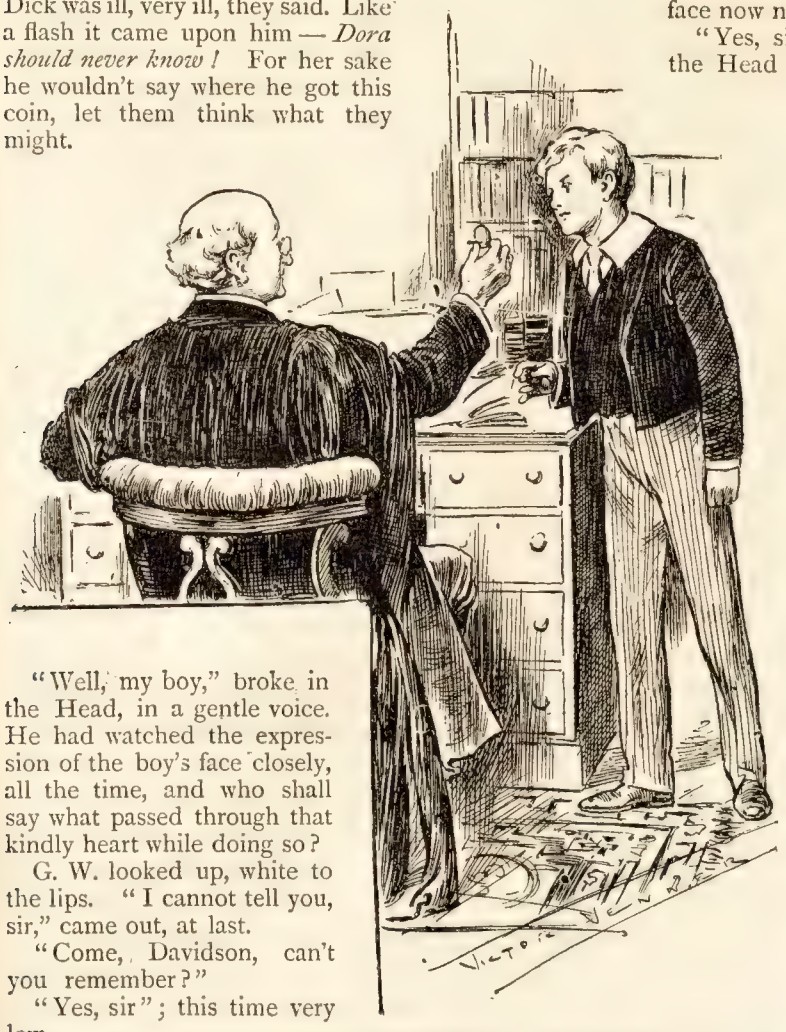
The Head was sitting back at his knee-hole table, gazing across the room. No one had been known to see him unoccupied in his study; his usual attitude being either that of reading in his low basket-chair, or bending studiously over his table, with pen in hand. As G. W. came in he looked up at him, and, for a few seconds, did not speak. Then: "Davidson, do you recognise this?" As he spoke he lifted up from the table a coin, which he passed over to the boy. Going a little closer, G. W. saw a five-shilling piece — an ordinary five-shilling piece, except for a hole drilled through the ear of our Most Gracious Sovereign.

"Yes, sir, I've got a five-shilling piece just like that," he began. "Why, is——" here he paused, as the Head turned round suddenly in his chair.

"My dear boy, I have sent for you to tell me where you got this coin, which was found in your dressing-table drawer, and is, without any doubt, the same that Rawlinson missed from his overcoat last Monday. I know well enough you can give me a satisfactory account of it; only just try and think, if you can, where you obtained it."

Of course he could! He was not so flush at this end of the term but that he could tell where a newly-acquired five-shilling piece came from. Why, of course, Dick Thurley gave it him at the Vicarage gate; he remembered perfectly well; just after he had come away from doing an impot for Headley. Then the scene came back to him—Thurley coming into the hall, and everything. Why—here G. W. paused in his reminiscences,—what was it that had suddenly sprung upon him? Good Heavens! Dick had searched in several coats, and taken out money—he remembered thinking he was fagging for someone. Why! — good Heavens!—no!—it could not possibly be. For an instant it flashed through his mind, only to be expelled the next. Dick Thurley a thief? But then, he certainly saw him do this thing! There must, of course, be some explanation. Then he remembered how hard up Dick had been, and how he had told him, when he borrowed the money, that his father could not give him any more till next month. All these thoughts surged through his head, one after the other. Then—he could see no other solution—Dick had been tempted, and stolen; he was the only one absent when the school was searched;

perhaps he had some more with him now, taken at the same time. Dick, a thief! Good Heavens! *her* brother a thief! Here G. W. fairly gasped. His face went white. She must never know; he felt it would break her heart; anything rather than that. Besides, Dick was ill, very ill, they said. Like a flash it came upon him — *Dora should never know!* For her sake he wouldn't say where he got this coin, let them think what they might.



AS HE SPOKE HE LIFTED UP FROM THE TABLE A COIN.

"Well, my boy," broke in the Head, in a gentle voice. He had watched the expression of the boy's face closely, all the time, and who shall say what passed through that kindly heart while doing so?

G. W. looked up, white to the lips. "I cannot tell you, sir," came out, at last.

"Come, Davidson, can't you remember?"

"Yes, sir"; this time very low.

"Come, come, this is nonsense! Out with it, lad, and let's get the business over."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but I can't tell you," and here G. W. had to hold on to the table for support.

"Why, bless my soul, what's wrong with the boy? But don't you see, if you don't tell me I have no alternative but to put an interpretation on your silence—an interpretation I shudder even to think of. Come, old man, shake yourself together!"

"It's no good, sir," the boy faltered.

"Then am I to infer (here the Head almost smiled at the bare idea) that your silence gives consent to an accusation which is bound to be made against you—that you took this money?"

G. W. bowed his head.

"Speak, boy!" gasped the master, his face now nearly as white as the other's.

"Yes, sir," came a weak voice, which the Head scarcely recognised.

Then the Head sat down and gazed at the boy with horror-struck face.

"God help you!" he at last faltered, almost to himself; then in a louder voice, "Davidson, I am to understand, then, that you acknowledge to having stolen the money?"

G. W. bowed his head again. Ten seconds passed in absolute silence. Then

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"Go to your room now, and come to me at nine to-morrow morning."

If G. W. had glanced back as he stumbled out at the door, he would have seen a grey head bowed down on the table in an attitude of utter wretchedness. G. W. at that moment did not feel inclined to notice anything, however. His head swam; he could hardly feel the steps as he ascended the stairs, and, almost falling into his room, he lay down on his bed, just as he was, and soon all became a blank.

(I think I hear a reader saying:—"Why on earth didn't he speak up and say about Thurley? Impossible and unnatural for a fellow to make such a martyr of himself! He had his own reputation and future career to consider," etc., etc. My dear fellow, do we always do, on the spur of a moment, that which we should have done after calmer counsel? That our friend was ill was beyond all question. Moreover, the consideration that prompted him, above all, was, in a less degree, much akin to that which, in the big world, has made grown men do stranger things before now, depend upon it.)

CHAPTER III.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON II. had got scarlet fever!" Thus ran the news. He had been found early that morning quite delirious, and with the fever raging badly. Sympathy ran high, and while everyone was busy packing, and making preparations to start off home, by the express order of the Head, much was the talk on the subject. At breakfast, however, fresh news awaited the school. Nothing less than that Rawlinson's money had been found in G. W.'s room. He had been known to be the only boy in the house at the time the money was taken, and he had, moreover, confessed to the Head! At first there was not a boy who believed the story, which had leaked out from no one knew where (the Head had only taken two of the masters into his confidence on the subject), and it was not until the Head himself, on representations from some of G. W.'s best friends, was compelled to verify it, that the facts were believed. Many there were, indeed, who proposed to stay on and try and vindicate his character. This, however, was not allowed, and with much bustle and confusion, and with tongues agog with the events that had happened at the school, all were at length sent on their way, and the house became quiet again.

The doctor, who had been with the patient since early morning, was with the Head.

"I'm afraid it's a bad case," he was saying; "and though, of course, it is early to judge of how long a business it will be, his mother or someone had better be sent for; he'll want some very careful nursing. Now I must go to the village, and will be back again this afternoon. I have left all instructions with the matron."

Mrs. Davidson arrived that afternoon, and took her place in the sick-room. G. W. was a little more comfortable now, though the fever had not abated. Everything that could possibly be, was done for him—he was a universal favourite, and, from the Head downwards (who paid several visits to the sick-room), the whole household was anxious to do something for him.

Towards the end of the fourth day he seemed to pick up slightly; he became more interested in things, and often asked news of Dick.

"Going along excellently," the doctor assured him, to his numerous enquiries; "and so will you be, I hope, in a day or two."

It was on the evening of the next day that the change came. At a low murmur from the bed, his mother had started up from her chair and bent over him. No answer came to her query as to how he felt. It soon appeared he was unconscious, and on the arrival of Dr. Adkin at five o'clock, he was in a high state of delirium, which passed off, to be followed by a heavy sleep, from which he woke as eight sounded from the school clock. Very weak he seemed now, and at nine the doctor came out into the passage, followed by the Head. In answer to his muttered question, Dr. Adkin shook his head.

"It's a grave case," he said, "a very grave case. At this moment I can only say we must be prepared for the worst. The boy is delicate, and I confess it would not come as a surprise to me if he did not see another night. You ought, in fact, to tell his mother, without delay. I'll ask her to go to you," he added in a low tone, as he re-entered the room. The other bowed his head in silence—his heart was too full for words—and a minute later the mother was in the next room with him.

G. W. looked very weak and thin now, and lay back on his pillow, with eyes gazing vacantly at the ceiling. At last, came in a low voice:—

"Dr. Adkin, come here, please."

The doctor was by his side in a moment.

"Tell me, am I going to die?"

"Oh, no! we hope not," as cheerfully as possible.

"No, let me know the truth, please," went on the boy. "I think I can bear it."

"Well, my dear boy, I'm afraid you'll never be any better." "As well to tell him the truth at once, poor little chap," he thought to himself, as he arranged some medicine bottles at the other end of the room. Not a word for a full minute. Then—

"I should like to see Dora, please—Miss Thurley, you know. Will you tell my mother?"

As the doctor crossed the room, the door opened, and Mrs. Davidson returned. She had not been crying, but she was deadly pale; as Dr. Adkin passed her, she whispered something in his ear, and, nodding his head, he went out.

"Dr. Adkin has told me," said G. W., simply, as she bent and kissed him. "I'm not frightened, because—I've got—you." His breathing was becoming difficult now, and he could only jerk out his sentences at intervals.

Several minutes passed. All at once the door opened slowly, and someone came in with the Head. He couldn't see, at once, who it was, but as the figure came forward, he gave a little exclamation, and a smile lit up his face. It was Dora! his beloved Dora, come to say good-bye! He held out his hand to her, and as she knelt by the bed, he put his arms round her neck, and their lips met.

"Don't talk, dear," she said. "I have just heard all about the money. Dick has told us

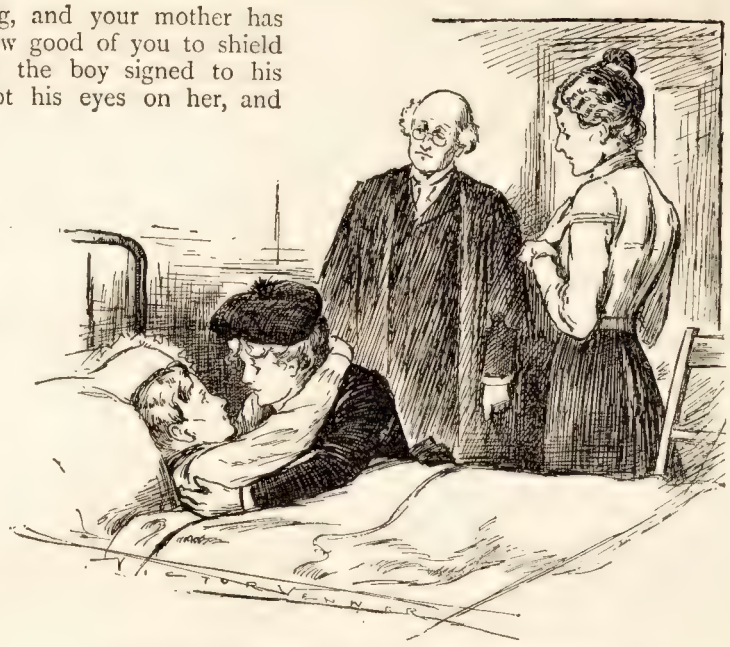
all; the Head knows everything, and your mother has let me come and see you. How good of you to shield him like that," she went on, as the boy signed to his mother to lift him up. He kept his eyes on her, and smiled once or twice.

Then faintly, and with heavy pauses, came the words:—

"It was . . . because . . . of you . . I couldn't bear . . . you should . . . know, dear," and here he paused. "We . . . were fond . . . of one . . another . . . weren't we?" he went on, "and . . . now it's . . . good-bye!"

The girl's head had fallen on to the counterpane. "My dear little George Washington — my little, little boy!" she sobbed; and while the Head bent down to kiss the upturned forehead, he placed one small weak hand on her hair, and there it stayed.

Soon the sobbing ceased, and as the little head fell back on her shoulder, one moan escaped the mother's lips; and the silence was only broken for a second, as the Head went quietly out, leaving the three together.



IT WAS DORA! HIS BELOVED DORA, COME TO SAY GOOD-BYE!

SCHOOL ORCHESTRAS.

By A Marlborough Boy.

In most of the schools of to-day which number their scholars in hundreds, there are at least twenty or thirty who play stringed instruments, and not a few who may have dropped it for a time, or have thought it "no go," who can be induced to take it up again under a promise of being enrolled in the school orchestra. It only needs the co-operation of a musical instructor, and the hearty support, and perhaps musical aid, of a few of the masters, to very rapidly turn twenty or thirty mediocre players into really accomplished orchestral performers. Having read so far, my readers will probably say, "Where is the need for telling us to form orchestras? Have we not already got them? Look at Eton, Uppingham, and Marlborough, and numerous other leading schools. Do they not all possess school orchestras?" My answer is that I write for those who have not yet done so. I know of many schools of old standing and high reputation which do not possess school orchestras. Let them take example from those that have, and strike out and form one for themselves. The advantages are legion—an orchestra can give concerts, or can add spirit to what, in previous years, has been a purely vocal entertainment. An orchestra can earn money for some pet mission in which the school is interested, as, for instance, Marlborough, who last year earned £270 by their concert in London in aid of the Tottenham Mission; and I think, last, but not least, it is only another way of bringing glory to the school by its achievements. A small subscription must be levied for music. There should be practises of the united orchestra at least twice a week, and the separate parts—as first violins, violas, etc.—should be practised alone at least once a week. Anyone who has the welfare of his school at heart can help to form one, either by his musical prowess or his hearty support and enthusiasm, and can hand down to generations to come an institution which will ever be a credit and another feather in the cap of the old school.

[*I shall be glad to publish any photographs of School Orchestras that are sent to me.*— Ed. Captain.]

PATRIOTISM.

For a country 'tis bliss to die.

HOMER.

✣ ✣ ✣

The noblest motive is the public good.

VIRGIL.

✣ ✣ ✣

We are not born for ourselves, but for our country.

CICERO.

✣ ✣ ✣

England expects that every man this day will do his duty.

NELSON.

✣ ✣ ✣

What a pity is it, that we can die but once to save our country.

ADDISON.

✣ ✣ ✣

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

✣ ✣ ✣

Our country—to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

ROBERT WINTHROP.

✣ ✣ ✣

The patriot aims at his private good in the public.

When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

BISHOP BERKELY.

✣ ✣ ✣

Nothing is permanently helpful to any race or condition of men, but the spirit that is in their own hearts, kindled by the love of their native land.

RUSKIN.

✣ ✣ ✣

Patriotism is a blind and irrational impulse, unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure and the privileges we propose to defend.

ROBERT HALL.

✣ ✣ ✣

Who would not bleed with transports for his country,
Tear every tender passion from his heart,
And greatly die to make a people happy?

THOMSON.

An infant, when the light first dawns upon him, should look on his country, and through life it should be the object of his regards. He should devote himself to advance her interests, or sacrifice himself to consolidate her power.

ROUSSEAU.

✣ ✣ ✣

Patriotism, the love of our country, is a noble thing wherever we see it. It is the spirit which is most opposed to individual selfishness, which would shift all unwelcome responsibilities which conflict with the comfort, enjoyment, and prosperity of the moment.

REV. CANON NEWBOLT.

✣ ✣ ✣

True patriotism is based on honesty, truthfulness, generosity, self-sacrifice, and genuine love of freedom. It is a principle fraught with high impulses and noble thoughts. It springs from a disinterested love of country. Every man should grasp the idea that he is but a link in the chain of creation, and, notwithstanding his love of country, he has the world open to him for the exhibition of his deeds of devotion and charity.

SMILES.

✣ ✣ ✣

He who undertakes an occupation of great toil and danger for the purpose of serving and defending his country is a most valuable and respectable member of society, and if he conducts himself with valour, fidelity, and humanity, and amidst the horrors of war cultivates the gentle manners of peace and the virtues of a holy life, he deserves, and will assuredly receive, the esteem and the applause of his grateful country, and—what is of still greater importance—the approbation of his God.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

✣ ✣ ✣

Patriotism is, perhaps, not properly to be considered as a distinct principle of our nature; but rather as the result of a combination of the affections. It leads us, by every means in our power, to promote the peace and prosperity of our country, and to discourage, to the utmost of our ability, whatever tends to the contrary. Every member of the community has something in his power in this respect. He may set an example, in his own person, of dutiful and loyal respect to the first authority, of strict obedience to the laws, and respectful submission to the institutions of his country.

ABERCROMBIE.

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I. to XX.)

At the outbreak of the Boer War, three young men, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, and Guy Bunsen, formerly school-fellows together in England, find themselves obliged to leave Johannesburg. However, Bunsen shams ill, and remains behind. Geoff and Bunny, after an exciting journey, arrive, with their mother, at Maritzburg. Leaving Mrs. Bigby here, they go to the front on their own account as scouts. Coming into contact with the Boers, Geoff escapes but Bunny is captured. Having broken the bad news to his mother, Geoff goes down to meet his brother Hugh at Durban. They read in a Boer newspaper that Bunny is a prisoner at Pretoria; Geoff thinks of a plan to rescue him and one Jack Rosenthal, a friend, who is also in gaol there, which is that he should pose as a Boer, and Hugh as an English officer, his prisoner, whom he is escorting to Pretoria. Thus disguised they set out, meeting with several adventures *en route*, each of their horses being commandeered in turn. At length, shortly after leaving Harrismith, Geoff's "prisoner" is taken by a field cornet, whilst he himself is ordered to rejoin his "commando" with all speed. Hugh escapes, and rejoins Geoff. Eventually, they near Pretoria. Bunny has just recognised Hugh, when in walks Geoff in the guise of a Boer. Geoff is taken on as a warder, and is thus able to smuggle in a change of clothes for each of his three friends, who, under his guidance, escape and go to the Krykraft Bank in Johannesburg. The next day he joins them: but while on a visit to Vesta Krykraft, his sweetheart, meets Bunsen, who is his deadly rival. As he does not return to the party at the bank house, Bunny goes in search of him, and turns up just in time to rescue Geoff, who has been overpowered by Bunsen. Leaving Bunsen gagged and tied to a chair, they rejoin the others and set out on their journey to the British lines. Two horses are "commandeered," and they ride on to a farmhouse, when Geoff observes that they are pursued. Hugh and Jack are put to bed as wounded Boers; Geoff and Bunny seek shelter in the woods.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Geoff made no mistake when he declared that he had seen Guy Bunsen riding with three Boers towards the farm. Bunsen it was. Let me explain, in a very few words, how he came to be there. We left him gagged and tied to a chair in his own room at Johannesburg. In this uncomfortable position he remained for several hours, but was eventually released—at about seven in the morning—by his next-door neighbour, who had an interesting tale to tell him. This man had been roused at night by the noise of quarrelling in Bunsen's rooms. Being of an inquisitive disposition, he had dressed himself and watched Bunsen's door. Very early in the morning two men had issued forth and passed cautiously down the road, he following. He had tracked them at a distance until they disappeared into a house, but he was too far away to distinguish which house it was, for there was no light. Very soon afterwards, he heard them leave once

more and pass down the road. From this point he followed them, again at a respectful distance, until he became aware that they made for the open country in the Meyerton direction. Then he returned, and, contriving to open Bunsen's door, entered his rooms, where he was shocked to discover their proprietor gagged and in bonds. He released him, and reported his action in following and marking down the evilly-disposed person who had maltreated Bunsen, whereat the latter piously thanked Heaven and also his neighbour, and added, less piously, that he would be revenged upon the scoundrels if it occupied a whole life-time to carry out a suitable vengeance.

Afterwards he visited the police department, where he laid information of the presence in Johannesburg of two English spies; they were known to him and their object was known to him; he also knew in which direction they had escaped, and how they might be captured.

"Wait a minute," said the official. "Who are you?"

Guy gave his name. The official turned over a pile of letters and selected one—that, in fact, which Geoff had posted, Guy's own.

"This is your application; it appears that you also wish to depart——"

"I can wait; I am willing to ride first with your men in pursuit of these persons."

"Well, I warn you, your conduct is suspicious. Why do you give information against these people?"

"They are enemies of mine—I hate them!"

"H'm! are they not rather confederates, anxious to escape in one direction, while you turn our attention in another?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Bunsen. "I never thought of it. I want these men caught and shot."

"Oh! a private vendetta. What can you prove against them that transgresses martial law?"

"I can prove that they are English scouts, and cannot have been in Johannesburg for any honest purpose."

"Very well, accompany my men in pursuit; but remember that you may compromise yourself in this matter. If these men are not to be found where you seek them, questions will arise."

"I must risk it—I want them caught, I tell you."

So Bunsen rode out presently with his three policemen, and for two days scoured the country in search of some traces of the fugitives, but found none, because the four friends had been careful to travel for the first fifty miles by night, and had, moreover, avoided all towns and villages and even farms.

From the first the inspector was sceptical as to the existence of the fugitives, and did not conceal his dislike and distrust of Bunsen. He had had enough of the foolish enterprise, as he considered it, long before he reached the farm in which, had he known it, the objects of his search—in whose very existence he disbelieved—had just eaten their dinner.

Geoff's warning was not a minute too soon, for five minutes later, when Geoff and Bunny had led their horses safely into the wood, and Hugh and Jack had bundled—half-dressed—into two beds, Hugh with a terrible blood-stained rag tied about his head, up rode the three Boer policemen, and with them Guy Bunsen.

It happened that these four men had not passed through the village of Harte-fontein, and knew nothing of the episode of the horses; therefore they did not enquire for horse-stealers, but for two spies supposed to have passed in this direction—Englishmen.

Anna declared stoutly that she knew of no spies; she had two wounded men—English farmers—upstairs, but no one in the nature of a spy.

"Ah!" said Bunsen, "we must see these men—I think we have caught them, Mr. Inspector. You will not be so ready to doubt me next time."

"Well, let's see them," growled the man addressed, who did not seem greatly in love with the enterprise upon which Guy had led him and his men. Anna's heart sank, for she felt that matters were becoming complicated. If this were really a question of spies and their pursuit and capture, she wished she had not taken in such persons. Nevertheless, she had promised protection, and she did her best to extend it.

"Save yourselves the trouble of examining them; they are only poor wounded fellows, English farmers, commandeered to our service and shot in trying to escape," she said. But the inspector pushed roughly past her.

"Out of the way, Tante," he growled. "You must not attempt to shield such people, or you may get into trouble."

The girl Marta burst into tears at this point, in pure pity for the fate she believed to be in store for her handsome guests.

"It is a hateful war!" she cried.

Guy accompanied the police upstairs. They entered the room tearfully pointed out to them, and the inspector approached first the bed upon which lay Hugh, his head tied up, his eyes rolling wildly, and his hand catching at imaginary flies between his pillow and the ceiling.

Luckily Bunsen did not know Hugh; he had never seen either him or Jack Rosenthal, and had, therefore, no suspicion as to their identity.

With a muttered curse of disappointment, Guy

turned away from Hugh's bedside, and walked up to Jack's.

"No," he said, "we must go further—these are not the rascals we want."

"Come away then," said the inspector, gruffly "We've wasted time enough already in this foolish wild-goose chase."

"Come, mount, and let's get this nonsense over," he continued, irritably; and one of his men added, to Bunsen's evident discomfort:

"I have been wondering, inspector, whether this man has not played the fox with us in this matter, dragging us away in one direction while his accomplices escape scot free in another. Is it not a matter to be enquired into?"

"I have thought the same," said the inspector; "the circumstances are suspicious. Why, after all, should this Englishman desire to ruin other Englishmen? It is not natural. I do not love the English, but they hang together."

"See how his face pales—our words terrify him," said the other.

"If I were sure of his guilt I would telegraph for leave to shoot him," added the inspector. "At any rate, let him not think that he has escaped punishment, for this matter shall be carefully investigated at Johannesburg."

"I have already explained, Mr. Inspector," said Bunsen, "that these two men are my bitter enemies, one being my rival, and that I hate them and they me. I can prove that they were in Johannesburg, and that they left in this direction."

"Bah! I trust you no further. Right about face, men! We ride back to the town; these are no times for the chasing of wild geese. This man may continue his arguments when we have reached Johannesburg." And with the words the party turned back and rode the way they came.

LUCKILY, BUNSEN DID NOT KNOW HUGH.

When Geoff and Bunny returned to the farm presently, very jubilant, having watched Bunsen and his party ride away, they found Hugh—no longer the blood-stained, delirious warrior—endeavouring to make pretty Marta understand how deeply grateful he was to herself and her mother for their kindness and loyalty. Marta knew very

little English, but she sat and smiled very sweetly, looking admiringly at the handsome Englishman, and wondering what all the talk was about.

Her mother also entered, but her face was somewhat grave, and immediately following her came Geoff and Bunny. Geoff took the Tante's hand and solemnly kissed it, thanking her courteously and gravely for the great service she had rendered to his party. "We shall never forget your kindness, Tante," he ended; "and, maybe, one day we shall find a way to show our gratitude."

The good woman looked kindly but somewhat sorrowfully in his eyes.

"I do not grudge what I have done for you," she said, sighing; "but I did not know that I had taken spies into my house: had I known it, I must have thought twice before admitting you."

"Oh no, Tante, not spies—indeed we are not spies! Did he tell you that? He is my rival and my enemy, Tante. See now how it is: I am to marry a Boer lady in Johannesburg, and he is also in love with her. I am an Englishman, Tante, and—stay, I will tell you the whole truth, for it is due to your kindness to conceal nothing from you, and I am sure that you will not betray us"—and Geoff told the good soul the whole history of the release and escape, and of the adventures in Johannesburg, exactly as we know them, for—he explained afterwards—"When you get hold of a woman like that, and who acts up to her promises even though she suspects you of deceiving her, why, hang it! you *must* face the music and tell her the whole truth, or you'll never again feel twopenn'orth of self respect"—a sentiment in which, to their credit, all cordially concurred.

And as for old Tante, she cried over the troubles and trials, and especially over the romantic details set forth in Geoff's narrative, and said that the war was an odious thing and that Geoff had behaved as she would wish her own son to behave in such matters, and, in fact, that she was sincerely glad she had befriended them all.

"My good man is at the front," she ended, "and two sons — Marta's brothers — and God knows whether I shall ever see them again."

"Tell me their names and where they are fighting, Tante, and—who knows? strange things happen in war time—we might befriend them."

Then Tante gave the names of husband and sons—Karl Nederlander and Willem and George Nederlander—which Geoff promised to remember.

The party remained three days at the farm house, for Jack was feverish and his wound was painful; but on the fourth day the fever left him, and, feeling better, he declared that he thought they should be pushing on.

Hugh was for staying on a while longer.

"Better give your arm a chance, Jack," he said. "It's better to-day, but it may be all wrong again to-morrow. Tante won't mind our staying another couple of days."

"Nor Marta either, eh, old man?" said Jack, whereat Bunny and Geoff laughed, and Hugh, after looking surprised and pained for a moment, blushed and laughed also.

"I daresay not," he said awkwardly; "you'd better ask her."

"No need, sonny," said Jack.

Nevertheless they stayed two more days, and when at last the time came to go old Tante declared that she felt ashamed to be so sorry to part with four enemies of her country and people.

"We shall all be friends one day, Tante, and the best of friends too," said Geoff.

"Amen!" said the good old lady.

As for Marta, she was quite upset at the break up of the party, and declared that it was most unwise to allow Jack to travel so soon after receiving his wound.

"I will come and see you one day, Marta, when the war's over," Hugh whispered as they said good-bye to one another, "shall I?"

Marta did not reply in words—she was not much of a hand at English—but her eyes spoke volumes in a language which was neither Dutch nor English; and the blush and smile which accompanied the eye-speech became her admirably; so that the last impression of the girl left on the minds of her guests—especially of one of them—was a very pleasant one. To that one it proved as lasting as it was agreeable.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEAD, OR DISAPPEARED?

THE question now to be decided by the fugitives was how best to proceed to the front, and for what particular point to direct their way.

Mafeking was undoubtedly the nearest place at which hostilities actually raged about this time.

"Shall we help to invest Mafeking?" asked Geoff, a council having been called upon this weighty matter soon after the hospitable farm house of old Tante Nederlander had been left—regretfully—behind them. But no one seemed anxious to wait about outside Mafeking.

"Baden-Powell isn't going to throw up the sponge," said Hugh, "and as for running the gauntlet and joining our fellows there, there's no particular advantage in that. I'd rather stay outside

and take a hand in the war—besides, we should be four more mouths to feed."

This seemed to be the general feeling. No one desired to be boxed up for an indefinite period. Better to join the fighting line at some point where the opposing hosts were encamped, as it were, in the open.

Kimberley was rejected for the same reason.

"Dare we make for Kroonstad, take the train there for Bloemfontein and on straight through to Colesburg, or near it? There's a British force about those parts under French." This was Bunny's suggestion.

At any rate it would be safe enough to make for Kroonstad, there they might learn the news, and act according to information picked up.

So Kroonstad was made the immediate objective point; and there they learned that Methuen, with a large force, had pushed his way up as far as the Modder River, driving the enemy slowly before him.

"There you are—that's our billet!" said Geoff. "We'll join Cronje's forces and find our way across to Methuen at the first opportunity. Hands up for Modder River!" All hands and all voices were raised in favour of this plan, and without a moment's delay the party set forth once more, travelling as quickly as four men, one of whom is, more or less, invalided, can conveniently travel with but two horses among them. Hugh still wore the bandage over his jaws whenever the haunts of men were approached, his ignorance of Dutch being, apparently, the only serious danger of the enterprise; for no one suspected that the party of men were anything but what they represented themselves—namely, a couple of Boers moving to the front, in charge of two semi-English farmers commandeered against their will, and therefore under some suspicion.

As the four venturesome travellers came nearer the Boer lines on the hills behind Kimberley they occasionally met groups of men going in the opposite direction. Some of these appeared to avoid all intercourse, and when greeted proved very uncommunicative.

"Those chaps have had enough of it, and are going home," said Hugh, "mark my words. Probably Free Staters!"

The horrible battle of Magersfontein had already taken place when they reached the Boer laagers, and terrible tales were told the new arrivals on all sides of the carnage that distinguished the fighting of that day. Very sad were those four English hearts when they heard of it, and the only comfort they could find in the matter was, that the version told in the Boer camp would probably be exaggerated.

The interview with the field-cornet to whom it fell to deal with their case passed off satisfactorily, though Geoff required all his ready wit in order to steer through it in safety.

The four men were sent into Field Cornet Hugerdorp's presence in order to be registered and to have their positions and duties assigned.

"Who are these fellows?" he asked of the Boer who brought them in.

"Two Boers from Pretoria and two commandeered English farmers caught returning to their farms, wounded, but turned back by the other two."

"Oh, that will be a matter of a fine, my friend, said the officer, addressing Hugh. "State your excuse for retiring without permission."

Hugh put his hand to his plastered and bandaged jaw, and made a pretence of attempting to speak, and of finding articulation impossible

"He is pretty tightly bandaged, Mr. Field. Cornet, and can't speak," said Geoff. "This other one is wounded also, but has nearly recovered. I met them both, and turned them back; they can squat in a trench and fire a rifle as well as others who are without bullet-holes in their chops. If I may venture to make a suggestion," he added, confidentially, lowering his voice and approaching the table at which the field-cornet sat, "I should put them where they won't easily get away; they'll cut and run for their farms again if they get a chance."

"Oh, never fear, I have a special trench or two for shirkers. As to yourself and this other, you say you come from Pretoria—if from Pretoria, why have you had no orders for the front before this?"

"We have been under Joubert at Ladysmith from the beginning, but we were sent up with prisoners and afterwards told to join the forces behind Kimberley; we have now come straight down, *viâ* Kroonstad."

"Very well. Go to Field-Cornet Leyden, right flank, Kroonstad commando, and bid him place these fellows; tell him the circumstances under which you found them, and he will know where to put them. As you know them by sight, you had better be placed somewhere near them, in case of their attempting any tomfoolery, you understand? You need not fight in the same trench; in fact, I should advise you to keep out of theirs."

This suited them very well.

Geoff had no intention of repeating the fabulous story of his two runaway English farmers when in the presence of Field-Cornet Leyden. Had he done so, that officer would have placed them in some death trap reserved for those under suspicion of half-hearted devotion to the Boer cause. But the knowledge of Leyden's name and the position of his commando was useful, and the four men

promptly joined the commando in question, which was laagered on the extreme right flank of the Magersfontein position.

The next thing was to get employed, all four of them, upon picket duty—if that could be arranged; for once outside the Boer lines upon some outpost job there would be little difficulty in getting across to their own people. But though Geoff now changed his tune and lauded to the skies the wonderful loyalty of these two commandeered farmers of English blood, he did not succeed in convincing his Boer companions of their trustworthiness.

"It maybe as you say," one slim old Boer told him, "and that they are as keenly anxious for the success of our cause as we ourselves are; but I don't like that kind of loyalty. If they are not friendly to their own people, they ought to be. Better not to trust such men."

"Slim!" was Geoff's comment upon this advice.

So for a while the prospect of escape was put back, and the only comfort in life was to listen to the banging of the English guns, two or three miles away, and to see the enemy scuttle into their trenches, like rabbits into their holes, when the lyddite shells came screaming towards the lines, to burst and tear great furrows in the hill sides—"Old Methuen showing his teeth," as Bunny called it.

For two or three weeks this sort of thing went on; no greater comfort to be had than the staring at puffs of British smoke in the distance and getting out of the way of British shells which followed the puffs; no opportunity to go out upon picket duty; no movement in the camp; nothing to do.

Then at last there came a ripple in the stagnant water of existence.

One night Geoff was called out upon picket duty. He tried hard to obtain permission for Bunny and the rest to be of the party, but without success.

"Yours is the only name on the list, out of the four you mention," he was told. "We can't let all go who would like to do outpost work, we should have the whole army volunteering." The four friends consulted as to Geoff's enterprise.

"Of course, I shall not go over to-night," said Geoff. "I shall wait till we can all go together."

"Get over while you can," said they. "We shall follow pretty soon."

But Geoff would not hear of it. "No!" he said. "We'll stand or fall together when we do go; I shall come back to laager this time."

But man only proposes, the disposing is in other hands. When the picket returned in the morning they returned with two men short, Geoff and another; and in the English papers two days later there appeared this paragraph, among other items of war news:—

> Modder River.—Some of Babbington's troopers shot two Boers engaged in sniping our outposts last Thursday.

Bunny had known two or three of the men engaged in this little affair, and had seen them arrive in the morning.

"Where is my brother, Piet Kuyper?" he asked, unspeakably alarmed to find that Geoff had not returned with them.

"Shot—poor lad—shot dead early in the night." said an elderly Boer. "We'd have brought his body in, but were pressed ourselves. He's not the only good lad killed in this *verdomte* war."

Bunny returned dazed to tell the others the terrible news. He found them sitting outside the trenches, staring, as usual, at the English position

"Geoff's shot—" he contrived with difficulty to articulate; then he fell forward, and lay on the hillside sobbing, with his face in his hands.

Was this to be the end of all the cleverness and devotion with which his dear brother had conducted the enterprise from beginning to end, and all for his sake? Poor Bunny groaned aloud, and prayed with all his soul that the Boer might have lied or made a mistake, and that Geoff might still have been alive when left for dead on the veldt.

"Cheer up, old man!" said Hugh, bravely "ten to one he was only wounded, and will crawl in presently; or, maybe, he simply shammed in order to go over and see an English face or two and then come back to us."

"I wish to Heaven I could think so!" Bunny groaned. He was, however, somewhat comforted by Hugh's suggestion. But two or three days passed without bringing any news of Geoff, and Bunny openly, and Hugh in his heart of hearts, grew more and more despairing.

"If only they'd employ us, and give us a chance of getting out of this," said Bunny, "one might hear something of him in our own camp. I sha'n't be able to bear this long. If nothing happens I shall be off on my own hook. Could you get along now without me to do the talking?"

"I doubt it, though I know a lot more Dutch than I did; but, in any case, don't do anything rash, Bunny. Rashness was always your fault! you know."

"If I do, it will be because I can't help it!" said Bunny. "I tell you, I can't stand this much longer."

But exciting days were coming near. The English were becoming more active every hour. There was a minor skirmish or two—mostly affairs of outposts; nearly every day there was some movement, and the three Englishmen began to have hopes of an end coming to the stagnant

HUGH DRAGGED THE OLDER MAN UNCEREMONIOUSLY BEHIND THE ROCK, AND AT THE INSTANT A SHELL BURST WITHIN THIRTY YARDS OF THEM.

life and the suspense from which they suffered. One night the Boers shot a couple of Englishmen near their own lines, two poor fellows who had scouted too adventurously, and brought them in for burial. They performed the rite with reverence, a number of them standing over the grave and singing a hymn.

"It's really very decent of them," said Jack, impressed. "Look, Hugh, there's an old boy going to preach now. Listen with all your ears, and let's see if we can make out what he says."

They came nearer and listened. The old Boer spoke eloquently as to the hard duties of soldiers in war time, one of the hardest of which was surely to be compelled to shoot down plucky fellows as brave as themselves and as patriotic from their own point of view. "Oh, the pity of it!" was the burden of his remarks. Hugh over-

heard a young Boer say, with a laugh, that old Nederlander dearly loved to hear himself speak, and never missed an opportunity of putting in a word in season. "Let him be," said the other, "he's one of the old school—prays hard and fights hard."

Afterwards Hugh approached the older man and asked him in English whether he was the same Burgher Nederlander who had a farm up in the north of the state near Kroonstad; and when he learned that this was in truth Marta's father, he gave the old man—to the Boer's great delight—the last personal news of his wife and daughter, adding that he owed a deep debt of gratitude to the good ladies, who had treated him with more than ordinary kindness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DURBAN AGAIN!

THE two men stood talking beside a huge boulder that towered above one of the Boer trenches upon the side of the hill. Suddenly Hugh dragged the older man unceremoniously behind the rock, and the same instant a shell bursting within thirty yards of them knocked both off their feet. Three Boers who had stood near them before they sheltered behind the boulder were killed on the spot. The old man shook hands with Hugh. "Thank you," he said, "you have repaid my wife's hospitality by saving my life; next time you pass the farm you must look in and receive her thanks."

Then Hugh, discovering an opportunity for making a dash, took from his pocket and pushed into the hand of the old man a little paper packet, which he blushingly asked the burgher to give to his daughter on his return home.

"Ask her to keep it till I come for it," he stammered. "Marta will understand."

"Oh-h!" said the old man, "is it thus, then? But are you not one of the commandeered English subjects who are treacherously fighting against their own people?"

"I am English, yes. As for fighting, I have fired a few shots at the sun," said Hugh, smiling. "I am here because I must."

"Nay, take back the parcel; my daughter shall receive no presents from those who are disloyal to their own people—such men would make bad husbands."

In vain poor Hugh endeavoured to explain that he was not, in reality, disloyal. The old Boer was clearly averse to the idea of an English lover for his daughter, and Hugh was obliged regretfully to pocket the little *souvenir* he wished to send to pretty Marta.

"I will justify myself when the war is over!" he said, and old Nederlander replied that if that were so none would be gladder than he, for that a traitor to his country was a poor creature indeed.

Hugh was not very good company at this time; he had a double anxiety at heart; for, besides the uncertainty as to Geoff's fate, he had to bear that peculiarly gnawing care familiar to all who suddenly find that they have fallen in love with one from whose side they must long be absent. Bunny's grief over his beloved Geoff's disappearance was more poignant than his brother's, and he too was very miserable at this time. Jack Rosenthal strove bravely to communicate some cheerfulness to both of his companions, but with scant success.

It came as a relief to Bunny one night to be called up for his turn of scouting. He was one of those who had given in his name as willing to undertake this class of work, and at last his turn had come.

"For Heaven's sake don't disappear and give us another anxiety to bear," said Hugh, piteously. "We've about as much care on our hands already as we can carry."

But Bunny returned in the morning safe and sound, and full, moreover, of a scheme for the escape of the trio the very next night, having used his outing as a reconnaissance for the good of the party.

"I scouted close to the British outposts," he said, excitedly. "I could have gone over easily, but, of course, I wasn't going to desert you."

"Thank Heaven you didn't—that would have about finished me!" said Hugh.

"Well, what say you—both of you—to doing a little scouting 'on our own' to-night?" continued Bunny. "If we have any luck we shall cross the lines; you see, I have been once, and know the lie of the place."

Both Hugh and Jack were only too delighted to hear of a chance of escape, and when darkness fell the three conspirators crept cautiously from their tent, and, Bunny leading, got clear of their own laager.

"So far, so good," whispered Bunny. "Now we've a bit of a walk before us, half-way to Jacobsdal, and then across the veldt till we strike a British picket."

Away went the three at a swinging trot, and once at least they were challenged.

"Scouts—ordered out from the Kroonstad commando," said Bunny; "we're bound for the British lines—don't delay us."

"Pass on, then," said the man, "it is midnight now: best be well out of the way of their bullets by four in the morning."

But for this little delay the three men pushed steadily forward, and they were scarcely aware how near they had come towards the English lines when a bullet whizzed over their heads, followed by a second, and an English voice called, "Halt! who goes there?"

Oh, the joy of hearing English voices again! In the thrilling and delightful shock of it the three men made no reply, but foolishly waited for the sentry to speak again. Instead he fired another shot.

"Friends! We're friends, mate; don't shoot us," cried Hugh.

"Friends? What sort of friends are ye, then, that come by night from the enemy's lines?" shouted a voice back.

"Escaped prisoners from Pretoria," began Bunny, but the man rudely interrupted him.

"Oh, rats!" he said. "You're some sneaking Boers prying about and got too near; now you'll suffer for it—wait till I kill you dead."

"No, don't shoot again. Look at us closer, and you'll see we are English, though in Boer clothes."

"Hold up your hands, then, and drop your rifles—one—two—three."

Down went the three rifles, and up went the six hands. The sentry laughed.

"You know your surrender drill, anyway," he said, "and, by gumption, you're right to do as you're told. I should have shot you in a minute! Keep your hands up while I gather in the rifles, lads, and then you shall walk in wid me to the colonel's."

"I say, this isn't exactly being received with open arms by our own people, is it?" said Jack, with a laugh. "What do you take us for, Mr. Atkins? Can't you see we're as good English as you?"

"That's the colonel's business," said the man. "There's plenty of bad characters about that talks good English."

Luckily the colonel proved to be more amenable to persuasive arguments, and accepted the statement of the fugitives that they were indeed escaped English prisoners from Pretoria, and nothing worse.

"But it's an extraordinary tale you tell," he said, "and I should like the C.O. to hear it; therefore, don't conclude that I disbelieve your statement *in toto* if I send you up to him."

So the three friends went up before the general commanding, and repeated their tale to him, and received his congratulations. But when Bunny inquired whether anything had been heard of his brother Geoffrey, and hung upon the answer as a criminal hangs upon the lips of the judge about to pronounce sentence, his hopes were dashed to the ground, for the general immediately replied that he had heard no mention of an English refugee either wounded or unwounded, and that if such a man had been brought into camp he would certainly have known of it.

"I am sorry I cannot give you hope," he said, kindly, seeing Bunny's distress, "especially as your brother seems to have been a fine fellow indeed, and to have deserved better luck than to be killed by English bullets in the very hour of success."

Sadly, after this interview, the three friends left the camp and started upon their journey to Cape Town, sadly and silently. Geoff really dead? It seemed almost impossible to believe! Geoff—the invincible, the resourceful, the ever successful; Geoff, the stalwart, the staunch friend, the merry companion, the man whom everyone must love and trust at sight—gone! shot dead in the moment of triumphant success; while they, for whom he had done so much, survived, full of life and vigour, and—thanks mostly to his exertions—free men!

Moreover, to add to the personal sorrow, there was the misery to be faced of breaking the news to his mother; a grim obligation which haunted both Hugh and Bunny all the way to the Cape, and was ever before their eyes during the sea voyage thence to Durban. Who was to break the news? Each brother offered to do so.

"Toss up," said Bunny; and the duty fell to Hugh.

"I think you'll do it better than I, old man," said Bunny; and Hugh replied that perhaps their mother would feel it less in the joyful hour of their return.

"Oh, no!" said Bunny. "That won't make any difference. We are we, and she'll be very very glad to see us; but dear old Geoff was——" Poor Bunny broke off with a great sob. Hugh finished the sentence.

"Yes," he said, sighing, "there was but one Geoff, that's certain."

Mrs. Bigby's joy when her two sons were shown into her presence was so great that poor Bunny's heart seemed to rise in his throat; he could not help feeling even in that moment that this joy was unreal because it had no secure foundation. Geoff was dead, and she must know it in a minute; and then her joy would change to sorrow. She had not asked for Geoff; Hugh had a breathing space—poor Hugh, how Bunny pitied him!

But inevitable troubles must be faced, and Hugh felt that he must get his task over.

"Dearest mother," he began, faltering, "I don't know how to say it, but we must—we are obliged to damp your joy, poor dear. There is something very, very sad to tell you." Poor Hugh paused, pale and agitated. Bunny took his mother's hand and held it in his own.

A PALE, LIMPING, SUNKEN-EYED, HAPPY GHOST—THE GHOST OF GEOFF HIMSELF.

Mrs. Bigby looked surprised, then alarmed.

"You haven't heard bad news of father?" she faltered.

"No, no, mother, not that, not that!" said Hugh. "We ——"

Mrs. Bigby gave a sigh of relief. Then she started, "Oh, you have lost poor Jack Rosenthal, is that it?" she said.

Fate was unkind to poor Hugh. His mother would not understand, and he must end by blurting out the dreadful truth. Was it that such a calamity as Geoff's death was too great to be conceivable? Alas, then, how would she bear to hear the news? And, mystery of mysteries, why had she not inquired after Geoff!

"No, dear mother, Jack is safe," Hugh began.

In another moment he would have had to make the plunge. But before he made it the door opened and a ghost entered.

A pale, limping, sunken-eyed, but widely grinning and intensely happy ghost — the ghost of Geoff himself.

"Well done, dear old chaps!" said the ghost, "and where's Jack—all right? I knew you'd get through before long. I told you so, mother, didn't I? You got my message all right, I suppose? Why, what's up? You look as if you'd seen a ghost, both of you!"

* * * * *

What a palavering, and a telling of experiences, and counter-telling! What a rejoicing, and what health-drinking took place half an hour later, at dinner!

First Geoff's experiences came out, and much had to be explained. He had been badly wounded —"knocked silly!" as he expressed it—and carried into hospital to be treated. Then, as a Boer prisoner—for he had been too ill to explain, at first, the real circumstances—sent to the Cape to recruit. Hence the C.O.'s ignorance at Modder River. "But didn't you get my message?" continued Geoff. "I persuaded the doctor at hospital, when sending across his report of wounded Boers, to add a message to Jan Kuyper (giving your commando and position), that his brother, Pieter Kuyper, was doing well. I suppose the rascals on your side never took the trouble to let you know." This explained, then, mystery No. 2—why Mrs. Bigby had not mentioned Geoff—she naturally supposed that they knew all about him.

Then Geoff continued, and described how, when

he had recovered sufficiently to make it known that he was no Boer, but an English refugee, he was allowed to depart from the prisoners' hospital and to take passage by steamer to Durban, which he reached only a couple of days before the rest.

After Geoff's yarn came the story of the other three, which we know already.

"And you spoilt the whole thing," Bunny ended, "by coming in just as old Hugh was about to kill and bury you! He had assumed the black cap, as it were, and we had both of us really done our best to look as if we cared two hangs about it, which of course, we didn't."

At this critical moment the ghost hurled some missile—a cork or a piece of bread—which took effect upon the head of the disrespectful one; and the rest of the proceedings of this rowdy, happy evening it is not for the self-respecting historian to chronicle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE HORSEWHIP.

WHEN Geoff had called upon old Mr. Rosenthal, Jack's father, before his son's arrival, in order to inform him of the escape and of the fact that, given a little more luck, Jack and the others would soon pass within the British lines, since they were now "serving" on the edge of the Boer position at Magersfontein, the millionaire could scarcely believe his ears.

"Do you seriously tell me you and Jack got clean out of Pretoria and away, and that he may be here any minute?" he exclaimed.

"Any minute — and my brothers Hugh and Bunny as well. We have had grand luck on the whole, from start to finish."

The old man was much moved. He was silent for a moment or two, and blew his nose.

"Well, you're a set of fine lads, and especially yourself," he said, at last; "and I trust your wound won't bother you long—you're a bit of a wreck as yet I see."

"Oh, I shall be all right in no time, sir. Of course, the only danger now is that some zealous British outpost fellow may have a shy at them as they cross over from the Boer lines; but they're accustomed to go carefully, and they won't be rash."

"Well, my boy, you know what I said, and I meant it. There's £10,000 to your credit and your brother's at any bank you like to name on the day Jack reaches this place in safety; I said it should be so and I want you to have the money."

But Geoff courteously allowed the generous old man to understand that it would be distasteful to him to receive a money reward, and that he would answer for his brother's sentiments in the matter as well as his own.

"Well, I think no worse of you for that," said Mr. Rosenthal, "and, what's more, I shall find some other way of showing my gratitude. There are good things to be had in Johannesburg for good men, and perhaps your brother won't be too proud to accept an appointment that would save him the trouble of going back to Australia."

"You are extremely kind, sir," Geoff laughed, "and I shall leave you and Hugh to settle that matter when he arrives." And it may be said at once that Hugh, when he arrived, did actually come to some arrangement with Jack's father which is likely, when the war-clouds have cleared away and the shutters and boards have been removed from Johannesburg windows, letting in, once more, the sunshine of peace and prosperity, to prove a lucrative one for Hugh. For all that, in spite of the joy of freedom and the sense of a difficult enterprise satisfactorily achieved, Hugh went, at this time, somewhat heavily; he was pensive and quiet and unlike himself.

"You're in love, old man," said Bunny, bluntly, "that's what's the matter."

"I don't know," Hugh sighed, "you may be right; I sometimes think I am—rather badly."

"Get out of it again, if you can; very few girls are worth worrying about so much as all that."

"Marta is!" said Hugh. "At least, I think so; I saw more of her then you did, and I'm certain she's as good as a girl can be."

"Well, she isn't bad looking—for a Boer girl—I'll admit that," said Bunny, grudgingly, "but you'd better pull yourself together and forget her, old chap, for in all probability you'll never see her again."

"Shall I not?" said Hugh, smiling. "Do you know, Bunny, that the thought of seeing her again when the war's over is practically all I'm living for at the present moment?"

Then Bunny whistled a tune and went away, realising that Hugh was at present in that condition in which a man is not responsible for his words and actions, and must be given up as a bad job.

"He'll get over it," he said, presently, discussing the matter with Geoff. "He surely wouldn't go and marry a Boer girl!"

"Vesta's one," said Geoff simply, and Bunny was obliged to whistle another tune, and to take another stroll.

"I think I won't interfere in these little matters again," he reflected. "I seem to put my foot in it whenever I try to do a kind thing."

A few days after this both Bunny and Hugh,

weary of a fortnight of idleness while so many Englishmen were in the field, joined the Natal Carbineers, and went once more to the front, where they were not long in proving themselves a real acquisition to that force, and made themselves a name as two of the most accomplished scouts and most intrepid and intelligent patrollers in the army.

Meanwhile a letter came for Geoff, from Johannesburg. Vesta had secured its safe arrival by sending it to a friend at Lorenço Marquez, whence there would be no difficulty in forwarding it to Durban. This letter first enraged and then delighted Geoff, and the reason for both sentiments will be seen in the extract here given :—

"For a week after you went," Vesta wrote, "I heard nothing of Mr. Bunsen. If I had not received your note telling me all was well with you, I should have been very anxious, for I should have connected his disappearance, somehow, with you, and imagined that he dared not come near me because he had done something treacherous to you. But he turned up at the house after a week and asked to see me. The servants refused to admit him, which, they said, made him very angry. This happened on three consecutive days, and after that I received a threatening letter from him. He told me that if I persisted in being so rude as to refuse to see him he would be obliged to take certain steps for his own protection in a certain matter as to which he was at issue with the authorities—steps which he would rather not take without consulting me, because I was concerned in the said matter.

"I made an appointment to see him," the letter continued, "after this, because I was rather anxious to know what he could mean by the threat implied in his letter. I took care that my old nurse should be in the room, however, and told the maid to remain outside the door in case I should require her. Besides this, I had a little revolver in my pocket, one which father gave me before he left. Mr. Bunsen came, and we had a great quarrel. He told me it was necessary, in order to justify himself, to prove to the authorities that you had lately been in Johannesburg and at this house, and that you had since departed.

"'You mean,' I said, 'that the authorities require proof of a statement you yourself have made to them, that Geoff had been in the town?' and when he deliberately admitted that this was so, and that he had even done his best to get you captured, I felt so angry that I ordered him out of the room.

"'If I go,' he said, 'I shall be obliged to refer the police people to you, and that would be unpleasant both for you and for your father.'

"'Do exactly as you please,' I said, 'only go at once, and never show your face in the house again!' I'm afraid I also called him a coward.

"He was very angry, but he went; and soon afterwards I had a visit from the police inspector, who was a polite man, and whom I easily satisfied. He was not an admirer of Mr. Bunsen's, I soon discovered, and when he asked me what truth there was in his statement that you had been to Johannesburg, disguised as a Boer, in order to spy, I told him (I hope you won't mind!) that I am engaged to be married to you and that perhaps you had other and better motives for coming to Johannesburg than that of spying.

"He laughed, and said something pretty. 'These English are queer folks,' he added. 'This other—this Bunsen must have good reasons for hating Mr. Bigby, since he did his best to get him caught by my men!'

"'Mr. Bunsen does not approve of our engagement, Mr. Inspector,' I said.

"'Oh!' he replied, smiling, 'is that it? Now I understand! Then perhaps you will not be sorry to hear that we have withdrawn his permission to remain, and that he will depart at once?'

"'I am charmed to hear it, Mr. Inspector,' I said.

"But, alas! the same man came later to tell me that Mr. Bunsen had disappeared, and this has made me so nervous that you must not be surprised if you receive a wire from me from Lorenço Marquez to tell you that I am coming down to Durban in order to ask your mother for a temporary shelter for old Anna and myself. Do you think she will take us in?"

"If ever I lay hands upon that chap again," said Geoff, upon reading this letter, "I'll whip the hound until he can't see out of his eyes, the sneaking, cowardly blackguard! Oh-h-h-h! Why didn't I scrag him while I had the chance?"

He paced the room in fury for a while.

"What shall I do, mother?" he exclaimed, "go back to Johannesburg and see after my poor Vesta? She is alarmed, one can see that; and with that rascal of a fellow at large, it is no wonder!"

"I think we may expect to see Vesta before long," said Mrs. Bigby; "but, in any case, you cannot dream of going there or anywhere else at present, for you are only half recovered from your wound. We can telegraph to the bank at Lorenço Marquez—it is a branch of her father's—and ask them to wire her to come down at once."

"Yes," said Geoff, "the very thing! We will."

But very soon after Geoff had despatched his message he received one which had crossed it, telling him that Vesta was already in Lorenço, and would sail at once for Durban. Then Geoff forgot his anxiety and his rage with Bunsen and

everything else in the joy of knowing that Vesta was safe and would soon be in his mother's house and under her protection.

Nevertheless, he had rejoiced a little too soon; for on the following day he received another message from Vesta's friends, announcing the departure of her steamer, and adding these disquieting words: "Vesta desired me to tell you Mr. Bunsen on board."

Geoff raved, almost speechless with fury, on reading this message.

"I shall meet the steamer, and I shall kill the hound!" he said. "Can I, mother? Shall I not be justified?"

Mrs. Bigby laughed. "My poor Geoff," she said, "you are not fit for taking part in violent scenes; you are a convalescent, and ought by rights to be in hospital. Let the man be, he can do Vesta no harm."

"No, mother, he shall *not* be allowed to land here unpunished! I shall take Jack Rosenthal with me and a horsewhip; if I am still too feeble for a fight, Jack is not, and he shall tackle him for me."

And Mrs. Bigby, finding it useless to attempt to dissuade him, allowed matters to take their own course.

Jack was charmed to enter into Geoff's plans, and the two went together to meet the *Harebell*, the steamer upon which Vesta was expected from Lorenço Marquez.

When the *Harebell* arrived Vesta and old Anna were standing upon the bridge. Geoff caught a glimpse of Bunsen under the awning at the stern of the vessel; but probably Bunsen also saw him, for he disappeared.

"Keep an eye on the gangway, and don't let the rascal get out, while I put Vesta in a trap and send her off," said Geoff. "You'll know which he is—you saw him at that farm house in the Free State."

"I'll know him!" said Jack, grimly.

Vesta came off the steamer all smiles and rosy delight, but she started upon seeing Geoff more closely.

"My poor Geoff," she exclaimed, almost in tears; "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"Yes, Vesta, I have. I'll tell you all about things when I come up home, directly. Here's your carriage. Just tell me one thing first: has that rascal worried you on the way here?"

"He didn't have a chance. He spoke to me once or twice, but I turned my back. I put

BUNSEN OPENED THE DOOR; HE LOOKED SCARED AND HAGGARD.

myself under the captain's protection as soon as I found that he was on board."

Geoff returned to Jack's side a moment later. Bunsen had not yet appeared, though the passengers were all out. They went below, but he was not in the saloon. The steward pointed out his cabin. The door was locked.

"Open the door, Bunsen; I know you're there," said Geoff. "I shall kick the door down if you don't, and the noise will attract spectators. This matter is best kept quiet between ourselves."

Bunsen opened the door; he looked scared and haggard, but he spoke in his usual bravado fashion.

"Ah! I thought so. Two to one again!" he said. "You always hunt in pairs, I see, Bigby. Safer, isn't it?"

"Look here, Bunsen," said Geoff; "the fewer words that pass between us, the fewer unpleasant things will be said. I've come to speak plainly. You're a contemptible, sneaking hound and bully, and I'm sorry I did not shoot you in Johannesburg. So much for the past. Now for the future. You are not going to land here——"

"Oh, indeed!" interrupted Bunsen, "and who says so?"

"I do. You are going on to Cape Town in this vessel, and at Cape Town you will tranship into the first English steamer. My friend here—the gentleman with the horsewhip—has been kind enough to promise to travel as far as the Cape and to see you off from that port. His horsewhip goes with him. I may tell you that if it were not that I am still ill and weak from a wound which nearly did for me, I should be in charge of the whip instead of my friend, and in that case you would not have done so well to-day as you are likely to do, if you behave sensibly. Your passage to England shall be paid for you!"

Bunsen raved and swore, and vowed by all the saints that he would land here and stay here to do as he pleased generally, "in spite of all the cocksure Bigbys that ever swaggered."

But Geoff dispassionately pointed out that if he were to land here; and the story of his doings in Johannesburg were to get known—as they assuredly would—there were at least two counts upon which he would undoubtedly be lynched.

This seemed to frighten Mr. Bunsen, and in the end he sulkily consented to do as Geoff insisted.

"As it happens, I mean't to go to England all along," he said, "or I wouldn't agree, don't flatter yourself."

And so he went, Jack accompanying him to Cape Town and seeing him safely away, Bunsen's last exploit being to borrow a ten-pound note from his escort.

And here, for the present, we may leave our friends. They are all well as I lay down my pen. The war is still raging, and they are in the thick of it and doing good service. It may be my privilege one day to tell you more about them and of the special distinction which they are earning; but for the present the object of this narrative is attained, and you, dear reader, are absolved from farther anxiety on their account. The Three Scouts are safe, and little Vesta is safe also. Guy is far enough away to be out of mischief. Pretty Marta Nederlander is still at her father's farm in the Free State. Her thoughts sometimes wander in the direction of a certain good-looking English trooper. She has just heard of Roberts' splendid advance upon Bloemfontein, and perhaps she wonders whether Hugh is among his soldiers. I have an idea that she will know very soon!

(THE END.) Fred Whishaw.

NEXT MONTH WILL COMMENCE

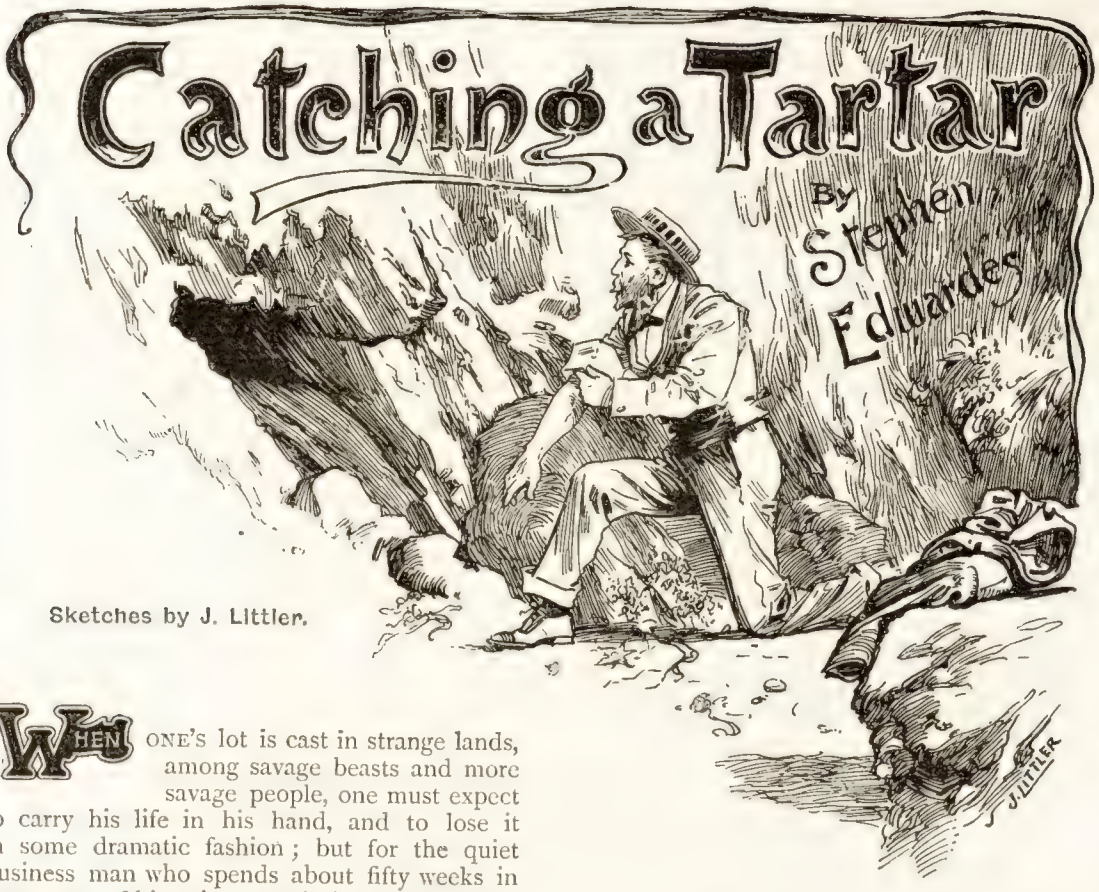
"A ROVING COMMISSION,"

A Story of Modern Naval Warfare,

By DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

Catching a Tartar

By Stephen Edwardes



Sketches by J. Littler.

WHEN one's lot is cast in strange lands, among savage beasts and more savage people, one must expect to carry his life in his hand, and to lose it in some dramatic fashion; but for the quiet business man who spends about fifty weeks in every year of his existence within sound of Bow bells, there does not appear much prospect of ending his existence under romantic conditions. One may be prosaically knocked down by bike, run over by motor-car, or even come to a bad end in a suburban railway collision; but the probability is that he will die in his bed. And yet, answering to the above description as I do, I have had about as near an acquaintance with death under abnormal conditions as ever falls to the lot of the explorer in unknown lands. I am not much given to romance, and I confess that the next time I come to grips with the grisly one, I would much prefer to be in the immediate neighbourhood of a dynamite explosion, or in a colliding channel steamer.

I had gone down to Cornwall to spend my summer holiday, and had secured comfortable quarters in a farmhouse in the out-of-the-way village of Bohorra, near the church of St. Anthony-in-Roseland. It was a delightful place for a fellow who desired to take his enjoyment quietly, far from the noises of the working life. Behind me was a beautiful river, bordered by high rocky banks and steep fields. Below was the romantically situated little churchyard, with its empty stone coffin and its fern-clad graves. On Zoze point above the lighthouse I could sit for hours sighting vessels coming round the Manacles into Falmouth Harbour, or in watching the upward flight of the spray among the towering ragged rocks. From my bedroom window I could gaze across a few fields that sloped down to the edge of high cliffs, beyond which I could see big ships going up or down channel and the humbler fishing craft returning from their night's labours in deep water.

Below these cliffs is a sandy beach, covered at high water, and up the cliffs are several grassy ledges where I could recline, and, with my glass, watch oyster-catchers and other birds picking up a living along the beach. At its eastern end this Porthbear Beach is shut in by a towering mass of rugged rock, known as Porthmellin Head, and covered with sea-pink and yellow lichens, where the crested cormorant nests on the ledges and the rock pipit builds in its crevices. One day I had descended from the top of this head, clambering down its jagged

points because of the little spice of adventure and danger there was in the enterprise. Its feet are in the sea, but as this was the period of spring tides, more than usual of the rocks were uncovered and there were many strange forms of marine life to be seen in its pools and under its tapestry of weeds.

I had been engaged in this work of exploration for some time, following the receding tide as it left ledge after ledge uncovered, when I heard a continuous "sissing" sound, which I knew to proceed from a crab or lobster out of water, in one of the rock-holes around me. Listening intently for a few minutes, and making several bad attempts to localise the sound—for the surrounding rocks produced mystifying echoes—I at length found the hole beneath a slight curtain of bladder-wrack. Going on my knees and peering into the darkness I could just make out the end of a large crab with one of its big claws doubled under it in the usual crab fashion. Of course, the desire to possess that crab and make a meal of it took hold of me at once, and having had success in getting much smaller samples out of holes by getting my hand over their backs before they had time to press against the roof of their cavern, I felt pretty sure of accomplishing this capture, although, so far as I could make out, this was a crab of the largest dimensions.

It was a long way in, so I took off my coat and rolled up my shirt-sleeve, then cautiously but quickly pushed in my arm right up to the shoulder, keeping closely to the upper side of the hole. There was no difficulty in getting my hand over the crab, for the hole was larger inside than at the mouth, and I was able to get a tolerably exact idea of the crab's dimensions. As I explained, the creature was end on, and when I had hooked my finger tips over the farther edge of its upper crust, the nearer end extended halfway between my wrist and elbow. I therefore judged it was a jack-crab 11ins. or 12ins. across the back. I also found there was another crab with it, probably the female.

It would probably have been better for me had the hole been smaller within, for though it was impossible for the crab to follow its usual tactics and press its back against the roof, it had room to move its pincer claws about freely. Unfortunately, I could not tell what it was about until I felt a pair of these great nippers seize me round the wrist and grip me with horrible power. Most people, I suppose, know experimentally how fiercely a small green crab can pinch, but imagine what was my agony to be in the grip of a creature whose nippers were large enough to encompass a man's wrist!

I need not say that I instantly tried to withdraw my hand, but the crab would not be shaken off, and had turned himself sufficiently to make it impossible to draw him out, for he was now broadside on. Could I have managed to get him out, my sufferings would soon have had relief, for with my heel I could have smashed his body, and so caused his nipper-muscles to relax. The more force I employed, the more securely fixed the crab appeared to be, and I realised that I had really "caught a Tartar." The pain was fearful, and I began to realise that I was in a really perilous position. It was very rarely that anybody came that way, and the height of the cliffs, combined with the noise of the waves, made it a waste of effort to call for help. If I could only endure the physical agony of his relentless grip for a time I might hope his muscles would relax, but he appeared to have locked his pincers, and to be holding me without actual effort. The worst feature of the case was the rising of the tide, and the fact that it was the period of the springs made it all the more hopeless for me, for hours before it had ceased to flow the sea would be far above my lifeless body. I could see how many feet above my head the waters rose at ordinary tides, for it was marked by the coating of acorn barnacles on the rocks and the fringe of seaweeds.

I shouted, of course; shouted until my throat was dry and my tongue swollen, but equally of course none heard me. I tried to think of stories I had read of brave men who had hacked off fingers or hands that had got shattered in warfare; but here was I with my best right arm imprisoned to the shoulder, my penknife deep in my right-hand trousers pocket, and difficult of access by my left hand. If I could get my knife out and opened with my left hand, could I so use it as to amputate my right arm? Just now the idea appears perfectly absurd to me, as, no doubt, it does to the reader; but in my desperate effort for life I was ready to try the wildest scheme open to me. And this really was the sole way out of my dilemma that presented itself.

After much wriggling in the water—for I was still on my knees, remember, and by this time the water reached my loins—I contrived to get my knife and hold it between my teeth whilst I attempted to open the stiff blade with my unaccustomed left fingers. I broke my nails, and finally succeeded in pulling the knife out of my jaws and dropping it into the water! The prospect of going about the world one-armed, but still a living man, departed with it. My coat next floated off the rock where I had laid it, and I watched it washed up the shore. It would at least draw attention to the place

where my corpse would be found at the next recess of the tide, and I might still get decent burial in the quiet churchyard of St. Anthony. There was something soothing about *that*; but still there were many things I should like to have done before laying down the burden of life. I ran through the list of unfinished matters I had in hand. I could not tell you now what they were, and it is of no consequence, for there was nothing of prime importance; but I remember that I had a great feeling that it would be horrid to depart without first "clearing up." Otherwise the prospect of death in no wise alarmed me. It was now inevitable, and I would meet it as bravely as I could; still, could I have chosen, I should have preferred some other method of quitting the world. To die by inches or sixteenths of inches was an awful fate. The waiting was so tedious. I could at least hasten my relief soon when the water should have risen sufficiently to enable me to plunge my face into it.

THE GRIP UPON MY WRIST GREW TIGHTER, THEN SLACKENED, AND I KNEW THAT RELIEF HAD COME.

But the tide had never in my experience taken so long to rise as it was now doing. It seemed weeks before it had risen so high that I could just wet my beard and chin by ducking as far as my imprisoned arm would allow. And there was so little to occupy my mind during the period of waiting. From the fact that it was my right arm that was in Chancery I could not look out to sea, but could only gaze at the cliffs, and closely scrutinise the rocks and weeds close to my face. A few limpets and dog-winkles were before me, waiting for the rising of the waters, like myself, so they made scarcely any movement to interest me.

It occurred to me that I might as well exercise my voice for the last time by indulging in another shout; and I did so, calling "Help!" with all my power. To my great astonishment a response came from behind me. "Hold on a bit! We're a-comin' to 'ee."

Who the "we" were I could not imagine, but I could hear the regular plash of oars rapidly plied by strong, accustomed arms, and in a minute or two—though it seemed as many hours—a crabber's boat drew up beside me, and a kindly voice asked what was the matter? Why did I not scramble up the rocks? Briefly I explained my position, and the younger of the two fishermen, who was equipped in long sea-boots, stepped over the side of the boat to investigate. He found it was impossible to get another hand into the hole, so well did my arm fill it, but he thought a thin rod would pass. They had on board a long thin bamboo, with about a dozen hooks fitted to one end, wherewith to jig cuttle for bait. The old man cut a sharp point to the other end of this rod, and this end was inserted in the hole, under my arm, Sea-boots telling me to call out if it pricked me.

After some vain proddings against the rock, against the other crab, and against the smoother parts of my own particular foe, the point at last appeared to have found a cranny in the monster's armour, and Sea-boots' fine sense of touch, gained probably in whiffing, appreciated this fact at once. With a vigorous push of the rod, which I could feel passing through the crab beneath my hand, he thrust in below the upper crust from behind, and tore through the vital parts. The grip upon my wrist grew tighter, then slackened, and I knew that relief had come to me. My captor was dead! The revulsion of feeling made me sick and faint; I called out:—

"You have killed him!" and then lost consciousness.

* * * * *

When I revived, I was lying in the boat on sails, and recognised that my rescuers were rowing eastward. They took me to their own home at Porthscutho, and the young man lent me his own Sunday suit of rusty black to wear whilst my clothes were being dried. They shared their food with me, and declined the monetary reward I offered, saying that they might be in need of rescue from the sea any day. But I insisted that at least I must pay the good wife for food and labour, and I took care to pay in gold. At a later date I had the satisfaction of persuading them to give up the somewhat crazy vessel in which they had come to my aid, and accept the more commodious and more seaworthy boat on whose sternsheets I had caused to be painted. "The Friend in Need."

THE SORROWS AND JOYS OF A NEWSPAPER ARTIST.

(By An American Reader.)

Newspaper artists are not, I believe, as common in England as they are in the United States. At least, I know that when I left my home, near the Scotch border, a few years ago illustrations were only employed in monthly and weekly publications. Since then I have seen stray copies of an illustrated London daily, but here every newspaper of importance has its own artist or artists, and generally a complete photo-engraving plant too. Whether these additions to the equipment of a newspaper are desirable or legitimate I will not attempt to say. Certain it is that they meet with the approval of the American public.

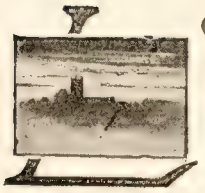
A newspaper artist's drawings are always in pen and ink and on white cardboard about twice the size of the proposed engraving. The exigencies of poor printing and limited time make it necessary to have these drawings somewhat open and unfinished as compared with magazine illustrations. The leading American newspapers employ complete staffs of artists, each a specialist in his own line; one, for instance, a cartoonist exclusively; another exceptionally good on portraits, another on figures, and another on ornamental designs; there may also be one artist for fashion-plate illustrations. The salaries paid these specialists are very good, ranging from $50 to $200 weekly. These gentlemen are also less likely to be troubled by irregular sudden demands upon their time than the average artist is.

The ordinary city paper, with its one or two artists is, however, that with which the majority of my profession have to do. There the salaries run from $20 to $50 per week, and as a general thing it may be said that the money is well earned. There the artist is expected to draw anything set before him, and a good many things that are not. He is expected to divert himself by cheerful little visits to the morgue, for the purpose, perhaps, of sketching some putrefying corpse; or to the city gaol, where an obstinate prisoner may present the back of his head when an opportunity to sketch his likeness is requested. He may be "yanked" out of bed in the middle of the night for a long journey to the scene of a railway collision; and he may be required to improvise thrilling views of something he has never seen, which will be labelled, "Sketched on the spot by our special artist." All these are things I did not know before I worked my way into this profession. I know them now. I know what it is to be sent emphatic, urgent instructions to obtain a first-class likeness of a murderer on trial, of whom, by fair means or foul, I could obtain but two fleeting glimpses, and upon that to base a carefully wrought drawing. I know what it is to sketch a policeman under suspicion as he walked his beat, without letting him see my purpose. I know what it is to work (for drawing *is* work, sometimes) all day, and then all night, without intermission.

But having written thus far of "sorrows," I see that I have not reserved much space for the "joys." Touching the latter, I will say, then, that the work is pleasant to one who takes a real interest in it, and it leads on to magazine and book illustrations of the highest class. A newspaper artist rarely has to complain of monotony in his avocation. He sees many phases of life—both the bright and the dark. And if he is sometimes almost worked to death, there are other times when he can recuperate. Finally, his income is likely to be at least sufficient to enable him to live with fair comfort.

John R. Gill.

ABOUT BOOKS
A CHAT FOR BOYS



'OOK here,' said Obed, as he gazed menacingly at the prisoner, who winced under the ordeal, 'does that schooner carry five-ton guns or thirty-two-pound carronades?' 'Guns,' replied the prisoner, laconically. 'Then we're all dead men,' said Obed."

This, or something like it, occurs in "Tom Cringle's Log," a book which ought to be in every boy's library. Even Marryat never wrote any thing better than the "Log." There are secret tortuous channels, leading to spreading lagoons, in one of which the fiercest fight in the book takes place. Those channels, too, with the tall tree-tops over-arching the masts of the lorcha (boys familiar with the little ways of Chinese pirates will need no glossary) hidden from view now and again by the dense masses of smoke that issued from the stink-pots (again I refuse to apologise). It was one of the midshipmen, I believe, aboard the frigate—or was it the cap'n of the fore-top? I really forget—who was lying out on the yard, and somehow got transferred to the topmost limb of one of the tropical giants. He might have stayed there, of course, safely enough, were it not that

A SNAKE OF THE DEADLIEST SORT

spotted him, and slowly began to worm its way towards its prey. There was only one thing to be done, and the middy (or the cap'n of the fore-top) did it. He pointed his toes calmly, as though he were hanging on a horizontal bar, and not suspended from a natural trapeze a hundred and twenty feet from the water, and, extending his arms to the full, let go. Swish! he cleft the water like a knife, and we held our breath until he rose to the surface. Then we cheered and hove a rope overboard towards him. But what was that black, blade-like object scudding along the water? A shark! A kick or two, a shriek, and only the bloody tinge of the water remained to mark the tragedy.

Yes, "Tom Cringle's Log," old as it is, will take a lot of beating. So will Marryat, whose stories, carelessly written as some may be, are essentially

HEALTHY AND MANLY.

Why, Marryat would not have lived in vain if he had written nothing else than the escape from the French prison in "Peter Simple." Add to this the three-cornered duel in "Midshipman Easy," the practical jokes of Percival Keene, and the hocus-pocus business of that old reprobate and humbug of a Malchior in "Japhet in Search of a Father," and what don't we owe to Marryat? Some think Marryat coarse. It may be admitted at once that his anecdotes are not all drawing-room ones, but they have humour, and their humour is of the stout, strong-stomached Elizabethan kind, which never did anybody any harm. There lives more real virtue in Marryat's stories, believe me, than in half the tracts. Timid guardians notwithstanding, I hereby exhort all and sundry boys to give their spare hours to Marryat.

Of sea writers in these days we have a plentiful lack. Indeed, I can only think of one worthy of being mentioned alongside the old masters, and that is Clark Russell. There are others, of course, of which every Christmas brings a goodly crop, in all the gorgeousness of gold and blue and red, but if we except G. A. Henty, Rider Haggard, and Jules Verne, each of whom has a well-defined corner of his own, the moderns in this line are rather a poor lot. Generally speaking, they have not been there, and that is all against them. By assiduous and well-directed cramming, it is no doubt possible to create a kind of veldt, prairie, or desert atmosphere—according as it seizes the

author's fancy to locate his story. But this kind of work brings its own penalty, for boys, if I know anything about them,

ARE VIGILANT EXAMINERS,

merciless in their detection of shoddy performance. Their favourite and very effective kind of revenge is rigidly to eschew thereafter anything bearing the name of the charlatan. One has no desire to slaughter a whole generation of writers. It may be that some critical reader will feel disposed to throw Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope and J. M. Barrie at me with a challenge. But these, I beg to submit, sir, as the phrase used to run in the Debating Society, are hardly boys' authors, although they all have written stories which many boys have no doubt read and appreciated.

Then, sir—Mr. Editor, I mean—there are your own books, such as——("Lie down!"—ED.). Several of these writers, I am told, are widely read in the Sixth, although some of the fellows, I also gather, think them rather piffle. The point, which has become rather obscured by, may I say? a not altogether ungraceful digression, is that

WRITERS OF GOOD ADVENTURE STORIES ARE SCARCE TO-DAY.

Of writers of indifferent stories there are more than enough. But these, like Mark Twain posing as a writer on agriculture, and in that capacity advising farmers to shake the turnips off the trees and not to pick them, are liable to come egregious croppers. I chance to know of an author who writes quite fluently about the Spanish Main and Tierra del Fuego, not to mention Brazil and the Siberian steppes. Yet, I believe Boulogne and Land's End are the eastern and western boundaries of his travels. Once I found him ensconced in his comfortable arm-chair, sedulously gruelling himself and bathing his feet in hot water. He had a cold, he said. "What are you writing now?" I asked. "I am doing" (he always calls it "doing") "a story about Klondike," he replied. It is pretty clear that writers like this are not going to be long

BEFORE THEY ARE FOUND OUT.

And boys are just the Sherlock Holmeses to do it. There is none of this about Clark Russell, who is really responsible for the foregoing remarks, since the mention of his name suggested the notion that a little trouncing of less thorough writers might be appropriately introduced. In his stories one always gets intimate with the sea in all her moods. No writer, surely, ever enjoyed her confidence so unreservedly. She whispers her secrets to him—tells him her very heart. He is no landsman afloat, confounding the jib-boom with the dolphin-striker, not knowing a yawl from a chasse-marée. He can generally be depended upon, too, to provide a love-sick mate and a beautiful girl. Then there is, or there was, W. H. G. Kingston, whose "From Powder Monkey to Admiral," was once, like Phyllis, "my only joy." That escape on the raft from the French prison will not easily fade from the memory. But one wonders if it would ever have been written if "Peter Simple" had not preceded it. No, Kingston is a light-weight compared with Marryat, and not exactly a champion at that. That is to say, to quote Mr. Barrie, one never thought—as one thinks, or used to think, of Marryat or Mayne Reid—that he ought to have been King of England, or

TO HAVE HAD A STAR NAMED AFTER HIM

by the Government.

Mayne Reid's name reminds me that I have not given him the place he deserves. The beginning, middle, and end of these remarks ought to be about him—"the bright, the brave, the beautiful Mayne Reid." Fenimore Cooper one had one's fill of, of course; and there is no need to speak disrespectfully of "Uncas," "The Pathfinder," or "The Deerslayer." But Fenimore Cooper's Indians—the Mohicans and the rest—had one fatal defect—they were foot Indians. Now foot Indians are well enough in their way, as a kind of second best or substitute, but nobody can reasonably be expected to look at a pedestrian Indian, or, at any rate, to take any serious interest in his goings-on, while there is an Arapaho, or a Comanché left alive, horse Indians to a man, and sitting their steeds as though part of them. There is a thoroughness about the Red Hand; an implacable cruelty that commends him. He is the villain, or one of the villains, if I remember aright, in "The Wild Huntress." It was clear enough, when his horse was shot under him by Sure-Shot, who knew better than most how to draw a bead on a Redskin, that somebody would have to pay for it. One felt it was

DEATH TO ALL PALE-FACES THEN.

Indeed, it was by the utterest miracle that the hero himself escaped. He was bound by thongs of hides, you remember, to a crucifix, after being taken prisoner, and Sure-Shot, by way of punishment, was made to shoot at him. This he appeared to do with great relish, pretending to his captors that he badly wanted to pay off an old score on his sometime chief, and that this would give him his chance. But they

reckoned without their Sure-Shot, game to his boots. What did he do? Why, he just aimed at the thongs, and, these being cut, it was the work of a moment for the hero to wriggle free, prod the sentry in the stomach with the butt of his own rifle, and then make a bee line for Moro, the coal-black stallion grazing hard by on the prairie. And once on his trusty Moro, everything was safe. Sure-Shot? Well, I don't think he died. They scalped him, I remember, but my impression is that he survived. You know it doesn't necessarily follow that a man dies just because he's scalped. There was old Rube, for instance, the trapper, who turns up both in "The War Trail," and "The Scalp Hunters." He had been scalped, suffered the loss of both ears, and was minus a finger or two. But there never was such a man for finding out things. Sherlock is a perfect fool to him. By kneeling down and closely scrutinising a hoof-print, Rube, after a silent conference with the shining barrel of his inseparable Tar-Guts (his rifle), could almost tell you what the rider of the horse was thinking about, and

WHAT HE HAD EATEN FOR DINNER.

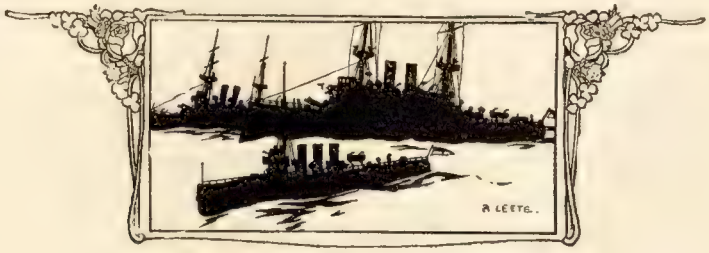
It was Rube, too, whose death was lamented by his friend Garey and the rest after a more than usually devastating prairie fire. They paced the prairie in search of Rube's charred remains. Instead, they heard the sound of stifled laughter, and the voice of Rube exclaiming, "No, this old critter ain't rubbed out yet." He had taken shelter from the "heat wave" inside the carcass of a disembowelled buffalo, staying there, after the fashion of Trinculo, till "the dregs of the storm" were overpast. The fire roasted the buffalo, but Rube's resource had saved him for the thousandth time.

I do not pretend to cover the whole domain of boys' literature. One can only record striking memories and personal prejudices. Yet, even so, nothing my fault could extenuate were I to omit to recommend such books as Judge Hughes's "Tom Brown's School Days," "Tom Brown at Oxford," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and most of the great Sir Walter Scott's, but more particularly "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," and "The Abbot." Ascott R. Hope can always be relied upon to present a true picture of school life, G. Manville Fenn to tell a tale of adventure which "holds" you, and D. H. Parry to stir your blood with his jingle of spurs and booming cannon.

MR. PARRY RIVALS MR. HENTY

in his knowledge of arms, uniforms, and military details of all kinds. R. M. Ballantyne, if he is just a suspicion over-disposed towards the obtrusively moral, did not sin in this way when he wrote "The Coral Island," which makes the reader incur an even heavier debt to the author than Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island." But, beginning with "Robinson Crusoe," stories that involve a desert island have always a strange fascination—like pirates. Breathes there the boy who has not read "The Iron Pirate"? If ever you light upon a story, called "The Three Homes," read it. The author's name I forget.

H. H.



SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers.

MR. R. C. HOWLDEN has carried off the Six Shillingsworth this month. His essay on "Cheap Photography," owing to its length, is printed in another part of the magazine.

How it Feels to go into Action.

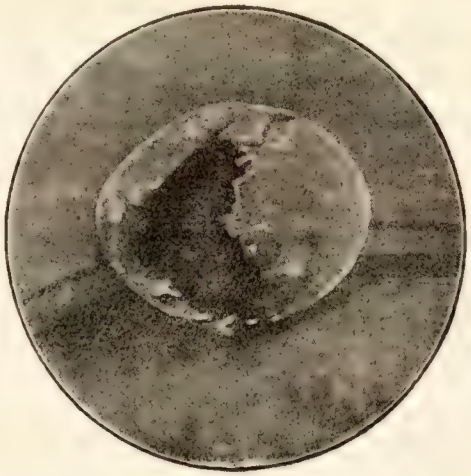
My brother, who is serving in the present campaign in South Africa, was asked by my younger brother what his sensations were upon first going into action. The following is my brother's reply. "You ask a very difficult question to answer, but it reminded me of when father used to say, 'Go up to your bedroom,' and you could hear him downstairs looking about for the strap, and I think you know what that feels like."

M. NEWTON.

We Shall See!

(Addressed to a fin de siècle "new" boy.)

So, my little friend, the time
  is drawing near
When you leave your home
  and family, I hear.
  Do you dread the step
  you're taking?
  Is your heart within you
  quaking,
At the prospect of a Public
  School career?
On the contrary, you're as
  certain as can be,
That the life will simply suit
  you to a "T,"
  That you'll occupy a station
  In your schoolmates' esti-
  mation,
Quite as high as in your own.
  Well, we shall see!



TWIN EGG.

This double event, or twin egg, was laid May 11th, 1900. The outer shell is white and not very thick, the measurement round is 8ins., and the length 9½ins. The egg inside is perfect, and has a brown coloured shell. It was dropped from a low perch on to some moss litter and the small end was broken, displaying the twin egg. The fowls are crossed leghorns.

Sent by Francis Hy. Agar.

You endeavour to be strictly up to date,
And the very latest slang to cultivate;
  But you're not enthusiastic,
  With regard to things scholastic—
You won't kill yourself with work, at any rate.
With your masters pray be careful to agree,
Recollecting they've a tendency to be
  Strictly just in all their dealings,
  Quite regardless of your feelings.
What? Who cares for any master? We shall see!

If you've heard this "rot" a million times before,
And have read it all in books, then I deplore
  That, despite such frequent caution,
  Your conceit's not in proportion
To your wisdom and your stature, all the more
You inform me with an air of conscious pride,
That "*it doesn't pay to put on any side*";
  'Tis experience that teaches
  One to practise what one preaches—
Your experience of boys is far from wide!

They won't roast you at a dormitory fire,
Or constrain you, much against your own desire,
  To experience the feeling
  Of colliding with the ceiling,
'Till you pine away and suddenly expire.
  Yet, with all your smart and
  saucy *repartee*,
Will you recollect this inter-
  view with me,
  (All the good effects re-
  maining
  Of that period of training),
When you've been at school
  a fortnight? We shall
  see!

ARTHUR STANLEY.

My Walk to School

My friend and myself, living in Lewisham, and our school, the Roan School for Boys, being situated in Greenwich, we have half-an-hour's walk to school. Leaving Lewisham Road, we go up a hill—Morden Hill—leading to Blackheath. This is an interesting spot; for instance, the notorious Charles Peace was captured on it, and, for another, situated on the top is a large house, the residence of the Bishop of Rochester. Turning sharply to the left, we find ourselves on Blackheath. Here, when Wat Tyler headed a rebellion in the time of Richard II., his men, after being paraded on this ground, marched to London and Smithfield. Here, when Charles II. was recalled to take the Crown of England, Cromwell's renowned "Ironsides" nursed their anger. Here, also, is a kopje railed round, where Wat Tyler and his confederates were buried after his and their deaths at Smithfield. Now the head-quarters of the West Kent Volunteers are built on it. Five more minutes

bring us to the country residence of Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of Britain's forces, while a few more take us to Greenwich Park. Here is the Royal Observatory, now being enlarged; and, standing on the hill whereon it is situated, we command a splendid view of the River Thames, the Royal Naval College, and the Royal Hospital—the *Dreadnought*—which was lately visited by H.R.H. the King of Sweden. Also, on fine days we see St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Tower Bridge.

J. S. POTTS.

[Potts and his friend are lucky. It is seldom a walk to school is so interesting as their's. Has anybody else an equally interesting walk every day? —O.F.]

THE BOYS OF LAS PALMAS SCRAMBLING FOR COPPERS.
Sent by C. Medorington.

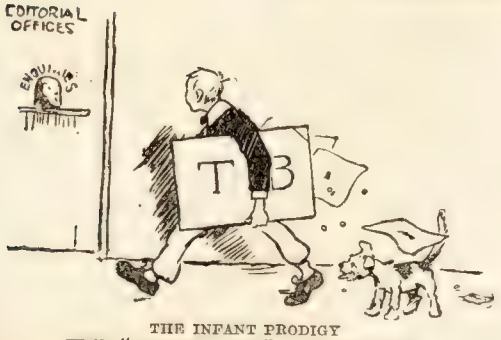
A Curious Epitaph.

The following curious epitaph I read on a tombstone in the graveyard of the parish church Folkestone:—

In Memory of
REBECCA ROGERS,
Who died August 22nd, 1688,
Aged 44 years.

A house she hath; it's made
Of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay
For reparation.
Nor will her landlord ever
Raise her rent,
Or turn her out of doors
For non-payment.
From Chimney Money,
Too, this bell is free;
Of such a house who
Would not tenant be?

A. E. SUNNIONS.



THE INFANT PRODIGY WITH "SPECIAL PAGE" CONTRIBUTIONS.

Another Hektograph Recipe.

As some of your correspondents seem puzzled as to the method of making a hektograph and ink for the same, I forward you a recipe I came across some years ago, by means of which I made one which has worked well ever since. I can take thirty copies from one impression.

Gelatine composition for the tray:—Best glue, 3ozs.; glycerine, 3 fl. ozs.; carbolic acid, 1drm. Soak the glue in cold water for twenty-four hours, then place it in a jam pot in a saucepan of water and place it on the fire. When the glue has melted, add the glycerine gradually, stirring all the time. Lastly, add the carbolic acid. Place the tray level, and then pour in the composition slowly at one corner. Any air bubbles must be drawn to one side with the edge of a card. Leave for some hours to set.

A GROUP OF FRENCH CHILDREN.
By R. M. Donald.

Ink:—Dissolve aniline violet in an equal quantity of spirits of wine. Then add the same amount of water, and a few drops of glycerine.

Use a clean steel pen on good writing paper.

R. H. B.

Hadn't Had It.

MASTER (to dull new boy): "Have you never had educational advantages?"
NEW BOY: "No, sir, not as I knows of; only airys'plas so far."

By Wilson Fenning.

A Modern Witch.

Walking in the streets, I saw a tall lady, and was impressed by her peculiar features. Her hair was raven black, her face the colour of marble, her features perfect, her eyes a piercing black. Death, life and sadness were blended together, and, with the peculiar brightness of her eyes and the cruel firmness of her mouth, gave her an expression which is wholly undescribable. As we met she looked at me, and her face made such a deep impression upon my mind that it induced me to write the following lines :—

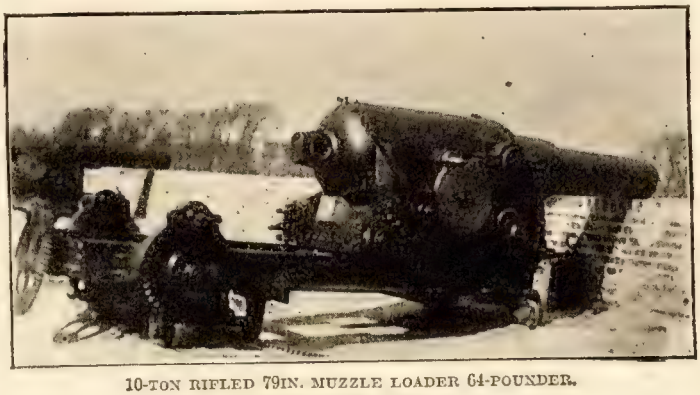
'Strange woman, though I know thee not,
Thy face is ever haunting me.
Undoubtedly 'tis fair ;
But with that grim and deathlike fairness,
Though not admired by all, it hath enchanted me.
Thine eyes, that glitter like the cobra's,
Which draws its prey into its deadly folds,
Disturb my sleep, and prey upon my mind,
Like hunter's voice upon the startled hind.

"Hath any strange new irony of fate
Linked thou and I together ?
Whene'er we meet, thine eyes are fixed on mine,
As if to read my inmost thoughts, and I do shiver,
For unto me thou lookest like a corpse
New risen from a dark, black tomb,
Condemned to walk the earth
Until the crack of doom.

'Tis but a vivid thought,
Created by a strange impression!
For aught I know, fair witch,
Thou mayest be free from all transgression.
So in my thoughts, farewell ; I leave thee in possession
Of all thy charms."

LUCIFER.

[I hope our susceptible friend's sleep is no longer "disturbed" by his memories of this strange lady. A "fair witch" who "lookest like a corpse" must indeed be a fearsome object.—O.F.]



10-TON RIFLED 79IN. MUZZLE LOADER 64-POUNDER.
Sent by "Shortfellow."

A Simple Barometer.

I submit to your approval, for publication in your "Special Pages," the following costless method of making a barometer: Take a transparent jam jar, and a transparent olive-oil flask, from which latter must be removed the wicker-work. Place such an amount of water in the jar that if the flask be put neck downwards into the jar the water will surmount about an inch of the flask's neck on the outside. Then take the flask and put such an amount of water in it that if placed again, neck downwards, with great quickness into the jar, the water in its neck will surmount the level of the water by half an inch. The water in the neck of the flask will go up and down, according as a real barometer is "high" or "low." Of course, the water in the neck rises or falls

LAZY? NOT HE! BORN TIRED.
By W. B. Tapys.

gradually, but the change can be seen in a short time.

R. H. SOUTHERN.

To Photograph Stamps.

May I suggest what seems to me an easier way of getting photographic illustrations of stamps than that mentioned in the June CAPTAIN?

My idea, which I tried a few weeks ago with success, is this:—

Take a quarter-plate printing frame, and fit into it an old negative, with the film cleaned off; then place the stamp or stamps with their faces to the glass, put on the wooden back of the frame, and expose to the daylight and print as usual. Then tone and fix, and that is all.

D. M. STRATH.

The County Championship.

Some cricketers have advocated that drawn games in the county championship should be awarded to the side having the best percentage of runs per wicket. Under these conditions the championship table would read very differently. As an example I give last year's table.

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points	Percentage
Middlesex.....	18	13	5	0	8	44·44
Surrey	26	18	7	1	11	44·00
Yorkshire	28	19	9	0	10	35·71
Essex	20	13	7	0	6	30·00
Lancashire ...	25*	15	10	0	5	20·00
Notts	16	8	7	1	1	6·66
Kent	19*	9	10	0	—1	— 5·26
Sussex	22	10	12	0	—2	— 9·09
Worcestershire	12	5	6	1	—1	— 9·09
Gloucestershire	20	9	11	0	—2	—10·00
Warwickshire	22	8	11	1	—3	—15·78
Somerset	16	5	11	0	—6	—37·50
Hampshire ...	20	6	14	0	—8	—40·00
Derbyshire ...	18	5	13	0	—8	—44·44
Leicestershire	18	4	14	0	—10	—55·55

* Exclusive of Lancashire *v.* Kent, at Manchester, abandoned without a ball being bowled, owing to rain.

The matches, Surrey *v.* Notts, and Warwick *v.* Worcester are counted draws, as the first-named county in each case did not bat.

It will be noticed that Middlesex is champion county in the place of Surrey, and Leicestershire relieves Derbyshire of the wooden spoon. Middlesex, Essex, Notts, Kent, Worcester, Somerset, and Derbyshire, all take better positions on the lists; while Surrey, Lancashire, Sussex, Warwickshire, Hampshire, and Leicester go down; Yorkshire and Gloucestershire remaining in the same position.

W. J. WILSON.

They'd Had Enough.

I've read a good deal of jokes about Americans visiting England, and the way they stretch their descriptions of the sights to be seen across the herring-pond, but one I was told the other day beats the lot. It's a fairly good story, so I'll tell it you. It was related to me by a Bolton chap who has some relations in Yankee land. This last month two of them were in England, and, of course, came to Tottenham to see their relations. As the Boltonian was showing the Yankees round the town, they came to the new fire-station, which, by the way, is a really splendid building. They stepped inside to have a look round. Of course, the Yankee instinct for boasting came over one of them, and he could not resist opening his mind (and mouth too). Said he: "Do you know that, in New York we use a 9in. hose, not a paltry 3in., such as you have here." The attendant to whom this was addressed smiled, and looked at the Yankee from the corners of his eyes. "Um," he said, grimly. Then he went on, "But you are mistaken, sir; that small hose you see there is only for watering the station. Now this" (holding up a section of 12in. suction hose) "is what we use at fires. None of your 9in. paltry stuff. You're in Bolton now, sir, not in America, and in Bolton we do things quietly but perfectly."

"Guess you do," said the Yankee.

"But that isn't all, Mr. Yankee. This hose saves us the use of ladders, for when we want to send a man to the top of a building we just place him on the top of the hose, turn the water on, and he is up on the top in no time. When a man wants to descend to the ground he simply places his arms around the jet of water and slides down."

The Yankee looked at the man.

"Don't believe it?" he asked, "well come here, and sit on the top of this hose——"

But the Yankee had vanished.

TOM CLARKE.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

John Dunn.—Lively and brisk, but you have not followed your model correctly: as you know, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is not written in verses of four lines apiece. **Arthur Stanley.**—I have accepted two of your contributions; keep an eye on your spelling. **J. A. Hyslop** and **"Mij"**—Thanks, but we have had enough about hektographs now. **Mag.**—Consigned to "O. F. Blushes" locker. **Mr. H. Hyam.**—The office dog is now worrying your "little play," Mr. Hyam. **H. E. Inger.**—As you didn't know, I forgive you. **Tobias.**—Office dog. **S. T. H. and J.**—Yours the same; the puns don't seem to agree with his digestion, judging by his yapping. **Owen Parry.**—Send some more. "A Good-night to my Love" won't do. Try again, and again, and again! **J. O. J.**—Office dog. **K. F.**—Don't you think Kruger has been hammered to death by patriotic ballads? Your boy is clever; but I would rather see his pen inspired by a fresher subject than poor old Oom Paul. **Subscriber's Sister.**—Sorry I can't use your bright account of your band, my dear: it is not quite up to the mark. Send something else in. **James Hembrow.**—Touching little verses, carefully and thoughtfully

written in a manner that does you much credit. (N.B.—I cannot criticise MSS. by post.) **Eyed Awry.**—Thanks; but "Stale Cakes" is not up to your former work. **Claude E. D. Lowe.**—You write very fairly. Descriptive articles should be short, and full of information. **S.K.C.**—I meant Longfellow's delightfully *simple* poetry—in four and six-line verses—not his blank verse. **G. Betts and J. F. M.**—I don't want any poems in "coster" dialect, thanks. "Special Pagers" mutilate the Queen's English quite enough, unintentionally, as it is. **Will Lucas.**—"Stamp-ire" shows promise. Try something else. **Hubert M. Pigott.**—A thoughtful, manly programme is your "culture" scheme.

Contributions also received from Mabel Shepherd, E. A. McCallum, F. V. E. Woolley, A. M. Smith-Camming, T. L. B. Westerdale, N. R. Rawson, A. G. Hamilton Dyce, A. M'Millan, J. B. Edgar, "Short-fellow," Graeme, D. Williams, H. H. Palmer, Percy D. Modbury, N.A.P.

N.B.—*Those not mentioned will understand that their contributions arrived too late for consideration in this number. Some accepted contributions, crowded out of this number, will appear in future issues.*

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 12th.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Only write on one side of each sheet of paper Only one competition must be put into an envelope. Anybody disregarding these rules, or failing to address envelopes properly *will be disqualified.*

No. 1.—**"Mixed Lines."** Put in their right order the following lines. Prizes will be THREE HALF SOVEREIGNS.

CITY RENTS.

about six per cent. The highest price ever paid
keeping the rooms tidy, and after rates, taxes,
twelve months, and £1,000 in Cornhill; whilst
the tenants have to pay the housekeeper for
£5,000 to £6,000 a year rent. Cheapside, the
splits them up into thirty or forty different
shipping-offices in Gracechurch Street and
a block of offices may be let to one man who
private property; a fair-sized bank means
£3,000 to £4,000 a year rent for the premises
in the City for a piece of land was £78 a foot.
thereon. Still, £600 would rent a shop here for
Leadenhall Street pay between £600 and £700,
street for City shops, has one little block which
brings £1,200 a year ground rent, and from
and ground-rent are paid, the landlord only clears
nearly all the banks in Lombard Street are
rooms, the rents of which vary from £25 to £75.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—**"Best Drawing of a Ship"** in pen, pencil, or colour; any sort of ship, sail or steam. Prizes will be THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—**"My Favourite Character in English History."** Write a short essay of 400 words on your favourite character. Write only on *one* side of each sheet of paper, and write very distinctly. Prizes will be THREE HALF SOVEREIGNS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Nineteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 4.—**"Best Original Anecdote about an Animal."** THREE PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH, or STAMP ALBUMS will be the prizes. Winners must send post-cards stating which kind of album they would like.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Map of Siberia."** The prizes will be THREE HALF-GUINEA "PELICAN" FOUNTAIN PENS.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Seventeen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Thirteen.

No. 6.—**"Foreign Readers' Competition."** (*a*) An essay on "Curious Customs" of your part of the world, not exceeding 400 words. (*b*) A photograph taken by yourself. (*c*) An original drawing. You may send in for one or all of these subjects, but you must put all your efforts—literary or pictorial—into one envelope and mark it "Foreign Readers' Competition." You may send photos illustrating curious customs, if you like. 10s. 6d. will be the prize in each class, making £1 10s. in all. All competitions to reach this office by *February 12th*, 1901. The Special Notice above does not apply to Foreign Readers.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

N.B.—These competitions are open to everybody—natives as well as "Britons abroad"—with the exception of Boers and Chinamen.

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits

Touching on summer holidays, I trust the members of my Crew give plenty of thought to other people's enjoyment. Some of you may have staying with you a man who is engaged in business, a man who gets one brief fortnight a year, whereas you—well, the average school-boy gets three months holiday out of the twelve. Well, now, this man with the brief fortnight—give him as good a fortnight as possible. Make the memory of his holiday with you come back to him all through the long year's work that will follow his summer vacation. Find out what he likes, and do that—don't make him do what *you* like. A boy, for the most part, prefers violent exercise to quieter amusements, and is apt to be impatient with those who are not so strong or so vigorous as he. A boy is often unduly hard on his womenkind because they can't cycle so fast, or cover such long distances as he can. Cycling nowadays is perhaps the most popular recreation with holiday-making families. I like to see a boy attentive to ladies who are cycling with him—blowing out slack tyres, screwing up loose nuts, adjusting here a pedal and there a seat, and in every way behaving himself as every gentleman should, no matter whether his age be fourteen or forty. Then again—but stay! this is reading like a lecture! However, I'll let what I've said stand. Perhaps it will sink in and possibly make some boy behave differently during the remaining few weeks of his holidays.

Volume IV. will begin in October, though it seems but yesterday that I issued No. 1, Vol. I. Time certainly does wing on apace. Now, as to this new volume. I think—and I think you will think—Vol. IV. will be the strongest yet published. Let us open the auction room and peep at Lot 1.

"A Roving Commission" is the title of the story—long promised and now completed—which Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N., has written for us. It is a tale of the Navy, which only a naval man could have written, and, as you have read in our interview with the Doctor, the author has put more time and labour into the writing of this tale than he has into any other yarn of his spinning. It starts right away with the Declaration of War. Here are the first four chapter headings:—

A ROVING COMMISSION.

Chapter I.—WAR!
Chapter II.—ON THE OCEAN WAVE.
Chapter III.—CONDEMNED TO DIE!
Chapter IV.—IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT.

I must not give away the plot of "A Roving Commission," but I may just mention that —— yes, come in! Telegram? "To EDITOR, 'CAPTAIN,' LONDON. *Don't give my plot away in your Editorial Notes, for goodness' sake. Hot, isn't it?—Gordon Stables, 'Wanderer' Camp.*" Very well, Doctor, I won't. That finished, I will go on to

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Lot 2, *i.e.*, "Further Tales of Greyhouse." In almost every letter of criticism I receive I am asked to "Give us some more Greyhouse," and, by Kitchener! you shall have it this time. A new series is being prepared for your lordships' delectation, and in this series the tales will be longer and stronger than ever. So next month look out for—

FURTHER TALES OF GREYHOUSE.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

No. 1.—THE GREAT REBELLION.

Lot 3 will keep you awake all night wondering whether "the King's secret" will be

discovered by his "people." Consulting my catalogue I find it marked up thus:

KING WATERBOTTLE THE FIRST.

By W. W Mayland. Illus by Tom Browne.

This story, I may add, is by the author of "The New Gulliver's Travels."

As to the rest. the wants of all will be well catered for. Mr. C. B. Fry will continue his series of athletic articles, and he will continue also to answer all sorts of enquiries on athletics; Mr. Gooch will continue to discourse of "Stamps;" Mr. Manning-Foster of "Employment"; Mr. Haydon Perry of "Cycling Matters" and last, but not least (I trust), the O. F. will endeavour to keep his end up as well as increasing years and twinges of gout will allow him

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Now, you fellows, just one word. I'm not for ever imploring you to "show this magazine to your friends," as some editors do, because I know most of you help me all you can. Still, I'll just say that I'll "take it kindly" of you to show our new programme to those of your friends who don't read us. Ask them to take us in, keep us, bind us, and join our circle for all time.

A. C. MILNE-HOME
Captain of Exeter School.

Long Jump Record.—The longest jump in the list we published in July was 21ft. 10ins., by C. L. Lockton, of Merchant Taylors'. I now hear that H. R. Palmer, of Bedford Grammar School, covered 22ft. in the 1895 sports. This appears to be *the* record jump.

Old Fag's Birthday.—Many thanks to all who sent cards and "Happy returns." They made the O.F. feel a Y.F. again. Particularly do I thank "Five Scotch Thistles" for their beautiful basket of "June roses."

Scotch Schools.—Andrew Baird complains that we publish photographs of Scotch schools in our series of "English Schools." I have already said that I will publish a page of Scotch schools if I can only get enough to make a page—also Irish; but if I do not receive enough pictures I have to run them in among the "English Schools."

Life is mostly smoke and bubble,
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

"Cliftonian" informs me that Clifton has 'now over 300 sons fighting in South Africa, 19 of whom have already laid down their lives in carrying out their duty. This number includes, of course, 'old boys' in the volunteers, yeomanry, and militia, as well as a few working in the hospitals."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Unanswered Letters.—Owing to my absence abroad many letters have had to wait. Will all unanswered correspondents kindly accept this explanation?

Blusher (EVESHAM).—I have substituted this *nom de plume*, as yours was far too long. I don't consider you at all sanctimonious The people you speak of have no self-respect, and are no fit friends for you. As for your so-called timidity in the presence of ladies, you will grow out of that as you get older; a girl with any sense does not value a man merely for his small-talk, remember. Try and conquer your bashfulness by mixing in society as much as possible and *forgetting yourself* After all, it is better to blush than to have an absolutely brazen face. Nice girls will not laugh at you because you blush; indeed, I think they will rather like you for it. It merely indicates that you have a sensitive nature, and you're none the worse for that, you know.

Old Traffordian.—Your questions are fully answered in Mr. Harold Macfarlane's ingenious article on "The Cost of the County Cricket Season."

"Qakamba" writes from Cape Colony to correct Mr. Manning-Foster's answer to "Eager," a few months back, *re* Cape Mounted Rifles. "Qakamba" says that the headquarters of the C. M. R. are at Umtata, in Tembuland, but he does not advise "Eager" to join this corps. "The pay," says my correspondent, "is very poor and promotion is very slow. There are instances of public school boys who, after twelve years' service, have not got beyond a corporal's rank."

C. K. Brook wishes to know whether the Rev. T. S. Millington, author, is still living.

W. E. Pearce.—Write to Messrs. Hampson Bettridge, 35 and 37, Cloth Fair, West Smithfield, E.C., for the necessary materials to gild the edges of your bound CAPTAINS with.

Heavy Schoolboy.—S. J. Mackay, of the Rochester Mathematical School, is fifteen years' old, and weighs 13st. 2lbs.

P. F. C. L.—Will you suggest what sort of a badge we should have? Could you, or any other reader, submit a good design for one?

Arrow.—We go to press directly the results of the comps. come to hand, so we have no time to publish prize-winners' portraits, much as we should like to.

Another Carthusian writes: "I beg to inform you that some fellow who signed himself 'Carthusian,' and informed you that most houses here have a New Boys' Exam., was inaccurate in his statement. Only two houses have that . . . 300 Carthusians are at the front, among them being Baden-Powell and Col. Broadwood."

Pianist.—The best "Post Boy's Song" was a rare swinging melody. We hope to publish it as a song very soon. If you would like a copy, send post-card: it will do capitally for your school musical evenings.

Harold R. George (PERTH, AUSTRALIA).—Thanks for interesting letter. I did not know before that you call your capital your "square town."

J. E. Irvine (GRAHAMSTOWN, CAPE COLONY), sends the *St. Andrew's College Magazine*, in which it is stated that 246 O.A.'s are at the front. The O.F. raises his hat to so patriotic a school!

Well-wisher (MARLBOROUGH) writes: "Did you notice some time ago that Marlborough beat Harrow, at fives, at Pretoria? The prisoners picked teams, and had quite a decent game . . . Montmorency and Kekewich were at Marlborough. We have now 335 men out there."

Ladismith.—Put that idea about smoking out of your head at once. No fellow of sixteen should dream of smoking.

Timbres.—Go to a chemist for requisites for hektograph.

A. L.—Sorry you were honourably mentioned among the "kids of twelve." The kids of twelve didn't like it, either.

"Our Very Own Magazine."—I have received No. 14. But why don't you get a hektograph, Mr. Editor? It must take a terrible time writing out each copy with a pen!

Cabbage (ST. HELIERS).—Was much amused by your account of how Jersey celebrated the relief of Mafeking—especially about the policeman who was heard entreating the crowd "to be good boys and go home to bed."

Imperialist is at a school of 500 boys in Germany, and writes at some length about the anti-British feeling in that country. I regret I haven't space in which to print "Imperialist's" letter in full. I am glad to read such a plucky epistle, and hope he will "keep his end up," and continue to wear his Baden-Powell button in spite of the attempts of his German school-fellows to relieve him of it.

"The Royal Navy School, Sidcup," was by a mistake printed in our May number, instead of "The Royal Naval School, Eltham," its proper designation and address.

Historian.—You will find that many of the books by G. A. Henty, Edna Lyall, and Baring Gould, deal with historical matters.

Inquisitive.—(1) I beg to inform you that I am an old *fag*, not an old fossil. (2) Your writing, somewhat improved, will do for business. Get "Skerry's Shilling Civil Service Copy Book" and practise in that.

B. P. No. 2.—You are a young ass to think there is anything the matter with you, and still more of an ass to read books on "Consumption." Don't bother your head about your swallowing, which is perfectly natural, and not a sign that there is anything wrong with you.

"PRIMUS INTER PARES."
Sent by I. Kelsey.

Palma Non Sine Pulvere (JERSEY).—(1) If you think you have sufficient ability, by all means go on working for the examination. Don't be disheartened because it takes a long time and makes holes in your play hours. The greatest things are achieved this way. (2) As to swimming, the ordinary training will do. Read Mr. Fry's back articles.

Susannah.—To get into Christ's Hospital your brother must obtain a "presentation" from a governor. Write to the secretary for particulars; enclose a stamped envelope.

G. D. Harry sends me a photograph of Oswestry School, which, he tells me, was founded in 1407, thus being the second oldest school in the kingdom.

Moth.—A caterpillar breeding-cage would cost you from 2s. 6d. to 5s., according to size and quality. You could obtain it from Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, London, W.C.

John Mawson.—(1) You cannot do better than purchase "The Flags of the World," by F. Edward Hulme, published by Messrs. Day & Sons, 44, Berners Street, London, W., price 6s. It is an excellent book, and the author deals most exhaustively with his subject; and a chapter is devoted to the various naval and military signalling codes. (2) "The Naval Annual," price 5s. net, contains full statistics of all the navies of the world, and will give you all the information you require. Messrs. Denny, of 147, Strand, London, W.C., can supply you with it.

F. Watson writes: "You may be interested to hear that the number of Old Harrovians at the Front is 447. Another interesting fact is, that the first Englishman killed in the war was an Old Harrovian, *i.e.* Lieut. W. M. J. Hannah, who was killed at Glencoe."

Ex-Monitor.—You have acted foolishly, and the sooner you realise it the better. Your masters and tutor are probably quite right about you. You have no right, as you say, to be "always about with girls." It is bad for them and it is bad for you. Stick to your work, and you will soon become a favourite with your masters. I cannot commend your plan of buying THE CAPTAIN for 6d. and selling it to your schoolfellows for 9d., although you do say it is worth a shilling.

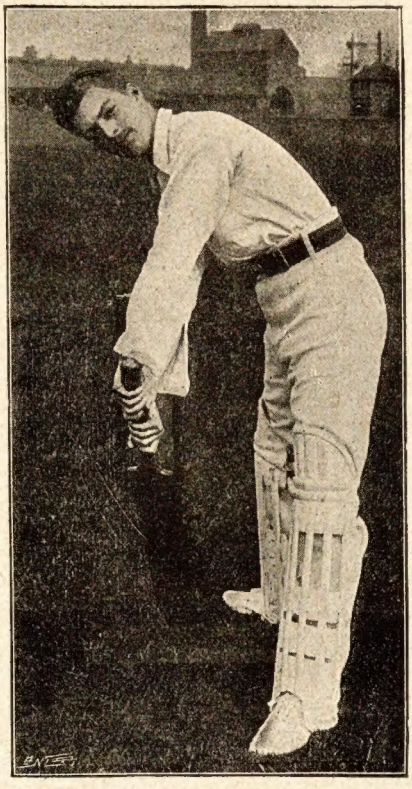
Young Fag.—(1) The circulation of THE CAPTAIN is so big that you probably would not believe the numbers if I told them to you, so I won't. You certainly have cheek—"Young Fag," indeed! (2) Mr. Rowland Hill, the great cricket caricaturist, was responsible for Oom Paul's picture. I am glad you stick up for your old school—we have not forgotten St. Paul's.

Evelyn R.—Yes, there is a training ship called the *Conway* in the Mersey. Tell your brother to write to the captain (of the ship!) for particulars.

C. R. (EDINBURGH).—(1) Yes; it is possible to have a motor attached to an ordinary bicycle, but it is not workable. The cost would be about £28—for which sum you could get a motor-cycle itself. (2) Fifty miles per day is a very good average when touring.

Bobs says he is rather a duffer at everything, which makes me suspect that he is a jolly good chap, inclined to be downhearted. Buck up, Bobs!

Graeme D. Williams sends me a few hints as to how the Magazine Club is conducted at his school. They take in the leading magazines and put a label on each. "During this term" he says "the total cost of running the club, including sixteen magazines for May, June, and July, sixteen cases for same, and fifty printed tables, has been 19s. 6d." This seems to me a useful club, run most economically. I trust G. D. Williams will consider himself official representative of THE CAPTAIN at Redland Grove College, Bristol.



E. VERE MONDAY.

Captain of Burton-on-Trent Grammar School.

C. Medrington.—Thanks for photos. As to a pet, why not get a fox terrier? But mind you look after him well. Ask a "doggy" friend to give you a few tips.

Cassius wants to know whether they play cricket in Switzerland. I have never heard that they do. Will some Swiss reader infom me on this point?

Second Mate.—(1) Certainly, you may act as official representative of THE CAPTAIN in Daniel Stewart's College. Do all you can to prevent the circulation in your school of trashy and vulgar papers. THE CAPTAIN is waging a war of extermination with all such "rags." (2) I am seriously thinking of getting out a CAPTAIN badge, and have noted your remarks on same.

A Reader.—The study was occupied by "Tom Brown" of "Tom Brown's School Days," and *not* by Tom Browne the artist.

Norman Webb.—See the article which appeared in our July number last year, entitled: "Simple Photography for Schoolboys." This will give you all the information you require.

Valkyrie.—"Model Yachts and Boats: their Designing, Making, and Sailing," by J. du V. Grosvenor, is the title of a book I would recommend you to obtain. It is published by L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., and the price is 5s. 6d., post free.

Sportsman.—Take long walks, and why not do some running? "Biking" would do you good. Indoors, try dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Take a cold bath in the house if the swimming baths are not open.

Strive Aright.—(1) Send your tale in—with a stamped envelope. (2) Being "a male," you are certainly excluded from the "Pretty Cousin" Competition. That is to say, you may not send *your* photo in—only your pretty cousin's.

Musician.—I would advise you to learn on a second-hand banjo; then, when you can play at all well, you might get a zither banjo. Keep your eyes open, and you will perhaps obtain one for anything from 15s. upwards at a second-hand shop.

Special Page Contributor.—See answers in the back numbers of THE CAPTAIN, also our interview with Mr. Tom Browne. Yes, draw on white cardboard with Indian ink. Do not be afraid to make firm lines, and rub out the pencil marks when the drawing is dry.

A. H.—A Lieut.-General is higher in rank than a Major-General.

Student (ANTWERP) says he is studying twelve subjects in order to pass the College of Preceptors' Exam. in 1901. He does five hours daily before and after office work, and consults me as to the best method of study. Well, if I were he, I should only put in an hour's study before, and two hours' after, office work. If he studies five hours I don't see where his time for exercise comes in. Of course, on wet evenings, he might put in a bit of extra. As to the time he should devote to each subject, I should say he might take three subjects a day and devote an hour to each; or perhaps he might take one of the most difficult subjects for an hour each day, and study the others on alternate days. Probably, however, he has a tutor who can advise him on this matter, as I am not a school-master, and therefore not an expert in drawing up time tables.

Outside.—I don't see why a dog-cart, going at full speed round a corner, should fall at all. If it did fall, I should say it would fall on the *inside*.

E. T. (Bruxelles).—Your questions should be properly put to a doctor, because I do not give medical advice either by post or in the magazine. No doubt you should take gentle exercises such as you describe, with a cold bath in the morning if you can stand it, and dumb-bell exercises in moderation. Eat regular meals, go to bed early, do not touch alcohol, and write to me, enclosing a stamped envelope, at the end of a month, and tell me how you are. Meantime, if you are really weak, you might see a doctor.

W. M. Forbes.—(1) By "Poor men" the author referred, of course, to officers. (2) Yes, you must pass through Sandhurst or the Militia to get a commission in the West Indian Regiment.

Pedro.—Quite an all-round girl! Have handed question *re* stamps to "our Mr. G." **Red, White and Blue.**—Thanks. A jolly centenary to *you!* **William Gordon Carey.**—Carefully noted all your Majesty's suggestions. Your Majesty can get a binding case for Vol. I. by sending 1s. 9d. **Spanish Gipsy.**—(1) Capital handwriting. You can get a "decent camera for £1" from Kodak Co., Oxford Street, London. Mention us. (2) Yes, send autograph album, and don't forget stamps for return. **A. P.** (Dartmouth).—Thanks. Sorry no space to quote. **A. Lewis Innes** and **A. P. Daly** (Trinidad).—See "Editorial" for foreign readers' competition. **The Aldenham Institute Magazine** (June) gets a lot of news into a small space, and seems to be a well-conducted publication. **Zuly.**—Photos will be returned if stamps are enclosed. Your writing is "wobbly," but not unpleasant to read. **Diabo** (Lisbon).—Next year we will have Grace batting, *with his wicket intact*. **Sybil** (Dublin), writes a letter which I have consigned to "O.F. blushes" locker (Irish Department.) **Ernest L. Browne** (Victoria, Australia).—All right, white fellow! I won't forget you. **G. Laird.**—See our article on "Public School Cadet Corps," in Nov., 1899. **Dick** (India).—That's a funny baboo letter, but I've no space for it. Best wishes to you and all yours. **Dennis Broad.** — I don't think young ladies ought to smoke. **D. S.** is greatly troubled because his legs are very fat, and the fellows chaff him about them. He wants to know how to make them thinner. Well, D. S., plenty of vigorous exercise will turn that fat into *muscle*, and when the fellows see that your legs are all muscle they'll leave off chaffing you for fear you may begin to *kick*. **H. Crawford** (Jamaica). —Yes; Vols. I and II are still obtainable, price 6s. each (postage extra). **T. M.**—Well, don't cry any more, and instead of getting out at cricket, *stay in*. **V.** and **S.** (Dalston). —Yes, "hung" should have been "hanged",—quite right. Hope you are both well. **L. Shadbolt.**—I sympathise with you, I'm sure, and will remember your "big, big want." No publication of that sort, however, could be started while the war continues. **Henry S.**—If you have inflammation of the eyes, I would advise you to go to a local chemist, who will give you an "eye-wash." **M. T. A.**—The address of Messrs. Burns & Oates is 28, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, W. Yes; they are publishers. **Sydney L. Langlois** (Valparaiso). —Best wishes to all Members of my Crew out your way. I really will try to give you "foreigners" more competitions. **Kirkhouse.**—You might use a piece of ink-eraser to remove ink-written words from books; rub lightly, and always in one direction. **Scorcher.**—You will see in the August number all the information you require about cycle brakes. **An Enquirer.**—You are right. "C. B. F." stands for Charles Burgess Fry. **E. C. F.** (Dublin). —(1) If you can't hold your big retriever in when he wants to fight another dog, you had better not take him out unless one of your brothers accompanies you. A whip is always useful. (2) Go out of the room if her playing annoys you. **M. N. O.**—I should say it would not do you any harm to go on practising drawing. The sketch you send is not good enough for reproduction.

Also letters received from E. H. Ombler, "Napoleon," C. Harmer, "Harrovian," "Mercury," Cyril St. Lan-Dovis, "Dick," "Rustic," "A Queer Fellow," "A Lower-School Malvernian," "Trilby," "R. M." (Eltham), A. R. W., A. G. Pearson, "Bunny," S. E. R. Geant, "Mancunian," C. J. S. Williamson (Hamburg), G. V. Jackson, H. V. Fielding, Olavian, J. S. Lake, Ernest Legare, H. G. Normandale, George French Stebbing, "Critic," J. Hayes, "Faris," "A Friendly Critic," "Well-Wisher," J. A. Hanson, "An Admirer of C. J. B. Wood," "Middle-Ager," "B. T. W.," "Sloan-Duployan" (no space to quote letter), H. L. W. (with the "Radiator"), "Malvernian," Ladismith, Smilter (Brussels), K. C. M. G., A Scotch High School Boy, Mij, "Grumbler," "A Cheeky Kid," R. D. B. (photo of Blairlodge School), "Punch," G. T. P. Streeter (prize strawberry; too crushed to photograph), and many others.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of July Competitions.

No. 1.—"Mixed Lines."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: W. W. CLARKE PITTS, "Fernholm," Brixham, S. Devon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: GEORGE HOLROYD, 47, Stranacre Place, Otley Road, Bradford, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Samuel J. Cornfield, E. H. Wareham, A. A. Elkin, Hilda, M. Harrison, K. V. Thomerson, M. E. Cock.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, 12, Montague Street, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: CLAUDE DREW, Trafalgar Square, Truro; and LOUIS RICHARDS, Malpas Road, Truro.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank Vigars, Fred Higgins, Sidney Posgate, James Merrick, Samuel Mitchell, W. Rylatt.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: ROBERT STEVENSON, Falconville, Stirling.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Annie Elliott, J. S. Lake, Hubert Mangin, W. Price, Horace Tubb.

No. II.—"Fags' Competition."

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: VICTOR GLENMORE, 31, Southey Place, Bradford, Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JAMES HARRISON, Hall of Ince Boys' School, Warrington Road, Lower Ince, Wigan, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. K. Wakerall, Alfred G. Goode. F. E. Mann, G. H. Craig.

No. III.—"Best Portrait of a British General."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: H. BURGUM ANDREWS, 100, Bowyer Road, Saltley, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Wilson, George E. Bradbury, Grace Elspeth Robb, Winifred D. Ereaut, David C. Browne, D. McMillan Muir, Irene Martin, J. H. Parsonage, D. M. Strath, Bertha Boxall, Winifred M. Parish, S. W. Barwell, H. Cutner, L. B. Denley, A. G. Simmais, John L. Fallon, Julie P. Theophylactos, T. D. Lindsley, A. J Oakley, Bertha Young, Marion Dicken, T. A. Chaplin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: J. B. ASHFORD, 89, Marlow Road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney F. Sweeting, Sybil Haines, Dorothy Hudson, David Loughman, Maud Centaro, Tillie Shephard, Janie Stockwell, Amy Goble, H. D. Courtenay, Henry Kitto, S. Smith, Grantley Ricketts, Lilian Westerdale, L. Harrington, Bessie W. Rankin, A. J. Judd, Sybil Emerson, Will Lendon, Gerald E. R. Smith, E. Beatrice Flynn, R. Fisk, G. Mitchell, A. C. Legard, W. Richardson, Lilla Shadbolt, F. Butler, Irene Wilson, Muriel Waugh, Frances L. Johnson, Percy Haines, C. F. Ashford, Eveline Vernon, H. Merridew, Ethel Miller, A. H. H. Browne, S. O'Neill, Maud Miller, J. Summers.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: EVELINE PEARSON, Tamerton House, Lee, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda Hechle, C. N. Jones, John Gould, P. Bishop, H. Lendon, W. B. Huntly, Ernest Legard, G. A. Watkins, George Whitelaw, O. T. Cornabé, Nellie Olley, Edward Bundy, Vera Nikolic, T. R. Davis, R. Fisk, S. Holt, James W. Johnson, E. F. Collinson, A. P. Abraham, P. H. Fennell, G. Goates, Eric Money, C. B. Maltby, Minnie L. Bosdet, B. Owen, F. P. English, E. Law, J. Henderson, Ethelreda Doyle, J. Harrold.

No. IV.—Best Essay on "My Father."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOHN A. PATTEN, Rock, Alnwick, Northumberland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Achilles Van Swae, Lilian R. Ormiston, Hettie Ormiston, Belfrage Gilbertson, Dorothy Morris.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: G. W. HAWKINS, Beauval Road, E. Dulwich.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: L. W. Fry, 141, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alex. Laing, Ellice Templer, A. G. Martin, Margaret Thompson, Natalie Lind.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JESSIE HUNTLEY, 55 South Clerk Street, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eustace Alliott.

No. V.—Best "Description of Kruger."

CLASS I. (No Age limit.)

10s. divided between: D. JOHNSON, Bawtry, Yorkshire, and HERBERT JAMES KESTIN, 98, Mount View Road, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. E. Ball.

CLASS II. (Age limit: twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s.: SEYMOUR C. SMITH, Drew Memorial Parsonage, Botanic Avenue, Belfast.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: ALFRED R. GEE, 108, Freeman Street, Grimsby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Roy Carmichael, Guido Centaro, A. Van Swae, Kate Thomerson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen)

10s. divided between: CHARLES REID, Lilymount, Kilmarnock; NORMAN WATSON, Chanctonbury, the Grove, Benton; and ADA CECILIA RANKIN, Minewood, Bridge of Allan, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bernard Burke, John Brooke, H. G. Kennedy, Sam Bradshaw, J. Tyndale.

No. VI.—"Best Photographs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF HANDSOME MOUNTING ALBUM; LEONARD THOMPSON, 16, Summerhill Road, Tottenham, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION; Lydia E. Booth, C. N. Woodhouse.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF HANDSOME MOUNTING ALBUM: BASIL CATION, "The House," London County Bank, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. S. Brown, Gordon Whitehead, H. H. Strange, F. L. Pickersgill, R. L. Bridgnell, A. W. Dicks, C. B. Veitch, D. O. Milledge, A. J. Dainty, H. L. Brydon, E. L. Lindley, Helen B. Lillie, A. M. Bosdet, W. T. Dobbs, Eveline Vernon.

CLASS III. (Age limit: sixteen.)

WINNER OF HANDSOME MOUNTING ALBUM: T. V. BRENAN, 10, The Terrace, St. Heliers.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Sommons, G. R. Hamilton, T. J. Wilson, W. E. Robinson, Frank Rudge, T. R. Wilson, W. Grundy, J. J. Witcombe, J. D. Philips, Theodora B. Smith, F. Overton, H. S. Thompson, Edgar Baker, C. J. Fox, R. G. Dainty, Harry Abell, Maud Centaro, E. H. Eckes, J. G. Townsend, R. R. Ewald, R. E. Tanner, A. G. Schofield, G. Hunt, F. Winterbotham, J. C. Robinson.

No. IV. (May 1900).—"Gentlemen v. Players."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: C. L. K. PEEL, St. Andrew's Road, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: R. EDGHILL, "The Green," Frant, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. L. Watson, W. Brough, F. A. Garratt, Lawson Duxbury.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT; E. A. PINTO, 63, Priory Road, West Hampstead.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. O. Wightman, Richard Butler, Edgar Smith, Stanley Rampling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT: B. M. KILSON, Tyttenhagen Lodge, nr. St. Albans, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Hooper, H. Shefford, W. G. Wilson, S. E. Taylor, W. Bishop, Owen Coxon, T. King Parks, M. E. Carey, Maurice Frankenstein, H. B. Wrey, W. R. G. Kent.

"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."

(April, 1900.)

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: ALAN PERKINS, Lower Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Allhusen, New Zealand.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.; G. ALLHUSEN, Kaponga, Taranaki, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harold Owen, Zululand: J. H. McDennot, Jamaica; F. C. King, Cape Town; R. P. Barnes, Natal.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen).

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: HAROLD RICHARD GEORGE, 55, Aberdeen Street, Perth, West Australia.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. S. Goodbrand, Natal.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Strand," "Wide World," or "Captain."